

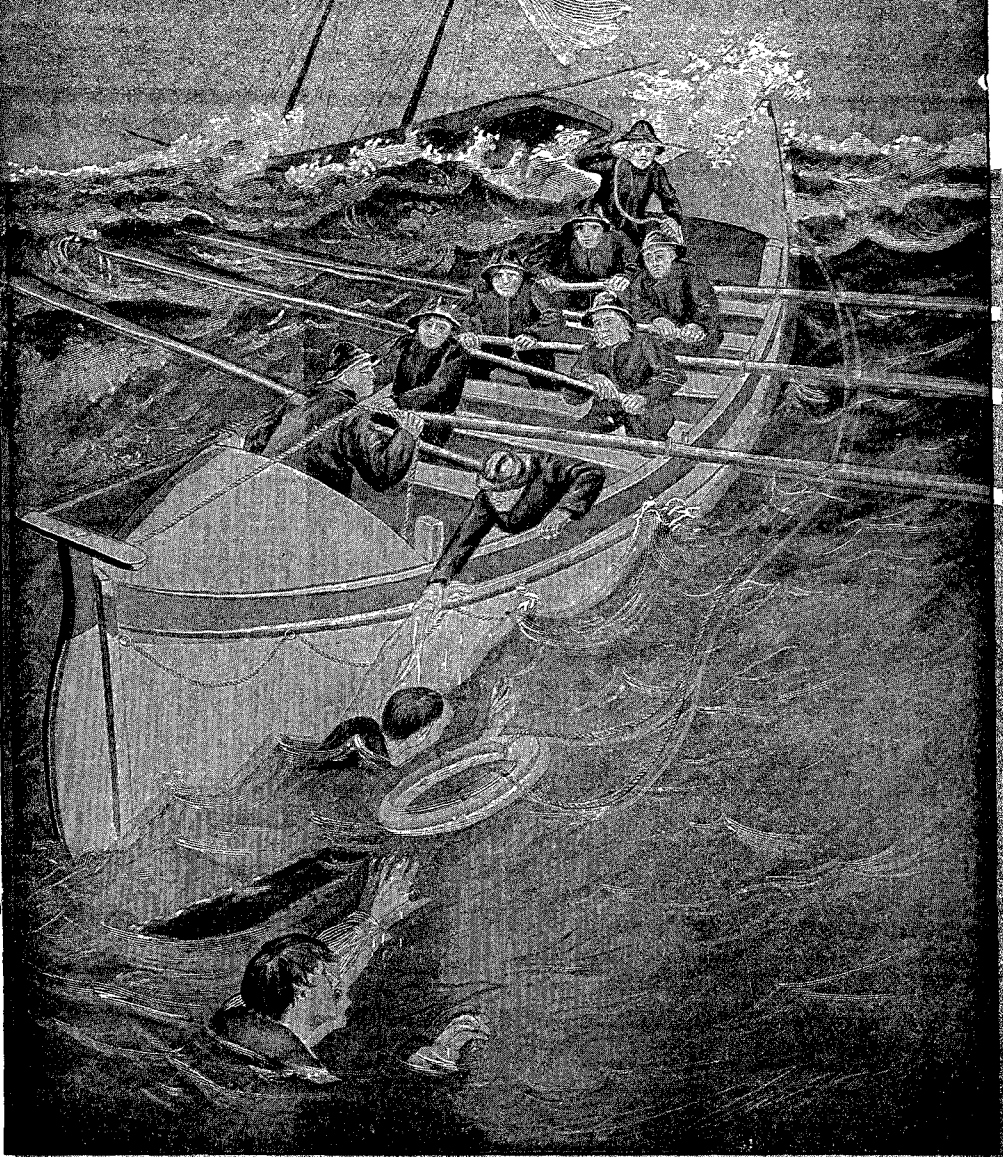
Sixth Annual Prisoners' Number

April, 1904

Price, Five Cents

Published Monthly

THE LIFE BOAT



“I was in prison, and ye came unto me.”

Volume Seven
Number Four

28 33rd Place, Chicago
“Let a Little Sunshine In”

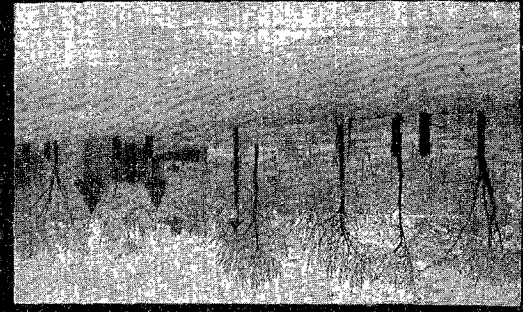
35 Cents
a Year.

1.—Winter Scene in the Park adjoining The Life Boat Office.

3.—Scene taken from doorstep of Life Boat Office.

2, 4.—Winter Scene, Washington Park, Chicago.

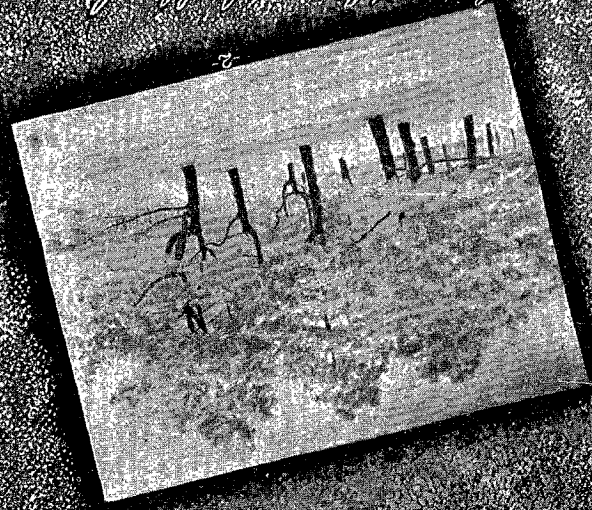
KODAK VIEWS TAKEN BY MEMBERS OF THE LIFE BOAT OFFICE STAFF.



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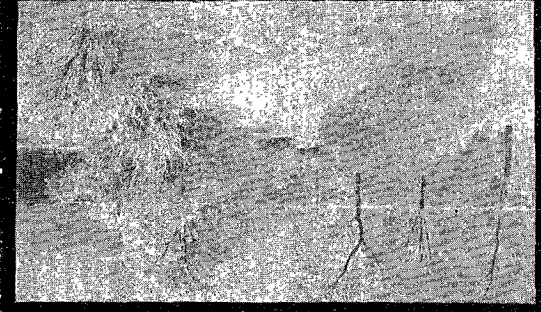
Though your snow has scattered they shall be



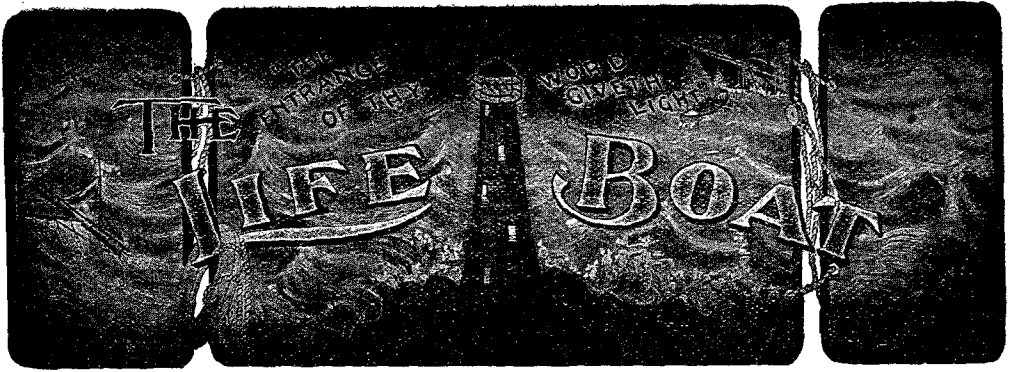
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An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic,
Health and Soul-Saving Work.

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

Volume VII

CHICAGO :: APRIL, 1904

Number 4

THE LIFE BOAT.

Yearly subscription35c

In clubs of five or more to one
address25c

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

Address all orders and business communica-
tions to THE LIFE BOAT, 28 Thirty-third place,
Chicago, Ill.

HAVE CHARITY.

MONNIE MOORE LATHAM.

Tell me not some hearts are dead
To all good intention,
And that some lives are bent on wrong,
Headless of detention.

To touch the chord of sympathy,
By words fitly spoken,
May change a life on verge of wreck,
Or sooth a heart nigh broken.

One tender tone may change the tide,
Ere it be a torrent,
And words unspoken save some life
Grief and worldly comment.

Throw not one stone lest it rebound,
Laying low the sender,
And when you other lives would blame,
Thine own remember.

DO YOU FEEL THAT ALL THE WORLD IS AGAINST YOU?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Often those who have passed through bitter experiences conclude that everybody is absolutely cold and unfeeling and that the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God is only an imaginary sentiment or

myth. To such this LIFE BOAT should be an evidence to the contrary. In order to enable us to send 50,000 copies of this number to the prison cells of America, poor women have sent us the little pittance they earned in weary toil at the washboard. More than one little girl has gone without a doll, so that some prisoner might read this LIFE BOAT; many an invalid for the same reason has dispensed with some little tempting luxury; children have denied themselves the pleasure of candies, playthings and trinkets so that they might help pay printers' bills on 50,000 LIFE BOATS to be sent to as many prisoners. Horny-handed toilers in the field or in the shop as well as hard-working business men have assisted in this effort. Those connected with THE LIFE BOAT office have been content to work with little or no support so that THE LIFE BOAT could be used for this and other similar purposes.

All this has not been done to gain votes or to win influence among men, for in the majority of instances the deed will be practically unknown. Is not this convincing evidence that they yielded to the promptings of God's spirit on their hearts to let a gleam of gospel sunshine fall into the lives of some of their fellow men?

If you find a subscription blank enclosed, it means that your subscription has expired. Please renew at once in order that your name may not be taken from the list.

HOW MUCH DO YOU APPRECIATE YOUR SIGHT AND HEARING?

Suppose there should be blotted from your mind everything that you have learned through your eyes and ears. How much would you have left?

Helen Keller was a blind and deaf girl, her mind a blank, with the exception of a few ideas she had acquired by feeling her way round her parents' home. Then Miss Sullivan, a teacher of the deaf and dumb, undertook the apparently impossible task of unfolding knowledge to this child. Little by little she was successful, but it took her days to get little Helen to comprehend that love was something different from a kitten or some other object she could put her fingers on. By supreme patience Miss Keller was led into the paths of knowledge through feeling alone, and she has shown a surprising development, being now about to graduate from college. Her remarkable story has been written up in various magazines, but recently she has written it herself in a book entitled "The Story of My Life." As one reads of the tremendous struggle this young woman went through in order to ac-

quire what has come to us almost without any effort, he can not help feeling deeply grateful to the Lord for his eyes and ears.

This young woman who must remain in perpetual darkness, who never hears a sound and

whose only means of reading are her finger tips, says in her book: "How shall I speak of the glories I have since discovered in the Bible? For years I have read it with an ever broadening sense of joy and inspiration, and I



Copyright by Emily Stokes, 1902

Photograph by Emily Stokes, 1902

MISS KELLER AND "PHIZ"

(Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.)

love it as no other book. The Bible gives me a deep, comforting sense that 'the things seen are temporal and things unseen are eternal.'

"My life, with all its limitations, touches at many points the life of the World Beautiful.

Everything has its wonders, even darkness and silence, and I learn, whatever state I may be in, therein to be content. Sometimes, it is true, a feeling of isolation enfolds me like a cold mist as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate. Beyond there is light and music, and sweet companionship; but I may not enter; . . . but my tongue will not utter the bitter, futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears. Silence sits immense upon my soul. Then comes Hope with a smile and whispers, 'There is joy in self-forgetfulness.' So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness."

HOW GOD CALLS MISSIONARIES OUT OF PRISON CELLS.

S. H. HADLEY,

Superintendent the Old McAuley Mission.

Some of the best missionaries this world ever knew are men who have been sentenced to long terms in prison. Wholly shut away from the world and its dreadful temptations, God had a chance to speak to them. Jerry McAuley was a wonderful example of this, and that drunken loafer and thief was finally used so wonderfully by the Lord God that his name has gone all over this world and has been an inspiration to millions. He was sent to prison from the Fourth Ward of New York for fifteen years at the age of nineteen years.

One Sunday morning in the chapel the speaker was old "Awful" Gardener, an old-time ruffian and prize fighter in New York, but God had got hold of him and he had been wonderfully saved. With tears streaming down his face he told of the love of Christ, and he said:

"Boys, I ought to be wearing the stripes the same as you are, and I feel a deep sympathy for you."

He also quoted some verses from the Scriptures, and after the boys had gone back to their cells Jerry found a Bible in the ventilator of his cell, and, looking it over aimlessly, tried to find the text that "Awful" Gardener had quoted, but instead he found that Christ came to save sinners and the Holy Spirit showed him his dreadful past life. As the day grew into night Jerry got down on his knees and began to pray. He had never prayed before, but now he cried to God for help and mercy. How long

he was there he does not know, but sometime during the night a glorious light dispelled the deep darkness of his soul and he cried out, "Oh, praise God, I found Jesus, and He gives peace to my soul." The unusual sound brought the keeper, who asked:

"What is the matter with you?"

Jerry answered: "I found Jesus, that's what's the matter with me."

He found some opportunities to breathe out the new found hopes of his soul and the love of Jesus to the prisoners about him. Soon a revival broke out in the prison such as never had been seen before or since, and Jerry was the center of it all. He was pardoned in 1864, but when he got home he had no friends, no money, and he soon fell into bad company and got to be a worse scoundrel than he ever was before. It was after this he became known as the dangerous East River pirate. He was reclaimed in 1868, and although he fell five times after that during the first eight or nine months, he was finally anchored to Christ.

Do you know that every drunkard uses tobacco? Jerry was no exception. Some faithful friends said to him: "Jerry, give up your tobacco for Jesus' sake," and he gave it up, and then he never fell afterward.

