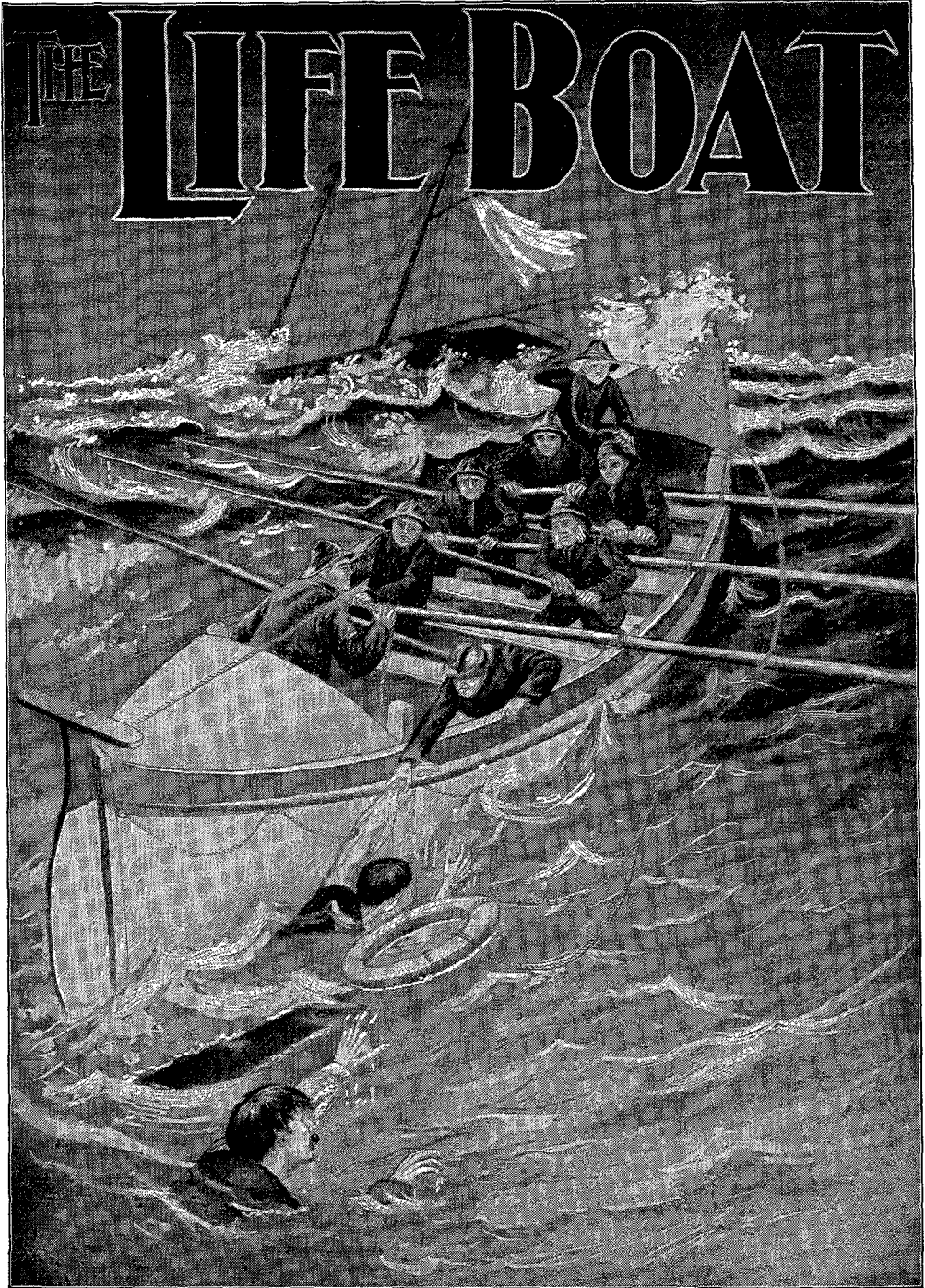


"Good Will To Men."

35 Cents a Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Single Copies, 5 Cents



Help some one have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Volume Eight.
Number Twelve.

M Hinsdale, Ill.

December, 1905.

City Headquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago.

Read the other side of this cover.

SHALL WE HAVE ANOTHER SPECIAL PRISONERS' NUMBER?

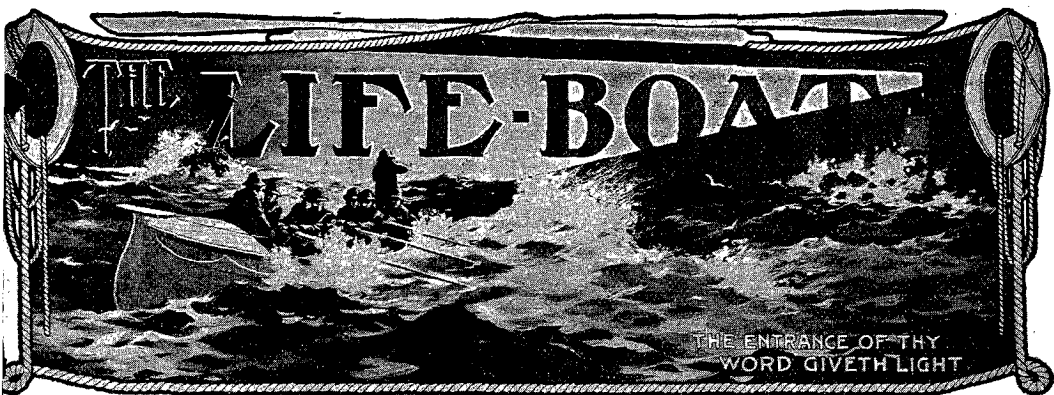
SIX times we have issued special prisoners' Life Boats and as far as possible have furnished prison officials the number they wrote us that they could profitably use for their prisoners. As a result prison chaplains have written us from almost every State in the Union how wonderfully the Lord has used the paper in their prison in the complete transformation of the lives of some of the men.

¶ An extensive prison correspondence has resulted and we personally know of a large number who are now living splendid upright Christian lives out of prison, who date their first inspiration to better things from a copy of The Life Boat that was tossed into their cell before the expiration of their sentence.

¶ Fifty thousand Life Boats can be passed around so that they will reasonably supply nearly the entire prison population of the United States.

¶ We cannot issue another special prisoners' number in April unless the Lord puts it in the hearts of our readers to help defray the expense of printing these Life Boats and expressing them to their destination.

¶ Write us immediately how the Lord impresses you regarding this and whether we can count upon you to invest enough in this labor of love to meet the cost at wholesale rates of one or more Life Boats for this purpose.



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

Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the Postoffice at Hinsdale Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Volume VIII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: DECEMBER, 1905

Number 12

A MIRACLE OF GRACE IN MEXICO.

GEORGE M. BROWN,
Mexico City, Mexico.

[If there are any of our readers who think that it is useless to distribute LIFE BOATS and other soul-winning literature to prisoners we believe they will change their minds after reading the following article from our old-time fellow worker who is now a missionary in Mexico.—Ed.]

Some twenty years ago the house of the Italian consul in Mexico City was robbed. The thieves were captured and sentenced to from nine to thirteen years in prison. The leader of this band of criminals was a young man from the country, and this was his first crime.

Some time after his incarceration a missionary paper fell into his hands and was read with interest month after month. Later a missionary gave him a Bible and some tracts and instructed him how to hold services with his fellow prisoners, which he did for some years. As an evidence of the fact that this former thief had been completely changed, it will be sufficient to say that the warden placed him in charge of the lighting of the prison, detailing several prisoners to assist him and paying him for the work. He held this position till the end of his term and left the prison with a bright Christian experience and the confidence of the prison officials.

He soon married and started a small store, which he carried on successfully till a dis-

astrous fire destroyed all that he had, even leaving him without clothes. The mission of the Presbyterian Church, having watched his Christian life and being assured of his integrity and deep piety, offered him work as a native preacher at twenty Mexican dollars per month. Believing that this was a call from God, he accepted and entered upon an enthusiastic and successful career as a gospel minister.

He was persecuted by priests and people at first, but so great was his faith, wisdom and courage that he persevered until he won his enemies as friends and extended the gospel to the surrounding towns and villages. Having contracted lung trouble while in prison, he was not strong, and finally consumption fastened its dread hold upon him and he became so weak that he could not carry on his work. Still he did what he could and continued to teach the children, who came to him even when confined to his bed. September 12, 1905, this faithful worker for God, Rev. Julian Mesa, laid down his work and fell asleep in Jesus, surrounded by loving friends, many of whom he had brought to a knowledge of Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour.

Three lessons of great importance may be learned from this brother's life: The value of Christian literature in awakening and converting the soul, the benefits of personal work with the unfortunate men who have fallen into sin and are in prison, the power of God

to change the heart and cause the truly converted soul to work for those nearest at hand and to continue this noble work through years of self-denying and arduous labors.

Where are the workers for God who will seek the lost sheep and bring them back to the fold of God? In Mexico we need many who will go after the wanderers who are in the prisons, in the streets and everywhere. Pray that this little incident may be used of God to stir up many to greater activity in the work of soul winning!

HAVE YOU A SINKER ABOUT YOUR NECK?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

This morning I crossed the Chicago River near Union Depot, where a few years ago the water as it flowed sluggishly toward the lake was covered with oil, slime, rubbish, and even dead animals, and the odor at times was frightfully offensive. Now a clear, wholesome current is flowing rapidly in the opposite direction entirely free from unpleasant odors. How came this change? The drainage canal was dug and the river was diverted into this, and thus changed its current.

There are many like this river, who need to have the entire current of their lives changed. But youth is the golden time to get our life current started in the right direction. Notice this gnarled old branch, it breaks as I attempt to straighten it, it has become too set in its crooked way. But I can easily straighten this young sapling without breaking it. Whether you appreciate it or not, the time to get straight is while you are young.

THE DEVIL'S STUMBLING BLOCK.

In almost every neighborhood there is some tough old sinner who smokes tobacco all day and half the night, who drinks nearly all the liquor he can get, and who does almost everything else that is wicked, and yet it does not seem to smash him up. That man is the devil's stumbling block to many of you young people, for some of you have come to the conclusion that you can do the same and live as well as he is doing. But that is likely to prove a delusion and a snare to you. Rockefeller's son will inherit so large a sum of

money that he will be unable to spend it in a lifetime, no matter how wasteful he may be, but that does not relieve the rest of us from the responsibility of being economical who have not inherited such immense wealth.

Some of you may have inherited such a stock of health that you will be unable to ruin it in an ordinary lifetime. You may smoke cigarettes, drink liquor, sleep in wretchedly ventilated bedrooms, eat horrible things, think unwholesome thoughts, and yet outlive some of those who are diligently caring for their health. Yet in the end it will be a curse to you and it will destroy that boy next to you who will copy your example.

Most of you appear well and are enjoying good health today, but how will you feel five years from now? Will you have as nice clear eyes and as clear heads, and will you be able to think as well as you can to-day?

Those who make successful progress to-day are the ones who can think straight. Suppose Roosevelt had spent the last fifteen years in Cook County Hospital or elsewhere as a nervous wreck; would you ever have heard of him doing any of those remarkable things? But he has had to avoid those things that would have pulled him down.

ARE YOUR BRAKES SET?

