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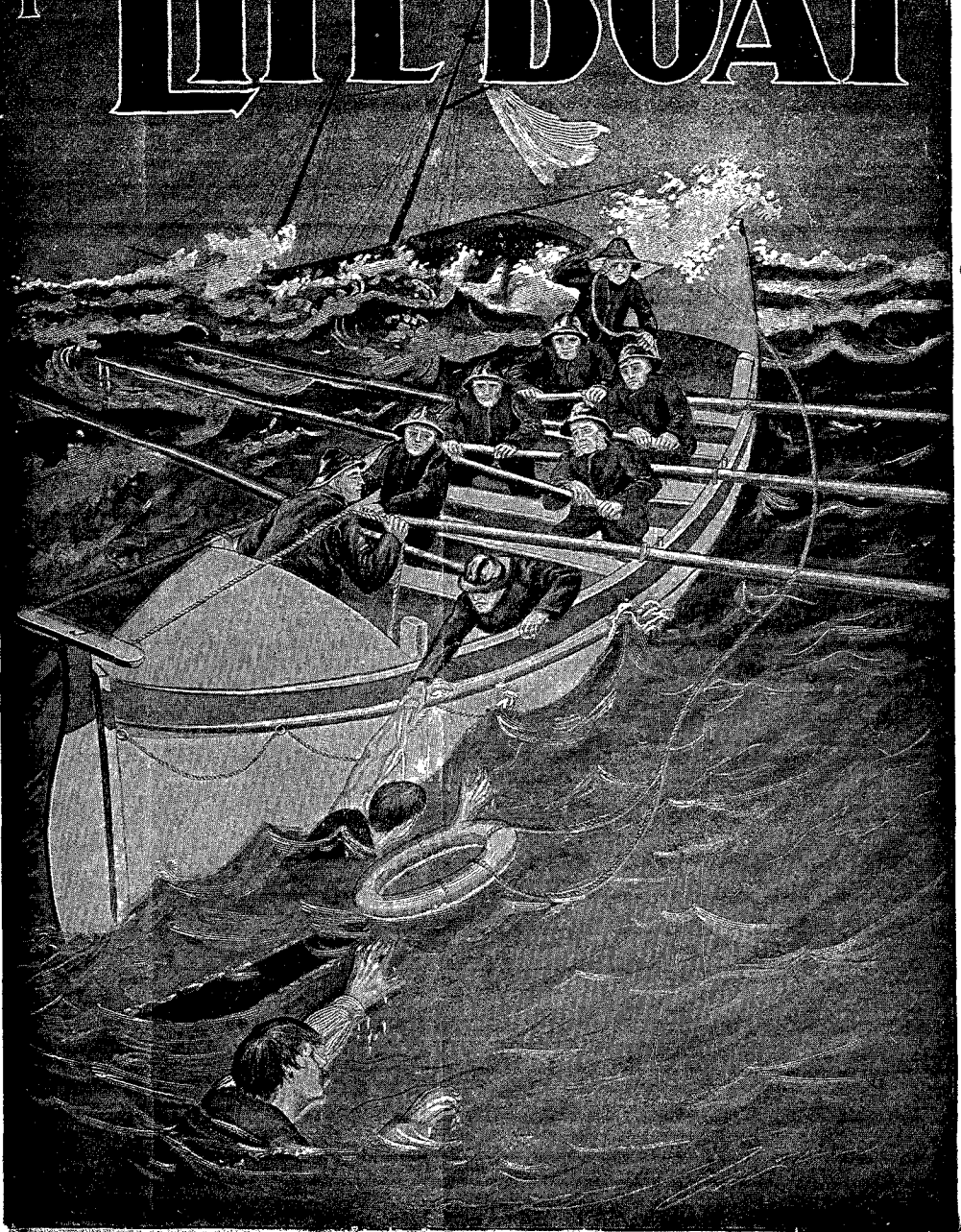
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THE LIFE BOAT

Help us reach a quarter of a million new readers this year.

Have you tasted the sweetness of soul-winning?



Volume Eight
Number One

436 State St., Chicago

January, 1905.

You have no Mortgage on To-morrow

A Sermon in the Brush

F. E. CARTER
THE WORKINGMEN'S HOME



THE purchaser of a Life Boat may not read it, but eventually it will drop into the hands of some one who will. While I was away on my summer vacation I learned about two young ladies who had been in that part of the country selling Life Boats. They went to a farm house and tried to sell a copy to the family, who refused to buy it, but before leaving they gave a copy to the lady of the house and went on their way. Finally the husband, who was a very worldly man, came in and picked up The Life Boat. Seeing that it was a religious paper he began to curse and swear, then went out into the field, taking it with him, and threw it into the brush, saying he guessed he had got rid of that kind of stuff.

Some time later, a young man was driving the cows home from the field, when they ran through the brush, and so he found this Life Boat lying there. He picked it up, carried it home and began to read it, with the result that he became very much interested in it. He read it over and over again and was converted through it, as also was his wife. Then he began to talk about it in the community, and showed the paper to others, and eventually met the man who had thrown it out there, from whom he learned just how it came to be there, and the final result was that this first man was himself converted—all through that one Life Boat.



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

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Volume VIII

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Number 1

THE LIFE BOAT.

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All business communications should be addressed to THE LIFE BOAT, 436 State street, Chicago. All articles, accounts of interesting experiences, and other items of interest as well as letters of inquiry concerning Life Boat work should be addressed to the Editor, Hinsdale, Ill. If both classes of matter are sent in one envelope they should be written on separate sheets of paper. This will save confusion and delay.

Then this woman who lived for self only
Said, "Now I need trouble no more;
But I dreaded the scene in the morning
Were the children to freeze at my door."

Are you, to-day, drawing a curtain
Such sights from your eyes to hide?
Are you letting the little children
Freeze and starve on the "other side"?
They pass by your stately dwelling,
The prints of their little feet
Are left on the icy pavement
While they wander on down the street.

And O, do you count it sufficient
To say, "I need trouble no more,"
Since because of your tightly-closed mansion
The children pause not at *your door*?
O may the dear Father in heaven
Make room in the mansions above,
That somewhere these poor little street waifs
May have plenty of warmth and of love.

HUMAN TRAFFIC.

MRS. CHARLTON EDHOLM.

(Continued from December number.)

In my book* I have specially mentioned your Chicago Medical Missionary work, for you are doing a special work along a special line, and you are teaching men who want to get over the drink habit to leave off flesh foods.



It is a positive truth that the giving up of meat will help to save the drinking man. This

*"Traffic in Girls," by Mrs. Charlton Edholm. Sent postpaid to any reader of THE LIFE BOAT for only three new subscriptions.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILD ON THE STREET.

v. v. v.

"Just lower the curtain, Katy,
And shut out that wretched sight;
For look at those beggar children
On the street this bitter night:
As they peer at me through the window,
It makes my blood run chill;
For of course we can not take them in,
And the house with paupers fill."

So the servant drew close the curtain,
And her mistress in ease reclined
On her silken and downy pillows;
But her brow with worry was lined,
For she could not shut out that picture
Though the curtain was closely drawn;
So again she summoned her maid with the words,
"Look and see if those beggars have gone."

But the maid soon returned to her, saying,
"I have looked far out in the night
And the children you saw at the window
Are surely now nowhere in sight."

was the reason why I chose yours out of all the hundreds of missionary institutions of the United States, because of what you are doing, to help save these men from their cups.

One of our white ribbed women went into a prison in the East and there saw a little girl aged sixteen. She said: "A few years ago I lived in the country and was as pure as any girl in America, but there came a fine looking fellow across my path, and I was proud to think that a handsome young man from the city should pay attention to me. It was not long until we became pretty well acquainted, and once in a while he would take me riding, or walking, or to a dance. He would say: 'Never tell your mother about it,' and at last he told me he wanted to marry me. I trusted him, so was willing to run away and be married. After we got to the city there was no wedding ceremony, and when I wept and cried he would put me off about it. What could I do? He was the only person I knew. At last he deserted me and I said rather than go into a life of shame I would die.

"I started out to find work, but could not find a bit of honest work to do. Finally I got down to my last ten-cent piece, and felt tempted to end my life. I went into a restaurant, and as I sat there a nice-looking woman at one of the other tables noticed my tears. She came over to me and said: 'You are in trouble; won't you tell me what it is?' I told her and she said: 'Come over to my house and I will help you to find work.'" I thought the Lord had raised up a friend for me, but when I got into her house I found she was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I was in a house of shame. One night there was a robbery and the police found a roll of bills in my trunk where they had been put by some other girl, and I was put in jail, charged with robbery in a house of sin."

Then our dear woman told this girl the story of Christ and the woman who washed His feet, and wiped them with the hair of her head, and that those who loved much were forgiven much. Then the girl, who, like her Lord, had been betrayed by a traitor, knelt down on the floor of her cell and gave her heart to Jesus. She was brought to one of our missions and was one of the best girls we ever had.

Not long after this girl said: "I must go

home. I am dying of home-sickness." Some of us know what home-sickness is, and have sometimes cried ourselves to sleep from sheer loneliness. So our woman put her on the train. The girl afterward wrote us: "On my way home I sang some of the gospel hymns, and was as happy as could be, but as I neared home I thought perhaps I should find the door closed and bolted. But as I came in sight of the cottage, I saw that the front door was wide open. I said: 'Now if I can get up into my room they will not find me until morning,' and I got up into my own room, and found the lamp there, and the cover turned back. Then I undressed as softly as I could, knelt down and thanked the Lord Jesus Christ that I was home again, and then I crept between the snowy sheets. I soon heard some one coming upstairs and I knew it was mother. I heard her say: 'Isn't my little girl ever coming back again?' My heart is breaking.' Then I sobbed aloud, and in an instant we were in each other's arms and singing praises to God. I asked her how it was that the front door was open and she said: 'There has never been a night since you left that the front door has not been left open. There has never been a night since you left that I have not gone into your room and put the lamp there and turned back the cover, and have prayed to God that you would come back. Thank God, my prayer is now answered.'"

Isn't God blessing the missionary work marvelously? I plead with you to help this Life Boat Mission—to help other missions that you may know about. Give, give, give, realizing that you are going to reap a harvest for it. It is even worth while wearing second-hand clothing if you can save a soul.

May God save your darlings from going down through the saloon and the house of shame, and lead us all on and up, until we come into the presence of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ a united family.

"Salvation does not keep one from trouble, but when he is in trouble he has some one to take his trouble to. I can understand what David meant when he said, 'My cup runneth over'; sometimes I think both my cup and saucer run over."—*Tom Mackey.*

WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR US.

W. S. SADLER.

No. 5.

14. GOD HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS.

"And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." (Rev. 1:6.)

We know that Adam was created to be a king in this world; but, dear reader, were you aware that sinners like us, through the grace of God could become kings and priests unto our God?

To-day, the children of this world are the servants of sin, the bond-slaves of Satan.

The child of God, the one whom Christ has delivered from sin, is a *king*.

By the power of God, the Christian becomes the master and ruler of every faculty of mind, soul and body. In the name of Jesus Christ the children of light are kings, ruling over themselves, controlling their faculties, and directing their energies, to the honor and glory of Him who reigns as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

God *has* made us kings. Why should we allow Satan to rule or control us?

Dear reader, have you accepted and entered upon your kingship? Under God, and in Christ, are you a king?

Why should those whom God has ordained to be kings submit to the bondage and slavery of sin? Why should such privileged persons become the victims of jealousy, covetousness, and be overwhelmed with the other passions of the flesh?

Rather let us thank God for the exalted position to which He has called us, in His name resist the evil one, and by His power direct the energies of mind, soul, and body, to the honor and glory of His name.

15. GOD HAS MADE US FIT TO ASSOCIATE WITH THE ANGELS. "Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." (Col. 1:12.)

Wonderful thought! Sin-burdened souls, delivered and set free by the gospel of Christ, transformed by the power of His Spirit, born again by the mighty power of His Word—and then to read the wonderful statement that He HATH made us fit "to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

Already it is our privilege to associate with angels, although we are unable to see them with the eyes of the flesh. Is it not written (Heb. 1:14) that God has made all His angels ministering spirits, and that He has sent them forth to minister unto us, heirs of salvation?

Think of it, discouraged soul—all the angels in heaven interested in you, and ministering to you!

And remember, God would send every one of them to your rescue, before He would ever permit Satan to overcome you, if you truly consecrate your all to Him.

How wonderful, to know that the angels of heaven have devoted themselves to the humble work of helping us poor sinners to be overcomers.

What a marvel of mercy that such perfect and sinless beings should be so interested in us sin-cursed mortals.

But such is the wonderful love of God. We have been made of great value in the sight of Heaven, because of the infinite price which Jesus Christ paid for the purchase of our souls.

16. GOD HAS GIVEN US ETERNAL LIFE. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." (1 John 5:11.)

Of all the wonderful things which God, in His goodness, and mercy *has* done for us, the greatest is His gift to us of *everlasting life*.

The Word tells us that in Christ He has bestowed upon us this priceless gift.

Dear reader, when tempest-tossed and sore tried, when prone to doubt the soul's salvation, I pray you count your many blessings over, and do not forget that God in His mercy has crowned his matchless work in our behalf with the gift of eternal life.

Yes, by His divine grace we who are faithful will receive the gift of a life that will measure with the life of God.

There will be no more death, no more tears of sorrow, neither pain, nor anguish, but in a world of life ours shall be an endless life.

Now, reader, what shall we render to God in view of these and other priceless blessings, which he has given us? Shall we not surrender our all to Him? Shall we not dedicate our whole being to do His will? Shall we not consecrate our life without reservation to His service?

As we near the end I pray that both the reader and the writer may be able to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." (2 Tim. 4:7-8.)