He was afterward married to Maria, his faithful wife, who also was redeemed from a drunkard's life, and in 1872 opened the world renowned McAuley Mission, at 316 Water street, down on the East Side, nearly under the Brooklyn Bridge.

He stayed here ten years and then opened the Cremorne Mission, Thirty-second street and Sixth avenue, where he died in 1884, and had the largest funeral of any private citizen who was ever buried in New York.

The writer succeeded Jerry McAuley down there and the work is going on night and day. Drunkards and thieves come in by the thousand and, thank God, many of them are saved unto life eternal. The writer is also a convert of Jerry McAuley Mission.

[For lack of space in this special number the wonderful story of Mr. Hadley's remarkable conversion is reserved for the next number.]

You will not get weak eyes from looking on the bright side of life.

Our boys in this country smoked as many cigarettes last year as there have been minutes since the days of Adam.

WAITING FOR HIS FATHER'S RETURN

A prisoner at Joliet, Ill., writes to Mrs. Paulson:

"You asked if I had any plans for the future. Yes. Oh, I want to do so much to win back my place among my fellowmen. I want to so live as to deserve a little of my precious wife's love and trust, and make my child's life

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

TOM MACKEY.

[Early in his life Tom Mackey followed a circus as a bareback rider. Later he drifted into more paths of sin than we have space to relate. Ten years ago as a wretched out-cast he drifted into the Pacific Garden Mission, and although half stupefied by liquor, he heard the gospel and held up his hand for prayer.

He and his wife immediately started out to try and save others, and they have since been the means, in the hands of the Lord, of opening over a dozen missions, and as a result of their labors thousands of men and women have been converted and are today leading upright Christian lives.—Ed.]

Two years ago the Lord put it into my heart to go to Buffalo during the exposition. After much prayer we commenced our preparations and got our gospel wagon put into good traveling shape and started, and on the way we preached the gospel. When we reached Battle Creek, Mich., a traveling evangelist came to us and said, "It is of no use going to Buffalo for the police will allow no street preaching." We told him we were impressed that God was calling us.

At Detroit, Mich., we met two traveling evangelists who had been in Buffalo, who told us the same. We could only seek God and press on. At Toledo a traveling evangelist said: "You have got the hearts of the people here in Toledo and you had better stay where there is an interest." But we had started for Buffalo and couldn't stop. In Cleveland we had a blessed time for several days. Many souls heard and believed the glorious gospel of Christ. The last night after service a young man came to the wagon and said: "Sir, I wish you could prove what you said regarding Christ saving a poor thief." We went out and sat down on the steps and I showed him the record of the thief on the cross in Luke 23:40-43. He said: "I believe that, for my mother taught me God's word when a boy." Then I told him of my own bitter past experiences and how this same Jesus saved me, a poor sinful thief, also a drunkard at forty years of age. I then invited him to kneel in the hallway to pray, but he would not until at last I said: "This work can only be accomplished when *you* are ready to comply with His word." Again I prayed, "Lord convict this man of his sinfulness." He then put his hand into his pocket and brought out the finest watch I ever held in my hand. He said: "I stole this watch in Buffalo two weeks ago" and then he commenced to weep and God did a remarkable work for him. He praised God and said if the Lord wanted



A PRISONER'S CHILD.

bright and happy. I have a precious little boy three years old. O, how I long to see him. I will enclose a picture of him and then I believe you will understand why I am so anxious to have employment ready for me when I am granted parole next month."

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

"I received your last letter with pamphlets, and was glad to hear from you, as any news from THE LIFE BOAT is good news to me. Hoping THE LIFE BOAT the great and grand success that it deserves for the good it is doing to uplift fallen humanity. God bless it on its mission is my prayer. I have a life sentence here."

him to go to prison he was ready to go. *That watch was the key that opened Buffalo to us for our gospel work.*

When within forty miles of Erie, Pa., it was raining hard and there was a deep ditch which we did not see. Our wagon tipped over into it and broke the pole, a wheel and the dash-board, and we were without money. The next morning I telegraphed to Dr. J. H. Kellogg that our wagon was broken and we without money. Almost immediately he telegraphed me twenty-five dollars with a "God bless you." We got the wagon fixed up for a trifle less than twenty-five dollars and started on our way rejoicing.

When we arrived at Buffalo I called upon the chief of police, who was so busy that it was impossible for him to see me. I told his secretary that I had some very valuable stolen property to restore, but could only, according to agreement, restore it to the chief of police. Shortly the chief came and I told him all regarding my own conversion and our trip to Buffalo and how we got the watch. He was delighted to get the watch as it had been the cause of a great deal of trouble. Then I said: "Chief, I would like permission to hold some gospel services on some street corner, if you will permit it." He said: "Yes, sir, we need that kind of work." He then gave me the accompanying order:

"Department of Police, Buffalo, N. Y.
Superintendent's Office.

Permission is given Thomas Mackey to hold gospel meetings from his wagon between 7:30 and 10 p. m. daily at the corner of Main and East Huron streets. Good until November 1, 1902.

WILLIAM G. BULL, Supt.

September 4, 1902."

Until the death of President McKinley we held services on that ground and many heard and accepted the Saviour. After closing our work at Buffalo we came home via Canada and had one of the most profitable trips we have ever had. This spring we expect to go in His name to St. Louis, and ask all to pray that we may find an entrance with His word.

A young man in the State Reformatory at Pontiac, Ill., writes: "It seems that nobody cares for me. Some one gave me THE LIFE BOAT to read and told me to write to you. I read two or three interesting articles in your paper and it makes me think about doing better in the future. If when you answer this letter you will tell me how to be a Christian I would appreciate it very much. I am tired of living a sinner's life, so I want to turn around and make a man of myself, and I think by writing to you I can get help."

THE LOST SON.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

"This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—Luke 15:24.

For many long years in a luxurious home in a great eastern city a sad mother sat waiting the return of a son whom drink had ruined. Years later this wandering son found himself in a large western city, a miserable gutter drunkard, continually under the influence of drink which made him a veritable wild beast so savage that he was a terror even to his wretched companions.

One day this miserable man wandered into the Life Boat Mission, then located at Custom House place. He behaved in such a boisterous manner that it was necessary to ask him to depart that others might have peace. Several similar visits were made. Each was like a veritable assault from some forest beast. Finally, to the surprise of every one, he came in one day and said to one of the nurses: "I am thoroughly tired of this awful life. Won't you pray for me?" The nurse took him to an upper room, and although he was considerably under the influence of liquor, bowed and earnestly plead with God for deliverance for this soul enslaved by King Alcohol. He earnestly prayed for himself. A mighty deliverance was wrought. He arose from his knees sober and reformed. While one-half hour before he could not possibly walk without staggering, he now walked with a firm, steady step, and gave no evidence of intoxication.

This man who had not lived a sober day for twenty years, had suddenly become an earnest, sincere follower of Christ.

A few days later the writer met him and was glad to be able to find steady and useful occupation for him in a place where he was surrounded by wholesome, Christian influences, and where he had an opportunity to and led a consistent Christian life, when one day he called to tell me that he was going to visit his father. There was a sweet smile on his now softened face, and a twinkle of delight in his eyes no longer bloodshot from drink, as he described his home and the surprise and joy he knew his father would experience when he should present himself once more at the door from which he had been justly cast out fourteen years before. When that despairing father and broken-hearted mother, who had long given up their son as dead, received him restored, health regained, character reclaimed, what inexpressible joy must have filled their hearts.

The father lives in his son. He sees in his



offspring his own life extended. His child is a part of himself. If the son suffers, the father suffers with him; not only through sympathy, but also more literally, for in a real sense are the father and son one.

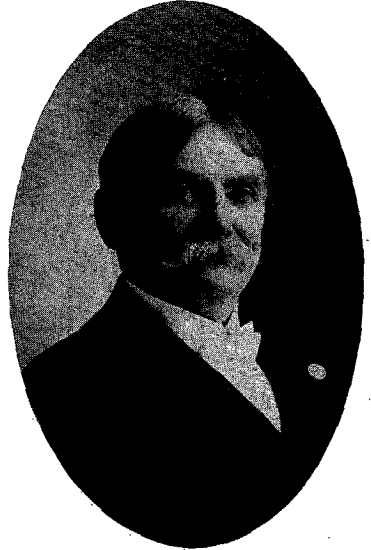
Every wandering son, every sinner, has a Father looking for him, longing for his return. The Saviour taught us to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven." Luke 11:2. The apostle tells us that "God is the Father of us all." Paul declared to the Athenians, "Ye also are His offspring." Acts 17:28. The inspired record tells us that Adam was "the son of God." We trace our heredity back to the same ancestor. When one considers the interest which a father takes in his son, the long-suffering, the patience, the sympathy which a good father manifests toward a son, even though he may be wayward, a disappointment, even a disgrace, one sees an intimation of the infinite patience, forbearance, sympathy, and love of the great Father for every child of humanity. "Like as a father pities his child, so the Lord pities them that fear him." God pities us for the very same reason that a father pities his wandering son. He is in a most real, actual sense "our Father." He knows us better than any earthly father can know us. He is better able to make allowances for us than our most considerate and sympathetic friends. It is because we are His offspring that He is interested in us, and for this reason Christ taught us to say "Our Father." The saddest thing in all the world is that men have put God so far away from them, and come to look upon Him as a cold, critical judge, almost an enemy. God is himself the great burden-bearer. We depend upon him absolutely for everything we are and everything we possess—not remotely, through the first man, Adam. Directly and immediately we are absolutely dependent for each breath, each heart-beat, every bodily activity, upon the momentary care of the great Father in whose image we are made.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOUR SENTENCE EXPIRES.

CHARLES N. CRITTENTON.

[Nearly every one has heard of the Florence Crittenton Rescue Missions and Homes of which there are more than fifty. They have been the means of restoring to useful lives thousands of young women who have been snared into sin. Charles Crittenton, the founder of these, is a millionaire druggist of New York. A score of years ago he was at the head of a successful business. His little girl, Florence, was suddenly removed by the hand of death. Constantly the question came to him: "Shall I see her again?" This led him

to give his heart to the Lord. Since then he has given more attention to the saving of humanity than he has to his colossal business.



Mr. Crittenton kindly responded to our invitation to send a message to the prison population in this country, in the following words, which we trust will be used of God to awaken a determined conviction in the hearts of many to surrender themselves right now instead of waiting for some supposedly favorable future time.—ED.]

I have been looking over *THE LIFE BOAT* and I find that it gives considerable space to prison work, for which I thank God. I have had a great deal of experience with men and boys in different prisons throughout the country, for wherever I am holding meetings in a place where there is a prison I endeavor to hold meetings there for those in confinement, and preach deliverance to the captives. Luke 4:18.

I have seen hundreds and thousands of hands go up in different prisons, asking for prayers, and I know of many who have spent time behind prison bars that for years have lived as true Christian men and women and can be trusted with uncounted money. One case comes before me now of a man who spent seventeen years in different prisons, but finally gave his heart to God, and now is a member of a church and a worker for Christ.

Men in prison should give themselves to Christ while IN prison, although the devil will say to them: "Wait until you get outside, then surrender to Jesus."

After their discharge the devil, who "as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he

may devour," 1 Peter 5:8, says to them: "Don't surrender and live a Christian life just now; but have just one good time and thereafter live a Christian." That one good time of drinking with the trimmings that go with it, generally puts a man behind the bars again.

Boys, don't do it. Say to old Satan, "Get thee behind me! I decide for Jesus Christ right here and now, and sink or swim, in prison or out, live or die, I am going to pray to and love the Lord Jesus, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Gal. 2:20. Say in your heart, "I believe in God." Acts 27:25. When God says, "I have laid your sins on my Son, Jesus," for the word of God says "He bore my sins." 1 Peter 2:24. "Thou art mine." Isa. 43:1. "I blot out your sins." Isa. 43:25 and 44:22.

THE PEDICORD FARM.

H. F. RAND, M. D.,

Superintendent Boulder Sanitarium.

[Some years ago the senior medical class felt the need of a farm where the converts of The Life Boat Mission could go to work while getting a new start in life. They mentioned the matter to Dr. Kellogg at one of his visits to Chicago and he suggested that they make it a subject of special prayer. They did, and within a week a wealthy Illinois farmer under the medical care of Dr. Rand and myself at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, donated for this purpose a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm, one of the best in the State.

This farm has now passed under the management of our Chicago Medical Mission and Mr. D. H. Taylor, of Wilmington, Ohio, has arrived to take charge of this missionary enterprise. Dr. Rand writes the following in reference to the man who gave this splendid gift to the Chicago work.—Ed.]

I had the privilege of waiting upon Mr. Pedicord almost continually during his last sickness. Although he was a great sufferer he never mentioned his own troubles but was always thinking and planning to help others. Whenever I spoke to him of my medical missionary experiences in the early days of the Chicago work, how poor sin-sick souls were pointed to the Great Physician, and heavy hearts were drawn to the great Burden-bearer, he always said that it gave him new courage and hope. Frequently I would find him reading his Bible. I will never forget our last season of prayer together. At that time he consecrated himself and all that he had to the service of the Master, and he prayed that every mistake and every wrong act of his life might be forgiven.

I went to Illinois to attend the funeral of

this servant of God and it was touching to listen to words from the lips of many as they looked upon his face for the last time. There were those who told how he had helped them in times of extremity. I remember particularly the words of one poor man, who said that at a time when all of his earthly possessions seemed about to be swept away and he was to be thrown upon the cold mercies of the world, in that hour of need Mr. Pedicord came to his aid. There was scarcely a dry eye in that great company when the remains were laid away.

I went out to look at the farm which he had donated to the Chicago Medical Mission. It will undoubtedly be, under the blessing of God, one of the most prolific spots in Illinois. What a great blessing it will be for those who have been rescued from the depths of sin and misery to be taken to such a home as this and surrounded with the beauties of nature. This farm is sure to become a real Pool of Bethesda. Those who have never taken part in such a blessed work can not appreciate it as those who have had a part in it. My sincere prayer is that every reader of THE LIFE BOAT may come to experience for themselves the privileges and opportunities that lie in the pathway of those who have fully dedicated their lives to the good of humanity.