Suppose you should see a heavily-loaded wagon out here in the street with all the brakes firmly set and the driver whipping his horses to get them to move it, and you should shout to him, "Mister, what are your brakes set for?" And suppose he should answer, "Oh, that don't make any difference! It's lots of fun." You would think that the old man was crazy. But what about the boys and girls who are putting brakes on themselves by doing things that drag them down into the mire, so that by and by they will be sent to prison or the insane asylum, or drift into some hospital or drop into an early grave?

When a boy is learning to swim he generally straps on a life preserver to help hold him up, but suppose instead that he should tie five or six bricks together and then hang them around his neck? He might say, "I do not think there is any harm in it; I saw an old swimmer do it, and it did not seem to hurt him." Nevertheless it would quickly pull this boy under the water. The same thing is happening to multitudes to-day. There are

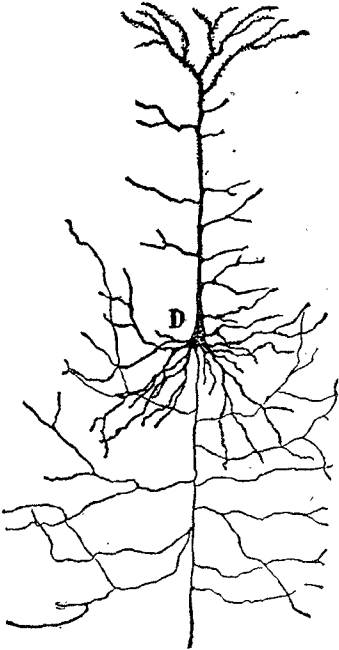
*Talk given by invitation of the principal to the school children in one of the Chicago public schools, November 1, 1906.

fifty thousand people in the State of Illinois who are coughing away their lives with tuberculosis, one of whom dies every hour. In New York there are twenty-six thousand people in the insane asylums and the people all over the country are going insane three times faster than the population is growing. Investigation has shown that one-third of Chicago's school children have some form of nervous trouble. There is some cause for all this. God wants children to live and be whole-

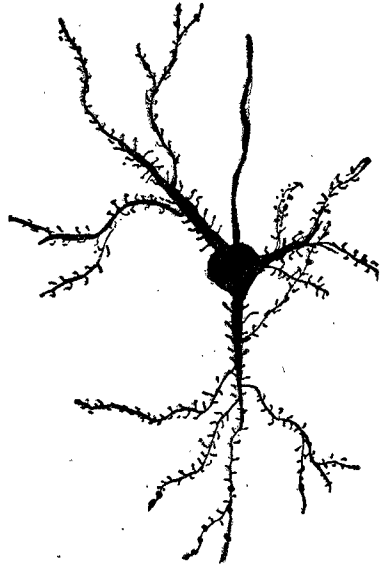
this skeleton bends in the back instead of from the hips, thereby flattening the chest. When that is done it is impossible to take a full breath. If a boy sits hour after hour in a wrong position he will grow up in that way, like a cucumber does in a bottle. Get hold of the idea of having your chest up and keeping yourself in a good position. When you buy a picture you want the best you can get for the money; why not have an ambition to be beautiful yourself?

RUBBING SAND INTO THE EYES.

Any boy here who has no more sense than to open a watch and put sand into it does not



A healthy nerve cell.



A ruined nerve cell.

some and happy as much as He does the flowers. When flowers are before their time it is because somebody forgets to water them or otherwise neglects them.

In the first place, our fathers and mothers did not take as good care of their health as they should; so many of us did not receive a very good stock of health from our parents. But that makes it all the more important that we should take good care of what we do have.

HOW DEFORMITIES ARE CULTIVATED.

Seek to avoid everything that tends to cripple your body, such as the habit of sitting and standing in improper positions. Notice how

deserve a good watch, but is it not more foolish to put something into yourself that will ruin you? Suppose at recess you should see a boy rubbing sand into his eyes and he should give as an excuse that it was lots of fun; you would think that he had gone insane. But is it not worse to put such a poison as nicotine into the blood or in the brain than it is to put sand into the eyes? Thousands of boys all over this country are rubbing sand into their own eyes by smoking cigarettes, and they think it is fun. Five years from now many of them will be trying to find a doctor to cure them, and they will have a hard time

to do it, for only God can really help the poor patient who becomes tangled up in these awful habits.

I want you to steer clear of these wicked habits, even though others are setting you a bad example. I saw a man the other day who seemed to be eating fire; but that does not make it safe for me to eat it.

I have here an instrument of precision that measures the rapidity of impulse and how fast a person can think. With it I tested a boy who had not smoked and also one who smoked fifteen cigarettes a day. The one who did not smoke could think four times as fast as the other boy. The cigarette smoker is not likely to reach the high school, and



Pulse tracing of a healthy man.

when he gets a job he will not be able to hold it and nobody can help him hold it. Why? Because he has a sinker about his neck which drags him to the bottom every time. Nobody would hire a teamster who had no more sense than to put the brakes on the wheels while drawing a load up hill. Nobody will keep



Pulse tracing of a man who had lived a dissipated life.

a boy very long who is putting sand into his own eyes. By and by there will be no place for such a boy except in the poorhouse or in the lunatic asylum.

Last year our boys in this country smoked enough cigarettes so that if they had been placed end to end they would have reached around the earth twice, then from New York to San Francisco and back again. Think of the tremendous harm that was done by them!

THE DEVIL'S TRADEMARK.

The boy who smokes cigarettes for a short time receives a trademark. Four times out of five I can pick out a boy who has smoked for six months, because the devil has plainly

stamped him with his trademark. I can read it in the color of his skin and in his dingy eye, and the devil has also put his mark on his brain. Suppose you should get a wart on your nose each time you smoked a cigarette; you would soon stop; but you get something inside on your brain, your nerves, your stomach and liver that is far worse than warts on the outside.

I have seen many a boy sent to the insane asylum because cigarettes had ruined his mind. That is what the devil does for people after he has led them astray.

If you are already using cigarettes, throw them overboard, just as at sea when a ship is going down they throw things overboard so as to keep her from sinking.

None of you are going to have an easy time making a success in life. It requires hard work. Suppose years ago I had begun to load myself down with liquor, cigarettes and a lot of wretched foods, that would have been all that my nervous system could have endured, and to-day I would only have known enough to shovel sand. It is because it has been such a blessing to me not to have all those things to pull me down that I have come here to tell you that the clean, wholesome, sweet way is the best way. Some of you have already quit smoking cigarettes, but you have not yet gotten rid of its trademark, but if you persevere by and by you will look better and will be able to think clearly. The world is getting full of cranks, fanatics and lunatics who can not think straight. It needs men and women who have clear heads.

WHO IS YOUR BOSS?

Some of you are weak, yet you want to do right, but sometimes you have an unbearable craving for some of these miserable things. Cigarettes seem to get you by the neck, as it were, and shake you around almost any way to please the devil. Suppose you lay that cigarette down before you and ask whether you or it shall be boss.

The same God that keeps your heart pumping the blood through your body, that repairs your skin when it is torn, that grows the trees, that makes the clouds and that created this world is ready and willing to help you keep that cigarette under your feet, where it belongs. And that applies to everything else that holds boys and girls down.

I want to see you grow up beautiful men and women, with sober and clear heads. Everywhere you see the sign, "Wanted: a man," and that does not mean, "Wanted: a fool." The world needs somebody who can do something. But if you want to be men and women who can lift up your heads a few years from now, you have got to do right now; you can not afford to cling to the things that are dragging you down.

ARE YOU IN A CHAIN GANG?

Years ago I saw convicts working in a Southern prison with chains on their ankles so that they could just hobble along. Some of you boys are already having worse chains than those on you. The blacksmith could cut those chains off the prisoner, but only God can set a boy free from sin when it gets a firm grip upon him. Those of you who have not yet begun to smoke cigarettes do not begin. And, girls, persuade your brothers to keep from them, so that they shall not help to fill the world with good-for-nothings.

Down at Harrison street police station every little while the patrol wagon brings in some miserable wreck of humanity. Some years ago the devil started them in the wrong direction. They thought it was great sport, and that they were going to have a good time, but the devil did not deliver the goods as expected. He simply ruined them.

A poor girl down in South Clark street abandoned herself to a life of sin, but when she became sick and miserable and useless they kicked her down three nights of outside stairs, breaking several ribs. Our workers found her there in the alley in that condition, and they brought her to our medical missionary ward, and my wife asked her how she ever got started that way. She answered with bitter tears running down her face that she wanted to have a good time, but the devil could not deliver the goods that he had promised. There is no better life for this world nor for the world to come than the sweet, clean, wholesome, pure life.

Every year tuberculosis carries off a population greater than that of Denver or Toledo. Every year pneumonia kills enough people to make a city like Indianapolis.

HOW A DRAYMAN SET ALL HEAVEN REJOICING.

EVANGELIST N. KINGSBURY.

Lancing, Tenn.

Some years ago I met with a wonderful man; he had formerly been a real bond slave to strong drink, a gutter drunkard. One night while in one of our stirring Western cities, after an all-day spree, this poor unfortunate lay dead drunk in the gutter. A drayman, his day's work over, on his way to his humble home, passing along the street stumbled upon him. He was full of the Spirit of the Master, for while he was only a drayman he was one of the King's sons. Like the "good Samaritan" of old he stooped down over this victim of King Alcohol, and learning his condition, with heart full of pity and love he called to a passer by and the two soon had him in the dray.

Then our drayman hurried along the streets to his humble cottage home; reaching it, he called his good wife, the two laid hold of and soon had the helpless man lying upon the best bed in the house. The good wife sat by the bedside and watched over the stranger till her husband had cared for his tired and hungry horse. When he returned he said, "Now wife, make something warm to drink and have it ready and I'll get the dirty clothing off this poor man and wash him well, and we will see what we can do for him."

Soon it was done and the stranger well cared for; then husband and wife sat patiently beside him while he slept off the effects of the dreadful alcohol. At last the man awoke, rubbed his eyes, looked around and wondered where he was, but with the hot drink, the pleasant greetings and kindly ministrations, the poor unfortunate soon realized that wherever he was he was in the hands of friends.

In such a case as his a man and wife who know Jesus may be, and should be, the very best friends that the bleary eyes of a poor drunken sot ever looked upon. That was true here. These people with the warm drink and the nourishing food just won the love and gratitude of this one who had fallen such a complete victim to the despoiler and robber, Alcohol. After refreshing drink and food came a long, restful, invigorating, healthful sleep that when the man awoke he could not

remember when he had felt so like this. Ah, yes, watchful eyes were upon him, for had not two faithful friends watched and prayed over this poor sinner for whom Jesus had died? Now he sits at a neat, well laden table, eats the wholesome, well cooked food, and two loving hearts talk of Jesus and His love, how He came to seek and save the lost. Soon there is a broken-hearted, contrite sinner praying the sinner's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Oh, how quickly such prayers are answered!

Well, these godly people kept this man in their home four days, ministering to his poor, whiskey-battered and poisoned and well nigh ruined body, brought him to Jesus, the great Physician who could meet all his spiritual needs, and at last sent him out into the wide world again, never more to be the slave of drink, never more to loaf about the bar-room, never more to curse his Maker, never more to abuse wife and children. Ah, no, he has been born again; "he is a new creature" in Christ Jesus. He knows now that there is no liberty like the liberty of the sons of God. He has gone out from the kindly, loving ministrations of that humble Christian home to be a loving, true, kind and tender husband and father to make a home in earth wherein God dwelt; gone out with the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the holy Ghost; gone out with soul on fire with love for other souls, with lips and tongue fired and alive with the Gospel story. Ah, yes, he became a flaming evangel, a kingly soul-winner, and for years went up and down the land telling with mighty power the story of Jesus and His love. Eternity alone will reveal the whole wondrous story of what this man wrought. What a revelation that will be! What a company of blood-washed souls will praise Jesus the King, all because one humble, loving, Christian drayman acted the part of a "good Samaritan" to one who had fallen a prey to the great thief and despoiler and highway robber, King Alcohol, and his hosts.