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

TOM MACKEY.

"Last spring I wanted two horses for a gospel wagon to take to St. Louis for street work during the Fair, for the Lord had laid it on my heart to go there. I was speaking in the Pacific Garden Mission one night, and at the close of the meeting a gentleman invited me to lunch, and while we were eating he told me how my personal experience had helped him; and he said, 'I wish you could go to St. Louis.' I said, 'The Lord hasn't sent the fare along to me yet.' He handed me five dollars and said, 'Go to St. Louis,' and I went the next morning.

At noontime I went to the Union City Mission and the speaker had disappointed them, so I had a good opportunity to speak. They wanted me to come again that evening and the next noontime, and the next evening, and on Monday morning a gentleman came to me and said, 'The speaker for our gospel wagon has failed us, but we have a permit to speak in any place in St. Louis; can we get you to speak?' I said, 'That is what the Lord sent me here for.' He said, 'We will give you \$50 a week and expenses.' They had four or five volunteer singers, and I never saw such an efficient crew of workers, and such crowds, that were just hungry for the gospel. If I had gotten my own wagon and a pair of horses, it would probably have been impossible for me to get the singers and a cornetist, and a permit to speak in the city limits, and the means to carry on the work, so I just thank God for that experience.

Some years ago my experience was published in *THE LIFE BOAT*, and it told how I was brought to Jesus Christ, and some one put one of those *LIFE BOATS* inside of a *Harpers' Weekly* and sent it to the Michigan State Prison. It got into a young man's cell who was doing seven years. He read that experience in the *LIFE BOAT*. Time went on. I was in another prison one Sunday morning, speaking to the boys, and this very man was in this prison doing eighteen months. I related before the men the same experience of saving grace as was published in that *LIFE BOAT*. That man did his eighteen months and came out. I met him in Minneapolis some

time later, at the Rink where we were holding services. I asked him if he was a saved man, and he said, 'If you knew who you were talking to, you would not ask me, and would not waste your time on me.' I said, 'Why?' He said, 'I have been in prison a good many times.' I said, 'Jesus Christ can save you from the prison, and He can bring you pardon, peace and power.' But he would not yield, and went away.

Later I was in Stillwater, Minnesota, and spoke in the prison by invitation, and lo and behold, this very man was in this place doing a year there. At the close of the service he asked the chaplain if he would let Mr. Mackey come and say a word to him, and I was permitted to come and take him by the hand, and I said to him, 'My friend, listen now: Years ago in the Jackson State prison you saw the article in *THE LIFE BOAT*, and then later you met me face to face several times. God gave you these opportunities to get right with Him and you rejected all of them. When I left you in Minneapolis, I said to you, 'If you don't turn to Jesus Christ you will go back to prison,' and here you are locked up and back again. What are you going to do?' He said, 'I expect to get out in eight months, and when I do I am going to turn over a new leaf.' I said, 'You have said that every time in prison; you will never be able to turn over a new leaf without the help of God.' He came out of prison and it was not long before I got a letter from him in another prison, where he was in for five years. He wrote: "I have now found Jesus Christ to be satisfactory and all you have recommended Him to be. There is only one favor I ask and that is that you will keep me posted and send me something good to read, and help me as a Christian man."

The man is in prison now, and somebody says, 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for him.' I am glad that man is where he is, for he was brought face to face with this fact: that the flesh is only unprofitable, and he could not help himself, but he has found Jesus ready to help him.

I want to say it is possible to do a work with the *LIFE BOAT* that you can't do with any other paper. I have been in many State prisons and County prisons, and have been asked about it very many times. One little incident comes to my mind just now. When I was in the West Dr. Paulson sent me a hundred *LIFE BOATS*, and in traveling about I never got them. But I wrote to the postmaster and asked if he would not send them to their poorhouse. A year afterward I met a man seventy-four years of age, and he praised God that those *LIFE BOATS* did not reach me, and that he got into the poorhouse and was saved by reading one.

A little girl four or five years old gave me a cent two years ago for the work in Chicago.

I dedicated that penny to God and bought one Gospel of John with it, and marked it, and gave it away. I was telling that incident in a church and a gentleman came to me and said, 'Mr. Mackey, will you put this beside that cent? and he gave me a ten dollar gold piece. Then I sent for a thousand Gospels of John and distributed them free; and I was telling about it in another church, and a gentleman gave me a ten dollar gold piece and a five dollar bill, and said, 'I wish you would put some Gospels of John out in the name of the Lord Jesus'; and now from that penny there have been ten thousand Gospels of John and five thousand "Romans" put into circulation, just through that little girl's penny. That little girl might have bought a stick of candy—she lived near a store where they had candy sticks eight or nine inches long for one cent—but she passed by them and brought that cent to church and gave it to the missionary man that he might put it into God's service; and that penny has put 15,000 of those little books into the hands of men and women who possibly would never have bought one. So I say to you, don't neglect the small things."

THE SANCTUARY OF CHRIST'S PRIESTHOOD.

ALONZO T. JONES.

And, "now of the things which we have spoken this is the sum: We have such an high priest." And what is the sum?

1. That He who was higher than the angels, as God, was made lower than the angels, as man.

2. That He who was of the nature of God was made of the nature of man.

3. That He who was in all things like God was made in all things like man.

4. That as man He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet was in all things faithful to Him that appointed Him.

5. That as man, tempted in all points like as we are, He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities, was made perfect through sufferings, and was called of God to be an high priest.

6. That by the power of an endless life He was made high priest.

7. That by the oath of God He was made high priest.

These are the specifications of which "the sum" is, "we have *such* an high priest." And yet that is only a part of "the sum"; for the whole statement of this sum is, "We have such an high priest, who is set on the *right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man.*"

On earth there was a sanctuary which man pitched, and which man made. True, this sanctuary was both made and pitched under

the direction of the Lord; nevertheless it is far different from the sanctuary and the true tabernacle which the Lord Himself pitched, and not man—as far different as the work of man is from the work of God.

That worldly sanctuary, with its ministry, is more briefly described, and the meaning of it more briefly told, in Hebrews 9, than would be possible otherwise to do, so therefore we quote Hebrews 9: 2-12, inclusive:

"For there was a tabernacle made; the first, wherein was the candlestick, and the table, and the shewbread; which is called the sanctuary. And after the second veil, the tabernacle which is called the holiest of all: which had the golden censer, and the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold, wherein was the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant; and over it the cherubims of glory shadowing the mercy seat; of which we can not now speak particularly.

"Now when these things were thus ordained, the priests went always into the first tabernacle, accomplishing the service of God. But into the second went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people: *The Holy Ghost this signifying* that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest, while as the first tabernacle was yet standing. Which was a figure for the time then present, in which were offered both gifts and sacrifices, that could not make him that did the service perfect, as pertaining to the conscience. Which stood only in meats and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances, imposed on them until the time of reformation. But *Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands,* that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by *His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.*"

The sanctuary was but a figure; and it was but a figure for the time then present. In it priests and high priests ministered and offered both gifts and sacrifices. But all this priesthood, ministry, gift, and sacrifice was, equally with the sanctuary, only "a figure for the time then present," for it all "could not make him that did the service perfect, as pertaining to the conscience."

The sanctuary and the tabernacle itself was a figure of the sanctuary and the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man. The high priest of that sanctuary was but a figure of Christ, who is High Priest of the sanctuary and the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man. The ministry of that high priest *on earth* was but a figure of the ministry of Christ, who is our great High Priest, "who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty *in the heavens; a minister of the sanctu-*

ary and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man." The offerings of the priesthood in the ministry of the sanctuary on earth were but a figure of the offering of Christ, the true High Priest, in His ministry in the sanctuary and the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man.

Thus Christ was the one great aim and meaning of all the priesthood and service of the sanctuary on earth, and any part of it that ever passed without this as its meaning was simply meaningless. And as certainly as *Christ is the true Priest of Christianity*, of which the Levitical priesthood was a figure, so certainly *the sanctuary of which Christ is minister is the Christian sanctuary*, of which the earthly sanctuary of the Levitical dispensation was a figure. And so it is written: "*If He were on earth, He should not be a priest, seeing that there are priests that offer gifts according to the law: who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the tabernacle: for, See, saith He, that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount.*"

"It was therefore necessary that *the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these [earthly sacrifices]; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.*"

And in "heaven itself," in *the Christian dispensation*, there was seen the throne of God and a golden altar and an angel with a golden censer offering incense with the prayers of all saints, "and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." Rev. 8: 3, 4. And also in this same time was seen in heaven the temple of God, "and the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in His temple the ark of His testament." Rev. 11: 19. And further there were seen there "seven lamps of fire burning before the throne." Rev. 4: 5.

There is therefore a Christian sanctuary of which the former sanctuary was a figure, as truly as there is a Christian High Priesthood of which the former high priesthood was a figure; and there is a ministry of Christ, our High Priest, in this Christian sanctuary as truly as there was a ministry of the former priesthood in the former and earthly sanctuary.

And "of the things which we have spoken, this is the sum."

There were nearly ten thousand people who committed suicide in this country last year.

A GREAT TEMPERANCE OBJECT LESSON.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The new temperance recognizes that in many instances there is as definite a cause for the drunkard's thirst as there is for the consumptive's cough, in other words, that the curse *causeless* shall not come. Prov. 26:2. When a boy who has inherited a weak, over-sensitive nervous system is fed on mustard plasters in the form of highly-spiced foods and fiery condiments, juicy beefsteaks, tea and coffee, he then has a thirst created within him that the town pump can not satisfy, so it is not surprising if the devil should help him to discover that the village saloon contains the stuff that temporarily quenches, although in the end intensifies, this morbid craving which was aroused by his mother's cookery.

It was Frances Willard who said that the modern kitchen is a vestibule to the saloon. It is certainly true that many cooks to-day are making business both for the saloon-keeper and the undertaker, and the more thoughtful among temperance reformers are beginning to recognize that the temperance movement will make but little more advancement until we heed the scriptural injunction to "Eat for strength and not for drunkenness." Ecc. 10:17.

Again and again in our Chicago work we have met men who have for months or years been making most pathetic struggles to resist the cruel appetite for liquor, and it has absolutely left them in less than forty-eight hours after adopting a simple, non-irritating non-stimulating dietary prepared from wholesome grains, nutritious nuts, luscious fruits, and tasty vegetables. While it is impossible for us to eat or drink ourselves into either the kingdom of health, temperance, or heaven, it has repeatedly been demonstrated how easy it is for some to eat and drink themselves out of either or all of them.

Last spring Miss Wintringer, editor of "The Young Crusader," said to us that the Loyal Temperance Legion—the young people's branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union—had arranged to serve a banquet to the W. C. T. U. delegates at their next annual convention to be held in Philadelphia, and that they desired that it should be an object lesson in up-to-date temperance in eating and drinking. She asked Mrs. Paulson and the writer to prepare the banquet.

We later interested Dr. Kellogg in the enterprise and secured a Battle Creek Sanitarium cook. The largest banquet hall in Philadelphia was hired and covers were laid for eight hundred and sixty. When the doors were opened not only every chair was filled, but extra seats had to be provided, and more than a hundred other people sought in vain to secure admission.

It was a magnificent sight. There were seated some whose splendid work in the tem-

perance movement has caused their names to become household words. Nearly a hundred table waiters rendered prompt service, so that the following eight-course menu was served in Celery Jelly Olives

	Almond Bouillon	
Broiled Nuttolene—Cranberry Sauce		
	Stuffed Protose	
Creamed Potatoes		French Peas
	Macaroni au Gratin	
	Asparagus Tips on Toast	
Nut Salad		Wafers
Toasted Rice Cakes		Cream Sticks
	Granola with Nut Fruit Sauce	
	Apple Juice	Fruit Nectar
California Grapes	Apples	Pineapple Gelee
Sunshine Cake		Health Chocolates
"No Coffee"		Health Cocoa

a satisfactory manner. It was a revelation to many that such a tasty and palatable banquet could be provided without the use of any of the customary substances that are so prone to create a whiskey appetite.

Some idea of the extent of this undertaking can be gained when it is stated that eight thousand pieces of silverware had to be secured and other dishes in proportion. The Lord certainly helped us, and we believe that a favorable impression was made upon those interested in the greater temperance cause.

The last night of the convention we had an opportunity to demonstrate for the non-alcoholic department how to treat disease without the use of alcohol or patent medicines. A nurse in full uniform gave a cold mitten friction. Behind her was a large banner on which was written "A non-alcoholic tonic." Next to her was a nurse wringing out a hot fomentation cloth and applying it over an imaginary painful area. On a banner were the words "Subduing Pain Without the Use of Patent Medicines." Then a nurse applied a chest pack to illustrate the treatment of pneumonia without employing alcohol. We called attention to the fact that the modern way of treating disease was to use natural remedies and dispense with alcohol and such habit-forming drugs as morphine, cocaine, etc. Mrs. Englehart, superintendent of the Frances Willard Hospital, emptied bottles of patent medicine in a bucket, and on a large banner was written "Treat Patent Medicine as Medicated Swill." We heated over a candle a spoonful of Peruna taken from a bottle bought in open market and then applied a match, and it burned readily in full view of the four thousand people present.

AN APPEAL FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

I wish to become a member of the "Life-saving Crew," for the more I become acquainted with THE LIFE BOAT the more I am convinced that its object is to rescue souls and place them safely on board the ship Zion.

I wish I was situated so that I could devote my whole time to this work. In a part of two afternoons I sold 100 copies of the skeptic and infidel number. I am sure I could easily dispose of 500 or more LIFE BOATS each month. There are 10,000 soldiers stationed here at the Presidio Military Reservation. I find that THE LIFE BOAT takes well with them. I want to get the work started with the soldiers as soon as possible. I sincerely believe that THE LIFE BOAT will save some.