THE PRISONER'S FAMILY.

We know something about the prisoner, but his heart-broken and humiliated wife, his neglected and despised children we have given but little attention. There are prisoners' aid societies, but where are the prisoners' families aid association? In the future, by the help of the Lord, we hope to send LIFE BOATS and open up a correspondence with many of the families who have representatives in prison.

The following are extracts from a letter from a lady in New York, whose husband has been receiving THE LIFE BOAT in the Illinois State Prison:

"Through my husband writing me of you, I take the liberty of writing a few lines. We have had a very hard struggle. We lost all we had. My husband has been in Joliet two years last November and he will be released next April. Can you help me in this way by giving him an opening by that time so that he will not have to wait after he is given release? I am left with a baby to support, and my health is very poor now. I need his help so much now that I can hardly see my way along until April, but I will do the best I can.

"I am a Christian and a member of the church. I hope my husband will come back to me a new man and make life happy for me instead of such a burden, and I feel from his letters that he is more than willing to come and live an honest, upright life."

HOW TO GET STRONG AND STAY STRONG.

JOHN MORSE, M. D.,

Prof. Biology the American Medical Missionary College.

Next to salvation health is the most valuable thing in the world, and there are few who have it. Paul says: "When I am

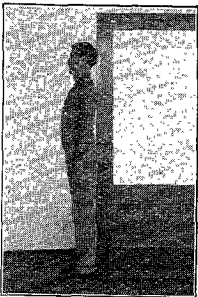


weak, then I am strong." When we see our weakness and know the reason why then God can help us to be strong, and not until then.

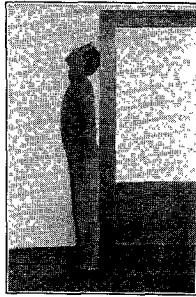
How can you find out whether you are straight or not? Test your mind and heart by the Bible. Test your back by a wall or a door. Stand with your heels, hips, shoulders

and head touching the wall (cut 1). Look straight up at the ceiling (cut 2), and then without moving the shoulders, lower the chin and look at the opposite wall (cut 3). You are now nicely balanced over the balls of the feet and feel like rising on your toes and taking a deep breath. This is the next thing you should do.

You should never walk or stand with your back in any other position. If you need to



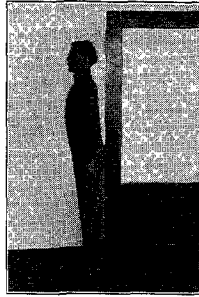
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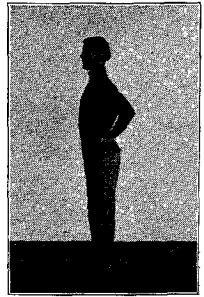
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stoop, bend at the hips; that is what the joints are made for, and the large muscles of the legs can easily bear the strain. When the back is all bent over like a bow it loses all of its spring, just as even the best ash bow will do if always kept bent. If either your back or your character is warped it is

because you have allowed yourself to be drawn from an upright position, perhaps by influences which you could not avoid, but which should have been resisted. Strength and growth depend upon the successful resistance of those things which oppose uprightness. In character building it is the res-



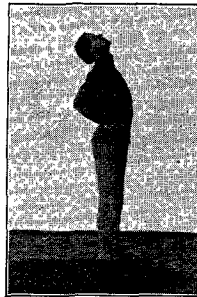
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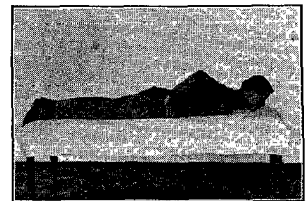
ance of evil; in muscle building it is lifting the load which would drag you to earth if you yielded to its pull.

If your backbone is already bent forward then you must especially develop the muscles of the back which would keep the body in a correct position. The following is a helpful exercise: Take the correct standing position. Place the hands on the hips with the thumbs backward (cut 4). Press hard with the thumbs, take in a deep breath and bend backward while you count four slowly (cut 5). Rise while counting four and breathe out. Repeat this

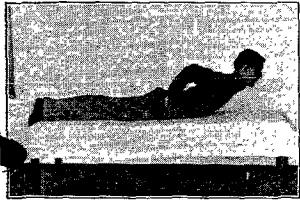


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exercise five or six times. Another splendid exercise for the back is raising the head and shoulders while lying on a bed or on the floor, face downward, with hands on hips (cut 6). Take a deep breath before beginning the movement and count four



6.



7.

both while raising and lowering the shoulders (see cut 7).

The muscles which hold the back may be strengthened

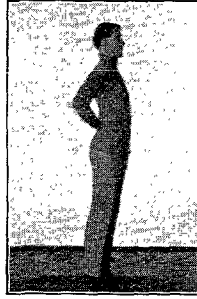
by a swimming movement, which is done in three counts. One, arms bent forward, so that the ends of the fingers almost touch, palms downward, elbows shoulder high (cut 8). Two, thrust arms forward with hands together, palms turned out (cut 9). Three, fling the arms backward as far as possible, shoulder high (cut 10), then return to first position and repeat. Breathe in while taking the first three counts and breathe out while taking the last three. It is best when such exercises can be taken where you have plenty of pure air, which our loving Father has so freely provided.

An excellent exercise for the legs is deep knee bending with heel raising, taken in four counts as follows:

Correct standing position; heels together and feet at an angle of forty-five degrees; hands on hips with thumbs backward (cut 4). One, rising high on the toes (cut 11). Two, bending the knees deeply but not too rapidly (cut 12). Three, rising high on the toes again, four, heels sink. Take in a full breath on one and two, and breathe out on three and four. The vigor of this exercise may be increased



8



11.



12.

by raising the arms sidewise or high over the head while taking it.

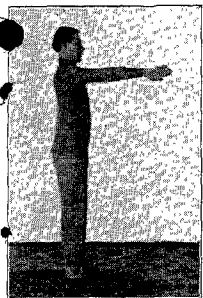
All this may seem very simple, but if you really desire to secure vigorous health of your body and will spend from fifteen to thirty minutes a day in taking these exercises, gradually increasing the number of repetitions each day, you will be perfectly surprised to see how much better you will feel, and how much better you will be able to do the work that each day brings. Begin TODAY and get all the benefit there is in it for you.

AN ENCOURAGING SIDE TO EVERY DISCOURAGING EXPERIENCE.

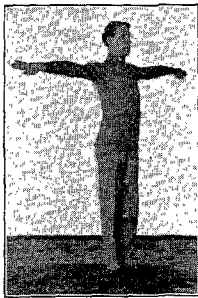
[Those of our readers who are acquainted with Chaplain Nave's Topical Bible will read with special interest the following extracts from one of his recent addresses to the United States prisoners at Ft. Thomas, Ky.—ED.]

All have their hardships. You have yours and I have mine. Each may be tempted to believe that his are harder to be borne than other people's. But on comparison we often find that our trials are not to be compared with what others suffer without complaint.

I have just come from the hospital. There is a poor fellow over there who is losing his mind. Would any of you exchange places with him? I have a dear friend, a Christian young man, in Arizona, who is there on account of consumption. He dare not leave there. It is his prison. Would you change places with him? We all have our backset. I have mine and you have yours. They come in different ways and forms. They are trials and are discouraging, but they all have their value to those who suffer them. I have studied mine, and I see that many of them have been my most profitable experiences. I have observed this, that every time I have a spell of invalidism, I am led to look back and forward, and I change some of my plans. If I were uninterruptedly well I might rush on too fast and do much of my work crudely. Being checked I take the time when I am lying still



9.

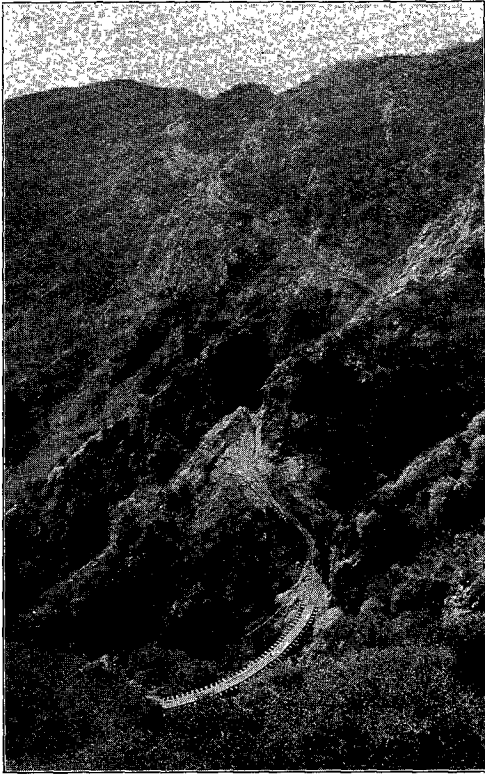


10.

to think things out. While you are here, why not use some of this time to think things out and change your ways of living?

Don't be discouraged. Look ahead; you have most of your lives before you. When you are as old as I am, some of these experiences will seem different to you.

Let us be wise, therefore, and see in our corrections something that serves as brakes to keep us from going headlong to ruin.



ASCENT TO MT. LOWE, NEAR PASADENA, CAL.

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful
From the cradle to the grave.
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels,
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor
On this lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstruction,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

—Selected.

PRISONERS WORTH SAVING.

F. EMORY LYON.

Superintendent The Central Howard Association.

The value of a man is indicated in the question of the Psalmist: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor." Ps. 8:4, 5. Our experience in the work of The Central Howard Association, in the effort to save all kinds of men, emphasizes the fact that all men are worth saving. We have heard so much about man's total depravity and his insignificance as compared to God, that we may have gotten the idea that men are hardly worth saving. But when we stop to think of all that God thought it worth while to do for man's redemption, we must realize that he is worth the effort to save. And not only are some men here and there, within the pale of good society worth saving, but *all* men are precious in the sight of God. No man may sink so low in sin, or vice or crime, but that if we reach down after him in the right spirit, we may lift him up. This fact has been demonstrated to us again and again in winning men who have been behind the bars, to manhood and the Christian life. The many letters that have been written to us by prisoners who have committed but one offense, many times accidentally, have convinced us of a new-born purpose in their lives. It has been a pleasure to discover that purpose and see it quickened by the Divine Spirit until it fills their future with hope and satisfaction. Without the hope which this Christian purpose has given, man a man would not survive the shame and distress of imprisonment. One man said: "There must be a future life because there is so much misery in this life." New courage and hope have been inspired by practical employment being found for them, and through gratitude their hearts have been softened and opened to the gospel. Not only young men, first offenders, have responded to our efforts in this way, but older men who have become discouraged and disheartened, as the world has turned a cold shoulder upon them, have come to realize that they yet have something to live for and a mission in the world.

I call to mind one man who had spent some years in crime, to whom the spirit of God

spoke as a voice out of heaven. He was riding in a box-car to Chicago, after a term of five years in prison. He said a voice spoke to me saying: "You are yet a young man, and can make something of yourself, and you have had quite enough of this kind of life," and he determined then and there to obey this voice. Then, he asked: "What do you suppose that was, speaking to me?" not realizing that it was the word of the spirit of the voice of his divinely implanted conscience. On arriving in Chicago, he went at once to his former jailer and appealed to him for work. He was referred to us, and proved willing and glad to take the first employment offered, and further determined to follow out his new-born purpose.

I could recite any number of cases of men who have overcome the discouragement of imprisonment, and become happy and successful. Ninety per cent of all the men we have helped during the last several years have been an honor to themselves, to the association, and to society. I am glad to tell those who are yet behind prison bars that there is an opportunity for them to become honest, useful men in the future.

If any man in prison will write to me and state what he can do; what his purposes are, and when he will be released, I shall be glad to reply and do anything within our power. We are always glad to extend the friendly hand, and the man who means business may be sure there is hope for better things in the future for him. God's blessing will surely be upon this prison number of THE LIFE BOAT, and every prisoner should be grateful to those who are sending out this message of courage and hope. Let no man think that his life is worth little or nothing to him, or to society. God has given to every one of us powers that are to be used for His glory, and we owe it to Him, as well as to ourselves, that these powers should not be misused or abused, but that every moment of time, as well as every atom of strength, should be used in His service. Address 634 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

We trust that every prisoner will read carefully Mr. Lyon's article in this LIFE BOAT. His association is doing grand work in finding employment for prisoners at the expiration of their sentence.

IN THE FAR-AWAY PACIFIC.

Some good Christian workers in the Hawaiian Islands have been holding regular services in the Oahu Prison, and have distributed a goodly number of LIFE BOATS. We quote the following extracts from an appreciative letter recently received from one of the prisoners:

"I am delighted to hear from you. This is the first time I have ever tried to reform and to live a Christian life, and I have put my trust in God, whose power is supreme. My earthly friends are few, but I have a friend in Jesus, who will not forsake me if I continue to trust in Him, which I intend to do. My time will expire in a month or so, and my determination is stronger than ever before. I have enjoyed the songs and kind words of comfort by THE LIFE BOAT workers for the last year or so and they have done me much good. I beg an interest in your prayers that I may leave this place a reformed man. I am unable to offer an eloquent prayer, but it is said that the weakest prayer shall be heard if prayed with faith."

TONY'S NEW SHOES.

EFFIE G. NORTHRUP.

A recent Sunday it was bitter cold, and as the children came into the Mission they hovered about the stove while the teachers talked with them, striving to acquaint themselves with the new faces and learning to know better the bright little boys and girls who are found faithfully in their places each week.

Soon two little girls entered and stood modestly in the background, holding each other by the hand. Two of the teachers who stepped forward to welcome them saw something which brought tears of pity to their eyes.

