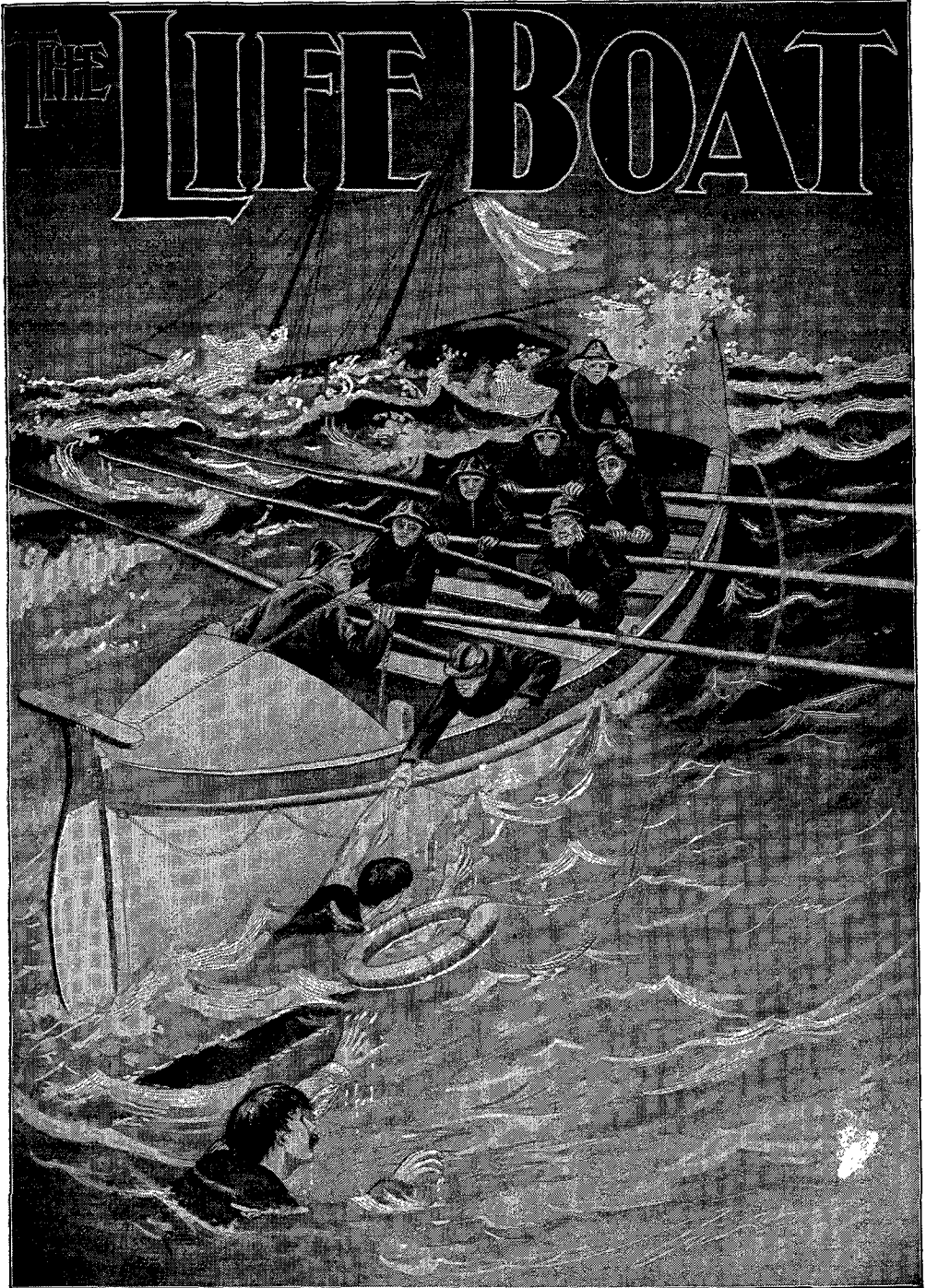


"Help Your Fallen Brother Rise"