Who will send me a club of LIFE BOATS for a month or two? As I sell them I will use the proceeds to increase the club and continue with the work. Yes, I am actually begging, but it is because I feel that *now* is the time for us to give the gospel to our large cities. An effort has been made here to secure a law prohibiting the selling of religious literature on the streets, in the shops, offices, residences, etc., but the Lord has over-ruled it; He has many people in San Francisco to hear and accept the life saving truth.

I have more *time* to give than *means*. I appeal to those who have more *means* than *time* to spare, to assist in giving this soul-saving message to a dying world.

FLORENCE E. MERRILL,
420 Dolores St., San Francisco, Cal.

FELL AT HIS POST.

CLYDE LOWRY.

Oscar Linbarger first came to us for treatment in our dispensary about four years ago when our headquarters were at 1926 Wabash avenue. He was kindly treated there and much helped physically, and he appreciated it. He was the last member of a well-known family in the East. He seemed to have been unfortunate. His home had been broken up and he drifted into Chicago, but could obtain no work on account of his physical condition. He was at his last extremity when he came to us.

Some one suggested that he begin to sell LIFE BOATS. He did so, and worked faithfully every day when the weather and his health would permit. He always tried to sell twenty-five LIFE BOATS a day, and this he continued to do until two days before his death, which took place recently.



Life Boat Mission



A REMARKABLE EVENING.

H. W. R.

A week ago yesterday was a very interesting date from the standpoint of the workers at the Life Boat Mission. It was one of those days on which it seems that the Spirit of God works in unusual power, and when the heart of a mission worker is made to rejoice in more than ordinary degree.

It was decidedly unpleasant outside; the snow was falling, the atmosphere was heavily laden, and people did not stay out of doors any longer than was necessary. Within the Life Boat Mission, gathered a cheerful and earnest audience, bent on making the most of the meeting. Song after song opened the service, and the people fairly made the walls of the Mission ring. Prayer was offered, then the superintendent gave a short talk on "Some Avenues That Lead Away From God." As he sketched the course of the backslider, the audience were deeply interested, and the truth of what he said was apparent. By this time the room was two-thirds full, and the real presence of the Lord was manifest. After the address a solo was sung and then the meeting was thrown open, that all who wished might take part and give testimony to what experiences they had had in the Christian life, or say anything that was likely to be helpful to other Christians.

In the opinion of most visitors to our Mission the testimony or social part of the evening's service is usually the best. On this occasion, particularly was such the case. One or two familiar faces were seen, as some of the regular attendants rose and told their ever-interesting story; then a verse of some well-known hymn was sung, and then the testimonies were resumed. A visitor arose and spoke as follows: "I used to believe in God, but I did not believe that Jesus was the Christ. I used to think He was an impostor. I was a strict Jew, but if the Lord could take me and pardon my sins, He can pardon your sins. About four years and five months ago I found Jesus, in Jerusalem, at Mt. Olivet. I tell you

I am happy, and I know what I am saying. I want to tell you, men, it is a good thing to serve Jesus. It will keep you from telling lies, from cursing, and swearing, and hatred, and selfishness. It pays to serve Jesus.

"I used to curse Jesus. I remember my first visit to Bethlehem. I commenced to curse the place, because Jesus was born in it. But I want to tell you that Jesus has washed my sins away and I am happy in Him. Men, try Him. I tried Him and I am not tired of Jesus at all. He has kept me wonderfully."

This testimony made a profound impression. We saw that the Saviour could touch the heart of one who had never had to wrestle with poverty, but nevertheless was a sinner needing Jesus. And with this brother, we praised God that he had reached the place where he was willing to cast his helpless soul for mercy at the Saviour's feet.

Then we heard Brother Vanlandingham repeat the marvelous story of deliverance from a drunkard's life; and as he was followed by his wife, the people listened intently. As she stood on the platform, with her little tot standing on a chair by her side, they made a pretty picture. Hearts were touched at the recital of what God had done in changing the state of affairs in their home; and many a person felt that in very truth God is good.

A little later a young man stood up and said, "Brother Van Dorn, you know me. I am going to speak; I am forced to speak. I have been a thief all my life; I have been a drunkard all my life. But if ever I had God's spirit in my heart, I have got it now, and I am going to try and do better. I have done a whole lot of time in prisons, but I honestly believe there is some kind of a spirit that has come into me to-night and I am going to reform. I am certainly; I hope the Lord will help me to reform for I am going to do it."

The speaker was a youth apparently about twenty-three or four, and he certainly did look like one who had lived a wild life, and had a rough time of it. But his manner and his halting speech convinced us that he had come

IN THIS PLACE MIRACLES OF GRACE ARE BROUGHT EVERY NIGHT IN THE YEAR.



to the turning point, and really meant to make a fresh start.

Then Brother Van Dorn referred to the case of a man who had been a frequent attendant at the Mission services, but who a day or two previously had suddenly died. His last words to him were, "Van Dorn, pray for me." Emphasis was laid on the awful significance that may apply to that simple request, "Pray for me." The invitation was given to those who desired to be remembered in prayer, to raise a hand. One, two, three went up. Plainly, the Spirit had been working. "Are there any more?" Two more went up. "Is there yet another would like us to pray for him?" Yes, and one by one three more hands were raised, until eight had signified the desire to be prayed for. Then those who had indicated this were invited to step to the front and several of them did so. There, at the steps of the rostrum, was a row of men—some seeking the Saviour, others pointing the way to the Lamb of God. It was an impressive sight. Among the audience were several others kneeling, a Christian worker kneeling, too, and hearts were yielding to the tender solicitations of the workers.

While this was going on some one started singing "Just As I Am Without One Plea," and to the soft accompaniment of these beautiful words, the personal work was continued. Presently, the leader invited those who had gone forward to openly state their position, if they so wished, and two or three responded, expressing a desire and intention to do right and serve their Maker.

Time had flown so quickly that we scarcely realized it was so late—after ten o'clock. But we had had a blessed time. Angels of God must have rejoiced over more than one sinner that repented; and we can not doubt that He who died that we might live was made glad as sin-sick souls accepted the gracious invitation to "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

SOUL-WINNING QUESTION CORNER.

We are saving up the soul-winning questions that have come in for next month. We shall be glad to hear from others.

ECHOES OF VICTORY.

To help those who have thought that Christianity was merely a sentiment, we publish this month extracts from a few of the many actual experiences related in the Life Boat Mission.

HAPPINESS FOR MISERY.

"I have been an active Christian for about six weeks, and I can say honestly and sincerely it has been the happiest six weeks of my life. There is no doubt about it."

Another said:

"I have tried both ways. I served the devil faithfully for years, and it brought me unrest, discontent and misery. But, oh, how about the Christian life? It has brought me peace and joy and happiness, that the world never could give nor can ever take away; and I want to tell you that I have nothing to slide back to, but everything to go forward to, and I am determined with the help of God to go forward and onward and upward, and at last have a home with Jesus forever. It is over eight years now since I started on the way, and it has been the happiest eight years of my life."

EMPLOYMENT IN PLACE OF IDLENESS.

"It is but a few short weeks ago since I came in here, right down in the gutter, and a worker and I prayed together and I found Christ. He has helped me, and I have left everything to Him. At that time I did not have employment; I did not have a place to sleep, but it was provided for me; and I have found work since then, and today I am a traveling man, a trusted employe, because I don't drink. Jesus is everything to me. He has made me prosperous. With God's help I have been able to leave tobacco alone to-day, and I am not going to use it to-morrow either, and in six short weeks I got my home back—all as the result of coming to this Mission."

Another said:

"I expect to praise God throughout eternity for having entered this Mission. I came in here twelve nights ago, a drunkard. I was delirious, bordering on suicide. Indeed, I felt that suicide was the only solution of my dilemma. I left here a miserable man. I went to my room, knelt down and asked God to forgive me. Christ reached down that night the hand that was nailed to the cross, and

lifted me up, and I stand here to-night a redeemed man. I have not touched a drop of intoxicants of any kind during twelve days, while for ten years before that time I took ten, twenty, thirty, forty, sometimes fifty, drinks of whiskey a day; but, thank God, that appetite has gone. I had fallen so low that home and all its endearing ties, friends, family and pride—yes, even honor—had been sacrificed to the demon whose chains I had worn. But God heard my prayer that night, and although I was penniless and friendless, yet when I gave my heart to God, God's people helped me. The second night I knelt on my knees and asked God to help me to obtain a position. The very first place I went to, the next day, I was successful in obtaining a position at eighteen dollars a week. Who did it? There is only one thing the devil did for me in my poverty, and that was get me whiskey. The devil is very accommodating along that line. No, it was God who did it, and I thank and praise Him from the bottom of my heart."

SAVED FROM THE GUTTER.

"I was down in the gutter, but God has raised me up. I have been in the habit of drinking porter, but last Saturday night, while in a saloon drinking, two workers from this Mission came in, and one of them began talking to me, and I said there and then: 'This is the last drink of porter that will ever go down my throat!' God has been good to me, and has blessed me in many ways. I want to be true, and to be a man, and the only way I can do that, is to follow Christ. I ask your prayers."

DELIVERED FROM ENSLAVING HABITS.

"I am thankful because my sins are forgiven, and after chewing and smoking for over thirty years, all desire for it has been taken away."

"I have glory in my soul to-night. I was a morphine fiend, taking three or four grains every day, and the doctor said I should die. I thank the Lord He can save to the uttermost. Formerly I could not live without morphine, but, thank the Lord, I have followed Him, and the terrible habit went out of my life, and I bless the Lord for it. I thank Him for His wonderful kindness to a poor Jew."

A lady said:

"I thank God that He sent some one to my

home with a copy of THE LIFE BOAT, for it was the means of saving me from death. I thought I could not walk half a block unless I had a glass of beer. But, thank God, His power now keeps me and sustains me."

Another said:

"I want to tell you something to show you what the religion of Jesus Christ will do for a man. Years ago a drunkard, about forty years of age, sat on a barrel with an old fiddle and endeavored to scrape out some music to entertain his drunken friends. He was in rags. Two months later he gave his heart to God. Two years after that, he was elected to the United States Congress, and swayed that body with his eloquence. Four years afterward he was made governor of his native State, and when he came down to the chill waters of death, Christ was his staff.

"That is what the religion of Jesus Christ will do for a man. I would rather be a true follower of Him, just from two days' experience, than the proudest king that ever was on earth. As an old drunkard, as a gambler and a sinner of the deepest dye, let me say to you, if you want peace and contentment, give your hearts to God. I ask an interest in your prayers. I know that I have a battle before me, but there is no excellence without great labor, and I can not expect to wear the crown unless I endure the shame, and have a cross to carry."

FRIENDS INSTEAD OF FRIENDLESS.

"I am a stranger here, and live in Rochester. A week ago yesterday morning I woke up without a cent, as I had been drinking the night before. I went to a saloon and offered the bartender a pair of scissors, the only thing I had left, and asked him if I could have a drink for them, and he said, 'No.' I didn't know what to do. I did not have a thing to eat. I went to the police station, and they sent me to a place across the street, and they sent me here. Brother Van Dorn helped me to get a bed, and another man gave me a bowl of cereal food. I want to try to live a different life. I regard you people as my friends, and I ask your prayers." (This man came back the next day and repaid Brother Van Dorn.)

ANCHORED INSTEAD OF DRIFTING.

"About five weeks ago I landed here in this heavenly spot, and heard the glad tidings of

great joy. I saw things in a new light. I had wandered over the country hither and thither with no purpose or aim in life, making no use of my talents, but I came in here and found peace and went to work. I want you to pray for me, that I may be faithful to the end, for the Bible says that they who are faithful to the end shall have a crown of life."

CLOTHING IN PLACE OF RAGS.

"I have found that the way of the transgressor is hard but when I heard the voice of Jesus speaking as no man could speak and I listened and let Him come into my life, He put an end to my box-car life, and to my street walking. Instead of being to-night in the service of the devil, with my elbows out of my coat sleeves, with a hat on my head without a crown and the shoes on my feet with barely the uppers, treading the streets when the snow was lying on the pavement and my feet cold from its chill, I am here comfortably clothed—for what the devil takes off, God puts on; the devil strips you, but God clothes you. I now have the victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, and it is not a hard matter for me to get by a saloon door. It is not hard for me to keep tobacco out of my mouth or to refuse to go anywhere where I can't take Jesus Christ. My heart is so full of the love of Jesus that there is no room for the devil and his trash."

A CHURCH IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO.

It is a pitiable sight to see church buildings in the very heart of Chicago being used as livery stables, warehouses, etc. One by one they have moved out into more desirable localities until there is scarcely a church left.

The Life Boat Mission is located in the very center of the district that has been thus more or less abandoned. After you have read W. S. Sadler's earnest words we are sure you will consider it a privilege to help us maintain this gospel light burning in the heart of a district that is just as needy as are the heathen lands.

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

E. B. VAN DORN,
Superintendent.

The work of the Mission the past year has been crowned with victory. The Lord has helped us to keep its doors open every evening and nearly every day. People from every

strata of life have here received an inspiration to live better lives. Very often we hear of some one in some distant place telling what the Lord did for them in the Life Boat Mission.

One night this month a young man stood up and said that he had been a thief all his life and had spent several years in prison, but that he wanted to do different. He could hardly speak for crying, and said, "Won't you pray for me, that the way may be opened for me to do different?" He has been with us several days and we believe that he is in earnest, as he has shown a disposition to do anything that was asked of him.

The same night nine other men came forward and said that they would like to do different. It would touch the heart of any one to see what is happening almost every night at the Mission.