The younger one, Tony, a brown-eyed girl of six years, was shivering with the cold. Glancing at her feet, we discovered that her shoes were worn and ragged and that her little bare toes were actually protruding from one shoe. She was very scantily clothed, and her little limbs were purple with the cold. After Sunday school we went home with Tony and her older sister, Lucy. A flock of children followed us up the filthy narrow rickety stairways of the tenement building, which, while it is far from being a "home," yet it serves as a shelter for hundreds of these unfortunate little ones. They lived in one room, the mother and six children! The room, though bare and

poverty stricken in its furnishings, was surprisingly neat and clean when compared with the halls through which we had just passed. The mother took us gratefully by the hand and said "Thank you," over and over again in broken English, when we told her that we wanted to get the little girls some new shoes.

Lifting Tony and Lucy to a chair, we marked with a pencil on a scrap of paper, the size of their little feet. Tony's brown eyes shone with pleasure when she learned that she was to have new shoes.

We told her that her Heavenly Father knew her name, and where she lived, and what she needed, just the same as if she were a grown up person, and that God would supply her needs because He had promised.

During the week we purchased the shoes, and the next Sunday four little feet were warmly shod and two little hearts were made glad. How little effort is required to make these children happy! In spite of their unfortunate and loathsome surroundings, their bright faces and cheerful dispositions might teach many of us a lesson in contentment. Even if they do not have much of God's sunshine in their dark, miserable homes, it is our desire with His help to put more of the sunshine of His love into their lives and hearts.

HOPE FOR ALL.

W. A. COLCORD.

The difference between the saved and the unsaved at last, will not be that one class have sinned and the other have not, but that one have repented of their sins, and through Christ made peace with God, and the other have not. All who are saved will be sinners saved by grace. Therefore, there is hope for all. While it is true that "all have sinned," it is equally true that "Christ died for all."

It matters not then where one may be; he can find God where he is. God's promises are sure. He says, "If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee." I Chron. 28:9. Prison walls and prison bars can not shut out God. From whatever place the humble, repentant soul sends up his cries to heaven, he will be heard. The light of God's presence may be enjoyed in the darkest cell. Forgiveness may be experienced under the direst condemnation. The

case of the thief on the cross is positive proof of this. Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. Through Him all may find peace and pardon. Through Him every sin-stain may be washed away. In Him the vilest sinner may stand complete, robed in His righteousness.

On the walls of a cell in which a poor man had been confined for long, weary years, at his death, it is said, were found written with chalk the following beautiful words:

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every blade of grass a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the love of God abroad
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though spread from sky to sky."

Surely the man who wrote those lines knew something of God and of His infinite love and mercy. Yes, God may be found within prison walls. There is hope for all.

LIFE BOAT HOSPITAL WORK.

It is worth a trip to Chicago to accompany our LIFE BOAT workers on their trips to the city hospitals. The expressions of gratitude and looks of appreciation that light up pale faces as they receive the papers would convince any one that this is a work that God wants done.

Mrs. Odell has had charge of this work during the past year. She has not received any salary and has earned the money to pay her street car fare by selling LIFE BOATS while standing on the corners waiting for street cars.

Some of the LIFE BOATS used in this way have been paid for by friends in Chicago and elsewhere, but many of them have been furnished free. We are distributing LIFE BOATS in nearly thirty of the city hospitals.

This LIFE BOAT will certainly fall into the hands of some well-to-do people. What more blessed work could they do than to help maintain Mrs. Odell's work during the coming year. She has spent a lifetime in the Master's service, and has natural abilities that would command for her a good position, but the Lord has laid the burden of this work upon her heart and she has been willing to work at it even without visible means of support.

LIFE BOAT HOSPITAL NOTES.

MRS. HELEN ODELL.

I am particularly attracted to the children on my rounds through the hospitals with THE LIFE BOATS. They lie there in their little white beds, no whiter than their faces, so many times, wishing for me to reach them with the bright covered paper.

A boy about 10 years old had been lying there four months with hip disease. As soon as his eye fell on us he sat up in bed and watched each movement that brought us nearer and nearer to his bed, and the smiles were breaking all over his

skill to make him well, after thinking a moment he said, "Jesus did." He had given his first precious LIFE BOAT to his little sister, who was also attracted by it. A little girl who sat near his bed said, "I gave mine to my sister, too, but I read every word in it first."

Our hearts go out in a great longing for those who do not seem to feel sure that they have the Savior with them in the hospital. When we can lead them to see that "in our afflictions He is afflicted," it brings to them great comfort. Occasionally we find one who at first does not accept the proffered paper. But just a few words, telling them of God's love and care for us all, although we can not always understand it when we are on a bed of pain, changes the whole situation, and as we pass from the room they are as much absorbed in its contents as anyone.

In one ward we found a man who had accepted Christ in the Life Boat Mission and whose life testifies to the fact that he puts in practice John 14:15, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." His voluntary testimony of what the Lord can help a sinner to do was dedicated to us at his bedside and can be found on page 118 of this LIFE BOAT.

A poor man, lying with a fractured hip, turned on his pillow as we started to leave the room, apparently thinking aloud, said, "Oh, I wish I could write a letter to my sister. She ought to know where I am." Returning to the bedside, we offered to write for him; he accepted the favor with gratitude. Now the letter, with one of my own, in which I tell her of her brother and ask her to unite her prayers with mine that he may this time learn the lesson which the Father would teach him, and telling something of our work in the city hospitals, is on its way to England with a few copies of THE LIFE BOAT. How much the hospital Life Boat work may yet mean to these two!



Mrs. Odell, under whose supervision LIFE BOATS are distributed to the patients in more than twenty-five of Chicago's leading hospitals.

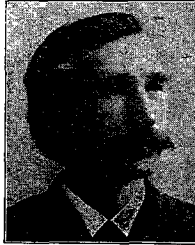
face. When at last we reached him, and had placed a LIFE BOAT in his hand, he told us of some of the things he had read in a previous number and said, looking up into our face, "I just knew you would come and bring me another LIFE BOAT." Asking him who had made him well, so that he could go home, he said, "The doctor." When we asked who gave the doctor

A soldier at Fort Apache, Ariz., writes:
 "A copy of THE LIFE BOAT drifted into my hands and it has started a thought in my mind, anew, that I have been thinking about a great deal. Why can not you do a little for the soldier boys in the southwest? There is absolutely no work of any kind done here and it is a grand field to work in."

WHAT CHRISTIANITY REALLY IS.

ALONZO T. JONES.

It is entirely too much supposed that Christianity has to do with a sort of etherialized existence, apart from the real occupations and practical things of the every day life. But this is the farthest possible from the truth.



Christianity belongs in the deepest and widest sense as a vital working force in all that can ever rightly go to make up the sum of the daily human life upon the earth. Christians are true to their name and profession when their practical conduct in all affairs of the daily life demonstrate the all pervading presence and power of the Spirit in uprightness, righteousness and truth.

It can not be denied that the life of Christ in the flesh on earth is the demonstration of Christianity. His was the normal Christian life, the demonstration of what it is easy for every Christian to be. Christ in human flesh put himself in vital connection with every true and right relationship of human life on the earth. He grew up from infancy to manhood as the children of men grow; He met all that human beings in this world meet as they grow up, "for in all things it behooved Him to be made like His brethren." "He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He experienced human suffering, for "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "He was in all points tempted like as we are, so that in that He had suffered being tempted He might also succor them that are tempted." Nor was it in the spiritual life alone that He met and identified himself with the daily experience of human life. He worked daily as a carpenter all through the days of His youth and early manhood. This work as a carpenter brought Him into vital connection with mankind in the practical, material things that make up the daily life of the common people. He was just as truly the Saviour of the world when He was sawing boards as He was when preaching the sermon on the mount or walking on the sea. This simply demonstrates that Christianity just as truly and vitally enters into the mechanical or other physical things of daily life as it does

into the divinest sermon that was ever preached

All this was for our sake—for us. He did it to show to us how we are to do it; to show to us exactly what Christianity is; how all-embracing is the life of faith and how entirely it sanctifies every occupation as well as every thought of the daily life. It is the daily life of the Christian or else it is nothing to him.

Such was the Christianity of Christ, and that is the only true kind. Every soul can have it and every Christian must have it, for only that is what Christianity really is.

RESCUE WORK AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

MARY SMITH.

As the time draws near for the Exposition to open we realize that the work will be greater than we anticipated. The free and thoughtless lives that so many of our American girls lead at their own homes have a tendency to make them reckless in behavior when away from home and a mother's influence.

Our workers are dressed in uniform and carry *THE LIFE BOAT*, which gives them a good opportunity to speak to anyone they see, if they suspect that they need help in any way.

A great many we meet will only need someone to help them to plan how to get into the right way, but we must have a home for those girls who have nowhere to go and would go to destruction if we did not take them in. A large number of these don't want to do wrong, but Satan makes it appear to them that it is the only way left for them. Who will lend us a friendly hand? Donations can be sent to *THE LIFE BOAT* or to the writer, 2406 Lemp street, St. Louis, Mo.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ST. LOUIS?

MRS. N. E. HOLADAY.

Dear readers of *THE LIFE BOAT*: Many of you read an article in the February number, "A Farewell Meeting for St. Louis Workers," and as you read, you felt coming into your heart a deep interest, and you said, "That is a good work," and many of you have been praying for us. Some have shown their interest in a financial way, and many have

written cheering letters, and some have offered their service, for all of which we feel very grateful.

We have now been in St. Louis about two months, and wish it were possible to tell you of the many experiences and providential openings we have had to strengthen us in the conviction that it was the Lord's will for us to come here and do what we can to save *your* sister and mine, many of whom will sink to rise no more, for many are the snares set for their feet. We would rather be here where



MRS. HOLADAY. MISS SMITH,

we are needed than anywhere else in the world.

We have been welcomed by many Christian people who are doing all they can to uplift the fallen. The daily papers here and in other parts of the country have written several articles telling about this effort to save the girls who will come to the exposition.

Now, dear friends, we hope your interest in this work will grow deeper and that God will bless your efforts to do good.

A WAYSIDE INCIDENT IN OUR ST. LOUIS WORK.

MARY SMITH.

A girl was standing outside of a saloon crying. When approached by a Christian worker, she said she had nowhere to go or stay, did not even have a room; did not know where she was going to eat or sleep; that she left her underclothing in the laundry until she could get money enough to pay for it; she was very unhappy at the thought that there was no hope for her in this world or the next.

When asked how she came to be in this condition she said she came to St. Louis with a young man on false pretenses; they quarreled and he went home without her and left here without money. She was young and silly and thought she could never go home or be thought well of again. The only comfort she seemed to have was that "one won't live forever." How different the story would have been if some Christian worker had met that girl on the street that first night and taken her to a home.

We may not be able to save all, but if each worker will help someone every day to stand true many a girl's life will not be so sad.

A NEW START UNDER BETTER CIRCUMSTANCES.

STILLWATER, MINN.

"I am indeed grateful for your kindness to me when blood relations and friends gave me the cold shoulder; you have nobly stood by me and helped me. If you only knew, how much your letters strengthen me and make me brave to overcome difficulties and look the future in the face with a smile and a brave heart! I will get a discharge in April and can leave the State, as the written promise from the Board of Control I send you proves, and if you will kindly make arrangements with the friend in Nebraska and let me know I can go to him direct on leaving here. I am a farm laborer, so I will not be new to the work. I hope I can still correspond with you, for surely if your letters have inspired me with hope and courage in here they will continue to do so on the outside."

A MODERN MIRACLE.

DICK LANE.

[About once a week Dick Lane comes over to the Life Boat Mission and talks from the platform the sweet, encouraging gospel. For fifty years he was one of the most notorious criminals that ever lived. He served time in more than half a dozen state prisons. He is to-day a trusted employee in one of the leading newspaper concerns of this city. Recently he gave a talk to our Life Boat workers, from which we present a few extracts. We trust that every one who reads this will truly and sincerely believe that God is just as willing and anxious to save them as He was to save this sin-steeped burglar seven or eight years ago.—Ed.]

Not long ago I went into the central police station and the sergeant invited me down to see my old home. I went with him to the old cell where I had laid so many hours on that hard plank that it seemed as if my bones would come through my flesh. As I looked through those bars I thought of the difference between the old life and the new, of the past and the present. I wonder how God could be so good to me after fifty years of my life had been spent in crime. I feel that the rest of my life is not mine, but God's, and I want to use it in His service.

When I was converted I was a physical wreck in every sense of the word. Long years spent in prison had undermined my health and I felt that I was marked for the tomb, but God in His infinite mercy not only spared my life, but He has given me health and strength far beyond what I could expect.

The police sergeant said to me: "Mr. Lane, I have known you for a long time, and when I think of the great change that has come into your life I am surprised beyond measure. Would you mind telling me the secret?" I told him that for fifty years I had catered to an appetite and passions that could not be satisfied. If I could not get whiskey in any other way I would steal, and the same way with tobacco and other things.

There were times when I realized that I was killing myself by inches, but I could not break away from my evil instincts. I was trying to do something that was impossible. "Now," I told him, "things are different. Old things have passed away and all things have become new. (2 Cor. 5:17.) I am a new man in Christ Jesus. I have given up the things that were dragging me down and I am better off mentally, morally and spiritually. I am no longer under the awful dread of another term in prison, and when I lie down to sleep I have no fear that a policeman will come and drag me out of my bed and off to prison. I am satisfied

with simple food and a place to sleep and have in addition the peace of God that passeth all understanding. It is only by the power of God that I stand where I do."

I told the old sergeant that the only way for him to get this peace was to ask God for it and to try to live the clean life. When I started out to do that God met me more than half way. It was a hard pull to get started, but God helped me then and He has helped me every step of the way until this moment. He was right at my side to pick me up when I fell and He has been a light to my pathway when the way was dark. Oh, how glad I am that God is so willing to help the man who is willing to live the clean life and that He is no respecter of persons.

There was a time when the police of a certain Western city would not permit me to stop for a moment in that place, but recently I was invited to that city to give a talk in one of their largest churches. After my talk one of the leading men of the city and one of the most influential church members, came up to me and said: "Brother Lane, I am glad to give you the right hand of fellowship. May God bless you."