35 Cents a Year

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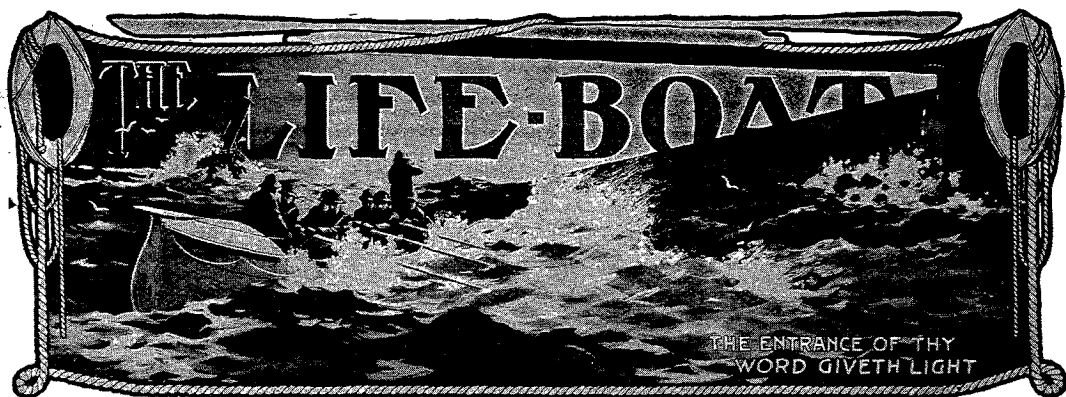
City Headquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago.

The April Life Boat will be a Special Prisoners' Number.



DISGUISED INTEMPERANCE.

Each of these bottles contained one ounce of the respective medicine, which, when heated, distilled off the vapor which burns so brightly in the mantels above. See page 44.



**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 IX

HINSDALE, ILL. :: FEBRUARY, 1906

Number 2

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

All sunshine makes the desert.



We find in life exactly what we put in it.



Every misery missed is a new blessing
gained.



We are all tall enough to reach God's hands.



God expects of us not *the* best, but *our* best.



Truth is not drowned in water, nor burned
in fire.



He who does faithfully today will be wanted
tomorrow.



It is so easy to find reasons why other folks
should be patient.



To give much and expect little is one secret
of good fellowship.



The flower that follows the sun does so
even in cloudy days.



The best-eyed people are those who are
blind to some things.

The Christian on his knees sees more than
the philosopher on tiptoe.



Happiness is a wayside flower that only
grows in the path of duty.



You'll never get close to God by remaining
away from your neighbor.



A true friend is like the ivy—the greater
the ruin, the closer he clings.



Theology isn't religion any more than a
fashion-plate is a suit of clothes.



A noble failure may serve the world as
faithfully as a distinguished success.



If religion has done nothing for your tem-
per it has done little for your soul.



A friend—the first person who comes in
when the whole world has gone out.



Faith and works are like the light and heat
of a candle; they can not be separated.



The opportunity of doing a good work and
the ability to do it constitutes the call.

Because they can not please everybody some confine their efforts to pleasing themselves.



Words break no bones; but God alone knows how many hearts they have broken.



There was never a heart homesick for heaven, that heaven was not homesick for it.



Happiness is a perfume you can not pour on others without getting a few drops yourself.



It takes far less insight to discover defects than it does to discern noble and lovely qualities.



Take your religion along when you travel, and don't leave it at the gate when you go home.



Some people are more ready to spread a banquet than they are to give a cup of cold water.



If you would have God hear you when you pray you must try to hear Him when He speaks.



There is little sense in reading bad books and then praying to God to make you pure minded.



The cost of saving a child is only five per cent of the cost of arresting and punishing a criminal.



It frequently requires more manhood to stand for a truth than it does to condemn an error.



Be not like a wheelbarrow that goes just as far as some one pushes it and stops when they stop.



Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

It is as wicked for you to think you can do nothing as it is for you to think you can do everything.



There are thousands who are hacking away at the branches of evil to one who is striking at its roots.



We must never throw away a bushel of truth because it happens to contain a few grains of chaff.



A friend is one who, if he is gaining the top of the ladder, will not forget you if you remain at the bottom.



Gradually accustom yourself to carry prayer into all your daily occupations. Then all your life will become a prayer.



Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages; they have learned to understand and to be understood by all.



The vision of things to be done comes a long time before the way of doing it appears clear. But woe to him who because of this distrusts the vision.



Out of every million of people in the world eight hundred are blind, and the vision of some of the others is so obscured that they can not see their own faults.



There are three kinds of people, the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything.



The distance between the church and sinners has been greatly widening year by year. It must be corrected by Christian workers coming close in touch with those whom they wish to reach.



Make a rule, and pray God to help you to keep it, to never lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made at least one human being either a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day."

A TRUE EXPERIENCE; A LEAF FROM
THE WATERTOWN GOSPEL
MISSION.