We try to do something for everyone who comes there, if it is only to give a good handshake and say a kind word; for a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Prov. 25: 11.

We are distributing at present a great many clothes, as the winter is here, and, as is always the case, there are those who are unprepared. Their wages have been meager and many have no knowledge of how to spend money to the best advantage.

No one knows the efforts that are made by the lowly of earth in our cities to get on and be true to themselves, and to their scanty knowledge of right. I am glad that the Lord has given me an opportunity to cheer and help some of these.

We appreciate what our readers have done the past few years toward helping to keep this work going. Your means, your letters of appreciation and your prayers have inspired us, and we trust that we shall have your hearty support in the future. We are sending every month what we call "The Mission News Letter" to those who help us regularly. It is full of the most interesting items of testimonies given at the Mission, that have been taken down by a stenographer.

Do not fail to notice the pledge on another page of this paper. I now thank you in advance for your anticipated assistance, and wish you a Happy New Year, with a host of golden opportunities for winning souls for Jesus.

WANTED: PARTNERS IN THIS WORK.

Reader, are you interested in downtrodden humanity? Would you like to do something to make the world better? Do you have a tender place in your heart for the outcast, the homeless waif, and the unfortunates of life?

Successful soul-winning efforts in a great city, like many other enterprises, are made possible only by the self-denial and co-operation of many individuals. There is an opportunity for *you* to share in both the work and the reward of this labor of love.

I have many times written of the wonderful work of the Life Boat Mission in these columns. I presume *you* have read them; probably your heart has been touched; perhaps you have felt you ought to do something to help us. Maybe you decided to at some future time; but after all, you put the matter off, thinking that others would undoubtedly heed the appeal and come to our rescue. Is this true?

Meanwhile, we have struggled to pay the rent; workers who ought to have devoted their time and energies to teaching and praying with the vast company of hungry souls that daily and nightly through the Mission have been forced to toil and labor for the funds to meet pressing bills.

We have been seeking God earnestly concerning this matter, and we are impressed that if the people only knew the great good that was being accomplished at the Life Boat Mission each month, with the expenditure of so few dollars, they would gladly and quickly rally to our support. Just this afternoon, a lady, a newspaper reporter, called on us to learn something about the work. She said, "Why, if Christian people only knew about this work, it does seem to me they would help you. I have been a church member all these years, but my soul was never stirred as it was by the meeting I have just attended. Why don't you appeal to the readers of your paper to come and see your work? If their hearts could be touched and their souls watered as mine has been to-day, I am sure you would get the help you so sorely need."

Now, dear reader, what that newspaper reporter said to me went home to my heart, and I resolved that I would make an appeal to YOU, not to the readers of THE LIFE BOAT as a whole, but to each one of you individually; and I want you, dear reader, to read this appeal, and to regard it just the same as if I had written you a personal letter. The fact that you are a reader of THE LIFE BOAT leads me to believe that the Providence of God has placed you in connection with this work for some purpose, and I am satisfied that beginning with the year 1905, God is going to send us help in a wonderful way, to lift the burdens so long borne by faithful workers, that the rent and other expenses of the Mission may be met, and its faithful missionaries may be left with hands and hearts free to minister this glorious gospel to the perishing multitude.

I don't know how YOU can help. I don't know how much you can help; but God knows, and I have confidence that you will ask Him, and be led as His good spirit may impress you.

Yes, dear reader, we want partners in this work—not silent partners, but, rather, working partners—contributing and praying partners; partners who will visit this work when they can, and help us; partners who will spread THE LIFE BOAT far and near, that the echo of the wonderful work of the grace of God in the Life Boat Mission may be heard by thousands and may be blessed of God to the salvation of many souls.

Yes, we want a great army of partners in this soul-saving work, in this work of restoring broken homes and reuniting those who have been separated by the ravages of drink and sin.

We want partners in the great preventive rescue work; those who will work in their own localities as well as help us in this great and needy field. We want those who will warn the young of the dangers of a great city, and put forth every effort to keep them from entering it. We want those whose pocketbooks and hearts and homes are open to help us in our efforts to uplift the fallen, to cheer the broken-hearted.

We want partners in this great task which is before us, of carrying the good news of God's gospel to the hundred thousand prisoners who are confined in the penitentiaries of this great land.

We want able and efficient assistants in this great work of temperance reform, that our youth may be saved from the ravages of rum and the tortures of tobacco.

We want partners in this great movement of carrying THE LIFE BOAT to the sick and languishing in the hospitals of America.

We want partners in the movement soon to be organized of placing THE LIFE BOAT in the hands of the miners and those who toil beneath the earth's surface, in quest of coal and gold.

We feel that with the beginning of the year 1905 God is calling us to an enlarged work. The opportunities are before us, the doors are open, the needy souls appeal to us day by day.

Last night when I conducted the meeting at the Life Boat Mission the room was packed. Men and women were present from almost every sphere of society. Gray-haired devotees of crime and vice, together with the young boy who had just strayed into a great city, were before us. I want to say to you, dear reader, that if *your* boy or girl was drifting about in the slums of this great city, your heart would not only be touched, but your pocketbook would be open, so that the last cent might be spent in an effort to reclaim the wanderer. Your prayers would ascend to God day and night, that the workers in the Life Boat Mission might be guided by a kind Providence to find your boy or girl.

Christ lived and died for all these unfortunate ones. He is interested in them. The influence of the Life Boat Mission has encircled the earth. This is shown by the letters which come to us every week. Scores of homes to-day owe their existence to the saving grace of Christ, about which a drunken father or an erring mother learned at the Life Boat Mission.

But why should I say more in telling you of the work of the Life Boat Mission? You who read THE LIFE BOAT are well acquainted with it; you are interested in it; I know that you pray often for us, that God's blessing may rest upon the workers, and I feel that the little support which the workers received has not been your fault, but rather ours. We have oftentimes written short notes concerning our need. Perhaps we have been too backward in publishing to the world our poverty. Personally, I have always disliked begging, but, dear reader, I hope you will not regard us as begging when we are telling you of our needs.

Now, I feel satisfied that, having made a personal appeal to the reader, God will move upon the hearts of those who are able to send us the help that will enable this work to be carried forward without hamper or handicap, and leave its workers (many of whom are working but for their board and room) free to spend every energy in pointing lost ones to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

W. S. SADLER,

Treasurer Life Boat Mission.



PHYSICAL REDEMPTION



THE ORIGIN OF THE CHEWING REFORM.

HORACE FLETCHER.

[Some years ago Mr. Fletcher became convinced that there were wonderful possibilities for health wrapped up in the almost lost art of mastication. The results which he himself secured attracted the interest of ten of the greatest physiologists in Europe and America, who have fully confirmed them.

A series of most interesting experiments has since been carried on with a company of soldiers specially detailed for this purpose by the Government.

We recently arranged for Mr. Fletcher to meet a group of our Chicago workers, and he gave them a most interesting and instructive talk, from which they have already begun to reap great advantages. We quote a few of his remarks, so that our readers may have their attention called to this simple, but important truth.—Ed.]



I had just arrived at the point where I expected to begin enjoying life. I had been successful in my business ventures, and was ready to retire, to enjoy art, travel, and the things that I knew I should enjoy; but just at that moment I was warned by insurance experts that I was in a dangerous condition

of health. I went over to Europe, visited specialists, but only received temporary relief. All sorts of advice were shaken out of the bag and handed to me, but only with temporary benefit, till I finally decided to take up the study of the question myself. I had a strong conviction that my disease had something to do with my method of living, and I must study this. I went to the books, and each one that I opened seemed to be written to deny all the others. The blunder of one year became the gospel of the next, and that, in turn, the ridicule of the next; so I put them all aside, and said, "I shall have to study this first hand." I had the disposition, and nothing else to do. I said to myself, Nature gives us no responsibility above or beyond our reach, our use and intelligence. Consequently, if my trouble relates to nutrition, Nature has located

the responsibility in the mouth, for I can do nothing with the food after it leaves the mouth. There are located the teeth, the taste, and the appetite. I remembered Mr. Gladstone's statement about chewing the food thirty-two times and I began to experiment. I found that foods like cornstarch, tapioca, etc., would disappear involuntarily from the mouth after a few actions of the jaw. I found some foods required as high as seventy or eighty times. I kept a record of my observations, and soon discovered that the same kind of food always required the same number of movements to make it disappear involuntarily from the mouth.

I also soon discovered qualities of taste that I never knew existed before. Many of the simplest foods, as potatoes, bread, and things of that kind, which as ordinarily eaten, are almost tasteless, when chewed as long as they will remain in the mouth, develop a taste more deliciously sweet than any cake. I soon began to notice, too, that my appetite was satisfied with very much less food than I had been accustomed to before. Formerly my appetite permitted me to eat till my stomach was full, and I sometimes wished that I had another stomach that I might go on and satisfy my appetite. Now it was fully satisfied without any gastric distension. I was a very stout man at that time, weighing over two hundred pounds, but began to lose till I came down to the point where the insurance companies said that I was the normal weight for my height; and the troubles from which I had been suffering, and which had frightened the insurance companies, were gradually disappearing. I was taking on an energy that I had not experienced for twenty or thirty years; and altogether was becoming a regenerated person. That is a brief history of my experience.

(To be continued.)

"I would sooner have a dollar a day, with the grace of God on it, than have the salary of the president of the United States and be in darkness."—*A Convert.*

Do not forget that we need money to keep the Suburban Home for Girls open. It takes from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month. Send large or small donations to the treasurer, Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

PRISONERS' DEPARTMENT

THOUGHTS, SUGGESTED BY READING THE LIFE BOAT.

Prisoner No. 4382, Salem, Ore.

The sunshine of each afternoon,
When summer days pass one by one,
Illumes my cell with golden light,
Until its downward course is run.

What happiness it seems to bring,
How keen the welcome that I give
Those kisses through the door of bars
Behind which I, a prisoner, live.

Kisses of light that touch with gold
The walls where shadows hover deep
And permeate the shadow-cold,
That prison cells so seem to keep.

'Tis sweet to sit beside the door
And breathe the pure fresh, sunny air,
And watch the generous orb that casts
Those kisses from the distance there.

There is another sun which brings
Sweet consolation to my cell;
Which comes with cheering words of love,
The better path of life to tell.

How much of light it seems to bring,
Its sunshine reaches to the heart.
Ah! would the spirit striving now
Be always there and ne'er depart.

Cell-shadows vanish with the sun,
That shines there from the sky above;
Heart-shadows, with each LIFE BOAT page
Teeming with counsel—sweet with love.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

A score of years ago Rollo McBride, a clergyman's son, launched out in business for himself. Possessing unusual natural abilities he soon worked his way up to a position of prominence in railway circles, but like thousands of other young men, became addicted to the liquor habit, and little by little lost one good position after another until he became a hopeless wreck. In this condition he drifted into the Life Boat Mission last spring and was thoroughly and soundly converted.

God has since used him to lead a number of men to the foot of the cross. In a previous LIFE BOAT he has told the touching story of his visit to his home and how God used him to bring the gospel to many in that community.

At the Harrison Street Police Station service last Sunday, which he always attends, he related the following touching incident that had come under his own personal observation:

In a little country town a poor widowed mother was praying for her wayward boy, whose whereabouts she did not know. In a large city, one night, in a saloon, standing by

the bar drinking, were two young men. The saloon keeper lived in a little room in the rear of the saloon, and while these men stood there drinking they heard a child's voice coming through the wooden partition singing the song. "Take the Name of Jesus With You." Those boys stopped, looked at each other, hesitated a few minutes, then the saloon-keeper said, "Never mind about that, I have a Christian wife and she is teaching the child to pray. I do not believe in such things." But those words touched their hearts, and the song came again, "Breathe That Holy Name in Prayer." The boys were just about to drink, but they set their glasses down and stepped to one side. As they wiped tears from their eyes, one said, "Tom, I have a praying mother down in a little town, and she has been praying for me all these years." The other said, "So have I." Just then the little voice was heard again—"Precious Name, Oh How Sweet!" This time the two boys linked arms and walked out, one saying: "When I left home a few years ago mother put a little Bible in my trunk and it is in my trunk to-day. Tom, come on, let us go and open that trunk." They did, and took out the Bible and there found these words: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." His friend replies: "Oh, it does me good." Then they read, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," and the boys clasped hands and knelt down and asked God to help them.

Some three weeks after this, in a certain country town, a worried and anxious mother was pacing sadly to and fro, with tearful eyes, wondering what her boy was doing. A knock came at the door. It was the mailman with a letter from her son. Imagine her joy when on reading it she found it contained the news of his conversion. Again she wept, but the tears were tears of joy.

I myself had a praying mother, but I did not stay at home. I led a life of sin until a short time ago, when I wandered into the

Life Boat Mission on State street and gave my heart to Jesus and ever since then I have not missed an opportunity of telling what Jesus has done for me. No one could be worse than I was, but now, seven days in the week, I try to answer that mother's prayers. What a pleasure it is to me to know that I shall some day meet that mother.

SUNSHINE IN NEW ORLEANS SHADOWS.

MRS. ALICE TRUFANT HOLLY.

[We are pleased to present this month the first part of an inspiring article on Flower Text Bouquet Work from an appreciative friend of THE LIFE BOAT, Mrs. Holly, the well-known New Orleans prison worker.—Ed.]

Dear Pilgrim Friends:



At the request of the editor I will tell you something of the "Flower Mission" work which God permitted me to be the pioneer of in the prisons and hospitals of New Orleans, where for the past four years I have gladly done "whatsoever my hands found to do."