I said to him: "Oh, if somebody had only said such words to me years ago, God only knows the suffering they would have saved me and others. I felt that nobody cared for me, that every man's hand was against me and my hand was against every man, and the result was that many years of my life when I might have been doing good I was doing nothing but harm, thinking nothing but evil."

It takes all the manhood there is in a man to be a Christian. After I was converted I did not go to sleep on a bed of roses. I had never earned an honest dollar in my life and I had never done any manual labor. I had stolen and spent thousands of dollars, but when I was converted I did not have a cent to show for my fifty years of crime. After my conversion I realized that I must earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and I looked for a situation. My first job was washing windows, and it was no easy thing for me to do. It took a great deal of prayer in those days to do what I knew to be right, but I want to say that I appreciated the few dollars that I earned then more than I ever did the thousands I had stolen. I knew that I must do all that I could to help myself, and God gave me strength for every struggle. To-day I am in a position where thousands of dollars pass through my hands, but they are no temptation to me.

I know God is willing and able to do all for any man that He has done for me. It is simply a question for each to answer for himself, "What will you do with Jesus?"

April 1st we must begin to pay rent on our Life Boat Rest Suburban Home. Will you help us?

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PICTURE TAKEN?

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

If you have, then you can remember how anxious you were that the expression of your face should be pleasant, that every feature should make you appear as handsome as possible. Probably you were going to send this picture out to some of your friends and you were quite anxious that as they looked at it they should be favorably impressed.

Did it ever occur to you that your picture is really being taken all the time in the world's great gallery? Your picture of character is being impressed upon human hearts, which after all is much more enduring than the best platinum finish. Are you equally anxious that this picture shall be the very best possible? Are you taking as much pains to make it so as you did the other?

There is a still greater picture of yourself to which you are continually adding new touches. This is in God's great record book in heaven. That picture will decide your eternal destiny. What importance are you attaching to it? Not only does your appearance, your dress, the expression of your face count in this picture, but also every word spoken, yea, even your very thoughts. It is your privilege in this picture to reflect the character of God. Are you bending every faculty of your being to do it? May God help you as you sit in God's great gallery that your final picture will be a perfect reflection of His glory.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

"I have about nine months more to stay. When I first came into this prison I was without Christ and without hope in the world. I thank God that He showed me that I was traveling the wrong road. I have given myself entirely to Him. I feel thankful that Christ can save from sin in prison.

"Do you know of anyone that can help me when my time is expired? My whole desire is to do something for the upbuilding of God's kingdom."

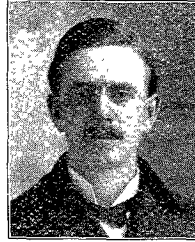
If you wish to sell THE LIFE BOAT we shall be glad to give you information on the subject.

STOP AND THINK.

W. S. SADLER,

American Medical Missionary College.

"So, then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Romans 14:12. I have found in my contact and correspondence with hundreds and thousands of prisoners that the majority of them never gave a sober thought about the future until they were behind the prison bars. There are plenty of men in prison, not because they wanted to be there, but simply because they did not think what would be the end of the kind of a life they were



living. One man wrote me: "When I got behind prison bars, where I could not get whiskey, I began to think of what my mother had taught me long years before. Then, all alone in my cell, I got down on my knees and asked God to take me as I was. God will always receive any man who is thoroughly in earnest. The promise is, that any man who comes to Me I will in no wise cast out. John 6:37.

When I passed through Chicago a few months ago, after an absence of three years in California, one of the first who came to me to grasp my hand was a large, pleasant faced man, who said: "Mr. Sadler, I am glad to see you." Then I thought of the time when this man was in the Indiana State Prison. He had not intended to be guilty of the crime for which he was imprisoned, but he had been there for eight years and had seven more to serve. I had an opportunity to parole him; I did so, and he received his parole papers as a present on Christmas morning. The man did not have a friend on earth, but we employed him in our institution, and all these years he has been keeping straight, and when I was in Chicago a week ago he said to me: "Since you were here last I have joined the church and I am marching straight along."

While in California I read an article about a tiny mushroom that had pierced through a solid concrete floor in a warehouse. It seemed so impossible to me that I wrote to the owner of the building, asking him to give me the facts. He wrote that it was just as the newspapers had said. Then I said to myself:

"When a tiny mushroom tends strictly to the business of growing, see-what God can do with it." Men, are you not worth as much as a mushroom? You are the crowning work of creation. If you make up your minds to do right and be done with the devil and sin, and give your heart to God, all the divine power in heaven and earth will be yours if necessary to enable you to succeed. I have seen this again and again. I did not work for humanity for five or six years in Chicago slums and elsewhere without finding out that when a man is in earnest with God, God will be in earnest with him and give him the help he needs.

The Bible says, "When I fall, I shall arise." Micah 7:8. Any prisoner can say, "Although I have been here two or three, or even more, times, I can and by the help of the Lord I will rise above this life." It is one thing to get straight and another thing to keep straight; the same power that saves a man can keep him, but it takes Christianity to do it. It means getting down on your knees and in sober earnestness giving your heart and your future life to God.

One day an ex-prisoner said to me: "I want to live an honest life and earn my way, but every time I get employment some one comes along and tells my employer that I am an ex-convict and I get discharged." Then he said: "There are thousands of men in prison who want to do right, but they have not a friend on earth, and they don't think they have any in heaven, either." That statement rang in my ears. I sat down and dictated a note to go into the next LIFE BOAT, saying that if there was any man who wanted to do right, and would like to have us try to find some Christian friend to take an interest in him, let him write to us. In response we received hundreds of letters and I had to turn the correspondence over to Mrs. Sadler. Since we left for California Dr. Paulson, the present editor of THE LIFE BOAT, and Mrs. Paulson have carried on the correspondence.

Now, what are you going to do about this matter. Christ can put a new heart into you and give you a new start. Is your reputation blasted and spoiled in the place you come from? Christ can enable you to live a life that will command the respect of men. Christianity is not a theory; it is something that is alive. It makes a dishonest man honest, an intemperate man temperate; it is a thing that straight-

ens a man up. Give God a chance to do something for you and He will be as faithful in keeping you in the right path as He is to keep your heart beating every minute of the day and night. You don't need to worry about keeping your own heart beating. Why, then, should you worry about leading a Christian life? If you have the same confidence in God to keep you from sin as to keep you alive, this would be the last time you would ever need to be in a place like this except by accident.

I want to tell you, my friends, while there is much that is untrue and false to-day, there is one thing that is *real*, and *genuine*, and that is God's love for sinners. If you are willing to come, just as a poor sinner, down on your knees and say, "Lord Jesus, take me as I am, and forgive my sin," He will save any of you.

THE FRIENDLY HAND.

[Mr. A. E. J. McCreary, the chorister to Belfast University Church, who set the coronation hymn to music, has recently sent us a copy of his latest piece of sheet music, "The Friendly Hand." If any of our readers should desire this music we can get it for them.]

When a man ain't got a copper
And he's feeling kind o' blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy
And won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
For a fellow just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort of way.

It makes a man feel curious,
It makes the tear-drop start,
And you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart,
You can't look up and meet his eye,
You don't know what to say
When a hand's laid on your shoulder
In a friendly sort of way.

The world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses
'Tis a strange world after all;
But a good God must have made it;
Leastways that's what I say,
When a hand's upon my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

A. W. GEORGE, M. D.
Constantinople, Turkey.

[After Dr. George had completed his medical course in the American Medical Missionary College he was our medical assistant for a time in the Chicago Medical Mission. He labored unselfishly for the sick and suffering of all classes and was particularly interested

in the prison work. Last fall he left as a medical missionary for Turkey, and the Lord has already given him a good foothold in that Mohammedan nation. We trust every reader of *THE LIFE BOAT* will receive an inspiration to reflect their many blessings to others from reading this article from his pen.—Ed.]

Of all the flowers the lily is most famous for its beauty. The Lord himself said, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one

with reeds and rushes, yet it does not repine because it must draw its nourishment from the mud and slime, but eagerly catches every ray of sunshine only to send it forth again to delight the eye and cheer the heart of humanity. The lily is continually emitting light, yet is always full of light.

Are you separated from Christ, knowing not the light of His presence, full of hopelessness, then "consider the lilies." Are you wonder-



God can make you innocent as a child and as pure as the lily.

of these" and tells us to "consider the lilies how they grow." The sum of its beauty is in its pure whiteness. It is white because it reflects all the rays of light. Objects which reflect to our eyes all the rays of light are white; those which absorb all the light are black.

The lily does not have desirable surroundings. It grows in some marsh surrounded

ing why your life is so empty of the Spirit of your Lord? "Consider the lilies." If the principal thought of your life is to get gain for yourself, the harvest will be a fruitless, selfish life.

The prime object of life should be to *give* and to gain only that we may give. This is the secret of *true* happiness. Giving is the law of heaven, and God is the greatest giver,

"Who gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." John 3:16. The lily is beautiful because it gives all it gets. *Our lives may become beautiful in the same way.*

Go pluck a lily. Look into its face of perfect whiteness and read the lesson that God has written there. As you behold, absorb the spirit of the lily, resolving to reflect all the blessings Heaven shines upon you; knowledge, skill, wealth, or whatever they may be, for the relief, salvation and uplifting of your fellowmen.

If this LIFE BOAT has done your soul good will you not send us a donation to help defray the expense of sending fifty thousand copies of this issue to prisoners?

We are sending out these copies in faith, believing that God will raise up some one to help us to pay for them.

THE A. B. C. OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A prisoner writes, "If I could become a Jerry McAuley, a Dick Lane," etc. Suppose an acorn looking at a mighty oak should say, "If I could become like that I should be willing to be planted." You do not know what a beautiful character the Lord can mold out of your present deformed life. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but you say, "I never can become a *great* Christian." Very good; even a small Christian may be very beautiful, for a small ring may be just as useful and just as beautiful and just as round as a large ring.

A prisoner just out of the West Virginia prison said to me, "If you understood my real condition you wouldn't insist that the Lord could make a good man out of me." I asked him if he had ever seen a coarse, unsightly bulb and a handful of black earth, under the gentle influence of a little moisture and sunlight, transformed into a lily of matchless beauty. Then I explained to him why the Bible asks us to consider the lilies how they grow (Matt. 6:28), and *we* are to grow up as the lilies (Hosea 14:5). In other words, we must be willing to have the *same* power operate in our lives as is working in the lily. He said, "I have met so many hypocrites," and I replied, "Suppose you were a city waif and the only flowers you had ever seen were waxed paper lilies in the shop windows, how pathetic it would be to have you

refuse an invitation to go with me into the country to see *real* lilies, if you should insist they were all made of paper." There are *real* Christians in the world, just as there are *real* lilies, and if you will earnestly seek the Lord for a genuine Christian experience then you will realize some of the same transforming power in your life that gives the lily bulb its growth. If you desire this and yet fail to grasp this simple truth we will be glad to correspond with you and endeavor, by the help of the Lord, to make it still more simple.

MOTHER, SEND YOUR ABSENT BOY A LIFE BOAT.

MRS. N. E. HOLADAY,

One evening I noticed a young man standing on a street corner waiting for a car. I felt impressed to speak to him (by the way, a Christian worker should *always* heed such impressions, for by so doing their lives will be much more useful). I stepped up to him and asked him to buy a LIFE BOAT. He said: "THE LIFE BOAT, I like that paper; my mother used to send it to me when I was a soldier in China and it was such a comfort to me. I am on my way home now from China." He gladly took a paper.

THE LIFE BOAT IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

ANDREW SPEEDIE,

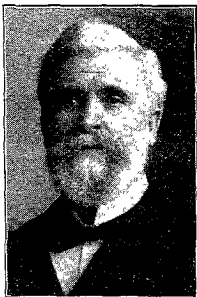
Ship Missionary.

We have sixty reading racks aboard steamers and we visit many ships. Usually the sailors are very busy loading and unloading their cargo. Occasionally, however, I get to talk with some of them and I find they appreciate THE LIFE BOAT very much. One day I boarded a large vessel going to Liverpool; I left two bundles with the officers and was just leaving the ship when a sailor called to me to give him some papers, saying that he would not see the papers left "aft," so I gladly left them. When they get at sea they have more time to read. I take THE LIFE BOAT and other papers to the Orphans' Home, House of Correction, etc. We find in talking with the inmates personally that they enjoy the little paper very much.

THE PRISONER'S HOPE.

GEORGE A. IRWIN,
Sydney, Australia.

During the great civil war it was my misfortune to be taken captive for seven long months. There was an average of thirty thousand prisoners confined upon fourteen acres of ground, with no building or shelter other than such as was improvised by digging holes or caves in the ground, or by sticking limbs in the ground in two rows, a few feet apart from each other



at the bottom and bringing them together at the top and then tying smaller limbs across these at a distance of twelve or more inches apart. Along these rafters, beginning with the bottom, were tied pine boughs in close proximity to each other, so as to make a thatch or covering, which would afford some protection from the hot sun and frequent showers of rain. As the long weary days came and went, and disease and death were rapidly reducing our numbers, many heartfelt prayers were offered that deliverance might come. But thousands upon thousands of poor souls gave up in despair and died before deliverance came.

As I ponder over this experience and rejoice that I am one of the few left to tell the story, I am impressed with the striking analogy between this experience and the work of the enemy upon human souls at the present time. Countless thousands are today prisoners in the enemy's hands. They are to a greater or less extent bound and seemingly compelled to do their captor's bidding. Drinking, smoking, the use of morphine and other stupefying and benumbing drugs, licentious habits and practices are some of the chains which the devil uses to bind men and women. Every effort at escape only demonstrates human weakness and the power of evil habits. Personal effort alone proves futile, and the poor struggling victim sinks down into despair.