Oh, wonder of wonders, what a story is this, what an uplift, from the gutter's filth to a clean life! from the degraded sot to fine, exalted manhood! from the cruel, wife-beating tyrant to the loving, kind husband! from a wretched hovel to a pleasant home! from feeding the devil's swine to feeding hungry

souls with the bread of life! from the bondage of Satan to the glorious liberty of a son of God! from a cursing, swearing drunkard to a herald of the King's own good tidings! from a sinner's heritage to the saints' heritage amid heavenly mansions! What a miracle! And all because a drayman would be Christ's man and act the part of the "good Samaritan."

Did it pay? Will it not pay you, dear reader, to go and do likewise? Try it and see.

THE LIFE BOAT AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

HELEN CARLTON NORD.

Sister Kershaw and I just returned from Blackwell's Island, New York City, where the Lord surely went with us; we had a wonderful experience. The warden in the penitentiary was very nice to us and he said he was acquainted with *THE LIFE BOAT* and with its work; he said, "There is nothing better for this work than *THE LIFE BOAT*." He said it was sent there when it was first printed and he was delighted to hear we were going to bring them again. He was glad to receive it and so were the boys; he said they picked them up and redistributed them until they were worn out.

After I had explained to him how we had worked and sold enough to get papers to give away, he said they would be very glad to arrange one afternoon a week for us to hold services here. So this was arranged for and he gave us the privilege of talking with the women prisoners and giving them the papers. We are thankful to the Lord for this opening.

We are having a grand time with the paper. Next Thursday is our first service; pray for us, as we feel inexperienced to carry on this work; but the Lord has given it to us and we can not lay it down.

In visiting prisons and corresponding with prisoners do not enter into their various individual, real or imaginary, grievances. It is our business to see men saved from sin and then the Lord will save them from trouble as far as He sees is good for them. Sometimes the Lord can save a man easier in trouble than he could out of it.

THE GOSPEL IN THE HEART OF CHINA.

DR. FRANK A. KELLER.

(Concluded.)

[On his return from China, Dr. Keller gave a Sabbath afternoon talk to the senior class of the Medical Missionary College relating some of the wonderful providences whereby he was enabled to get a foothold for the Gospel in the capital of Hunan, the last province in China to be opened to the

to China." I knew he was coming to Hunan and so had already sent him an invitation.

He reached Chang-Sha, the capital, the first of June. We took him up on the city wall, where he could look over the great city of five hundred thousand people, and as he looked over that great city he said, slowly, "Oh, how good God is to me!" He stood and looked and looked, and it seemed as though he never could get through looking at



Group of missionaries at reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Keller. Dr. Taylor is seated in center of group. Less than three hours later his life work was ended.

Gospel. This part was related in the last LIFE BOAT. In this number is told the touching story of the last few days of the life of Dr. Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, the most remarkable movement of modern times.—Ed.]

About twenty years ago, when J. Hudson Taylor had seen all but one of the Chinese provinces opened up to the Gospel, he said he wanted to see Hunan open. While in Switzerland last year he said to his son, "I want to go back to China." They could not persuade him differently and so he went to London and then came to America. He said, "I am going

the city. Finally I helped him home and he had a rest.

He was not strong enough to come to the meeting, but he came down and talked to the people for a while and asked God's blessing upon them; then he went back to his room and rested. We had planned a missionary reception in the afternoon, and when we gathered together there was a group of thirty-two missionaries who came together to greet Mr. Taylor. We wanted him to come down for about a half hour, but he came down and stayed from four until six, and we could

hardly get him away then. He went upstairs and then came down again and looked all around, then he asked a Chinaman to help him up again. He loved the Chinamen and liked to have them help him.

Shortly after Dr. Taylor had gone to bed his son's wife, M. Geraldine Taylor, ran to the head of the stairs and called for her husband, Dr. Howard Taylor, who was just at the foot of the stairs. A moment later she ran back and called for me. I found him with his eyes closed and breathing very slowly. We pulled him up over the head of the bed and I held his head in my hands, while his son tried artificial respiration, but he only breathed for a few minutes and then passed away. Years ago he had said, "If I could once see Hunan opened I would feel that my work was done." How wonderfully were fulfilled the words: "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart"!

A young native Chinese evangelist who had not seen him while living, and who had only heard of Christ two years before, had traveled in from an out station that day to meet Dr. Taylor. When he and his young wife learned of the death, with sad disappointment they asked if they might not come and touch his hand. Then taking one of Dr. Taylor's hands in his own, he stroked it tenderly and said: "Venerable and noble pastor, we truly love you. We have come to-day to see you. We longed to look into your face. We are your little children. You opened the road for us to heaven. You loved us and prayed for us long years. We came to-day to look upon your face. You look so happy, so peaceful. You are smiling. Your face is quiet and pleased. You can not speak to us to-night. We do not want to bring you back. But we will follow you. We shall come to you. You will welcome us by and by."

After his death his son called in two of the evangelists and explained to them what kind of coffin he wanted and asked them to go out and buy it. They went out to nine or ten different shops and finally found a suitable Chinese coffin and brought it back, and then several Chinese Christians went up to Howard Taylor and insisted on the privilege of presenting the coffin to J. Hudson Taylor, and

that little body of Christians gave the money for the coffin.

One little girl brought in seven hundred large cash, and one poor woman who made her money making shoes brought in two hundred cash, so our Chinese Christian friends without one cent of foreign money paid for that coffin.

In the light of what I have told you this afternoon I do want to beg of you to consider the scarcity of workers there compared to the workers in Chicago. Think of cities and cities without a single missionary to preach Jesus Christ! Think of a population of twenty million people one-fourth the population of the United States, packed in one single Chinese province and only thirty-two missionaries there. Is not that a call to some who preach the Gospel to go to China?

You medical students have been cut out of Japan, for in order to go there and do medical missionary work you would have to pass the Japanese examinations. But you have Africa, South America, India, and China with its eighteen provinces; Tibet is still empty and Mongolia. May God help you to face this problem and say before God, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Doing that, and that only, will make our lives a success.

We still furnish Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's fascinating and inspiring story of his early life and the founding of the China Inland Mission for only four new subscriptions to The Life Boat. Just the book for a Christmas Gift.

WHY A MISSIONARY SHOULD BE A REFORMER.

LUCY PAGE GASTON.

A missionary should be a reformer for the same reason that a reformer should be a missionary. It is six of one and half a dozen of the other; there is little use for reformers who are not missionaries—missionaries who are inspired with a desire to save souls for the Master, because there is no other reform. A reform based on any other thing will not last.

GOSPEL WORK IN NEW YORK CITY.

MRS. BELLE KERSHAW.

[As stated in a previous LIFE BOAT, Mrs. Kershaw while engaged in business in Chicago, for the first time in her life became deeply interested in soul winning. When she went to New York she began just as any of our readers may do to look around for openings to do a little good for the Master. Although in frail health she is having verified in her experience that the Lord is willing to give strength to the weak to carry on His work. Believing her experience will be of special encouragement to many, we have taken the liberty of quoting the following extracts of recent letters to Miss Emmel.—ED.]

To-day I went out with THE LIFE BOATS alone, as I had so many papers and Mrs. Nord lives so far away, but I laid it all before the Lord and I felt impressed He would be with me, so out I started with seventy-five; but when I went to push the large plate glass door open in the first building I hardly had strength to do it. When I stepped inside I never felt Him so near. It seemed He just passed in and through that vast crowd before me, and every one was so nice to me and bought all my papers. I never was so happy.

* * * *

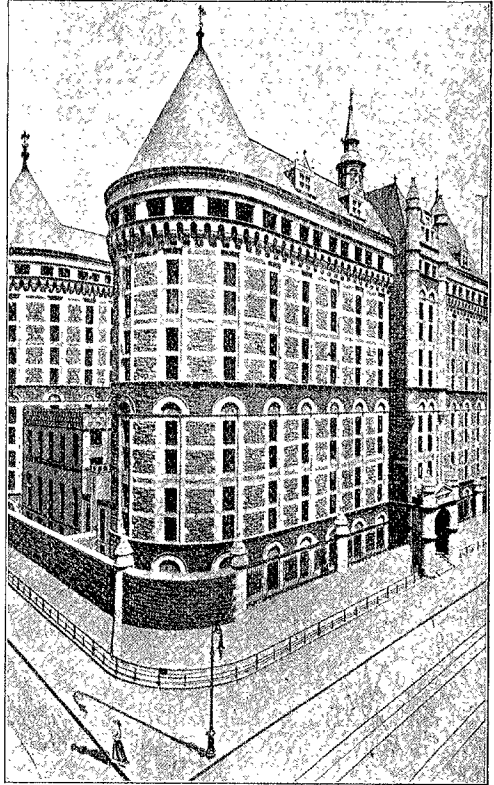
Last Wednesday Mrs. Nord and I went to the prison at Blackwell's Island, and if you could have been there and have heard the warden talk to us your own soul would have been watered. We told him we were there in the interest of THE LIFE BOAT and handed him one. We said we did not know if he was acquainted with it or not. He said, "Indeed, I am; there has never been any literature come into this prison that has been so highly prized by me for this work as THE LIFE BOAT," and he said the prisoners loved it and it was handed around until it was worn threadbare.

He said he would have all the younger boys or girls brought out into a room, so we could have them all to ourselves, and he said further that if there was any one of them that wanted to talk to us privately we were to be taken into a room where we were to be left alone with them to talk or do anything we felt best.

Is this not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of? Although the weakest of all God's people and not even learned, yet I

promised the Lord I would do whatever He led me into, but I never dreamed of anything like this. Oh, how I do love my Saviour!

Yesterday Mrs. Nord and I went through the Tombs. We had such a good time, God was surely with us. They were pleased to get THE LIFE BOAT. To-day is Tuesday, my hospital work; to-morrow I go to Brooklyn;



The Tombs, New York City Prison.

Thursday is our work at Blackwell's Island, commencing at 2 p. m.; pray for us; Friday I have to visit the boys on the navy vessels. So you see I have no time for idle gossip. I sell LIFE BOATS Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

* * * *

I have just returned from the Blackwell's Island Prison, and oh! God was surely with us. The prisoners were all brought out into a large hall. We did not do much to-day but personal work with them. I had to depend

on God alone for words, as I was so unlearned and unfit to speak in public. I was very nervous and weak for fear I could not do to His honor and glory what He wanted me to do. But the Lord had prepared me. I did not talk long; just told them of the requirements of God. My own soul was watered this day, and I had such precious thoughts come to me to say to them as I handed them the little LIFE BOAT. I am thankful I have to depend on my Saviour.

I asked some if they would like to have my name and address on their LIFE BOAT, and every one asked or handed the paper for it to be put on. This has been one of the most precious days of my life. My heavenly Father has been so near to me all the way, and I am on constant guard every moment for fear I should do something to shut His presence from me. I love my precious Saviour and long to be His servant in the work, and all I care for in the world is what He can use me for.