W. H. STANDLEY, SUPT.,
Watertown, N. Y.

One evening, as the sweet strains of Gospel song floated out on the evening air from the open door of the Mission Hall, a poor, homeless, stranded wanderer hobbled by on his crutches, having lost one of his legs two years before in a railroad accident. The singing caused him to stop. It was his poor, dead mother's favorite song, who had died in Chicago a little while ago. It stirred his soul to its inmost depths, bringing to his memory other days, home and mother, so he felt constrained to enter the wide-open door of the Mission and take a back seat. It looked so bright and inviting to him in his sad, lost and lonely condition—a poor drunkard, gambler, blackleg, morphine eater, and all that was bad, now down at the very bottom.

Just a little while before, on the same street on which our Mission is, he had stood in front of a swiftly approaching freight train, saying to himself, "I might as well end it all here and now; I am broke and stranded, no good to myself nor to anyone else. Just a crash and all will be over." But he said some power seemed to pull him off the track, but none too soon, as his clothes brushed the pilot of the locomotive as it went rushing by. Oh, the wonderful love of God! Instead of a suicide's death, he is to have life, for he has stopped to listen to the holy Gospel songs. Soon he becomes a hearer of the old, old story of God's love to poor, lost fellows like himself.

One of the dear workers notices him in his forlorn appearance. She sees him wiping the tears away from his face. In a little while she is by his side and soon he is kneeling as a repentant sinner at the feet of Him who never turns a lost one away. Coming sinful, sad and weary, he wept and cried for mercy and was wonderfully and gloriously saved. He was a miracle, indeed—one never to be forgotten. He was happy in his new-found peace and love; his face shone with a light found only at the Cross. At the close of the services the kindly superintendent, who knows how to feel for lost mothers' boys, having been one of them himself long years before, thrust a little

marked Testament in his hand, the man promising to read it daily and follow its blessed teachings hereafter.

On the following night he came back to give a glad, glowing testimony with a bright, happy face, of what Christ Jesus had done for him. He said, "This has been the happiest day of my life; I have been made a child of a King indeed, blood-washed." No one could doubt the reality of the Gospel's power to save lost men as they saw his shining, transformed face and heard his thrilling recent experience. He remained true, and after a few months he became an earnest evangelistic worker, God wonderfully opening up doors of service to him, giving him the opportunity to tell the old sweet story to hundreds and thousands of lost men like himself.

This is only one of many such experiences that come to earnest rescue workers to cheer them as they toil night after night for the ones for whom Christ has died.

CHRIST IN SIMPLE SERVICE.

DR. HOWARD A. KELLY,
Baltimore, Md.

[In this age when spiritual things are regarded so lightly by so many medical men, it is refreshing to find a surgeon of such world-wide renown as Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins University, giving such an earnest Christian exhortation to physicians, medical students and nurses as he recently did in a talk at Baltimore. We quote the following abstracts from the same, believing that they will prove helpful to our readers.—Ed.]

If I put Christ first in all my work, *all* is equally blessed, the dull and the interesting, the high and the low, for His service knows no commonplaces, for all that the King touches turns to gold.

Where are our opportunities to be found? Manifestly in common with all men, first at home in the family circle, where we are called upon to show forth the graces of Him who has called us, to those who know us best. The torch that blazes abroad and flickers and smokes and smarts the eyes and offends the nostrils at home was scarcely lighted at God's altar by His Holy Spirit. The oil of the Spirit sheds its sweetest, brightest light in the presence of wife and children, father and mother, brothers and sisters and servants.

But as soon as we step beyond the home circle, which thus day by day tests our lights, whether they are real reflections from the face of Jesus Christ, we have a wonderful and precious field peculiarly our own, namely, the sick and the sorrowing and the suffering. The lesson of pain is the lesson of our mortality, and the house where God's hand thus rests is a chastened house, one which is reminded by Him of the vanity of purely earthly aims, of worldly pleasures and of wealth and ambitions. Who that has felt a sudden, unexpected pain has not asked himself, Is this the warning that I must soon go hence?

Let me then beseech you, my fellow Christians, by the love you bear Him who wills that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, to miss no precious opportunity, but to look upon your call to the bedside of the sick one as twofold, ostensibly to serve the body, but in reality by those faithful, tender ministrations to the body, and by the excellence of your work in the realm of things material, to win such an affectionate regard from your patient that you may simply, sweetly and naturally speak of Him whose you are and who sent you on this mission.