I first went into prison work as organist for the regular Sunday afternoon service, and soon became deeply interested in the spiritual and earthly welfare of the many souls I met weekly, and as I prayed for wisdom to know what to do to keep up the interest which our prisoners were beginning to evince, like an inspiration came the thought to take some flowers and give them out at each service. A dear friend had told me how flowers were given to the patients in London hospitals, and I thought I would use them in prison. So making up a number of tiny bouquets I pinned a typewritten gospel text on each one and gave the flower and text to every prisoner, after the service, making the rounds of the prison, thus coming into personal touch with each soul each week, an average of two hundred and fifty, including the officials and guards, who enjoyed the flowers as much as did the inmates.

If you could only have seen the happy, joyful look which broke upon each face the first Sunday we gave the flowers, and their eyes shining like a ray of sunlight, when the large box was uncovered and they realized the flowers were for *them*, each one individually, to do with them as he or she pleased—I am sure that you would have felt, as I did, well repaid for any effort made.

The first thing our prison and hospital friends always do is read their texts, try to discern the special message to them, and compare them; and if, by any chance, they happen to get the same gospel message more than once they take it as a special omen of good. After enjoying the fragrance of the flowers awhile they often give them to their visiting friends or enclose them in letters to their loved ones.

We have often been ridiculed for giving flowers to prisoners, but, dear friends, there is no question of sentiment about it. I believe that flowers preach sermons of God who made them by His word, and as they also carry concentrated sunshine with them, they perform a double mission by turning these minds to a clearer knowledge of God's love, and by drawing these souls nearer to Him who is the Light of the world.

Another point is, that these texts carry a gospel message to those who through a lack of interest never attend service, yet are pleased with the flowers, and often their souls are touched and strengthened by the message they bring to them. It may interest you to know that some of these people so appreciated their texts as to make booklets of them which they carried with them out into the world, or to the State prison. I am sure that all were helped to higher, holier thoughts by them, and if, by any means, a Sunday passed without their receiving their "flower-texts," it was felt as a personal loss.

So many people seem averse to entering upon prison work. I often wonder why, for in it one meets with every phase of suffering humanity—the sick, the blind, the halt, and the poor, the hungry and the oppressed. There surely is a special blessing for those who take up such work and perform it faithfully, patiently, and intelligently, not looking for gratitude or reward here.

Sincerely do I pray that others may be interested in taking these "flower-text" bouquets into prisons and hospitals. It can be done at small expense. No matter how simple the bouquet or flower it is sure to please some one and that soul will be reminded that just as surely as God's power causes the flowers to live and blossom under the sun's rays, so can He cause our souls to uplift and expand and grow into a close fellowship with Him, if we, like the sunflower, follow in the path of our Sun of Righteousness under all circumstances and conditions.

There is no telling when seed may be sown, for even a wild flower may be the earthly means of carrying a soul's thoughts back to the childhood days on the farm and to the prayers said at mother's knee in the time of innocent youth. Try it, friends, and reap the blessing. In hospital work bear in mind that many patients are too feeble to hold anything but a very light weight, and that too many

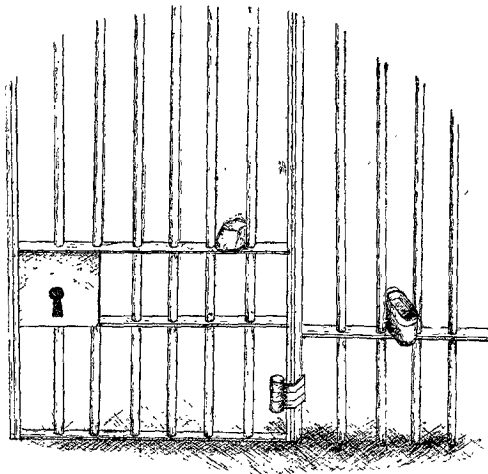
flowers in a ward would make their fragrance too strong.

We have found that written texts are preferable to printed ones as indicative of personal interest in and work for the souls we are trying to interest, comfort and strengthen.

BEHIND THE BARS.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

The heavy iron bars in the cell doors of Chicago's police stations are almost constantly being closed on poor degraded wrecks of humanity and as the key is turned in the lock the victim within is left to himself and his thoughts. Except for the passing to and fro of the officials, and on Sunday morning the songs and cheering messages from the Life Boat gospel workers, there is little to attract his attention. As the Christian worker steps into the enclosure and gives these men Christ's invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye



Sketch of the front of a cell in Harrison Street Police Station, showing a loaf of bread and beaker of water between the iron bars.

that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. 11:28, telling them of the Saviour and what He has done for them, we observe the changed expression, the different look in the eye; then, in an effort to make the gospel more real to them, if possible, some worker steps up and relates how the Lord saved him from just such a life as theirs. The invitation is given to "Come" and the prisoner responds by raising his hand toward heaven or by thrusting it out between the bars.

On a recent Sunday morning there were

twenty-one inmates in the Harrison Street Police Station and nineteen of them expressed a desire for spiritual help. This is not an unusual proportion.

Dear Christian reader, can you not by the eye of faith see about you feeble hands that are raised from among the great sea of wrecked and wasted lives? These hands are scarcely visible to the ordinary eye, but the one who has been with Christ, and has His love for every human being burning in his heart, will eagerly watch for the least indication of the faintest desire for help.

One poor woman who was completely discouraged with her life and had to be watched constantly by the matron for fear she would commit suicide, told one of our workers after our little service that she was glad we had come. She said the pain had left her heart and she felt better, and there was a very different look in her eyes.

God, who created us, who formed man out of dust, is able now to take a crippled, deformed, unsightly wreck of a human soul and transform it into a beautiful character, and although some of the scars of sin may not be erased until the day of God, yet the sweet influence of Jesus shining forth through that soul can keep one little corner of this dark world aglow with its light and warmth.

We can number many men and women who have gone out from this police station and are to-day living honorable, upright lives. A large number of the young girls who have been confined in the station annex for certain reasons, have gone forth determined to conquer self and to serve the Lord as a result of the little Life Boat service at the police station annex.

FROM A WOMAN BEHIND PRISON BARS.

A woman prisoner in the Columbia (South Carolina) State Penitentiary writes:

"Through the kindness of a good Christian friend I get THE LIFE BOAT regularly, and I certainly enjoy reading it, and more especially the Prisoners' Department. It is a great help to me. By the Lord's help I am trying to live a right life. I believe the Lord has pardoned my sins, and I am trusting Him to keep me and save me.

I have been in prison nine long years, and

the Lord has blessed me all through these dark hours, but not until a short while ago did I trust Him as my Saviour. Pray for me that I may trust Him for all things with all my heart, and let His will be done with me in this world, and that I may be able to do some good yet, even in prison. I hope my letter may help some unfortunate one to take courage and try to live a better life.

May the Lord bless you in your good works in helping all poor, unfortunate beings, like myself. Please pray for me and my two precious children, separated from me by prison walls."

AN INSPIRATION TO BIBLE STUDY.

A prisoner in the Michigan City prison writes: "I have received this month's LIFE BOAT and am very much interested in the story of the priesthood of our Saviour. Since you have been sending this paper it has taught me the use of reading my Bible. I have always had one in my cell, but never looked at it or read it till I began to read THE LIFE BOAT and it has been a great comfort to me ever since. I can not tell you by writing how thankful I am to you for such a great favor as you have shown me. It has shown to me my past; and by the experiences which I have read in your little book and in my Bible I know I can make my future more bright, and I have resolved to do so by the grace of God."

FROM THE INDIANA STATE PRISON.

I received your kind and welcome letter and was very glad to hear from you, for your letters give me joy and lighten my heart. I want you to know that I appreciate them and that they lighten the burden that I have to bear, and I do thank our Father in Heaven for sending me such a kind friend.

I have also received the ever-welcome LIFE BOAT. I know that they benefit me and give me a great joy to read them. What a beautiful tract it is. I have had three men ask me if I had got THE LIFE BOAT yet. One of them has saved up three or four of them to take home with him. I pass them around so that they may do good to others. They all say that they love to read THE LIFE BOATS, so

they must do them good. Sometimes I think that my burden is more than I can bear. Then I kneel down and ask God to give me strength to bear it. We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power to take up the burden of life again.

THE FIRST STEP.

FANNIE EMMEL.

Superintendent Rescue Department.

In our visits to the Harrison street police station annex our hearts have been made sad to see the stream of fourteen to eighteen-year-old girls that pours in. This is a terrible indication of the number of homes where sorrow and trouble have found their way. The majority of them are not criminals. I recently found there one of the sweetest girls I ever met. She came from a home with good surroundings but became dissatisfied with it and started out to seek more agreeable company. This first disobedient step led her to take others, until before she realized what she was doing she was in the hands of the officers of the law.

The parents with broken hearts had been on a search for the lost member of their family. The father with bowed head was compelled to follow his offspring to the bar of justice. If such foolish girls only knew in time the truthfulness of Prov. 12:16: "A fool's wrath is presently known," how differently they would act and how much more willing they would be to hearken unto wise counsel. (Verse 15.)

Her father was helpless to prevent the judge from pronouncing the sad sentence—the reform school. When this poor child of fifteen years saw her kind and indulgent father turn away with grief of heart too great to be uttered and began to realize that she was to be separated from home ties and all that is dear to her she concluded that it was time to accept the friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." Our hearts were made glad for the opportunity to introduce her to Him whom she could love and trust in her present trouble and whose promise she accepted that He would never leave nor forsake her, and a glorious determination was born within her that by His help she would return a better girl.

Neighborhood Gospel Work

ARE YOU SPIRITUALLY AWAKE?

Because many seem almost dead to spiritual things is no reason why you should be. Awake from the dead, and the Lord will give you life. You may be the means in the hand of the Lord of starting a great soul-winning wave in your community. A good way to begin will be to order a few extra Life Boats and keep them circulating in your neighborhood. The Lord may use them to awaken spiritual life where you would least expect it.

A PERSONAL LETTER.

ATTA CHAPMAN.

[We are living in a time of widespread indifference to spiritual things; on the other hand, God is creating in human hearts, often where we least expect it, a wonderful yearning for the saving gospel. Recently nearly three hundred prisoners in the Michigan State prison paid to Miss Chapman the full subscription price of THE LIFE BOAT for one year, thereby indicating their interest in spiritual truth, and God is arousing a similar longing for the simple gospel in many other hearts. Have you not felt it in your experience?—Ed.]

I am enjoying such a continual blessing in my work with this dear little paper that I just want to write about it, in a personal way, to all of its readers.

Through the summer I sold THE LIFE BOAT in a number of Michigan cities. Later on I left that field to engage in the Chicago work. Recently I had to visit Grand Rapids, so concluded to make the trip profitable by selling LIFE BOATS to some of my former customers in the various cities and towns that could be easily reached, and I am thankful I did this, for in every place I visited I received from the people a most cordial welcome. Many met me at the door with a kind reproof for not having come back before. It was a great encouragement to find so many so eagerly interested in the Life Boat work. I only regret that for lack of time I had to leave so many doors unopened. I am praying as I write this that some reader may see the need of this work and hasten to the field of action, for the harvest indeed is great, but if we do not garner we can not join in the blessing.

My many precious experiences prove conclusively to me that sincere work will bring

forth results and that God will give us souls for our hire. If you could but spend one day with me in the prisons, or read some of the letters received from the prisoners' grateful friends, and note how God is reaching even the hearts of men who are in bondage, I am sure you would arise and be doing. God will not call all to work for the unfortunate in the darkened corners, but He does want to use you, and there are perhaps hundreds of souls in your own community that are in even greater bondage than are those in prison.

To those of my prison friends who may read this article I would say: "Remember that in your life the Heavenly Father has a purpose just as much as He has in the lives of those outside, so let us all, whether prisoners or not, start anew and allow Him to work out that purpose."

THE LIFE BOAT IN NORWAY.

Martha Peterson, who last year made a very successful LIFE BOAT trip from St. Louis to Minneapolis and return, writes from Stavanger, Norway: "I am glad to get THE LIFE BOAT every month. I do enjoy reading it, and am going to put it in the Seamen's Reading Room when I have read it. I do wish we could get THE LIFE BOAT in the Norwegian language.

THE LIFE BOAT IN THE INTERIOR OF AUSTRALIA.

Mrs. P. T. Skadsheim, Sydney, Australia, writes: "A young man working in the back country where some LIFE BOATS had been sent, sent me the following:

"I thank you so much for those little papers you sent me. We were reading all about tobacco smoking and one of the chaps—Bob is his name—said, 'Well, I should like to see the man that could make me give up my pipe.' He had scarcely uttered these words when the smoking began to make him very ill, and it is nine days since he had a smoke. And now there are only two who smoke among us. So there are miracles performed in these days, for I have smoked since I was nine years old, but since giving it up I have never

had a headache once; but I can tell you it was very hard at first, but now I never want it, not even when I see the others puffing smoke."

A friend in Bridgeport, Conn., writes: "Please send me fifty more LIFE BOATS. They are nice papers and it is no work to sell them here. All classes like to read them. They contain the right kind of reading, and I am going to do my best with the Lord's help to place a copy in every home in the city. I am going to start in the good work by taking the Lord at His word for He says whatever we ask in prayer believing, He will grant us. I want to do more for the fallen."

THE LIFE BOAT IN NEW ZEALAND.

Dr. Eric Caro, Napier, New Zealand, to whom we have just mailed 500 LIFE BOATS, writes: "THE LIFE BOAT is much appreciated here. The gentleman who conducts services for the men in the jail every Sunday morning gets a dozen LIFE BOATS each month for this purpose. The men look eagerly for the little paper. An ex-prisoner told me there was always a scramble and a rush to get THE LIFE BOAT. I trust this seed will some day bring forth much fruit. We also place THE LIFE BOATS on the steamers that stop here, and they are much appreciated."