But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." For every prisoner there is hope, even though all human effort has failed. A deliverer is

at hand, one who is "mighty to save." "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15:57. He has overcome your enemy. He has bound the strong man, and his victory is for you, so despair no longer. Acknowledge your sinfulness, acknowledge your weakness and your many failures. Cast your helpless, trembling soul at your Saviour's feet and He will lift you up. Thousands as sinful as yourself have been rescued and are to-day sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed in their right mind, learning of Him. Why not you? He is the "prisoner's hope" that will not fail. He will clothe you with the beautiful robe of His own righteousness. He will feed you upon the bread of life. Instead of the poisonous liquids which have so nearly ruined your soul, He will cause you to slake your thirst at the well and fountain of salvation and will give you His Spirit to be in you "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

A LIFE BOAT WORKER IN THE SOUTH.

[Early this winter Miss Alberta Wiest started from Chicago on a gospel trip through the South, defraying her expenses by the sale of THE LIFE BOAT. Since leaving she has ordered over 15,000 LIFE BOATS, and the Lord has given her many blessed experiences.

We quote the following from a letter from Jacksonville, Fla., dated February 28.]

"I had some fine experiences in Savannah. I met Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Hadley, of the Jerry McAuley Mission, New York. I spent a delightful evening with them. He spoke in a most appreciative way of the great tenderness which had been shown to his brother, Colonel Hadley, by our workers during his last illness.

I sold 800 LIFE BOATS in Savannah in four days. Here in Jacksonville I have had many experiences that have done my soul good. I had an opportunity to talk about the Life Boat work before the W. C. T. U. They subscribed for ten copies for one year for general distribution. They were very much interested in our plans for the St. Louis work during the coming season I feel that a movement should be made to have as many of our uniformed Life Boat workers in St. Louis as possible.

Please send to Tampa, Fla., 500 LIFE BOATS, to Mobile, Ala., 700, and to New Orleans 800.

I have done remarkably well with the February number. In a few days more and I will have sold 3,200 copies of that issue."

ALBERTA WIEST.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE WITH GOD.

The following is the statement of one who was incarcerated in a reform school when a boy, sent to the house of correction when a young man, and finally sentenced to the New York state penitentiary at Dannemora, N. Y., for five years on a charge of burglary.

"I came out of the state prison in 1900 at the age of twenty-nine, broken down in health and having the hands of society turned against me. After I left the prison I went to one of the eastern States, wormed myself into the confidence of the people, committed thefts and burglaries to the amount of \$270, and came west to Chicago. After a tempestuous life, knocking around here and there, on the night of April 28, 1903, I was going down State street when I noticed the Life Boat Mission. I stepped in and during the service I felt the conviction that I should become a changed man, and I said so to Brother Van Dorn. We got together behind the organ and he explained to me from the Bible what it would be necessary for me to do, and then we knelt together in prayer.

I started out with a determination that every wrong I had done should be righted. I knew that Chicago was not the right place for a young convert to get work so I went to Wisconsin and obtained a situation, where I lived on just the bare necessities of life. At the end of the summer season, when I had saved almost enough to settle all of my obligations, I went East and sought out the seven parties from whom I had taken sums ranging from \$125 down to \$5.00.

I first went to see the one from whom I had taken the largest amount. When I knocked he came to the door himself. When I told him who I was, with a terrible oath he seized me by the shoulder and whirled me around where he could get a better view of my face. "I know you now, and if I could have gotten hold of you three years ago I would have made you think a cyclone struck you. What is your object in coming back?" I said: "The last you knew of me I was a thief fleeing from justice, having taken money from you and others in this neighborhood, but since then I have been converted and one of Christ's first commands to me was to restore what I had wrongfully taken, and I have here \$190 to pay back the \$125 I took." I then handed him the money. He took it, turned it over in his hand; then he looked at me and again at the money, and said: "Are you a Christian man, have you been converted?" I said: "Yes, sir, and I am not only willing to pay back the money, but to stand the consequences of the law." Then his astonishment gave way and grasping me by the hand he shook it heartily, at the same time placing the money

back in my hands and saying: "I am glad that you have started out to do these things right, and if you want it you can have my horse and buggy to go around among the other people whom you owe, while you are paying up. You must make my house your home while you are in the neighborhood."

He went himself to the office of the justice of the peace and had a warrant that was standing for me in his name canceled. I didn't stop until I visited all the others, and in every case I gave them a per cent above the debt. Some wanted me to stay there, but I thought it better to go back West, and I came back to Chicago and went to the Life Boat Mission in order to testify what the Lord had done for me. I am not ashamed of Jesus. I want to so live that when I receive the last final call he will not be ashamed of me."

It will cost \$1,000 to supply the prisons of America with this LIFE BOAT. How much will you donate to help us meet this expense?

HINSDALE SUBURBAN SANITARIUM WORK.

We have begun our sanitarium work on the beautiful ten-acre property which was secured for us by Mr. Kimbell, in Hinsdale, a beautiful suburban village seventeen miles from Chicago.



A CORNER OF THE SANITARIUM GROUNDS

We need fifteen thousand dollars to build a suitable addition to one of the buildings that is already on the grounds. We can give good security for all money entrusted to us for this purpose.

Address all correspondence in reference to this matter to

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Hinsdale, Ill.

MY SISTER, ARE YOU DRIFTING?

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

Are you yourself discouraged, or do you know of some one else who is? Do you know of some girl who has lost hope or who is in great trouble? If you do not feel you can help her yourself will you send us her name and address and we will write to her. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ" (Gal. 6:2) is our motto. The Lord has helped us to encourage some and we are anxious to do the same for others.

We are glad for the opportunity of helping anyone, and especially any girl or young woman, who has apparently lost her bearings and is drifting. A vessel drifting is in great danger of shipwreck. If that is true of you, my sister, can you afford to drift on? Perhaps we can help you to fasten your anchor. May God help you to keep off the shoals of sin and to steer your vessel safe to the harbor of rest. May we not hear from you? Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

WHAT MAKES RESCUE HOMES NECESSARY.

MRS NINA CRANE,

Matron, The Life Boat Rest Suburban Home.

Having been connected with the Life Boat rescue work for over a year, first at the Life Boat Rest and now at the Suburban Home, the thought comes to me, "Why are rescue homes necessary?" Are fathers and mothers so incapable that their children have to have other hands than father and mother minister unto them, and be taught true principles after sin has blinded their eyes and seared the conscience so precious truths can scarcely find an entrance? God has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6. God's word never fails.

One poor girl, long in sin, said, "I ran away from home when only eleven years old." Think of parents holding no control over a child of that age! Does not Paul tell us in 2 Tim. 3:2 of just such a time? We find this is the prevailing sin.

In one of our jail services I asked a young girl not over fourteen how she came to be there. She said, "Oh, I wanted to go to a dance and my folks said I shouldn't, and I

went anyway." Such utter disregard to parental authority speaks for itself. Many dear souls in our work get a hold on the mighty power of God and begin to see what they ought to have learned in childhood. Often well educated and refined, they still lack the one thing needful to keep them in time of trial.

Mothers, are we teaching those little ones every-day obedience to, and trust in God, and the blessing that comes from obedience and doing right, because it is right? How many heartaches might have been saved if we had only done differently? How many dear boys and girls would never have needed a rescue home if we had done our duty? God has said children are our heritage. How many of us consider them so, or do we consider them a nuisance and feel that we have no time to be bothered with them? Did you not kiss the sweet baby lips, thinking with pride what it might be when grown up? So let us each one ask ourselves, "Am I doing all I can for my children?" Is there anything in our lives that will hinder the child from growing up into perfect manhood or womanhood? Let us look these things square in the face and let us work as they that have to give an account in the day of judgment.

Remember us and our work here with your prayers that God may give us wisdom and grace to lead these dear souls patiently, tenderly and lovingly back to the paths of truth and righteousness.

Place this LIFE BOAT into the hands of some one else.

ARE YOU A HELPLESS SLAVE TO TOBACCO?

We trust you will find something in this LIFE BOAT that will help you. There will be no tobacco in heaven; you will not want it there. You can have enough heaven in this life to save you from the tobacco habit before you get to heaven, and then when your mind is delivered from its benumbing influence and your breath free from its unwholesome taint, you can be better used of God to transform your home into a little heaven on earth.

We would be glad to correspond with anyone who considers himself a hopeless slave to tobacco.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

THE LIFE BOAT reached the writer of the following letter while he was serving a sentence in one of the eastern penitentiaries. He opened up correspondence with us and at the expiration of his sentence he spent a few days in Chicago. At The Life Boat Mission he thoroughly consecrated his life to the Master's service. That the Lord saved and is keeping this man honest and upright should be an encouragement to you. The Lord is no respecter of persons (Acts 10:34) and he is as ready and willing to transform your life. *"Dear Friend and Brother:*

I write this for the prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT, not for the purpose of spreading before its readers the story of a wasted life, but to state with all the meaning that words can express how my own experience demonstrated that a crooked life does not pay even financially, and furthermore that no matter how far one may wander away when he comes to God with a sincere desire to get away from a sad, black past and puts his trust in a blessed Saviour, he will not be turned away empty, but will be blessed both spiritually and temporally.

Inside of ten years I helped to steal millions, yet it did not profit. As you know I came to you last November from my prison experience, practically penniless and in want of a real friend. I not only found friends but spiritual help by which I could help myself.

Until the age of thirty, according to the world's standard, my life was correct, but I still lacked "the one thing needful" (Luke 10:42). I was well established in business in a leading New England town. A combination of unique circumstances stripped me of a fine property. The fire of youth was ablaze to get wealth, and by degrees I drifted into crooked ways. The golden stream flowed my way. After much study how to beat bank safes and defy combination locks a long trail of looted banks was left in my wake.

But there came a time in my prosperity when the law beat my best efforts. Many years of prison life and trouble followed. When I was arrested the last time I vowed on my knees in the station house, come what would, God being my helper, wild ways were left behind. That vow has been, and with God's help will be kept. While in prison the last time we occasionally got THE LIFE BOAT and, dear Dr. Paulson, they were to myself and many others as oasis in a dry desert of prison experience.

I am now making the fight of my life to get on my feet and regain an honorable position among my fellow men. I find some steep

hills; nevertheless God has been wonderfully good to me and showered me with many blessings and very bright prospects.

The Life Boat Mission at 436 State street and its godly workers hold a warm place in my heart and you ever have my earnest prayers for your noble work to lead men and women to Christ and your efforts to help them to help themselves."

HOW TO GET NEAR THE SAVIOUR.

G. C. TENNEY.

Editor Medical Missionary.

"Come unto me" are the words of gracious invitation spoken to all. But just *how* is often a serious question. There are so many obstacles. Remember the circumstances when the paralytic wanted to get near to Jesus. (Mark 2:1-12.) The streets were full of people, the house was packed and he was too paralyzed to walk a step. It was a puzzling problem how to get that stretcher and the man into that crowded house, *but get there he must*. It was not a question of convenience; *it must be done*. It occurred to someone to carry him up on the flat roof and open up the tiles and let him down in front of Christ. But that was no easy thing to do, and in ordinary cases it would hardly have been considered at all feasible, but this was no ordinary case.

It was this *determined* faith that overcame the difficulties and opened the way for the sufferer to be placed, not at the door with a crowd between him and the Healer, nor in a corner of the room, but at the very feet of Him whom he sought. And Christ did not reprove those who had thus broken into his sermon. Without waiting for them to pray He fulfilled the promise, "Before they call I will answer." Such faith was unquestionable. He did not, could not and would not refuse to help the man. He spoke the words of pardon which had also healing in them, and the man went home rejoicing in a complete Saviour.

It is so that we must come. The more determined our efforts to come to Him, no matter what is in the way, the more perfect will be our help. It is the determination to go to the Lord, even if we have to tear the house down (our own house of sin), that brings us to His feet.

Editorial Department

David Paulson, M. D.

OUR WORK FOR PRISONERS.

For every ill there is a remedy, and so for every case of need there is someone to help, if it can only be brought to their notice. For every sincere man in prison there can be found someone who will take an interest in him and extend a helping hand at the expiration of his sentence.

There are many prisoners who have so completely lost confidence in all humanity that they have no faith whatever in this idea, and on the other hand a similar class of the public who have so completely lost faith in the prisoners that they do not believe that there are any who are sufficiently deserving for them to help at the expiration of their sentence. *This LIFE BOAT will not be likely to impress either of these classes unless the Lord shall use something from its pages to enlarge their horizon.*

We know that there are some true men and women who are interested in the cause of the prisoner, and THE LIFE BOAT, which reaches nearly one hundred thousand homes each month, is little by little finding more of this class of people.

This number of THE LIFE BOAT will be placed in the hands of about fifty thousand prisoners. During the year we shall send it regularly to a large number. We shall also correspond with a host of men in different prisons. The purpose of all this is to point out the way of righteousness; to help the prisoners, step by step, to reach the point, if they are not there already, where they will make *proper* use of a good man's help at the expiration of their sentences. If we do our part faithfully and unselfishly, we do not believe that God will permit evil-minded prisoners to impose upon us, nor upon those whom we are trying to bring them in touch with; at any rate, we have yet to meet the first instance of that kind in our personal experience. Just to the extent that we are truly sincere in our desire to help humanity, just to that extent the Lord will help us to come in contact with *sincere* men.

We know there are those in the prisons who are longing more for good characters than they are for freedom. We would be glad to open up correspondence with such, and some good may result from it. Some who read this have lost all faith in God and His willingness to help those who need His help. We have abundant reasons for having faith in Him. Perhaps we can help you to fasten your trembling grasp upon this great truth. The Lord has used THE LIFE BOAT in this way in a multitude of instances, and why may it not be true in your case?

Address all correspondence to Dr. or Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

"WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS."

A few years ago, after the great Hague Peace Conference, it was confidently expected in many quarters that we had reached an era of universal peace, but at this writing two great nations are grappling in a death struggle, and others are arming for the fray with the expectation that in some way they will be drawn into it.

Every intelligent observer must recognize that the relationship between capital and labor is daily becoming more and more strained. The Scriptures tell us that when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, then God's children are to look up and lift up their heads, for their redemption draweth nigh.

Do you belong to that class, or are you permitting your heart to be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and the cares of this life, so that day come upon you unawares? Luke 21:26, 28, 34.

ARE YOU UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED?