* * * *

I have hardly been able to do anything for two weeks, but I felt when Monday came that I must make an effort to go to the Tombs. I was very weak, but as we went along the Lord added strength. Mrs. Nord and I started through at 12:30 and worked just as hard as we could from one cell to another until four o'clock, and Mrs. Nord and I did not work together, either, so you can imagine how many there were. Satan is surely doing his work well.

While talking to one he asked me to go and see some friends for him and also to talk to a young lady from whom he had stolen something. I told him I would do what I could. After leaving there we called at one of the largest Y. M. C. A. restaurants in the city. I had about twenty-five LIFE BOATS left, and as we waited I had an opportunity to introduce our work to the manager. He said he thought it could be arranged for us to sell our paper there in the dining room. I gave him what papers I had with me. He laid them on his desk, and one after another, as they came along, would take one and read it. It may be God had some soul there that needed that little paper. If I can get in there it will be only through Providence, and I would not

want it any other way. Oh, the goodness of God to us!

GOSPEL WAGON AND TENT FOR MOUNTAIN REGION WORK.

REV. N. KINGSBURY,
Lancing, Tenn.

DEAR LIFE BOAT—I am constrained to accept the kind invitation to use your valuable columns in the interest of a gospel wagon and tent to be used in spreading the blessed Gospel tidings in the mountain regions of the South.

I have spent fifteen years mostly in evangelistic labors among the dear people of these sections; I have enjoyed the unstinted hospitality of their homes and know them perfectly, and think I have a pretty keen realization of needs and opportunities that present wide open doors which, if entered in the name of the Master, will result in untold good.

In the midst of this great mountain territory lie hidden in the earth the greatest deposits of iron and coal in the United States. The development of these interests is something wonderful. New mines are being opened and new towns springing up. Along with this come rare opportunities to go with the Gospel to many people. It is also true that eight to ten people will attend a service during special meetings in a tent to one if held anywhere else. The possession of a large tent will enable us to arrange for a Bible school, or conference, at central points, where the preachers, workers, Sunday-school officers, and teachers can be gathered together and receive instruction as to the best methods of church work, soul winning, etc. This will be a wonderful gain for I know of no such opportunity as this in all the mountain country.

I can not help believing that God has among His hosts many who will gladly aid in making it possible to secure a gospel wagon and tent to meet the great opportunities open to workers with such an outfit.

The following plan is presented as a means of securing funds for this purpose. Shares will be offered at twenty-five cents each. Individuals, young peoples' societies and Sunday-schools, etc., may take as many shares as they choose. The writer will undertake to

furnish to each shareholder reports of work done after the outfit is on the road. The dividends will come in on the Lord's great day of accounting, when the "great multitude whom no man can number" are gathered together, and all shall realize the tremendous import of the words found in Daniel 12:3: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

The work is undertaken in the name of the Lord Jesus and with soul winning as the sole end and aim. If further particulars are desired by any who are interested the writer will gladly afford the fullest information. We will call the outfit "The Life Boat Gospel Wagon and Tent."

THE DEATH OF A FAITHFUL WORKER.

C. L.

Many of those who worked for the Lord in Chicago years ago will be made sad to learn of the death of Mrs. Emma L. Allison, who was used of God so wonderfully in the Bohemian district and later was connected with the Chicago Medical Missionary Training School at 1926 Wabash avenue.

She was born sixty-three years ago on board a vessel in the Atlantic in the midst of a terrible storm, and two hours later there was an awful wreck. The infant, not yet dressed, was lashed to a nurse and thrown overboard, with a life preserver. The mother was in a paralyzed condition and her condition was made worse by the fright which caused the premature birth of her child. The nurse and child were picked up by a life boat crew and taken to New York, where they were cared for. The father and mother, parents of Mrs. Allison, were picked up by an eastbound vessel and taken back to England from whence they had recently started to America. Some six months of diligent inquiry elapsed before the child was found and restored to her parents, who came to New York and took charge of her.

When twenty years of age she had a severe attack of typhoid fever and was supposed to have died. The funeral services were held. When her father stooped to kiss her he no-

ticed that the muscles of her face were twitching. Restoratives were applied and she revived.

She was married during the Civil War. Her husband entered the army and at the end of the war was for a time employed by the Government. Four children were born to them. The entire family was later captured by the Indians. Their house was burned and their eldest child, eleven months old, was burned to death.

After her husband's death and the death of her children Mrs. Allison engaged in slum work in Chicago, remaining there nine years. She worked much among the Bohemians. She became deeply interested in a very bright Bohemian boy, contributing quite a sum of money for his education. He later became well known as a professor and is now teaching in Illinois.



Afterward she took charge of the Jefferson Street Mission in Battle Creek, Mich., for homeless men and boys. This she conducted for about a year. Her work was well done.

Her superior tact and ability in winning the confidence of all classes of people with whom she associated won for her the confidence of all well-meaning people. She had the superior faculty of winning the wayward ones—subduing the turbulent. Her motherly instinct was truly wonderful. Indeed she understood and practiced the art of winning

the unlovable. She sought out the hardest cases and won them by her motherly instinct.

After her strength had been perceptibly weakened by her arduous duties and incessant labors in this most difficult work, she went to Ann Arbor and opened up a Christian Home for young men. Here she has since been working, except a few months when she worked in Detroit in similar work.

Truly Mrs. Allison laid down her life for others—large hearted, generous and kind, oblivious of self and thinking only how she could best serve others. Her great loving heart naturally went out to the homeless and the wayward.

She was an only child and leaves no earthly kindred. Parents and children all have gone before. But in the kingdom of God thousands will rise up and call her blessed.

OVERCOMING BLUES IN PRISON.

An inmate of the Indiana State Prison writes:

"I was glad to hear from you and to get your encouraging words. I am glad to get a letter from any one that is trying to do the will of God, and I try with all my heart and strength and mind. It is sometimes so lonely not to get a letter from some one, but I do not worry about letters now like I did some time ago, but I like to get one. I read my Bible all the time. I have been through it three times this summer, just reading it at noontime. All my study is the great Physician, and if all forget me I know who will not.

"Sometimes I get what people call the blues, but I can overcome them, and they don't last long; when we can overcome small things we can the great, and when I can overcome them I am proud of it then. My desire is to do the Master's will in this field of battle and at the last day receive my reward. Oh, pray that I may grow strong in grace and wisdom!"

REQUESTS SPECIAL PRAYERS.

Harvey Jackson, of the Columbia, S. C., State prison, writes:

"I am glad to state that I am getting THE LIFE BOAT monthly and I certainly do enjoy reading it and want to thank my kind friend

through THE LIFE BOAT that is so kind to pay the subscription for me. I want her to know how grateful I am to her; I am praying that the richest blessings of heaven may rest upon her. Sometimes I can not help wondering how it is that perfect strangers to me are so kind to me; surely the holy Spirit pervades the mind of such people."

"I feel that THE LIFE BOAT has been the means of saving souls. While I am not living up to what I should I am trying to get nearer my God daily. At times it seems that I am going to fall to the very bottom, but I am going to cling to Jesus though my way is slippery. I want the Christians everywhere to know my name and offer up a special prayer to the throne of grace for me.

"I sent THE LIFE BOAT to one of my little nephews and told him to get as many people to take it as he could. He wrote me that he would do so and that he was delighted with it himself."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

W. A. ROCHAMBEAU.

After an absence of about five years I want to tell some of our friends a few of my first impressions of this great work. Little did I think eight years ago when I helped to launch THE LIFE BOAT paper and carried on my back the entire first LIFE BOAT issue down to the postoffice that it would ever grow to its present capacity and be such an instrument in the hands of God for saving precious souls.

Upon my arrival I went direct to the Life Boat Mission, where in days gone by I have seen the mighty power of God transform so many men and women who have been beaten about on the rocks of superstition, doubt, and finally vice and dissipation. I say I have seen in past years the mighty saving power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ transforming such lives into lives of usefulness, lives of purity, and I am glad to again be connected with this great work.

There has always been a question in my mind (and I know of others who are bothered with the same): What is the use of working with this element of humanity? Are there any real results? Does it pay to spend time, talent, and means, etc.?

I have seen enough in the last few days to thoroughly convince all gainsayers. I was connected with this work in the seed-time and now Providence has brought me here in the harvest, and we are beginning to see most wonderful results. We are to sow the good seed, and though we can not tell which will prosper, this or that, yet the good Lord does let us see enough to know that something is being accomplished.

After attending the Life Boat Mission nearly a week my heart is made to rejoice to get acquainted with such a substantial lot of men and women who have not only been born into the kingdom of God but are thoroughly established as Christian workers.

I am also glad to see the same genuine missionary spirit that was manifested in the early days of this work present in every department. At the Hinsdale Sanitarium young men and women are getting a real missionary training that will fit them to rightly represent Jesus to a dying world, and I can say that blessed is the person who permits God to connect him or her with this great work.

CHICAGO GIRLS' CLUB.

J. F. ATKINSON,

Superintendent Chicago Boys' Club.

This is a work for the girls, a work similar to that done for the boys, but along lines appropriate to the needs of girls.

The necessity for doing this work was forced upon us until it could no longer be unheeded. In the early days of the club the experiment was made of opening the rooms of the Chicago Boys' Club to the girls at times when the boys were not allowed; but this was soon found to be impracticable. For some time we allowed the girls, the sisters of our boys, to attend the entertainments and religious meetings at the club, but this also was found to have its evil effects.

Of course each one of these experiments brought it more clearly and forcibly to the minds of the workers that something must be done for the good of these girls. Their clamor for a place and their eagerness for our attention was increasing all the time; the field was growing white to the harvest.

So one day in February of this year a meeting of the workers was called to discuss the



A children's playground in Chicago slums.

question of establishing a separate work for the girls of the downtown district. By a strange coincidence, or Providence, this same matter had been laid heavily upon the minds and hearts of several of the workers at the same time.

It did not take long in the discussion to convince all of the great and crying need of the work, but the question arose at once:

rector of our evening classes, went out on the quest and found a building three blocks south of our Boys' Club on State street, which could be had for a reasonable price. This seemed to be just the building for the purpose, and soon the arrangements were made by which the ten-room flat was to be fitted up and prepared for the use of the poor girls of the slums.



"Home, Sweet Home," in Chicago slums.

How can it be done? Where are the resources for this great undertaking? But we, like Hezekiah of old, "went into the house of the Lord and spread it before the Lord," and then we decided as did Jonathan—"It may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." (1 Sam. 14:6.) So we all agreed to bring our few loaves and fishes to the Master and see if He would multiply them.

Acting upon this faith, Mr. Colby, the di-

By about the first of May the building was in condition and the rooms were opened to the already impatient girls. Thus far the rooms have been open only three days each week, and the girls, divided off into little groups, have been taught the rudiments of sewing as well as how to cook, by faithful and loving volunteer workers. Besides this plans are being laid for a day nursery where poor mothers may leave their babies while they go out to work for the day. If possible

this work for the girls is more important than that done for the boys. Its tendency is to get more at the root of the matter, more at the first principles of the problem.

All philanthropic thinkers and workers agree that the key to all reform is the home. And we do not, in any measure, reach the homes of the classes with whom we have to deal until we have reached the girls—those who are to make the homes for the coming generation—and taught them how to make homes

these children and there witness the squalor, the unwholesomeness, and the utter lack of all civilized comforts and conveniences, which are common to all of them.