AN APPRECIATIVE WORD FROM THE PACIFIC.

[Our readers will remember reading from time to time interesting reports of Life Boat work done in the Honolulu Penitentiary. We have just received the following appreciative letter from one of the prisoners.—Ed.]

OAHU PENITENTIARY, HONOLULU.

Permit me to express through the columns of your valuable magazine the regret felt by the inmates of Oahu Penitentiary at the departure from Honolulu of Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Behrens. For months past Eld. Behrens and his devoted wife, with a few faithful workers, have held weekly meetings in the penitentiary, which, I can assure you, have been productive of good results. These, possibly, may not be apparent to the casual visitor, but they are real, deep, and abiding, nevertheless. They are shown in innumerable little ways: the interest shown at the meetings, the enthusiasm with which all join in the singing, the faithful and painstaking efforts of the prison Glee

Club, the impatience with which the monthly visit of THE LIFE BOAT—the official organ and advocate of the outcast, the homeless and the friendless—is awaited and the avidity with which it is received; and finally the emotion shown by all when on Saturday last Elder Behrens preached his farewell sermon.

Rev. and Mrs. Behrens may leave, but their spirit and their teachings remain with us. May God grant them the health they so much need and may He repay them with His blessings for the earnest and laborious efforts they have put forth in our behalf.

THE HALSTED STREET DISPENSARY.

One of the most practical departments of our Chicago work is our medical missionary dispensary located in the stock yards district. This is equipped for giving the principal treatments that patients secure at our sanitariums. Christian doctors and nurses are in attend-



Medical Missionary Clinic at the Dispensary.

ance and it affords rare opportunities for sowing gospel seed into needy hearts. The students of the American Medical Missionary College receive some of their instruction at this place and also assist in the work.

Clothing can be made good use of during the next two or three months. Address the same to Dr. W. T. Thornton, 3558 Halsted street, Chicago, Ill.

THE CONVERSION OF A SKEPTIC.

"I have finished reading the November issue of THE LIFE BOAT. Many numbers have been placed in my hands by different persons, some of whom knew I was of a skeptical turn of mind, and that I doubted much that was vital to them, so they wisely gave me THE LIFE

Boat. It impressed me more than any orthodox sermon, and I gladly acknowledge its influence over my mind. For a year I have been gradually turning from the skepticism which has nearly always abided in my heart, never having experienced the power of religion until lately; and while never having lived a sinful life, I have regarded the religious fervor witnessed in others as a sort of hysterics.

"I freely confess my mistake, for the Holy Spirit seems to have descended upon me to such a degree that I now see how untenable has been the ground upon which I have stood through many long years, and I thank God every hour that conversion has come. THE LIFE BOAT has been a wonderful agent in my rescue from the darkness of disbelief, and I regret it is not published twice a month. It is happiness to mention this change in attitude toward God, and to read in your little magazine of its beneficent influence over many wayfarers."

WHAT BECAME OF AN OLD QUILT.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.
Life Boat Rescue Department.

It has been my privilege to give out a great many pieces of clothing that have been sent to us for distribution among the poor, and I am sure, dear friends, you who have gone to all the trouble of gathering them up, preparing and packing them, prepaying the freight, etc., would feel amply repaid if you could see the look of heartfelt thankfulness that lightens up the faces of these poor people when they receive what you sent for them.

I would like to tell you of a little incident that happened some time ago. A poor tired mother of nine children came to the Mission and asked for some clothing. I had nothing to give her, as this was before the things had begun to come in this fall. She wanted to know if I would not let her have an old quilt, that I did have, so I gave her that. She came back the other night with one of her little girls who is about fourteen years old. She asked me if I recognized the dress the child had on. It looked familiar, but I could not remember having given it to her. Friends, she had taken that old comforter, ripped it up, washed it, and made a dress for

her little girl so that she might be able to go to work as a cash girl in one of the large downtown stores. This incident made an impression on me that I shall not soon forget. The woman said she needed the comforter, but the little girl needed the dress more.

One afternoon I gave out sixty-eight pieces in less than an hour. We take the names and addresses of the people to whom we give clothing, and intend calling on them. In this way we can keep in touch with them. We can reach people in this way that we could not in any other. In Matt. 25:40 the Lord tells us: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

(Clothing intended for the Life Boat Mission work should be sent, freight prepaid, to E. B. Van Dorn, 436 State street, Chicago.

If any reader of THE LIFE BOAT has occasion to come to Chicago they should lay their plans so as to spend an evening at the Life Boat Mission, 436 State street, which is near Polk street. It is worth coming hundreds of miles to witness in this day and generation such marvelous miracles of grace as are wrought there nearly every night during the year. The telephone number of the Life Boat Mission is Harrison 4772.

HOSPITAL LIFE BOAT WORK.

MRS. HELEN W. ODELL.

Superintendent Hospital Life Boat Work.

There is a growing interest in this work everywhere as is shown by the letters received.

Some of these ask for suggestions as to how to begin and carry on the work; others tell of blessings attending their efforts to visit and distribute THE LIFE BOAT, or the giving of their means to enable this work to be done in Chicago and elsewhere. Like the poor, the sick will always be with us, and great blessings are promised and enjoyed when they are visited.

A teacher in one of the Chicago schools has been anxious to find some outlet for the children's interest and enthusiasm, so plans are now being laid to accept their assistance in providing a good time Christmas for some of these "shut-ins."

A kindergartner invited us to share the

Thanksgiving program and dinner with about ninety of her pupils, and as I saw the pretty pictures framed by the children, the arrangement of the beautiful autumn leaves and grasses decorating the walls of the room, all the work of tiny fingers, I thought how much the crippled children, forty of whom are in one institution, would enjoy a gift like these pretty wall decorations; how other weary faces would lighten if such sweet voices could sing comfort and courage into their hearts; how some of their simple quiet amusements would bring back to them their own childhood days.

One of the sweetest, most inspiring memories of the Life Boat Convention was the talk by Mrs. Charlton Edholm. As she spoke of the many who are in the charity hospitals, more because they have been sinned against than because of their own sinning, I thought of the scores of these into whose wan despairing faces the light of hope had slowly crept as I told them of the Father's great heart of love to them. Accustomed so long to looking at everything and for everything from the outlook of gain, selfishness and compulsion, they can scarcely grasp the fact that in Christ there is freedom, and love, and self sacrifice for *them*. The real, sad facts, in the lives of these poor little sisters for whom Christ died we will not attempt to tell. Tongue could not picture half the pathetic story. But praise His name, Christ saves to the uttermost.

We thank God for the few who are willing to visit the charity hospitals in our large cities, yet a dozen workers are needed for every one now thus engaged.

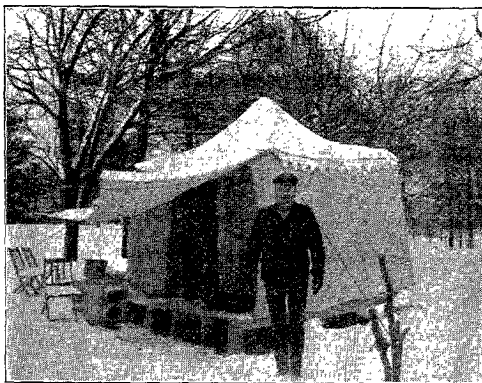
Little do we know, at the time, the influence for either good or bad, of a tiny action. Last year, by request, a quartette of young people went to sing on Thanksgiving day at one of our city hospitals. This year, while trying to arrange something which might add to the pleasure of the aged in one of their "Homes" at Christmas time we learn that the "Life Boat Quartette," as it was called, had been sought for to sing to them.

Not one of those composing that quartette is in Chicago to-day. They felt quite discouraged with their effort at entertaining and probably look back upon it now as not worth repeating; but as we see God blessed their willingness to do what they could to bring happiness to others.

God bless the dear young people who are singing the gospel into the hearts of the suffering.

NEXT MONTH.

Mr. Herbert Ossig will, in the next LIFE BOAT, tell the remarkable story of how, when he was at the very brink of the grave with tuberculosis, by adopting an outdoor life and



Snapshot of Mr. Ossig and his tent, taken recently.

persevering in building up his health, he has now not only secured robust health, but has become an athlete and easily runs twelve miles in eighty-five minutes.

LIFE BOAT PRISON CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

During the past year we have received letters from a large number of people in different parts of the country requesting us to send them one, two or three prisoners' names to whom they might write. We have been glad to comply with these requests whenever we could. As a result the names of about one hundred or more prisoners have been sent out, and they are now being written to by Christian people. We are continually receiving most encouraging reports from those carrying on this correspondence. In some instances the prisoners to whom they are writing give evidence of having become soundly converted. In most cases the prisoners have not only been supplied with *THE LIFE BOAT*, but also with

other religious reading matter. Some have even taken so much interest in the prisoners as to aid them in finding employment when they left prison.

The following is an extract from a letter recently received from a worker in Ontario who has been writing to two prisoners during the past year: "I received your letter some time ago with the names of two prisoners and have been writing to them since. I must say I enjoy it very much. They appreciate it, and it does me just as much good. One of them has since given his heart to Christ and hopes to some day be the means of saving other young men. In his first letter he seemed very down-hearted, but since making his peace with God he seems to have forgotten almost all about his dreary surroundings. I thank God that He has brought me into this field of service, and I should like to have some more prisoners to write to."

THE STORY OF OUR BIBLE.

No. 2.

W. S. SADLER.

VII. THE THREE OLDEST BIBLES IN THE WORLD.

Before attempting a brief description of the three oldest Bibles in the world, it is well to again call the reader's attention to the fact that neither of these three ancient manuscripts was accessible to the translators of the King James version.

The age of these ancient versions is determined by the style of writing, the oldest being written entirely in capitals, without any spaces between the words, something like the following:

GODSOLOVEDTHEWORLDTHATTHE
SENTHISONLYBEGOTTENSONINTO
THEWORLDTHATWHOSOEVER
BELIEVETHINHIMSHOULDNOTPERISH
BUTHAVEEVERLASTINGLIFE
(Jno. 3:16.)

The more modern copies of the scriptures were written in a running hand similar to that in use to-day, and called *Cursive* manuscripts; while the more ancient, or those written in capital letters, are termed the *Uncial* manuscripts. We will now take a brief look at the three oldest Bible manuscripts in the world.

1. *The Vatican Manuscript*, or Codex B. This is probably the oldest Bible in the world. It has lain for about five hundred years in the Vatican library at Rome. No one was permitted to examine this precious manuscript, and it was not accessible until by order of

Pope Pius IX photograph facsimiles were made and distributed to a number of the larger libraries. This manuscript consists of seven hundred leaves of fine vellum. It is written three columns to the page in the Uncial style and contains the whole Bible with the exception that there is missing Genesis 1-46, Psalms 105-137, and the remainder of the New Testament after the ninth chapter of Hebrews. About the tenth century this whole manuscript was traced over again by some apprehensive scribe, who was probably afraid it would eventually fade out. In this manuscript, as in other ancient copies, many of the words are contracted at the end of the line, letters left off, and final m's and n's dropped, and the omission indicated by a dash over the last letter. For instance, the word "GOD" would be contracted so as to be GD. These and other irregularities in copying would have made great difficulty for the translators had there not been a comparatively large number of copies of the sacred writings in existence, which could be compared, and thus irregularities rectified. This, the oldest Bible in the world, is a copy made probably between the years 300 and 500 A. D.

2. *The Sinaitic Manuscript*; Codex Aleph. These ancient manuscripts are alike in many respects, and a description of this ancient copy will therefore not be necessary. It receives its name from the fact that it was found on Mount Sinai by Dr. Tischendorf. In a convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, in the year 1844, he discovered a basketful of old parchments, which were soon to be burnt, two similar basketfuls having already been given to the flames. Imagine his surprise when he discovered some of the most ancient copies of the scriptures he had ever looked upon. However, the monks detected his joy and refused to allow him to take more than a few pages away with him. He returned to Germany with these few pages, which were sufficient to attract considerable attention. He tried to get the rest of the manuscript through the influence of the court of Egypt, as also did the English government, but both efforts were failures.

After fifteen years, in 1859, the Emperor of Russia sent a commission with Dr. Tischendorf in another effort to gain possession of this valuable treasure. The doctor was about to leave the convent, when, while taking refreshment the steward volunteered to haul down a large package, tied up in a red cloth, saying to the doctor, "I, too, have read a copy of that Septuagint." As the bundle was opened the doctor recognized his long-sought treasure. But this time he was wise enough to conceal his delight and surprise, and was permitted to look the manuscript over in his bedroom; and at last, through royal influence, this ancient Bible was secured by the Russian government, and to-day may be seen in the library of St. Petersburg.

3. *The Alexandrian Manuscript*, or Codex A. This ancient Bible was presented to Charles I by the Patriarch of Constantinople in A. D. 1628, just seventeen years too late to be used in preparing our authorized King James version. Only ten leaves of the Old Testament are missing, but there is considerable of the New Testament wanting. On the first sheet appears this statement: "By the hand of Thekla the Martyr."

VIII. CODEX EPHRAEM.

This is a very curious manuscript, whose history is as follows: Some time about the twelfth century, an old Bible manuscript was scrubbed out to make it possible for a certain Syrian Father Ephraem to write his discourses upon. Later, this fact was discovered and in 1834 chemicals were applied and the ancient manuscript was restored and may now be seen in the public library of Paris. There are a number of such re-script manuscripts, as they are called, in existence to-day, about one hundred of which are of the Uncial type, thus indicating their great age.

OUR BUSY BEE SOCIETY.

GRACE LITTLE.