God has left on record several cases of unjust imprisonment to teach us how willing He is to work some great good out of every similar case.

Joseph's experience is a striking instance

of this kind. He was his father's pet and his brothers became jealous of him. They developed a scheme which resulted in his being sold into slavery, and then because he would not stoop to a dishonorable deed he was unjustly committed to prison for several long years. Here he learned many lessons and had a work done on his character that never would have been done if he had remained his father's pet. He passed through some hard experiences, and the Psalmist speaks of his becoming purified, and then the King loosed him. Not until then was he able to "bind princes at his pleasure and teach the senators of Egypt wisdom." (Ps. 105:17, 22.)

His unjust imprisonment exactly fitted him to fill an important place in society at that time and he finally became one of the nation's most useful men. The entire account may be found in the thirty-seventh, thirty-ninth and forty-third chapters of Genesis.

Based on this, J. E. White, a gifted author, has written a beautiful and very helpful book, entitled "The Story of Joseph," which sells for twenty-five cents. If the Lord moves on the hearts of some to assist us, we will send a copy of this book free to every prisoner who wishes to read it and expects to profit by its helpful lessons. If you are unjustly imprisoned, do not settle down into despair, for if you are willing it should be so you will find that the Lord has allowed this experience to do wonderful things for your character.

WILL YOU PAY FOR A "STORY OF JOSEPH"?

There is nothing in all the Bible that will be so helpful to a certain class of prisoners as the "Story of Joseph." We are offering in this LIFE BOAT to send a copy of this book to every prisoner who wishes to read it and desires to profit by its lessons. We have no means whatever at our disposal by which to purchase these books. They cost twenty-five cents each. The author, J. E. White, uses the proceeds from these books to carry on important educational and missionary enterprises in the South, the nature of which we are personally acquainted with and can most heartily recommend. Who will pay for one or more of these books and we will send you some accounts of the good that they will accomplish as we begin to get returns from them.

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED AT YOUR FIRST EFFORTS?

In the transitional stage between the caterpillar and the butterfly there is a little time when it is not even a decent looking caterpillar. Likewise, as viewed by human eyes, in some cases the repent-

ant sinner may not appear to as good advantage as he did before, but if he will not become weary in well doing he will reap his harvest in due season. Gal. 6:9.

Kittens, during the first few days of their existence, will jostle against each other and continually meet some annoying obstacle, but as soon as their eyes are open all their former difficulties vanish at once without any special effort on their part.

Has your hand seemed to be turned against every man, and does it seem as if you were running against a great many difficulties? If so, you need to get your spiritual eyes opened. Then you will see plainly the real situation, and it will be much easier for you to avoid some of the obstacles that are now troubling you.

A LETTER TO THE PRISONER.

HINSDALE, ILL.

Dear Friends—This letter is addressed to you personally. We know not your name, but God, who is your Father and my Father, knows you by name and has made us brothers and sisters in His great family. I am convinced that the main reason why many of you are in prison to-day is because you were not reared in a family where love, pure and true, was the strongest factor, for we see so little of it manifested in this age of the world. If you had a loving mother, then you have had a glimpse of God's love for you, for if all the maternal love throughout all the ages should be collected together it would be as a tiny rivulet compared to the great ocean of God's love for us. God's love is for you to take and enjoy, but if you refuse it, how can you expect to know anything about it?

It would give us great satisfaction to visit you for we feel that judging from our correspondence that many of you are our friends and we wish to take this opportunity to assure you that we would be glad to hear from you, and it will give us great pleasure to answer your letters.

You may have written and have not received as quick a response to your letter as you would like. This we regret, but it is not always possible for us to answer at once all the letters we receive. I know the days and weeks seem long and dark to many of you and possibly the sentiment expressed in the following words will help you:

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Your friend and sister in God's great family,
Mrs. DAVID PAULSON.

CAN YOU MANAGE YOURSELF?

It has been the proud boast of some that they could manage thousands of men and yet in some instances, at least, they were utterly unable to manage *themselves*, which is after all a greater indication of his strength than is the ability to manage others, for he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city. (Prov. 16:32.) If you have had no experience in this kind of management will you not ask the Lord to help you learn a few lessons in it?

WILL YOU ENLIST?

Great wagonloads of LIFE BOATS fairly melt away as our splendid mail orders are being filled. This is because "the people have a mind to work." Has the desire to put the gospel into the hands of the masses stirred your heart? If not, why not? Below is a list of a few of the large orders that have been sent in to us recently. Many of those who have sent in these orders are perhaps no better situated to circulate them than you who are reading these lines. Will you not order a liberal quantity of this number, and then you will have a rich experience in disposing of them? We furnish them at 2 cents per copy.

One order was received for 3,200 and disposed of in one month. We have also received an order for 2,100, another for 2,000, five for 1,500, two for 1,200, one for 1,110 and one for 1,000. There have been seven orders for 500 copies each, two for 400, one for 350, one for 250, one for 235, twelve for 200, eight for 150 and twenty-five orders for 100, besides numerous smaller orders that space will not permit us to mention.

"LET MINE OUTCASTS DWELL WITH THEE."

The doors of the haunts of vice stand wide open, beckoning the poor outcasts to come in, only to sink deeper into the depths of sin. How many Christian hearts and homes are prepared to carry out the Lord's admonition to "hide the outcasts" and "beware not him that wandereth."

We are ready to refer the outcast to some one else, when the Bible says, "Let Mine outcasts dwell with thee."

At the expiration of their sentences a great many prisoners find themselves, in a certain sense, outcasts. Society turns them a cold shoulder and offers them but little inducement to reform. By the help of God we will endeavor to bring every prisoner who writes to us for assistance in touch with some one who will help him.

Who will write us expressing their willingness to befriend these men?

The rent of The Life Boat Mission is one hundred and ten dollars a month. It takes one hundred and ten people, each giving a dollar a month, to supply this amount. Will you be one of that number?

CAN CHILDREN SELL THE LIFE BOAT?

All over the land children are having marvelous success in selling THE LIFE BOAT, and why should they not? No one is surprised that tens of thousands of boys are everywhere selling newspapers. Why should not the Lord help Christian children to be as successful in selling THE LIFE BOAT, and that is just what He is doing. Are there not five hundred other children who will begin selling this number? We have a beautiful blue ribbon with the words "Life Boat Crew" stamped in gilt upon it, which we will send for five cents to all who will devote a little time each month to this work. We furnish THE LIFE BOAT in quantities at two cents each. Will you not send for a few extra copies of this number and then ask the Lord to help you dispose of them and He surely will. Nearly all great missionaries began their work for the Master in their youth.

SHALL THE LIFE BOAT BE SENT TO Y. M. C. A. READING ROOMS?

The Y. M. C. A. Reading Rooms are places where thousands of young men are spending their evenings. THE LIFE BOAT should have a place on the tables of every such Reading Room in America. Who will send us a donation to be used for this purpose? We are receiving appreciative letters from various Y. M. C. A. officials indicating that they recognize THE LIFE BOAT to be a valuable publication to place before the young men of the nation.

A paper that has been the means of reclaiming so many young who have gone astray can certainly be used by God just as wonderfully to save men from going to destruction.

THOSE DESIRING LIFE BOATS REGULARLY.

If you feel that you would be benefited by receiving **THE LIFE BOAT** each month, and if you have no means to secure the same, write to us and we will endeavor to have it sent to you.

"I HAVE BEEN PERSECUTED BY SO-CALLED CHRISTIANS."

You have no good reason for losing faith in a genuine thing because you have met the spurious article. Because a man has handled some counterfeit dollars, would it be a reasonable thing for him, on that ground, to reject the genuine dollar? So it is with Christianity. There never was a good thing that was not imitated. The very fact that there is spurious religion indicates that there must also be the genuine thing. The fifth chapter of Matthew is an excellent synopsis of *true* Christianity.

As for being persecuted by so-called Christians, even Christ was treated in the same way. Yet He did not turn from His divine mission, but He went on to accomplish His God-given work of saving lost humanity. We who seek to follow in the footsteps of the Master must be willing to bear anything and everything for His sake, even to the length of giving our lives, if need be, for Him.

THE GREATER GOSPEL.

If you should be called to see a man who had just met with an accident which had dislocated his shoulder, you would certainly feel it your duty to have the joint set before you would expect to be able to give him any very effectual spiritual instruction. The same principle often applies equally well in the case of a disordered stomach, an aggravating headache and many other distressing physical maladies. The true gospel worker should be as well prepared to give helpful suggestions for the relief of physical disturbances as to give instruction in reference to spiritual maladies. We shall be glad to advise those **LIFE**

BOAT workers, who can not avail themselves of some regular course of instruction, how they may in their spare moments acquire valuable information in reference to the gospel of health.

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS BOOK?

For four new subscribers we offer as a premium one of the most inspiring missionary books ever written, entitled "A Retrospect," by Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, the great missionary hero of China Inland Mission. If you question whether the Lord hears prayer now, as He did in ancient times, read this book. If your children are losing their taste for good reading, put this book in their hands and you will be surprised at the interest that they take in it. Persuade four of your friends to subscribe for **THE LIFE BOAT** and secure one of these books. We have mailed nearly six hundred of these books the past few months.

There is opportunity for a score of young people to engage in selling **LIFE BOATS** in Chicago and its suburbs. If you feel that the Lord wants you to take up this work, please write us. Give your age, educational advantages, condition of health, and missionary experience.

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOUR CHILDREN DO NOT FEEL THE SAME?

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

We quote the following extract from a letter we have recently received, hoping that, as some father and mother reads it they will stop and think. Are you valuing horses and lands, your home or business more than your children; if you have not taken time to cultivate spirituality in your home would it not pay to begin now, before the opportunity is forever gone for saving your children?

"I saw an invitation in **THE LIFE BOAT** to correspond with you. I would like to be a better girl. When I was a little child we always had family worship in the morning and evening, but now, I am sorry to say, that prayer is unknown. My parents' religion seems to have become a mere form to them. A few years ago we always had Bible readings on the Sabbath, but now papa has so many horses and cattle that he isn't in the house more than about two hours during the day, and Sabbath is so different from what it

used to be. Sometimes I am very lonely. I want to live nearer to my Saviour, but I am afraid I am not doing it. Can you tell me how to be good and live nearer Christ?"

SEED THAT BORE FRUIT.

FANNIE EMMEL.

Matron Life Boat Rest.

Recently at THE LIFE BOAT Mission a young man was introduced to me who said that he had been converted six weeks before at one of our meetings in the Harrison Street Police Station. At first I did not remember the man, but when he told me his story then I recalled him, and his ringing testimony made my heart glad. He said that he was glad that the Lord had allowed him to get into a place where he was forced to listen to the gospel. The day he was converted he gave me his tobacco and asked me to throw it away, saying that he would never want it any more. I gave him a Testament so he could study the blessed truths of the gospel, and I thank God that He has given this young man an opportunity to grow in Christian usefulness and grace.

Sometimes we may dig a long time in the rubbish before we find anything valuable, but we are indeed thankful when we do find something precious. Many a gem is uncovered in this work that human eyes never see, but whose light shines none the less brightly for the Master.

SHINE WHERE YOU ARE.

E. R. WILLIAMS.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Where the darkness seems the most appalling God's brightness in human lives shines with greater luster, and where the burdens seem to press the hardest is where Christ's strength is made perfect.

I have stood in the snow on the mountain top and with a single step have reached a place where I picked beautiful flowers, and flowers never had seemed so beautiful to me, yet I knew that it was merely the surrounding circumstances that made them seem so beautiful to me. So when you are surrounded by evil, your power for good will seem just so much stronger. If you are in the place where God wants you to be you will have some

hard times. Those who are to enjoy life in the earth made new, must expect to bear the cross before they can wear the crown.

You have heard the story of the little bird that sat on a bush at the edge of the mighty, thundering Niagara, and sang its little song. No place in all the world could it have attracted more attention than it did right there. There are many lamps which should be shining in dark places.

ONLY A LETTER.

AUBURN PRISON, N. Y.

"Words can not express how much I appreciated your letter and how much cheer it brought to my heart. Truly a few words to a man in prison is like a gleam of sunshine. I would be very happy to get a letter from anyone who would like to write to me. I have not a friend in this world who cares enough for me even to write me a few words of comfort once in a while. I am trying to live here so that when I am free I may live a true, consecrated life in the future."

Letters for Dr. and Mrs. David Paulson should be addressed to Hinsdale, Ill.

HELP FOR ST. LOUIS WORK FROM FAR AWAY HONOLULU.

Mrs. A. C. Behrens, secretary Hawaiian Tract Society, writes:

"I send you a little donation of \$2.14 for the work in St. Louis. When I read of the work intended to be taken over at the exposition, I was much interested in it and so we talked it up among a few of our friends. A pledge was made of \$4 per month, which we will send you when received. No doubt we will have more to send. Some of this has been earned by the little children from selling LIFE BOATS. Part of the sum was a birthday offering. The children are anxious to help. We hope the dear workers will be abundantly blessed with health and means for their work and that many souls will be saved from ruin. Our Home Missionary Band with the Young People's and Junior Departments are trying to be useful."

AN ECHO FROM THE LIFE BOAT MILITARY WORK.

"Kind Sir: I am back in my old home state again and I truly trust that you will remember me. We corresponded with each other when I was at Fort Riley, Kas., and you also used to send me your LIFE BOAT. Dr. Paulson, I feel to this day that those precious little books did my soul a lot of good, and now, kind friend, I think I can accommodate you to a little of my help. I am here in a community of three cotton factories, and there are numbers of boys and girls here about me, 1,000 or more, and I am quite sure I can sell some of your papers, not only here, but in other towns. I will work by myself if I can not get another worker for you, but I am sure I can be a help to your business along the Life Boat work in this vicinity."

CHEW TO LIVE.

Recently it has been demonstrated by most careful scientific experiments that when food is masticated several times more than is ordinarily done it is possible for the body to extract a far larger amount of nourishment from it, and at the same time there is a noticeable improvement in the general well-being of the body.