The present writer went the other day into a home which was wholly typical of the conditions as they exist almost universally among the poor people of the Negro, the Italian, and the Jewish races in this city. It was meal time. Yet there was no table set, no family gathering around a convivial board, no signs



Everything in one room—Chicago slums.

of the highest and purest order with the most wholesome and uplifting influence.

Jacob Riis, that ever-applicable writer on these subjects, says: "Cooking is the only kind of temperance preaching that counts for anything in a school course. A not inconsiderable amount of the prevalent intemperance can be traced to poor food and unattractive home tables. The toasting fork in Jacob's sister's hand beats preaching in the campaign against the saloon just as the boy's club beats the police club in fighting the gang."

The truth of this wise saying is abundantly evident to those who go into the homes of

of a family life and love such as those with which we, of more fortunate circumstances, are familiar. The one room served as kitchen, dining room, sitting room, parlor and bedroom.

One man, the head of the household, sat at the table, the wife stood over the stove cooking what was to me a revolting dish of sausage, the children, five in number, hung about the mother as she worked. The meal consisted of a large pitcher of cheap beer, a basket full of dry bread crusts—the leavings from some store or restaurant—and the sausage before named. There was no butter, no tempting dishes on the table, and but one

knife and a plate from which the whole family was fed. As the man gorged down the unwholesome viands for himself he handed out a greasy sausage and a crust of bread to each of the children, and poured out glass after glass of beer, even to the smallest child, a deformed little chap not over a year old. The children all took the food in their fingers, and ate it with little relish or pleasure.

What wonder that children from such homes grow up to be drunkards and criminals? It would be a miracle if they did not. But on the other hand, who can estimate the value of training up a girl in that home who could at little expense set an attractive table, prepare wholesome and appetizing dishes, and invent some satisfactory substitute for the beer and the lack of family decorum?

All this applies to the cooking department alone. But there should be a complete and practical course in domestic economy, to teach the girls, not only how to prepare and serve foods, but as well all that pertains to true womanhood and thorough home making. There should in time be courses in hygiene and sanitation, in housekeeping and all kinds of sewing and garment making.

It would be a fine thing if the girls, like the boys, could here be started on a trade. They might be taught the elements of millinery or candy making or stenography or a half dozen other trades appropriate for girls.

262 State Street, Chicago.

WHO WILL SUPPLY SING SING PRISON?

MRS. E. GROSJEAN.

Albany, N. Y.

[For nearly a year Mrs. Grosjean and a few other friends have supplied four hundred LIFE BOATS each month to the prisoners in the penitentiary at Albany, N. Y. We ought to express at least five hundred every month to the great Sing Sing prison. We furnish them for this purpose at just what it costs to print them.—Ed.]

Through Chaplain Van der Wart's efforts the secretary of the King's Daughters of the Baptist Memorial Church called upon me and gave me a donation for LIFE BOATS, also the chaplain's sister gave me one dollar for LIFE BOAT fund.

I have learned that the way is open to have THE LIFE BOAT put in Sing Sing Prison. How I wish some one or some company would become interested to the extent of sending THE LIFE BOATS there! The work can be done there just the same as we are doing it here in Albany. The prisoners love to get THE LIFE BOAT, and if they do not get it promptly they ask, "When are we going to get the next copy?"

With my daughter and Mrs. Marden we visited, by invitation, the prison last Sunday afternoon and were invited to take part in the services. We sang the hymn, "Not I, but Christ." Miss Van der Wart gave an interesting talk on the life of Esther and Mrs. Marden spoke on the parable of the invitation to the supper. We all enjoyed our visit with them.

LONESOME CELL HAS NO TERRORS.

A correspondent in the prison at Walla Walla, Wash., writes:

"I know that you will forgive me for writing to you so often but as I feel that you are the only friend I have on earth since my dear old mother died I feel it my duty to do so. I am happy all day long; my lonesome cell has no terrors for me since I found a friend in Jesus, and it was all through THE LIFE BOAT and your kind and encouraging letters that I am saved. I am a different man altogether; pray for me. Every time that I come in my cell from work I look for a letter from you, but of course I know that you are awfully busy and will write whenever it is convenient to you."

LOST HIMSELF WHEN HIS WIFE DIED.

A prisoner writes from the Southern Illinois penitentiary:

"I will write a few lines to let you know that THE LIFE BOAT made a new man out of me. If I had seen one sooner I might not be here to-day. I never saw a better book to take away the blues in the penitentiary than that LIFE BOAT. I pass it to other prisoners and they all like it. My boys saw me about a month ago and I told them that when I was home again I would take them out and help

them to sell LIFE BOATS. My wife died about two years ago and then I lost myself. I have five children, the youngest one four years old, and this is my first time in the penitentiary.

"I am a coal miner. I would be glad if you would send me a letter to give me courage, for if I think about my children it makes me feel bad. I will close in the hope that I will hear from you soon."

NEEDS A BIBLE.

An inmate of the State prison at Columbia, S. C., writes in a recent letter:

"I received your kind and highly appreciated letter two weeks ago and read it over several times; it gives me courage and help to read encouraging letters from the servants of the dear Lord, for I find all good things come from Him. I would today not be alive if it were not for reading the Bible and THE LIFE BOAT for I was very near the act of committing self murder when I heard the still small voice of the dear Lord speaking to me. I was in prison and thought I was forsaken by all, but glory to God on high, I am now quite different and trust in His blessed Word. When my time is out I mean to work to win souls.

"I wish I had a good reference Bible with concordance and helps in it so I could learn more. I have got nine months more in here and I am in a Christian work, but can't do much only live right. Some in this prison say the Lord will not answer prayer, but praise His name, I know better. I hope some kind reader will send me the Bible and help me to get a job of work when I get out; I will certainly appreciate it."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

MRS. HELEN W. ODELL.

Not only in Chicago but everywhere that I go the sick are found, and everywhere they welcome THE LIFE BOAT and the message of comfort it always brings.

A call came from Hartford City, Ind., to visit them and help them start to do more soul-winning work in their own community. I was greeted most cordially, and on Sabbath morning was asked to take charge of the morning service at the church. I gave

a general talk explanatory of the lines of work carried on in Chicago, while in the afternoon I gave accounts of interesting missionary incidents. At both meetings several indicated that they wanted to do similar work in Hartford City.

Among the other precious experiences was the visit to the County Infirmary. Here we found a Mr. and Mrs. Mills devoting their lives to the comfort of about thirty aged and semi-invalids. Never have I seen so manifestly the power of the Gospel in song as there. A girl twenty-one years of age afflicted by epilepsy for several years, sat curled up in a big rocker. Talking, offering flowers, and even the weeping of a poor woman nearly one hundred years old failed to arouse her, but the strains of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," pierced those dull ears, the head slowly lifted, the eyes wandered at first vacantly for a few minutes in search of what seemed to her heavenly melody, then a look of intelligence came into the face, every expression of which indicated pleasure. How much of the little talk which followed she understood as I spoke of the second coming of the dear Jesus and of our future home with Him I do not know, but going out six miles in the country was not a useless trip if only this one poor soul could for only an instant catch a glimpse of the Christ who died for her. Even the deaf and dumb one caught a little inspiration and courage from this visit.

We next were taken to the men's department. Some of these were in the field at work, part of them coming in before we left. One poor fellow whom we did not think able to read said, "O yes, I can read," as we handed him a LIFE BOAT. He was as pleased as any child with the pictures and later he was seen spelling out an article, nodding his approval all the time.

One had been there for about a year, the only survivor of a terrible gasoline explosion. He said, "Yes, I know the Lord must have some purpose in sparing my life when all the others died at once; I know I ought to give to Him the life He spared." Before we left we had a heart to heart talk with him and he promised to think seriously about giving his life to God. Oh, so many come to the *thinking* point! We told him we should try to visit him again and should pray and expect

to find he had made a full surrender. This touched him more than anything else we had said and with tears flowing he said, "I will pray; I will try." We know that a trying soul never tries in vain, for the Saviour is ever looking for such.

We managed to find time to visit a few of the ill in their own homes. THE LIFE BOAT hospital work is left in such good hands there that we are sure that it will be the channel through which many souls will be greatly blessed and the workers themselves find their own souls revived and strengthened.

A crew of five sold LIFE BOATS on the streets Saturday night. Tuesday afternoon I spoke to more than twenty-five ladies of the W. C. T. U., Dr. T. J. Leach assisting by burning some patent medicine in their sight; he made the apparatus specially for this occasion.

At Muncie, Ind., they were very glad to know that a Gospel worker would give them a few days of time. The children in the church school had just been organized into a missionary society. I stopped at a prayer meeting at Eaton on the way back from Muncie selling LIFE BOATS for an hour or so, and finding a rich field for labor in a cigar store where at least fifteen boys had congregated.

In Muncie the hospital work was decided upon as a line to be taken up. Meetings at the jail on Sunday afternoons were arranged for and on Monday those were found who were willing to look after the poor. Our effort everywhere is to impress them with the thought that relieving physical need is the smaller half of the work to be accomplished. We found there only one hospital, but the superintendent spoke very approvingly of THE LIFE BOAT work in all lines, and he assured the sister in whose charge this work is left that she and THE LIFE BOAT and singers and indeed any comforting agent would be cordially welcomed.

The wife of a saloon keeper, hearing me talk of the need of work among the sick and poor, said, "Well, there is need enough for that kind of work here." She told me of a man she had found who had been sick for two weeks; I went at once. The man had every symptom of malarial fever with typhoid tendencies. The visit of a physician a day later confirmed my fear; neither he nor his wife had had a mouthful of food all day.

The wife asked nothing for herself but plead for milk for her husband. The Lord had so blessed the sales of THE LIFE BOAT that I had the means to supply two days' need. But the sacrificing wife must be supplied by others; this divides sympathy and responsibility and is in the Lord's plan for man's own salvation.

The sick man was acquainted with the Lord and at a later visit the wife confided to me that she used to be a Christian but that now she had forgotten to pray; but she was led to confess to the Lord and found peace again and now is happy and trusting Him. Reporting the case at a prayer meeting others are now interested and promise to feed them both physically and spiritually.

As the sick are everywhere, so, praise God, are those who have hearts to respond to the call for aid and sympathy, who place themselves in the channel of God's purpose in sparing them for service. Oh, that Christians everywhere would rise to their privilege and their responsibilities!

HAS STOPPED THE USE OF TOBACCO.

A friend sends us the following interesting incident: "Last Thanksgiving I said to a neighbor, 'You had better subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT,' and he said, 'We have so many papers now we can not read them all.' I asked if any one of them was a religious paper, and he said, 'Well, no,' and gave his name with the subscription price. I saw him again the other day and he said he had already got the worth of his money and looks more anxiously for THE LIFE BOAT than any other paper he gets. He has also stopped the use of tobacco, and says 'THE LIFE BOAT' helped him to do it. He says he used to think that nothing was too severe for a prison convict but THE LIFE BOAT has entirely changed his mind on that point.

"I think he will get some new subscriptions for as soon as they read them they pass them on to their neighbors."

Order a regular number of Life Boats each month to sell to your neighbors. Write us an account of your interesting experiences.

Present Truths for the Present Time.

By W. S. SADLER.

NATIONAL HISTORY IN DANIEL ELEVEN.

(Continued.)