[We invite parents to read the following. Why not encourage children to take up missionary projects? If you fear they may make some mistakes, do not forget that the greatest mistake of all is to do *nothing*. Judges 5:23. Nearly all great missionaries began their missionary career in their childhood. It is easy to awaken missionary enthusiasm in the young. The souls of many of the old have become so calloused that nothing short of a special miracle can arouse them. Let no one dissuade you from encouraging and arousing the missionary activities of children.—Ed.]

In May, 1903, I invited a number of my little friends to our home and we organized a Busy Bee Society. Mamma acted as superintendent. We organized with six active members and on December 1, 1903, when mamma and I left for the South, we had twenty-six members.

Our aim is to do good in every way we can, to avoid the use of slang, to help the poor and afflicted whenever we find an opportunity to do so, and to be real live "busy bees."

We can not beg anything, but must earn everything we get. Busy Bees are not beggars or drones, but workers. Our motto is: "We must work." Our membership is active and associate. All active members must be between the ages of ten and sixteen; associate members are the leaders and teachers.

In July the Society sent fifty LIFE BOATS by mamma and myself, to the prisoners in Joliet.

The chaplain gave us a hearty welcome and invited us back to talk to the prisoners the following Sunday, but we had to return to Chicago and could not do so.

In August we gave our first entertainment at our home and made \$7.98. We had made different articles to sell, and Bro. Lowry sold them, after we had given a short program. Later we donated five dollars to the poor children of Chicago. In September we went out into the alleys with the Mission workers to gather in children for the Sunday School. Then we sang for the children and gave each of them a bouquet of flowers.



Grace Little.

Soon afterward the Society sent clothing to the poor children in the stock yards district. Mamma and I were selected to take the clothing to them. Many children and their mothers were made happy by just that one little effort.

We accompanied Mrs. Odell to the Presbyterian Hospital and sang for the patients, and distributed flowers and LIFE BOATS to the children. The second entertainment in our home brought us \$11.20. Mr. Lowry was our auctioneer this time also. We gave \$13.10 to a poor, sick widow. We are now piecing our third quilt, which will be sold at our next entertainment, which we hope to have in the near future, and use the proceeds to help the poor children of Chicago.



Rescue Service



"ALWAYS WHITE."

JESSIE F. WAGGONER.

"Let thy garments always be
White and clean, from vileness free!"
O'er and o'er these words I read,
Just before I went to bed;
Read and prayed that I might know
How to keep them white as snow!
Pondered far into the night;
Then I slept till morning light.

Transformation, full, complete,
Did my opening eyelids greet,
All the earth was clothed in white—
Not a spot nor stain in sight!
It had come unseen, unheard,
At the great Creator's word.
Reverently did I gaze,
Lost in wonder and in praise.

Faster, faster fell the snow,
Deeper, deeper did it grow,
Not a foot-print could remain;
Instantly 'twas gone again!
Thus as long as fresh supplies
Constantly came from the skies,
Earth could keep her garments white,
Spotless, pure, and dazzling bright.

Lo; the answer I had sought!
Plainer than I'd hoped or thought.

Praise Thee! praise Thee! now I see,
How my garments too may be
Always clean and pure and white,
Free from sin stains in Thy sight:
Always taking from above
Purity and peace and love;
Every day and every hour,
Taking *fresh supplies* of power.

ONE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE IN RES- CUE WORK.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

Fannie Emmel and myself are doing mid-night rescue work in the houses of sin in Chicago. We are holding out the life line to the lost and forsaken girls in these places and it is hoped that many souls will be plucked from the burning. The following is a brief outline of one night's work.

According to our custom, before starting out on our night's work we knelt behind the organ in the Life Boat Mission and asked God to bless us and send His angels before us to prepare the way and help us to win some soul for Him that night.

After working awhile a man came running after us, saying that he wanted to pay for five LIFE BOATS. We talked with him for

some time. He said of all men he was the most miserable and that he knew by the look on our faces that we were happy, and he wanted to be better. He was a traveling man, and had a Christian wife. I told him what the Lord tells us in Jeremiah 29:13, "And ye shall seek for me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart;" also in 1 John 1:9, "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I told him he was now in a position where the Lord could help him. He promised to come to the Life Boat Mission before leaving the city, and thanked us, saying we had told him things he would never forget.

We met another man who was hungering for Bible truths. We took his address and will send some one to his home to explain the Bible to him more fully. Another man, who was a drunkard, bought a LIFE BOAT. He said his wife had left him, his home was broken up, and he was indeed miserable. He promised to read THE LIFE BOAT, hoping it would do him some good. I told him the Lord would clean him up and take away the desire for drink if He would only let Him do so.

We met some dear girls and talked with them. Some of them seemed much interested and three of them promised to come to the Mission the following Tuesday evening.

I wish I were able to tell you of all the experiences we have at night. We meet girls who are longing for help and sympathy. We get their addresses and leave ours with them, give or sell them a LIFE BOAT or give a tract. Some of them look so young and innocent that I feel like throwing my arms around them, telling them of the love of Jesus and what He can do for them if they will only let Him.

Dear friends, pray for us that we may win many souls for the Master this winter. One dear girl who came to us from the slums over three months ago is still living a consistent Christian life. She is known by most of the police officers of the city. The things she once

hated she now loves, and the things she once loved she now hates.

THE SCOPE AND WORK OF THE SUB-URBAN HOME.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON,
Hinsdale, Ill.

For the benefit of our readers who do not understand what we are trying to do in our Home for Girls we want to say that when it was opened a little more than a year ago it was for the purpose of caring for any unfortunate girl who might look to us for help. We hoped to be able, in time, to make the Home at least partially self-supporting from the work that the girls could do.

As the work has progressed the Lord has sent us betrayed girls, who, in their trouble, needed a place of refuge, so that the work has really developed into a Maternity Home. We have endeavored in every case to persuade the mother to care for and keep her child. This we have been able to do with one or two exceptions. These girls stay at the Home for at least three or four months after the child is born and then Christian homes are found for them, where they can be employed and have the privilege of having their babies with them. We believe that in most cases the mother whom the Lord provides for the child naturally should be the one to care for and train it.

It has been quite impossible for us to make the Home self-supporting with the above class of girls as their services could not be depended on, and besides, it is quite expensive to care for them during their illness.

We are now laying plans to start another place in the vicinity of Chicago where we shall have several acres of ground and shall be able to care for another class of unfortunate young women who need to be taught some useful employment. We are now looking up a suitable location for such a Home and trust that by next summer we shall have it in operation.

We believe that if these girls can be taken out into the country in contact with nature, if they are given nourishing, non-stimulating diet, if they are taught to work and pray, the problem of making them useful Christians will be largely solved.

We may say in conclusion that our Home is open to any girl who is in trouble, whether she lives near Chicago or not. If it is possible for the girl or her friends to pay at least a portion of the expense while she is with us, we shall be very glad to accept it, but if they have no money and we have a single unoccupied bed they will be made welcome. At the same time we desire it to be *distinctly* understood that this is not an ordinary maternity home, to take in for a time those who expect to return to the old life when they leave us. Our door is open to those who expect not merely to find with us for a time a place of refuge, but will also appreciate a place where they can be led into right paths, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

FISHING FOR SOULS.

FANNIE EMMEL.

One evening while out fishing for souls we observed a little creature going down into one dark place and I asked her if she would not like to have a LIFE BOAT, and she said "What is it?" I told her about the work, especially of our Home in Hinsdale, and she said she would like to see the Home. I asked her to spend Christmas with us and she promised to do so.

She was very young and her clear bright eyes and wholesome countenance indicated good home training. She told me that her mother was a Christian. I asked her if she was a Christian and she said "No, not yet." I could not persuade her to make a start then and there, but she said she would think about it; and she was evidently deeply impressed, for the moment we left her she started back along another street for home.

That same evening we went through some of the gilded palaces that make it so hard for us to keep these girls. In some of these places we found some twelve or fifteen girls. They received us very kindly and some stopped to talk seriously with us about a better life. One said, "It is not so very long ago that I was in a hospital and the kindness I received there I shall never forget, and I appreciated it." We went through and gave out tracts and cards and sold LIFE BOATS. The people we met were all young people, who had not yet gone down very deep in sin.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



DO YOU DESIRE A REVIVAL?

Are you longing for a gracious reviving in your home, your church, or your community? Remember that when the atmospheric conditions become just right, we always have rain. So when human hearts become so conscious of their need of divine showers that they will earnestly seek for them, the dews of heaven will just as certainly fall upon their parched souls.

If possible, try to find one or more who feel just as you do, and then have earnest seasons of prayer with them, and you will be surprised at what will happen, for God has not said in vain: "Ask of the Lord rain, in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds and give them showers of rain." Zech., 10:1.

We shall be glad to hear from those who will take up this work in dead earnest. It is time to seek the Lord till He come and rain righteousness upon you (Hosea, 10:12). If you are not an enthusiastic, earnest and aggressive soul-winner, why are you not?

WILL YOU MAKE 1905 A SOUL-WINNING YEAR?

You may be a farmer, a mechanic, a clerk, or the superintendent of some great business concern; but if you are not at the same time a soul-winner you are missing the sweetest experience it is possible for man to have in this life. How utterly useless and what a wretched failure the whole thing will seem when you come to finish up the last chapter never to be passed over again.

It may not be necessary in order for you to be a soul-winner to abandon any legitimate work that you are now engaged in. It may not even be necessary for you to preach to or exhort those with whom you are associated. If you will ask God to implant within you a genuine soul-winning instinct He will not only answer your prayer, but will begin to create in the hearts of others with whom you are brought in contact a hunger for a real Christian experience, and if you will keep

your eyes open and your mind alive to the impressions of God's spirit He will give you most blessed opportunities to help those who will be just as grateful for your help as you will be thankful for the opportunity.

If this appears to you more like a fanciful theory than a blessed fact, have enough faith to begin to pray over it, and God will soon convince you that it is a beautiful reality. We want every reader of THE LIFE BOAT to have a share in soul-winning. We are sure you will enjoy it; you have probably been looking at the wrong thing, and think of it as most people make it out to be—something hard, unnatural and objectionable. The fact is Christ is "the desire of all nations." When you get more of Him into your own life it will shine out in such a way as to make other people hungry for the same thing.

HAVE YOU HAD SOME INTERESTING EXPERIENCES?

Have you met with some interesting missionary incident or have you had some encouraging experiences in soul winning work? Write us about it, no matter how simple it may seem to you. We can make a copy of it and enclose it in some of our letters and it may be the means of renewing hope in some despairing soul. It will only take you a few minutes and cost you a two-cent stamp, but it is worth doing. Such letters should be addressed to the editor of THE LIFE BOAT.

WANTED DURING 1905.

One thousand more children who will spend a little time each month in circulating THE LIFE BOAT. In this generation God will translate into glorious reality the scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou has perfected praise."

During 1905 we want THE LIFE BOAT to be read by thousands of miners. Will you pray that God will open the way for it to be done?

We also want THE LIFE BOAT to reach thousands of railroad men. Few of them at-

tend any religious service. They should come in contact with the soul-winning gospel.

The prison population of the United States should receive THE LIFE BOAT each month instead of once a year. We have already seen indications of how this may be done. Will you pray that God's blessing may be added to this effort?

THE LIFE BOAT work for seamen is still in its infancy, but the marked blessing that has attended what has already been done is conclusive evidence that this will yet become one of the greatest missions of THE LIFE BOAT.

"THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE."

A couple of years ago E. S. Ufford, the well-known author of the rescue song, "Throw Out the Life Line," started on a gospel trip around the world. Our readers will remember reading the interesting article that he wrote on the Pacific Ocean and mailed for THE LIFE BOAT when he reached Japan. He now writes from Buffalo: "I am having a delightful tour this season for the Master. God has given me a wider hearing for my message. I received the November number of THE LIFE BOAT. It is splendid. I will soon write something."

EX-PRISONERS DO NOT FORGET THE LIFE BOAT.

We recently received the following letter from a man in Boston: "I am sitting here writing to you, for I have read many a time the little paper that did so much to animate my spirits when I for four long years sat behind the walls of the Connecticut State Prison, weighing the past and the future as far as I could see. It was when I saw the unselfish kindness and sacrifices offered by your work that I realized fully the meanness of my actions. Now that I am free, with God's help I will stay free."

SOME NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

"The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there." Psa. 87:6. If the Lord has made a note of your birthplace, there is certainly some divine purpose in the place where you live. Instead of complaining about your unfavorable surroundings, thank God that he has placed you where you not only can accomplish the most good, but where you will have the most good

done for you. God gives not only to every man his work (Mark 13:34), but also his place. If you have been overlooking both, ask God to forgive you, and just now at the beginning of the year earnestly ask Him to help you to accomplish His purpose through you. As the Lord plants an instinct in a mother's heart to care for her own child, so if you will accept your work from His hand he will plant such a love in your heart for the work that He has for you to do that you will wish you had discovered before what a pleasure it is to do the Master's work.

The first task He sets before you may be as simple a thing as giving the members of your family better reasons for being thankful that you are living with them. But each fulfilled duty will be a stepping stone to the next, and finally the pearly gates will swing open and you will behold the Master's approving smile as He says, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matt., 25:23.

CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON.

The last number of *McClure's* has an article on the increase of lawlessness in the United States, which certainly contains food for serious reflection. It points out that there are four and one-half times as many murders for each million and a half of people as there were twenty years ago. The number of persons murdered in the United States during the last three years is one-third greater than the total losses of the British army in the wars in South Africa. A judge in Georgia has called attention to the fact that there were more people murdered in that State last year than in the whole British Empire, yet only one per cent of the murderers are convicted and punished.

Last year there were eight times as many murders in Chicago as in Paris. The writer of the article says: "It is easy to say 'I am an optimist, for after all this is the best country in the world,' but the man is not necessarily an optimist who, if his house is on fire, refuses to look and says, 'I am an optimist, I do not believe it is on fire at all.'"