Some one has written a poem for the purpose of helping to impress the importance of this habit. We quote one of the verses:

So if you want to live long,
Living always well and strong,
Don't take too big a bite—
Only just a little mite—
And chew, chew, chew,
As one ought to chew,
Then slowly feed the living mill,
But let it grind as fast as 'twill,
And do not swallow in such haste;
Take plenty time the food to taste,
And chew, chew, chew,
For that's the thing to do.

Have you tried selling *Good Health* and *THE LIFE BOAT* together? If so, please send us a report of your experience.

OUR DIRECTORY.

American Medical Missionary College, 2 and 4 Thirty-third Place.
Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 Thirty-third Place.
Workmen's Home, 1339 State street.
Life Boat Mission, 436 State street.
Life Boat Rest for Girls, 436 State street.
Life Boat Rest Suburban Home, Hinsdale, Ill.
American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 3558 Halsted street.
Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5759 Drexel avenue.
Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store, 3814 Cottage Grove avenue.
North Side Treatment Rooms, 76 Hill street.
Suburban Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

A GREETING.


MRS. CHAPLAIN GUNN.

The time has come for *THE LIFE BOAT* to make its annual visit to the "men behind the bars." May God speed the little messenger on its errand of love and make it a means of blessing to many a lonely heart.

Permit me, as one who takes a deep interest in prison work, to send each one who reads this a greeting. For nearly twenty-two years it was my privilege to assist my husband in his labors for the spiritual good of the men in the two prisons of Iowa. And the memories of these years of service are my most treasured recollections and from among these I hope to meet above some, rescued from the paths of sin who have been washed and made whiter than the snow in the precious blood of the Lamb.

While life lasts I shall remember and pray for God's blessing on the gospel rescue work carried on in the prisons of our land, for it is a work nearer to my heart than all other lines of service done for the dear Master. That you all may make use of the opportunities afforded you of learning the way of salvation and accept Christ as your personal Saviour is the earnest prayer of your true friend.

Extra copies of this number will be furnished in quantities at two cents each. Order enough to give, loan or sell to all your neighbors. They will be just as much interested in it as you are.



Local Music

The Christian Banner . 15c
Thoughts of Eden . . . 10c
The Song of the Angels 10c

All for 30 CENTS

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Via The Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern Line, from Chicago, April 23 to May 1. Choice of routes going and returning. Correspondingly low rates from all points. Two trains a day from Chicago through without change. Daily and personally conducted tourist car excursions. Write for itinerary and full particulars regarding special train leaving Chicago April 26.

W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Will you supply your local prisons with this number of THE LIFE BOAT?

The Life Boat Rest will occupy two floors over the Life Boat Mission after May first.

W. C. White spent a day visiting the different departments of our Chicago work.

Miss Pearl Schuter and Miss Mary Herring spent a few days in Chicago on their way to California.

Esther Latham and Mary Christoffer have gone home for a short vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. Collieran have moved to Des Moines, Iowa, to take charge of the Iowa Sanitarium.

W. S. Sadler has recently been to Chicago several times and has given the workers some very profitable talks.

Very encouraging reports come to us from the Chicago Medical Missionary workers who recently went into the interior of China.

Dr. and Mrs. Paulson, Mrs. Clough, Mrs. Fick and Clyde Lowry have moved out to the Hinsdale to open up the suburban sanitarium work.

Mrs. C. Williford, who has so faithfully supplied the great prisons in Atlanta with LIFE BOATS for several years, has now started out on a Life Boat trip in the Southern States.

On March 15 was celebrated the sixth anniversary of the opening of the Life Boat Mission. Full reports of this meeting will be given in the next issue. Who will give us one dollar per month to help us pay \$110 per month rent?

During our last visit to St. Louis we secured a most admirable space for our Life Boat exhibit at the Exposition. This will give opportunity for visitors from all parts of the world to have their attention called to this work. We would be pleased to have any of our friends help us to defray the expense of developing this exhibit and for the necessary space.

The April *Good Health* is a special mother's number, containing in a most attractive form almost everything that a mother needs to know about the hygiene of infancy and motherhood. Send ten cents for a sample copy. One dollar per year. Address *Good Health*, Battle Creek, Mich.

If you know of some who have subscribed but have not received THE LIFE BOAT regularly, kindly notify us of it and the mistake will be rectified.

Have you seen a copy of *The Signs of the Times*? If not, send a stamp for sample copy to The Pacific Press, Oakland, Cal.

If you are a Bible student you will enjoy reading *The Bible Training School*, published at South Lancaster, Mass. Send stamp for a sample copy.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ANTI-CIGARETTE WORK?

If you want to organize an Anti-cigarette League or interest the boys in your community in the anti-cigarette work you will find the Abraham Lincoln number of "The Boy" just the thing to furnish you with most useful information. Edited by Lucy Page Gaston. Send five cents in stamps to "The Boy," Woman's Temple, Chicago.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

This journal is now in its thirteenth year. It is bright, interesting and full of good things relative to the work of the medical missionary. It contains thirty-two pages and has a bright, new cover each month. It is well filled with illustrations. Published monthly at fifty cents a year. Sample copies will be sent free on application. The *Medical Missionary* is combined with THE LIFE BOAT for sixty cents per year. Send for sample copies and satisfy yourself of the real merits of the paper.

Address *Medical Missionary*, Battle Creek, Mich.

A LIVE ISSUE.

The first of May the *Southern Watchman* will issue a special number. It will have a striking cover design, and will be profusely illustrated. Some of the special subjects that will be considered are: "Among the Nations," "War Preparations," "The Eastern Question," "Capital and Labor," "The Trusts," "The Money Problem," "Troublous Times," etc.

It will be of the keenest interest to all. No pains will be spared in making this a most timely, interesting and valuable number.

Single copies, five cents; twenty-five or more copies to one address, three cents per copy. Those desiring to send it to some of their friends may forward a list of names to the office and single copies will be sent direct from this office to the individuals at five cents per copy. Address, 1025 Jefferson street, Nashville, Tenn.

AN INTERESTING AND USEFUL BOOK.

"Travels by Land and Sea, through Five Continents," by George C. Tenney, is a book that can be highly recommended. The author gives the results of his own observations accompanied by many illustrations obtained on the spot. Starting from the central portion of this country the reader is carried across the continent to the Golden Gate and out thence across the broad Pacific waters. The islands are visited and some time is spent in New Zealand and Australia. The journey is then resumed and carried across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon and India; to Egypt and the Holy Land; to Italy, Switzerland and other Continental countries. The narrative is interspersed with moral observations and illustrations making the book one of great value to all classes of readers. The book contains 392 pages, and about 150 illustrations. Postpaid, \$1.50. Orders may be sent to the author, G. C. Tenney, Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Meetings held	72
Attendance	3,600
Hands raised	216
Pages of literature	2,500
Visits	25
Number of pieces of clothes distributed.....	1,125

DISPENSARY, HALSTED STREET.

Number of bathroom treatments	129
Number of outside calls	143
Number of outside treatments	51
Number of prescriptions filled	25
Number of examinations made	39
Number of office treatments	56
Number of operations	5
Number of garments given away	140
Number of obstetrical cases	5

LIFE BOAT REST FOR GIRLS.

REPORT FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, SUMMARY.

Public meetings held	36
Aggregate attendance at meetings	48
Pages printed matter distributed	2,700
Scriptures distributed	270
Articles clothing distributed	488
Calls made	620
Medical services rendered	17
Treatments	70
Free baths	35
Free lodgings	142
Free Meals	415
Positions secured	3
Number admitted to The Rest	13
Number professing conversion	30
Requests for prayer	107
Girls returned home	1

INCOME FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

Mrs. Rhodes, \$4.50; Mrs. Nina Pettis, \$2.00; Mrs. Doer, \$1.00; Mrs. N. J. Knowles, \$1.65; Mrs. C. E. DeWey, 10c; Mr. and Mrs. Hurd, \$4.25; Mrs. Maag, \$3.00; Mr. Will Typer, \$1.50; Mr. and Mrs. Will Rice, \$20.00; Mrs. Gibson, \$1.00; J. N. Brackney, 50c; Mrs. Murdock, \$3.00; Mrs. Melins, 25c; Mrs. P. R., barrel dried apples; Mrs. Ella Farr and Neville, clothing; Mrs. Bean, Crystal Lake, clothing; Mrs. F. G. Geer, clothing; Mrs. Myrtle Brown, box; friends from Strawberry, Mo., clothing.

DONATIONS.

PRISONER'S FUND.

Ella Hamilton, 15c; Reuben T. Harrod, \$2.50; Mrs. L. E. Hill, \$1; J. D. Hughes, 25c; Mrs. Maggie Horne, 50c; Mrs. E. W. Hendon, 20c; G. H. Haals, \$1.35; Mrs. J. A. Ludlum, 16c; J. H. Lenhart, \$1; M. E. Lemon, 21c; Elmer Mosier, 25c; Mrs. D. Miramontez, 70c; Mrs. A. Mathewson, 40c; Mrs. L. Morris, \$3.15; Phebe J. Merickle, \$10; Madison Mead, 40c; Floy L. Moore, \$1.66; Lois Madsen, \$5; Mrs. Joe Miller, 15c; Mrs. P. Anderson, 70c; A friend, 25c; Mrs. William Artibe, 65c; A friend, \$2.10; Mrs. Clara Bryant, \$2; Bible Training School, 25c; F. B. Buckner, 40c; Mrs. Lulu Butler, \$1; Mrs. D. L. Burkholder, \$1; Charles Boles, \$1; Mrs. A. F. Chant, 25c; Mrs. James B. Curry, 40c; Ellen Craig, 36c; Mrs. Camilla Christensen, 60c; Mrs. Emily Deming, 15c; Otway Dear, 66c; Miss Florence Dutcher, \$1; Mrs. George Fritz, 30c; Ellen M. Gardner, 75c; H. E. Grove, 15c; Laura Gilson, 10c; Mrs. Christine Olson, 65c; Mrs. M. J. Post, \$1; A. G. Roberts, \$5; Henry Reichelt, 65c; Mary E. Reid, \$1.25; Samuel Reed, 14c; Mrs. Sam Shaffer, 50c; Mrs. L. J. Sellers, \$5; G. C. Souders, 75c; Mrs. A. M. Spaulding, 30c; Elliston Warner, \$1; H. C. Ward, \$5.

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Josie Pritchard, 80c; Mr. and Mrs. Potter, \$1; Henry Quick, 20c; Mrs. Ruthertford, \$2.50; T. W. Sheddian, \$1; Mrs. H. L. Stone, 30c; William H. Tuttle, \$1; Mrs. S. Whittinger, \$1.10; Mrs. Jennie

Westing, \$5; N. C. Waiis, \$1; Elliston Warner, \$1.80; Olaf Welander, \$6; E. Walton, \$2; Mrs. Annie Young, \$1; Mrs. L. Yeoman, \$2; Mrs. Sarah Ballard, \$1; Mrs. Lulu Butler, \$1; Battle Creek Sanitarium, \$10; Mrs. S. J. Boyd, \$1; Jane R. Bailey, \$1; Mrs. M. A. Buck, 60c; Mr. Booth, \$1; Gusta Christianson, \$4; G. D. Clarke, \$5; Mrs. M. Cole, 75c; A friend, \$1; Mrs. Garbutt, \$1; Mrs. Parchenia Handley, 60c; John A. Lauck, \$1; Mrs. S. Mortenson, \$3; Mrs. W. H. Morris, 50c; Laura L. McDougall, \$1; Mrs. Minnie Ney, \$1; Mrs. Kate Unding, \$5; Mrs. Elizabeth Unding, \$4.

GENERAL.

Aged sister, 50c; Annie Brown, \$1.25; Ellen Craig, \$1; Mrs. F. W. Erickson, \$1.25; J. L. N. Forbes, \$5; Reuben T. Harrod (St. Louis), \$2.50; Hawaiian Tract Society (St. Louis), \$2.14; Mrs. Jasperson (visiting nurse), \$1; Mrs. Mable Luyster, 40c; John Olscn, \$2; Walter Provanchc, 8c; Daniel Payton, \$1; James Paetridge (Hugh Jones), \$2.50; Christine Rasmussen, 30c; Emma B. Schwartz (St. Louis), 60c; E. W. Stare, \$4.65; Mrs. Jennie Westing (visiting nurse), \$5; Elliston Warner, \$1; Mrs. Annie Young, \$1.00.

LIFE BOAT REST.

Mrs. Jane Bailey, \$1; Miss Ella Deming, \$1; R. Ray Nickles, \$1; A prisoner, \$1.40; Edith Rasmussen, \$1; Elliston Warner, \$1.

SUBURBAN HOME.

L. F. Dann, \$1; Miss Ella Deming, \$1; Mrs. Percy Wilson, 50c.

CHILDREN'S FUND.

Mrs. Lottie Beesler, \$4.55; J. C. Carberry, 25c; Mrs. L. Morris, \$1.50.

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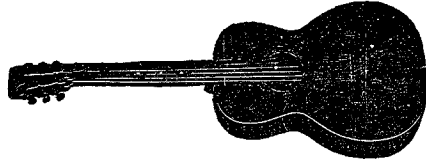
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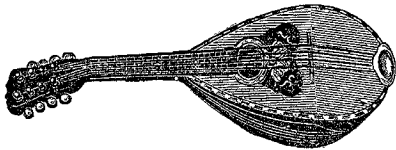
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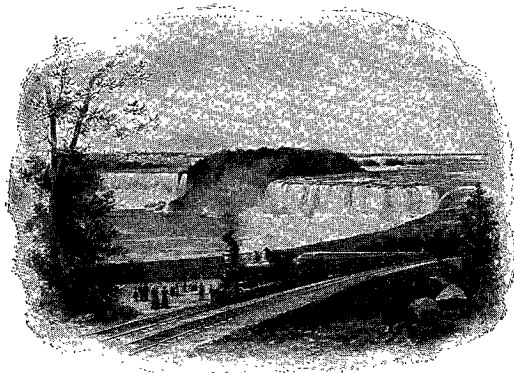
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