Would that I might utter burning words, would that I could carry conviction to the heart of every one who hears me! Leave Christ out of your labors, however kindly and however skillful and successful, and they are without a shadow of doubt dead works.

Let a life hidden with Christ in God be manifested in the power of the Spirit wherever you go, and I know no privilege greater, more blessed, than yours. But some one says, "I could *never* do that; I have too poor an opinion of myself to assume such an attitude; moreover, my patients would not like it."

My sister, my brother, if God our Father in His infinite grace commands you and me, though but the weakest of his weak vessels, "Be filled with the Spirit," and promises "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Acts 1:8), who are we that we should say, "Nay, call some one else"?

As for your patients, let me assure you if your Christian profession is known, many of them are wondering why you have not spoken to them before. I have no particular method to suggest. God forbid that there should be

any method. The Spirit is the infinite God and has His own way of dealing with each case; only do you be ready to respond to His bidding, whatever it may be. You will not be ready for this your ministry if you neglect private prayer for your patients and the searching study of God's word day by day.

Ah, how shall we estimate or express the riches of one who is thus used of God to lead a soul to Christ, or to refresh the drooping spirit of one believer when it was flagging under the heavy hand of sorrow or suffering?

THE OTTAWA TENT COLONY.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

On December 12 it was our privilege to be present at the formal dedication of the Ottawa, Ill., Tent Colony for consumptives. This interesting enterprise has been carried on for more than a year, and the results which have been attained with simple methods and limited means have been very remarkable.

Nearly two years ago Dr. J. W. Pettit, a member of the State Board of Health, arranged for an all-day symposium on the subject of tuberculosis, at the annual meeting of the State Medical Society, and the modern treatment of consumptives was thoroughly considered. At the close of the day Dr. Pettit inquired in what way the 50,000 tubercular patients in the State of Illinois were to be benefited by that day's discussion. Of course, as usual in such cases, the majority of these doctors expected to go home and do just as they had done before, but it was not so with Dr. Pettit. He plead that steps should be taken at once to put into active operation the new light that they had received. Some one moved that Dr. Pettit establish a tent colony at his own expense to demonstrate what could be done. He accepted the responsibility, and went back to Ottawa, his home city, and began by pitching tents for two patients who were ready to begin treatment.

Soon others came, and by winter time a goodly number had arrived. A hall was secured for a dining room and a portion of it partitioned off by curtains in case the severe weather should drive the poor sufferers in from their tents. But they were receiving so much benefit from the outdoor treatment



The Ottawa Tent Colony.

that when the thermometer was twenty-eight degrees below zero these patients refused to leave their tents and the majority of them made most astonishing improvement.

Dr. Pettit not only believes in an abundance of fresh air, but also in an abundance of good nourishing food, so he employed an expert dietitian to take charge of the patients' dietary.

Each tent is simply furnished and is provided with two small oil stoves which heat it in the evening when the patient goes to bed and in the morning upon arising. During the day time patients stay outdoors, shel-

than by going off to the mountains to pine away among strangers who treat them more or less as outcasts.

In our travels in the West one of the most pitiful sights that we have ever seen is these poor wrecks of humanity, eating at restaurants, coughing away their lives in the city parks and shunned by the public almost as if they were lepers, dying from loneliness and homesickness almost as rapidly as from the disease itself, all from the mistaken notion that there is a magic healing power in this air that was absent from the outdoor air in the patient's own door yard.



The New Administration Building.

tered from the wind and thoroughly protected by blankets.

This outdoor life develops in them a vigorous appetite, which is an important part of the cure. At the time of the dedication there were forty tents pitched on the grounds.

The experience of the Ottawa Tent Colony proves conclusively that the use of tents in tuberculosis is applicable in any climate, and the degree of cures show that patients can recover from tuberculosis in Illinois climate under such favorable conditions far better

At the Ottawa Tent Colony all those who have come there in the early stages have shown decided improvement. Of the more advanced cases 60 per cent have been very materially benefited, while of those who had the disease in advanced stages only a few cases were benefited, although one gained thirty pounds in 140 days, while one in the early stages gained thirty-nine pounds in forty-four days, another one thirteen in twenty-one days. Some patients have even gone beyond their normal weight from six to twenty-five

pounds. The average gain of all the patients has been two and one-fifth pounds per week.

The prices at this colony are from sixteen to twenty dollars per week.