The last few weeks the nation has been stirred by the most sensational and startling exposures of financial rottenness in high places. Those whose integrity and honesty have been considered above question or sus-

picion have been found to be engaged in deliberate swindling and robbery.

Insanity is increasing three times faster than our population. The New York insane hospitals contain almost twenty-five thousand patients. Other forms of degeneracy and disease are increasing in practically the same ratio.

In words many nations are "beating their swords into plowshares" (Isa. 2:4), but by their actions in increasing their implements of warfare they are virtually "beating their plowshares into swords." (Joel 3:10.) While popular pulpits are constantly saying, "Peace and safety," the thoughtful observer sees that sudden destruction is coming. (1 Thess. 5:3.)

This gospel of the kingdom will soon have been preached as a witness unto all nations and then, the Master Himself declared, the end shall come. (Matt., 24:14). Dear reader, are you ready? For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh (verse 44). There are some of God's professing servants whose eyes will be so blinded that they will actually say, "My Lord delayeth His coming," and begin to smite (criticise) their fellow servants and to eat and drink with the drunken, that is, become intoxicated with the same spirit of commercialism and ambition as is possessed by the world about them. To what extent has this affected you?

Everything that is taking place about us indicates that we shall soon camp on the other shore, and that this reign of sin and sorrow and distress will be over. Has this question any bearing on your plans?

THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM.

During the past month a large corps of men have been busily at work on this enterprise. The large house has been moved to a better place on a higher foundation and a commodious addition is being erected. Another building has been transformed into a 'good Helpers' Dormitory. We hope soon to be able to take in patients.

Next summer we shall pitch a number of tents and erect some small summer cottages for those who wish to avail themselves of the benefit of outdoor life in connection with the regular sanitarium treatments. We shall be glad to correspond with those who desire to make arrangements to spend a portion of next summer with us.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Prof. E. A. Sutherland gave two interesting talks at the Life Boat Mission recently.

Dr. J. Edgar Colloran, of the Des Moines Sanitarium, recently visited the Life Boat Mission, and spoke.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg attended a meeting of the Hinsdale Sanitarium Board at Hinsdale during the past month.

The building of the new Sanitarium at Hinsdale is progressing rapidly. It will soon be ready to receive patients.

Mrs. Whittemore, of the Open Door Mission, New York City, visited the Life Boat Mission this month and gave a very helpful talk.

Eric Covert has recently connected with THE LIFE BOAT business department, which is now located at the mission, 436 State street, Chicago.

Christmas is past, but it is not too late to give one of your friends a Bible. On the last cover you will learn how you can secure one absolutely free.

Miss Marie Christopher and Miss Maud Gray, who have been connected with the Chicago work for some time, have gone to Battle Creek, Mich., to complete their nurses' course.

The inmates of the Suburban Home spent a very enjoyable Christmas day. Most of the girls who had been there during the past year were present and they enjoyed a Christmas dinner together.

A friend in California, sending in a donation to the Chicago work, says: "We love the little LIFE BOAT and do not wish to miss one copy. As soon as we have read them we give them away."

Many of the poor children of the slums of Chicago enjoyed the presents given them from the Christmas tree at the Life Boat Mission. A full report of this occasion will be given in the next number of THE LIFE BOAT.

Mrs. R. J. Carson writes from Los Vegas, N. M.: "I visited the convicts in our work up at the canon and gave them each a LIFE BOAT, and have also distributed them in the hospital. Arrangements have also been made to take them to the Los Vegas jail."

Clara Silver, Moline, Ill., writes: "Last Saturday night two of us went out and in a

little while disposed of fifty LIFE BOATS. We are giving the profits to the missionary society to help carry forward its work. We enjoy the work so much that we propose to send for one hundred copies, and intend to use the profits for the week of prayer offerings."

F. W. Johnston, Bradford, Mass., writes: "I am doing well with THE LIFE BOAT and I find that it is much easier to go over the territory the second time. One lady expressed herself as follows: 'Are you the young man who came last year?' I told her I was and she said, 'I will take two of them.' It is an excellent way to get acquainted with the people."

Mrs. Maria S. Mummert, Sheridanville, Pa., has disposed of twelve hundred LIFE BOATS during the last few months. Of these, three hundred have been distributed in the city jail and among the fallen. She has also solicited and distributed a considerable amount of clothing, held Bible readings with those who are hungering for the truth, visited the sick, etc. She is of good courage and expects to press on in this soul-winning work.

JUST THE BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Perhaps you have discovered that your children are not particularly fond of religious books. If so, get Hudson Taylor's fascinating account of his missionary experiences in establishing the China Inland Mission. It is more interesting than any book the devil ever inspired, and the reader is certain to be drawn nearer to God by reading those wonderful experiences in God's work. We furnish it post-paid for only four new subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT.

A good evidence of the value of the Signs of the Times as an expositor of advanced Bible truth is the fact that each of the November issues reached a hundred thousand circulation. Send stamp for sample copy. Address Pacific Press, Mountain View, Cal.

"The Medical Missionary" will contain many new and valuable features during the coming year. The price is only fifty cents per year, or one dollar with Good Health. Address Medical Missionary, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Bible Training School is a unique little magazine that is appreciated by every genuine Bible student. Only twenty-five cents a year. Address Bible Training School, South Lancaster, Mass.

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DONATIONS. LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Miss Harriet Hopkin, \$1; Carlton Shattuck, \$2; Charles Kempe, \$1; Cora Cuydon, \$1; E. O. Potter, \$1; J. E. Smith, 50c; F. E. Carter, 50c; E. J. Harvey, \$1.50; Julia Gibson, 50c; Laura Ulery, 75c; Mrs. P. W. Baker, \$3.25; Mrs. Iona Harrigan, 25c; a friend, \$1; Mrs. L. L. Marshall, 10c; W. D. Russell, 64c; Elsie Klostermyer, \$5; G. W. Davis, \$1.50; Mrs. Sanborn, \$2.10; Mary Hunter, \$1; Mrs. M. C. Crawford, \$1; W. B. Payne, \$1; Mrs. Luella Farney, \$1.55; Rosalia Wicklin, \$1.45; Esther and George Stone, 20c; Christian Sorensen, 15c; W. D. Eastman, 50c; Hattie Weller, \$25; G. W. Thomas, 10c;

If you wish to become a member of the great soul-saving movement at The Life Boat Mission, fill out the following blank and mail to us:

The Life Boat Mission
Rent Fund 190

To the Supt. of The Life Boat Mission, 436 State St., Chicago, Ill.:

I hereby promise to give the sum of 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 each month for one year, to be used in paying the rent of THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

Underline the amount you promise to give each month.

Emil Anderson, \$5; Duncan McEachern, \$1.20; Greely Comer, 25c; D. C. Plumb, \$10; Mrs. Luther Smith, 20c; Mrs. W. Binding, 10c; Mabel Gowell, 50c; Mrs. Carr, 15c; Daniel Payton, \$2; George W. Davis, \$1; Amy Rawlinson, 25c; T. J. Landrum, \$2; Neenah (Wis.) Church, 45c; Stevens Point (Wis.) Church, \$2.50; Laura Ulery, 50c; Walter Baldwin, 95c; Mrs. Donwick, \$1; Mrs. J. R. Williamson, \$4.65; Mrs. S. McNally, 30c; Mrs. Jennie Westing, \$5; Jessie With-ey, 50c; Neva Fuqua, 25c; Eunice Corkham, \$1; Wil-iam Edger, \$1; Mrs. Sefe and Mary Lewis, 20c; Jake Arnold, \$1; Ernest Steele, 50c; J. H. Eastman, \$5; Nellie Edward, \$1; Mrs. L. P. Allen, \$1.20; Mrs. Hartzell, 65c; Max Anderson, \$1.20; Mrs. Burkland, 90c; J. W. Blackstone, 90c; Mrs. Vandegrift, 28c; Mrs. Vantandingham, \$1; Mrs. H. Frid, \$1; John Bly, \$2; S. Coombs, \$2; John Lauck, \$1; Mrs. E. K. Hunter, \$1; Tressa Bellvail, 25c; Anna Weaver, \$1; Oren Griswold, 25c; G. Nimon, \$1.65; Mrs. Archer, \$1.20; C. D. Kendall, \$3; W. P. Fairchild, 25c; Mrs. Ludlum, \$1; E. J. Harvey, \$1.50; Otway Dear, \$5; Mrs. Harrigan, 25c; J. W. Blackstone, 90c; Mrs. M. Binding, 10c; Mrs. E. Bailey, \$1; Annie J. Brown, 75c; B. C. San. Helpers, \$10; Mrs. C. Carr, 15c; Miss Edward, \$1; Mabel Gowell, 50c; Mrs. Mary Lewis, 20c; L. W. Marlin, \$1.20; John Steinel, 50c; a sister, 60c; Edward Swenson, 25c; Ernest Steele, 50c; Miss Angie Vandegrift, 28c; Laura Ulery, \$1; Lucinda Vance, 50c.

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E. C. Boylan, \$2; Alta Baer, \$1.73; S. P. Coon, \$1; John A. Copple, \$5; A. C. Clauges, 65c; Gertrude Davis, \$2.50; J. H. Eastman, \$5; Miss Ed-ward, \$1; a friend, \$1; Miss Emma Grant, 65c; Mrs. Betsy Green, \$1; J. G. Hanhardt, 50c; Miss Emily Herald, 65c; E. J. Harvey, 50c; H. K. Kitts, \$2; Mrs. Lena Klinger, \$2; C. W. Kellogg, \$1; T. J. Landrum, \$2; Mrs. M. E. McDowell, 30c; Mrs. Melissa Maxwell, \$1; Julia Capitsha, 50c; C. C. Ward, 25c; Mrs. C. C. Ward, 25c; Winnie Bolton, 18c; Miss Lovina Parmeter, 80c; Amy Rawlinson, 75c; Mrs. Jennie Westing, \$5; Myrtle Wakefield, \$2.50; Mrs. Hattie Weller, \$25; Mrs. Mary Parker, \$1.15;

a friend, \$1; John Bauer, \$2; Anna Osberg, \$1; Al-berth and Bertha Zachrisson, \$5; Mrs. Sarah McNitty, \$1.50; C. H. Ward, \$3; Phebe Stedman, \$3; Mrs. Bessie Lovejoy, \$5; Mrs. P. J. Peterson, \$6.25.

PRISONERS' FUND.

Miss A. Bellman, 25c; C. A. Bager, \$1; Mrs. Emma Cruckson, 35c; Mrs. L. J. Chase, 10c; Mrs. Emma L. Church, \$4.25; Otway Dear, \$5; Joseph N. Forbes, \$2.07; a friend, 35c; Henry J. Hersbberger, 10c; J. J. Ireland, \$2; Mrs. A. H. Kenyon, 90c; A. E. Morlan, 35c; Mrs. Phebe Moore, 45c; Mrs. J. V. McClintic, 35c; Amy Rawlinson, 25c; Mrs. F. E. Snyder, 50c; M. A. Titus, 30c; Mrs. F. W. Tenbrook, 65c; Mrs. R. Alice Wheeler, 25c; Mrs. J. F. Woods, 50c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Peter C. Holt, 50c; M. E. Krouse, 20c; A. J. Reed, 65c; Katie Jensen, \$1; Amy Rawlinson, \$1; Stevens' Point (Wis.) Church, \$1.15; Mrs. G. V. Eskridge, 55c; Myrtle Wakefield, \$2.50; Mrs. A. H. Kenyon, 65c.

LIFE BOAT REST.

Dan Hedges, 10c; E. J. Harvey, 50c; Mrs. Nellie Hedges, 60c; Mrs. H. W. Skadgell, 65c; Matilda Van Nimon, 25c.

OUR DIRECTORY.

American Medical Missionary College, 28 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.
Battie Creek Sanitarium Health Food Store, 8314 Cot-tage Grove Avenue, and 309 Dearborn Street.
North Side Treatment Rooms, 76 Hill Street.
Suburban Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.
The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

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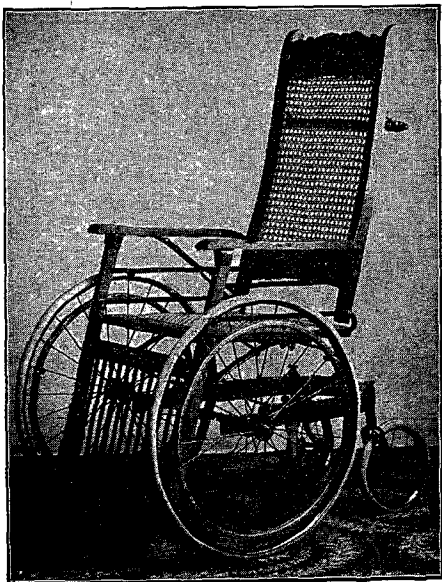
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Height of Seat from floor	21	21	
Height of Seat from foot rest	17	17	
Height of Arms from seat	9½	9½	
Depth of Seat	19	19	
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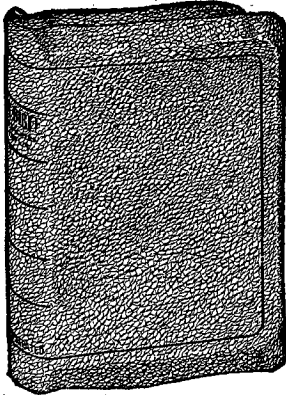
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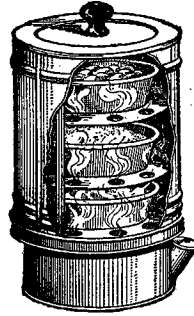


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