13 Ptolemy Philopater, king of Egypt, repels the invasion of Antiochus Magnus, destroying the whole army.

And the king of the south shall be moved with cholera, and shall come forth and fight with him, even with the king of the north, and he shall set forth a great multitude; but the multitude shall be given into his hand. And when he hath taken away the multitude, his heart shall be lifted up; and he shall cast down many ten thousands; but he shall not be strengthened by it.—Dan. 11:11, 12.

This is the Ptolemy who attempted to officiate as priest in the temple of Jerusalem, and when opposed by the priests gave orders to kill all Jews in Egypt. Finally, after a fourteen years' conflict, peace was concluded.

14. Ptolemy Philopater dies and is succeeded by his young son, Ptolemy Epiphanes. Antiochus Magnus now undertakes to subdue Egypt, but fails.

For the king of the north shall return, and shall set forth a multitude greater than the former, and shall certainly come after certain years with a great army and with much riches.—Dan. 11:13.

15. Philip, king of Macedonia, and Antiochus, of Syria, at this time agree to divide Egypt.

And in those times there shall many stand up against the king of the south.—Dan. 11:14 (first clause).

16. Rome comes to the aid of the helpless young king of Egypt, and their plans are thwarted.

Also the robbers of thy people shall exalt themselves to establish the vision; but they shall fail.—Dan. 11:14.

This passage is rendered very clear when it is remembered that Rome was probably founded by robbers, and legend has it that they even stole their wives. It was the great empire which grew out of this dark beginning that now established a protectorate over Egypt.

17. Rome now begins the conquest of Carthage, Sidon and other cities.

So the king of the north shall come and cast up a mount, and take the most fenced cities, and the arms of the south shall not withstand, neither his chosen people, neither shall there be any strength to withstand.—Dan. 11:15.

18. Pompey, leader of the Roman army, conquers all Greece, captures Jerusalem and taxes the people.

But he that cometh against him shall do according to his own will, and none shall stand before him; and he shall stand in the glorious land, which by his hand shall be consumed.—Dan. 11:16.

The first triumvirate is now formed—

Crassus, representing capital;

Cæsar, representing labor;

Pompey, representing the army—

So that the representatives of these three classes, the trusts, organized labor and the military, constituted the first triumvirate that ruled Rome and contributed to the downfall of the once ideal republic.

Pompey was slain on the way to Egypt, but Cæsar followed, and subdued the rebellion which had broken out, putting Cleopatra on the throne.

19. Cæsar was fascinated and corrupted by the wily Cleopatra.

He shall also set his face to enter with the strength of his whole kingdom, and upright ones with him; thus shall he do: and he shall give him the daughter of women corrupting her; but she shall not stand by his side, neither be for him.—Dan. 11:17.

(Cæsar remained in Egypt this time for nine months.)

20. Cæsar returns from Egypt, by way of the holy land and Asia Minor, conquering everything.

After this shall he turn his face unto the isles, and shall take many, but a prince for his own behalf shall cause the reproach offered by him to cease; without his own reproach he shall cause it to turn upon him.—Dan. 11:18.

It was during this campaign that he sent the memorable despatch to Rome, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

He returned to Rome and revised the laws and extended the public franchise.

21. At the height of his glory, in the presence of the senate, he met his death by falling on twenty daggers.

Then he shall turn his face toward the fort of his own land, but he shall stumble and fall and not be found.—Dan. 11:19.

Cæsar died in B. C. 44, leaving no heir to his throne.

The second triumvirate was now formed and controlled the government, this second trio of dictators, likewise representing capital, labor and the army:

Lepidus, who shortly died.

Antony, enamored of Cleopatra, committed suicide, while Octavius, adopted son of Cæsar, was left on the throne, sole ruler, and proclaimed Emperor of Rome.

22. It was this emperor Octavius (Cæsar Augustus) who taxed the whole world.

Then shall stand up in his estate a raiser of taxes in the glory of the kingdom, but within a few days he shall be destroyed, neither in anger, nor in battle.—Dan. 11:20.

It was this decree of taxation that compelled Joseph and Mary to go to Bethlehem, there to be registered, during which trip Christ was born. See Luke 2:1-7.

(This Cæsar died in peace.)

23. Augustus was succeeded by the vile Tiberius.

And in his estate shall stand up a vile person, to whom they shall not give the honor of the kingdom; but he shall come in peaceably, and obtain the kingdom by flatteries.—Dan. 11:21.

It was this tyrant who ruled Rome in the days of Christ. See Luke 3:1-3.

24. It was under Roman law that the "Prince of the Covenant" was to be crucified.

And with the arms of a flood shall they be overthrown from before him, and shall be broken; yea also, the prince of the covenant.—Dan. 11:22.

This vile ruler is reputed to have been smothered to death with a pillow.

25. Constantine (Cæsar of the West), a successful conqueror, now professes conversion to Christianity.

And after the league made with him he shall work deceitfully; for he shall come up, and shall become strong with a small people. He shall enter peaceably even upon the fattest places of the province; and he shall do that which his fathers have not done, nor his fathers' fathers; he shall scatter among them the prey, and spoil, and riches; yea, and he shall forecast his devices against the strongholds, even for a time.—Dan. 11:23, 24.

Following his professed conversion, thousands of Christians, formerly non-combat-

ants, were deceived into fighting under his banner.

The empire was now divided. There were two emperors called Augustus. Their first assistants were called "Cæsars." In A. D. 330 Constantine moved his capital to Constantinople. Constantine was the father of religious legislation in the name of Christianity. While the great battle between the Christian and Pagan schools raged at Alexandria, Constantine had the following religious laws enacted:

A. D. 312, Edict of Milan, Universal Toleration.

A. D. 321, First Sunday Law.

A. D. 325, Council of Nice—a World's Creed.

26. Justinian, the Catholic champion, begins the holy war for the suppression of Arianism.

And he shall stir up his power and his courage against the king of the south, with a great army; and the king of the south shall be stirred up to battle with a very great and mighty army; but he shall not stand; for they shall forecast devices against him. Yea, they that feed of the portion of his meat shall destroy him, and his army shall overflow; and many shall fall down slain. And both these kings' hearts shall be to do mischief, and they shall speak lies at one table; but it shall not prosper; for yet the end shall be at the time appointed.—Dan. 11:25-27.

(To be continued.)

SHOWED HIM WHERE HE WAS STANDING.

From the Reformatory at Ionia, Mich., we receive the following words:

"Dear Christian Friend: I will write you a few lines to let you know I am pleased to read your little paper, *THE LIFE BOAT*. It is a nice little paper and I like it very much. It has shown me where I was standing. It showed me I was not doing what the Lord had for me to do, so I have turned from the road of sin and promised the Lord to follow Him wherever He leads me.

"I have a mother at home and little sisters and brothers, and I don't think I am setting a good example for them to follow. I am sure I don't want to see them follow in the way I have gone. I want to see them grow up to be Christian men and women.

"I am twenty-five years old and this is my third time in prison; it is my last time, too, for when I get out I am going to lead a Chris-

tian life, no matter what it will cost me. I find it does not pay to serve Satan, so I have promised the Lord to serve Him every day of my life hereafter. I use so much tobacco that it makes me nervous, so I can hardly write good, but I am going to leave it all off for Jesus. He can take the desire for it away from me. I go to Sunday-school and prayer meeting and find it helps me along."

"BRINGING THE WANDERERS BACK."

STELLA ARCHER MALONEY.

Malden, Mass.

We are having meetings here which have been full of power and the Spirit of God; we go out and bring in the spiritually maimed, poor and blind. I am very grateful that we are getting along as well as we are. I am getting up a benefit concert for a poor family in our settlement, and besides that make periodical visits, with clothing tied to the handle bars of my bicycle to other poor families.

In our first meeting, which opened a week ago, a man who had been standing near the tabernacle under the influence of liquor was approached with a LIFE BOAT. He seemed to be just waiting for some word of encouragement. As he told me his story he broke down and sobbed; he said: "I was once a good man, a deacon in a church, but I have wandered far away. I want to be good and I mean to be; I believe God sent you after me." The result of our conversation was that the man attended the meeting and was soundly converted; he came back to the Father's fold. God grant that he will never stray again.

Who could help being interested in such work? It appeals to every bit of sympathy, love, humanity and divinity that there is in a Christian. Pray for these souls, for none but a rescue worker knows the weakness of poor struggling humanity.

I neglected to speak of a bright young physician whom we found in a bar-room about two months ago; he is now converted, and I wish all could see him and hear his eloquent testimonies. He spent seven years of "riotous living," and now comes back to the Father. If we had done no more than help rescue this soul our work is not in vain.

I gave a Bible talk to the girls at the Florence Crittenton Home a week ago, and there were tears in the eyes of the girls as I spoke. I took the text from 2 Tim. 3:1-5, giving some of my daily experiences to prove we are living in the times mentioned. Each girl gave a testimony for Jesus after I had finished, and it was really inspiring to hear those who had been lost testify to the saving power of the blood of the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world.

DELIGHTFUL MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

MRS. FRED NELSON.

Galesburg, Ill.

I have had the most delightful time selling and giving away LIFE BOATS. I prayed as I received them that the Lord would bless those papers and every home that they would enter, knowing that all is in vain without His blessing. I received three subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT without asking for them. Of the fifty numbers that I disposed of to as many people I only met one disagreeable person. I could not but feel sorry for him. He had, a few years ago, almost been persuaded, like King Agrippa, to become a Christian.

He had seen much wickedness in high places and had become hardened. He evidently had heard the Spirit's tender pleading but had turned a deaf ear and now despises anything pertaining to religion. Surely the future must seem dark to one who has no hope in anything that alone could give him peace and rest for his soul.

As I think of all the sorrow in the world I am glad it will not last forever. A better land is in waiting; let us prepare for it that we may have a share in it. May we do what we can for others as we go on our journey, so that we may find someone, after we have safely anchored on the other shore, who through our efforts and the blessing of God, has been saved. "Oh, the good we all may do while the days are going by." Let us take up the cross, remembering that though the cross may sometimes seem heavy it only prepares us to wear a crown.

In the jail service the other day I sang the song, "Will there be any stars in my

crown?" I realize that there is need of more earnest work, more prayer, more wisdom from on high, more consecration, if souls are to be won for Christ.

We visited the hospital one day. I had some LIFE BOATS with me which I gave to some of our friends. One man, as I handed him some LIFE BOATS, said: "I am so glad to get it; I always read it over five or six times." The other day as he passed our house he said, "Those LIFE BOATS did me so much good, I want that paper by the year." I wish many would take up hospital work, using THE LIFE BOAT, as it is so much appreciated by the sick and suffering ones.

I am glad I ever started in this work. I find it fully pays; it certainly is a privilege to be able to give a little sunshine and good cheer to those who are in darkness and despair. I wish that there were more that would spend some moments writing, or in some other way, making the pathway brighter for someone. How much time is often wasted that might be spent in doing good and receiving a blessing in return! Let no one say, "There is nothing I can do"; there are so many ways if one only tries.

I find that the greatest happiness in this world is in doing something for somebody. Let us be a blessing in this world, that the world may be better for us having lived in it, and may we be able to hear the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

which give an abundance of milk for the little ones in the Home.

"The duties of the Home are pleasant and useful, giving each one an opportunity of living healthful and simple lives. The work is divided into different parts, one week one girl doing the parlor, chamber work, and kitchen work; each one learns the science of cooking and preparing wholesome food. The work is required to be well done and if misunderstood is corrected, which is a great blessing.

"The privileges which are given to us are generous ones, the greatest being that of coming to Christ and helping others. We also have Sabbath school, which is a help to us in doing good and coming near to Christ. And the young people's meetings which we have every Sabbath afternoon from four to five o'clock help us in Bible study and in doing good and honest work right in the home circle, helping those who are in trouble and need some one to comfort them. The Home has been a great blessing and help to me; it has drawn me near to God and helped me live not a selfish life but one helping others, and has taught me domestic science. Any girl that has no home or friends will find one at the Suburban Home for Girls at Hinsdale, Ill."

Are there not others whom we may help in a similar way? We also trust our friends will not forget that this work needs support and help.

ANOTHER YEAR AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

E. B. VAN DORN.

The hope that this may fall into the hands of some one of the thousands of despairing girls scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land, leads us to publish the following letter from a girl who first wrote to us when she herself was in the deepest trouble and before whom we were able by correspondence and later by a stay in our Suburban Home to open up a new outlook.

"The home is situated on beautiful grounds, surrounded by trees, vines, and a good garden from which we have just eaten the fourth planting of corn. We have also two cows

Once more the closing scenes of another year confront us. We look back over its pages and see much that has been done, more that ought to have been accomplished, but in and through it all a kind Providence overshadowed. Our hearts respond with gratitude to Him who crowns the year with His goodness. As the farmer prepares the soil and sows the seed and looks forward to the harvest, so we have done our best to sow good seed in the furrows of the world's need, and now we look forward by the eye of faith to the harvest time when Jesus shall come, and all the holy angels with Him, to gather the wheat into His garner,

A WORD FROM OUR SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

and to hear the welcome from the Master: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Though we had to move the location of the Mission there was not one night but that we held a meeting, making a total this year of three hundred and sixty-five opportunities men from every walk of life have had to know about Jesus. During this time nearly thirteen thousand people have attended the services, ten hundred and ninety-five were provided with

This department has corresponded with a number of prisoners, several of whom were assisted in securing employment, and are doing well.

Every evening a Bible class is conducted prior to the regular service, that workers may become earnest and efficient in winning souls to Jesus. The converts are earnestly entreated to attend these studies.

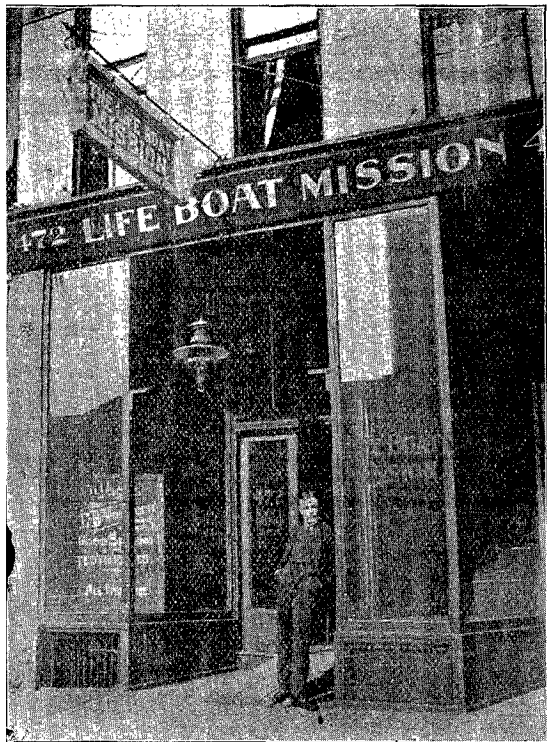
There is a regular organized company of about thirty members as the outgrowth of this work, which meets every Sabbath. The Lord has wonderfully blessed us, for many have come out of great darkness, and they love to tell what the Lord has wrought for them. Every night some of the workers conduct a short meeting in our Workingmen's Home, then invite the men to come to the Mission. Many of them are here and are to-day standing boldly for God.

A very interesting Sunday school is being conducted for the boys and girls of the street. As evidence of what is being done, not long ago a little colored girl was run over by the street car and seriously injured, and was told she would die. Then she said she would like the "Mission man" to conduct the funeral and sing, "Throw Out the Life Line" and "Down at the Cross Where My Saviour Died." In a short time she died, and we had the privilege of carrying out her request. There we had a splendid opportunity of telling the living about Jesus, and some twenty-five requested us to pray for them.

Scarcely a week goes by but some of the workers have the opportunity to visit some jail, mission, church, or hospital, to lend a helping hand. God has wonderfully blessed. But there are thousands more to hear the Gospel; we would not lay our armor down with the dying of the old year, but gird up our loins and go on with more fervor and zeal, praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into the harvest.

J. L. Russell, superintendent Texas Prison Mission, writes:

"I think THE LIFE BOAT is a very excellent little paper for prison mission work, and out of the scores of papers that I handle I do not know of one better. I will probably arrange for some of our workers to sell them later on in connection with some of our own papers."



some place to stay over night, seven hundred and thirty were provided something to eat, fourteen hundred and sixty gave positive evidence of receiving spiritual help. Three children were taken off the street and placed in Christian homes, with school advantages.

There is an average each month of three thousand LIFE BOATS sold or distributed by workers and converts; we wish this were doubled many times. Besides this many pages of other religious matter have been given out in lodging houses and jails. A number of books have been placed to good advantage.

NEW YORK CITY PRISON WORK.

MRS. G. E. NORD.

New York City.

We visited recently the city prison called the Tombs. One man, the day that I visited it, said he knew God had permitted him to be sent there that he might have time to think. Upon inquiring what he had been thinking he responded that he thought it was time for him to change his course of life and to live for Christ. He asked me if he had confessed his sins if he should not feel the forgiveness of sin. I repeated 1 John 1:9 to him. He said he had asked for forgiveness and had confessed but still felt as though he had his old sins with him. I left THE LIFE BOAT with him and as I started to go he said, "Never pass cell 333 without visiting me."

Another man said: "We never get any sunshine here; we have to have our cells lighted all day with artificial light, and the only sunshine we get is in a little book like this or a smile from someone passing by." If some people only knew the value of a smile! I believe Satan does and it is his delight to receive all he can get. Just a smile from a Christian may lead a soul to repentance.

The Lord is wonderfully blessing us in our work here with THE LIFE BOAT. Sister Kershaw and I disposed of seventeen hundred last month.

We held a service Thursday at the Blackwell's Island prison and left papers for those we did not see. The following is a letter which I received from the chaplain:

"Dear Madam: Allow me to thank you very much for the number of copies of THE LIFE BOAT which you left at the penitentiary last week. They were eagerly received by the prisoners at the service on Sunday and I trust that their influence may be in accordance with your highest hopes."

We have many interesting experiences in selling the papers. I met a man of some experience with prisoners the other evening and when I told him of our work he said, "I have no sympathy for prisoners; they should be shut up and never let out, or exiled." I talked a long time with him and before I left him he bought a paper and said he would begin his work in the prison he was on his way to with new views, and he, too, was willing to labor

for their salvation. He said he would get right himself and then he would be a better example for them. This was more interesting to me than I can describe it here. There are many more places that would be open to our work if we had the time and papers to devote to it.

LET GOD TOUCH YOUR HEART.

W. A. ROCHAMBEAU.

"And there went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched." (1 Sam. 10:26.) They were not a class of people whose hearts had been touched by Samuel. When God touches your heart or my heart it does something for us because God does not waste any work.

When I was eighteen years old I was working on a railroad and was not a Christian by any means. I began to hear something about the great and glorious Gospel for this time, so one time as I was working at night I knelt down and asked God to help me get established in His work.

In two weeks I found myself interviewing two of the Battle Creek Sanitarium managers. They sized me up and said, "He would make a pretty good bell boy." They put me in as call boy and I began to read and study while the other boys were chewing paper. Four years of my life were spent in this way.

After a while I got into the nurses' course. Shortly after that a call was made for volunteer workers for Chicago. I had a desire in my heart to help somebody so joined the company that went to Chicago. Many a time after my work was done and I would go to my room I would feel that something was lacking in my experience; then I would go out and find someone who was more discouraged than I was and take them to one side and have a season of prayer with them and try to point them to Christ. That is the greatest thing one can do in this life.

When we got to Chicago we found that there were no beds for us and nothing to eat. We had a hard time, but we went ahead working for souls, for our hearts had been touched by the Spirit of God. One experience I will tell you about. We do not trust Jesus half enough. God is well pleased when we ask largely of Him. One time we needed about

twenty dollars for some one who was in serious trouble. None of us had any money for this case. We needed it badly. My wife and I did not know what to do, so as a last resort we went to Jesus and asked Him for it. It was the evening after the Sabbath and we were all ready to go to the Mission, but we went to Jesus and asked Him for the money first. He gave it to us at once. We started downstairs and there was a letter, and upon opening it we found a check for the exact amount needed. God sent it to us. It matters not how faulty you may be, begin to trust more in Jesus.

If God touches men's hearts it means something; it means everything. God wants a company of young people whose hearts He has touched. I am glad I am back here again. I have seen God work since I returned. Last Sunday at the Harrison street police station we gave a few Gospel talks and sang some songs. In one cell there was an old man about fifty years of age. He was bleary-eyed and had a red face, which showed he had been down in sin and wallowing in the mire. While we were singing the tears began rolling down his face. After the services were over he said that God had touched his heart and by the grace of God he was going to live a clean life. Ever since then God has kept him straight. He has been a drunkard, drifting from the saloon to the Bridewell and from the Bridewell to the saloon; he was not a bad man but would drink himself into the Bridewell every time. The men liked him and when he would leave there they would make up a collection and give him some money, but he would go and get drunk and would have to go right back there again. Friends, if I never do another thing in my life I want to see that man saved. We must have more earnestness and zeal in pointing sinners to Jesus. What greater object can we have in life?

We must make it our main business to serve Jesus. While I was in Chicago before I did not get a salary, yet I was able to spend about four hundred dollars on others. I was not making money, yet money came to me. Friends, what we want to do is to let God touch our hearts, then all these other things will come.

While he had peace Solomon purposed to build a house for the Lord. The Spirit of

God had touched his heart. While we have peace and rest on every side, and there is no one to forbid us to serve God, let us purpose in our hearts that we are going to build a house, and that house is character. Let us form a character in which God dwells. We should permit the Spirit of God to work on our hearts and build up a character that will stand the test of the judgment.

(From a talk given to the Hinsdale Sanitarium workers.)

HEALTH AND MORALITY.

SAMUEL BLACKFAN,
College View, Nebraska.

I am deeply interested in THE LIFE BOAT and appreciate very highly the tract, "What Makes Drunkards." It strikes at the root of drunkenness more forcibly than anything I ever read on the subject.

If only the precious messages of love and clear instruction could reach thrice the number of readers which they now do, and then all would take heed of them, what a vast amount of good might be accomplished by nipping in the bud, as it were, so much crime, misery and sadness!

In my work I find many persons who are now living in the shadow of regret, saying, "If I could have only known about these things years ago, I could have been well instead of being a helpless victim to an incurable disease."

I once treated a patient who said one day: "I am getting to be very much impressed with these principles of living. When I used to live on pork and a heavy diet, I engaged in all the vices which came my way, but now, since I have begun to live on these mild, nutritious foods and to get these good baths I am a changed man. My aspirations are for a higher and more useful life." And he has remained changed.

A well-to-do moderate drinker, whose skin was fiery red and who was in a terrible condition, said: "I would give all I am worth if I could relish these nice, plain and cheap foods like my little children do, but you see I am all on fire and I can only enjoy those highly spiced things, which only make me worse."

A successful business man of extensive experience said: "I am convinced that children

raised in accordance with correct principles would live, on an average, twenty years longer than those who are raised after the manner in which children generally are."

A railroad station agent, speaking of the principles of *THE LIFE BOAT*, said, "They are the only salvation for railroad employes and apply equally well to all vocations in life."

WAYSIDE MINISTRIES.

MRS. E. GROSJEAN,
Albany, N. Y.

While in Phelps, N. Y., I sold *LIFE BOATS* to the residents of the town. I visited saloon keepers, priests, ministers, etc., and each bought a paper. A saloon keeper said he was good enough without religion, but I urged him to read *THE LIFE BOAT* and he promised to do so. There are many who keep saloons who are at heart filled with shame and would gladly get out of the business if they knew of any other means of support. To such I will say that the only way out is to let the Lord help them out. For the Scripture says, "Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. 10:13.) The Lord will then open the way for a clean life and a clean business.

While there I became acquainted with a dear girl. She told me that she was a *LIFE BOAT* reader and enjoyed its pages very much. Early in life she had lived a Christian life, but later had backslidden; I did not ask her the cause of this condition, but read from Jeremiah 3:22, "Return, ye backsliding children and I will heal your backsliding." I read also Isa. 44:22: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."

The above text brought a smile to her face, yet there was a feeling of a lack of faith. She attended our meetings daily, and I had made her case a subject of prayer, unknown to her. On one occasion I said to her, "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," but still she was not ready. Later, at the close of one of the meetings, she came to me and took me by the hand and said, "Oh, I have found what I wanted!" and the expression on her face revealed that peace which only Jesus our Saviour can give. She

told me she was preparing for baptism and asked me to come to her room and have prayer with her. This I did just before leaving on the morning train.

THE DAILY OPPORTUNITY OF THE LIFE BOAT WORKER.

MRS. C. E. HOLLIDAY,
San Francisco, Cal.

Many whom I meet receive the papers gladly; others buy because I tell them it is to help the rescue work, the missions, the poor, sick and needy. Sometimes they buy and then give them back again, but I urge them to take them, and I tell them if they read they can find out what our work is and can send us donations; so I try to get everyone to take them. Some will say, "Oh, I have so much trouble." I ask them, "Why not give it to Jesus, and let Him bear it for you?" So they ask me in to pray for and with them. There are so many people who are hungry for something, they know not what. The canvasser can reach people that the preacher can not, for he speaks to them face to face and their souls are stirred.

San Francisco is a good place to work for *THE LIFE BOAT*. We take them to the jails and hospitals and sell them in saloons to the young men. My heart aches to see these bright young men sodden with drink and gambling. After I speak a word with them tears will run down their faces, and they would like to do different, they say, but how can they? They have no home to go to for social enjoyment or company, so they drift along with the rest.

A man said to me the other day, "I am lost." I said, "Never, my brother, as long as Jesus lives; He died for you, He brought you, and you belong to Him." He had no money, so I gave him a *LIFE BOAT* and he promised to read it. He laid his head on the table and wept. I pray that God may bless him and lead him to Christ.

A gentleman from Wisconsin, in sending for the *LIFE BOAT*, writes: "I came here a month ago and thought I would like a good paper to read. I saw one of your papers and my partner said he got converted through reading it."



Editorial Department



DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE BEST CHRISTMAS YOU EVER HAD.

Perhaps in the past at Christmas you have given presents to those who were well able to do likewise to you, or perhaps you have given to those who really did not need them. Are there not some in your community who are so poor and friendless that Christmas will mean nothing to them? See if you can not get your children more interested in making an enjoyable Christmas for such than they are in having one for themselves. Take time to read what the Master said on this subject in Luke 14:12-14, and then venture to try the experiment.

"PASS IT ON."

Do not forget to gather up the best and most helpful and the most soul-inspiring thoughts that come to you and send them on to THE LIFE BOAT. We want to fill every page with the choicest things—the record of real things and real experiences. Have you some helpful thought that God has used in a special manner to help save some soul?—send it to us; it will strengthen some one else.

PRAYING FOR EMPLOYMENT.

It hardly seems possible in these flourishing times that it should be difficult for any able-bodied man to secure honest employment, but with the ex-prisoner the situation is entirely different. If he gives a truthful answer to the first question that is put to him, "Where did you work last?" in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred he is instantly refused employment at any price, and he has to continue his weary search until hunger or destitution fairly crushes the life out of his sincere resolutions to live an upright life at the expiration of his sentence.

Everyone who has had anything to do with the prison question knows that this is the proposition that every man faces when he leaves the prison gate. Whatever friends he had before his imprisonment have either forgotten him, forsaken him, or have died during his prison term. The cold world has no helping hand to the man that is down.

There are men who leave the prison cell

with their hearts full of revenge and with a determination to get even with society, with well developed plans to begin again a life of crime. But there are a large number who have discovered to its bitterest depths the awful truth that "the way of transgressors is hard," and have fully determined to turn their back on the old life and to begin anew.

As long as this world stands God will put it in the heart of some of His children to extend a helping hand to such. The following letter recently written to Mrs. Paulson from an ex-prisoner in New Jersey clearly illustrates the principles we have called attention to.

"Dear Madam: Kindly pardon me for writing, but as I have been in prison for one year and as I felt blue many a time in my cell, I happened to come across THE LIFE BOAT and read it with great interest. There on bended knees I gave my heart to God and am trying hard to live a good, honest, Christian man. I am out three weeks now and am looking hard for employment where I can make my honest living and never again let Satan get hold of me, by the help of God. Ever since the Holy Spirit came to me I like to work in God's vineyard and attend church. Oh, pray for me that I may find employment, and can you not put me in touch with some Christian friends that would try and help me? All my friends and relatives give me the cold shoulder, but I know Jesus will not leave me. Please write me, as I take so much interest in your paper. I remain, yours in faith."

WHAT AGENTS ARE DOING WITH THE LIFE BOAT.

The Lord is raising up an unusual number of workers who are ordering five hundred or a thousand LIFE BOATS each month. During November one worker in Texas ordered a thousand, another in New York City a thousand, another in Brooklyn the same number, a worker in Philadelphia nine hundred, in Grand Rapids nine hundred, and in Los Angeles, Cal., eight hundred, and too large a list of quantities from that down to enumerate.

But still there are thousands of people who are not circulating any gospel literature whatever who might order a few, and with God's blessing they would be getting valuable experiences. Write for special discount in quantities.

REMEMBER THE FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

Do you not know some missionaries in foreign fields who are struggling single-handed and alone under great difficulties, whose hearts you could cheer by furnishing them *THE LIFE BOAT* for a year? In doing so remember to add ten cents for additional postage. R. W. Munson, missionary in Sumatra, who receives several copies each month, writes:

"I wish to thank you for *THE LIFE BOATS* received regularly. We are making good use of them. It is a wonderful little magazine. The sailor who was converted through reading a copy that I gave him continues steadfast and true and is going on from one degree of strength to another.

"A Chinese gentleman here who is a most useful missionary, being able to preach in Malay, Chinese and English, is so delighted with *THE LIFE BOAT* that he is preparing matter to start a similar magazine here in the Malay language."

Often when we plead with some one to change his course of life, he will boastfully call attention to his apparent good health or affirm that he is as good as anybody; yet all the while, sin is undermining the constitution, and the moral nature is becoming contaminated. Christ speaks of a house that was built on the rock, and one built on the sand, "and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it." Matt. 7:27.

More than likely the house that was built on the sand looked as well as the other, and may even have been adorned with a better coat of paint; but having no foundation, when the floods came it was swept away. Dear reader, does that house represent you? If so, are you going to permit the same thing to happen to you?

AN UNSATISFACTORY EXPERIENCE.

A discouraged reader writes:

"Somehow Satan has succeeded in getting my eyes off from Christ and on to my own failures and especially of those who make high professions. My first turning aside was when, in the hour of my greatest need, I was so faithless as to say, 'Lord, you have permitted to come into my life more than I can endure.' Then darkness came over my spiritual sky. It is hard to trust when one utterly gives up, yet I desire to have the child-like trust I once had.

"I do not at any time feel His strong arms around me as I once did, and when the prospects are the greatest, defeat, instead of victory, is mine, and I get too discouraged to trust on. I do not enjoy any spiritual peace. I must have rest of mind or I will lose my reason. Have I so grieved Him that I can not have His help as I once did?"

You desire to have the child-like trust you once had. Will you read Ps. 77, for there you will find that David's experience was not so much different from yours; he could look back to the time when he had "songs in the night." (Verse 6.) Notice his disheartened condition (7, 8, 9), but note in the 10th verse, when he determined to look to God instead and talk about Him and meditate about Him he began to have a new experience. Then read Eccl. 7:10, that it is not wise for us to inquire why the former days were better than these. Then remember that God says when we are walking in darkness and have no light we still have the privilege of trusting in His name. Isa. 50:10.

You say you do not *feel* His strong arms around you as you once did, but God says that underneath you *are* the everlasting arms. (Deut. 33:27.) Have you more confidence in your *feelings* than you have in God's words?

Do not try to mark out for God just how He is to make you feel. Thank Him that He is making all things work together for your good. (Rom. 8:28.) The discouraging hours that you are passing through will enable you to have the sympathy necessary to help some other fellow mortal more disheartened than yourself. The Lord is getting us ready for the other world, and some of the experiences we are passing through here we would regard differently if we knew how good they were for us.

Begin to interest yourself in others. With what measure you mete to them it shall be measured to you again. (Matt. 7:1.) Instead

of becoming so absorbed in your own welfare, do what you can to get others saved, and before you are aware of it a lot of your troubles will have disappeared.

W. S. Sadler will begin in the next number an interesting description of the noted Jerry McAuley Mission in New York City.

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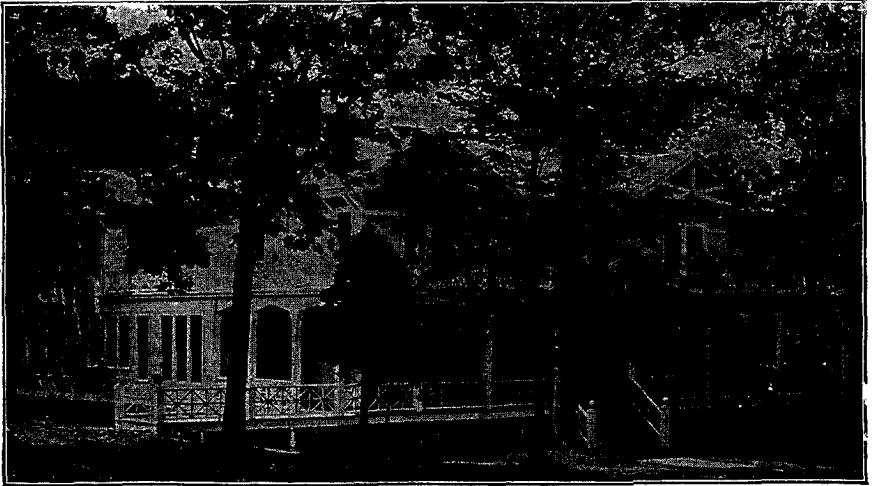
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