The great lesson to be drawn from such an experiment is that if fresh air and nourishing food will cure such a large percentage of cases of consumption it would certainly have *prevented* the disease if it had been adopted in time. Those of our readers who have regarded fresh air as an enemy, who have been living shut up in their houses as if in a cave, should get an inspiration from the courage of these consumptives in the Ottawa Tent Colony and resolve that if they do not move out of doors to at least get more of outdoors *indoors* by opening the bedroom windows at night even if they find it necessary to wrap up their heads as if they were going out driving. They would be rewarded by waking up in the morning with their brains bright and clear instead of feeling as though they had recited mental arithmetic during the entire night.

NEW YORK SOUL-WINNING WORK.

MRS. BELLE KERSHAW,

New York City.

On our last visit at the Blackwell's Island, as we started out, one of the keepers of a large place called us back and asked us to pray for him. In one place where I go, the proprietor or the head one goes around and tells the men of my work and asks them to buy my paper.

I received an important letter in which the writer requested me to make several calls. In my work that night I lost it out of my pocket; I looked at home for it, but, alas! could not find it, so I said, "Lord, You know all about it, and if you want me to do this work for these men to-day put it in the heart of the one who finds it to send it to me." Well, the mail came but there was no letter. I started out anyway, and when I went through the station the agent said, "Isn't this yours?" He said a man found it. That was evidence again that God wanted me to do all I could and He would do the rest. Oh, isn't He good?

God is using this magazine in this city to reach men of learning and influence as nothing else could. At the Tombs prison the chaplain said yesterday he was glad to see us there

—that he had so much to do it was a great help to him for us to do that work.

I went out last night a little while with my papers, and the last place I was in I could hardly get away from them; they wanted to hear me talk about Jesus. I never do this unless they ask me questions and are really interested. After buying all my papers they went down in their pockets before I left and gave me money for the work. In this work we sell enough papers to supply the Tombs and Blackwell's Island.

I gave away six Bibles to-day, two of which were Chinese Bibles and one Italian, and several more asked for some, which I will take down later in the week. We had a splendid time at Blackwell's Island with the women prisoners. We sang a few songs, and then I read from the first chapter of 1 Peter and every one knelt with us in prayer. Mrs. Calvert then talked to them about the faith of Abraham; they all seemed to enjoy it. At the close we asked if any would like to have a Bible, and all hands went up but two; we expect to hold Bible readings with them. I left some to be sent to the work house; the chaplain wrote me since thanking me for them and said to send some more.

Saturday evening I met a Baptist minister, who bought all my papers; after taking what he wanted for himself he returned the rest to me. His friend then bought all again, and after taking one returned the balance to be sold again.

Monday we visited the Tombs. We went to work at 11:30 and worked just as hard as we could until 4 o'clock. Several seemed touched and wanted a Bible to read. Almost all asked us to pray for them.

After we were through the keeper of the young men asked us if we would call upon a woman whose husband had been sent to Blackwell's Island for nine months. He said she was a good woman. We did so, and such a sight I shall never forget. We found three little children in two dark rooms, with no fire and nothing to eat but a loaf of dry bread and milk. There was no chair to sit on; there was but a mattress thrown in one corner, without bedding of any kind, nor pillows, nor covering, that we could see. We left fifty cents and a note to the mother; she goes away in the

morning and works until nine at night, and these poor little things are there all alone.

I have since had a letter from this woman. I collected \$4.00 in a short time with my papers and took it down to her, and I was more than repaid as she thanked God for sending me her way. We knelt in prayer and God was with us. Of course, she was deeply touched, as all had forsaken her, but she said she had been praying. I gave her what God gave me to say and am going down to-night to take some covering for her bed.

Wednesday I visited the navy vessels and left quite a number of papers on board the ship, as the boys wanted them, and one young man was so interested that he gave me a dollar for the work; another asked me if I would bring him a Bible and he would pay me for it. There are several who want me to write to them.

Monday night, after working all day, we felt we must sell some papers or we would not have any money with which to buy the next month's papers. We did not work long until we found ourselves in the Midnight Mission; we did not intend to stay, but they insisted on it, so we thought if that was where the Lord wanted us it was where we wanted to be.

Last evening, on the Brooklyn bridge, where I was selling papers, I met a business man who became deeply interested in the work. He said I did not know how much good I had done him; he had thought he was a Christian, as he belonged to a church, but with tears in his eyes he gave me to understand he did not have what I had. Then, handing me his card, he said if at any time he could do anything for my work he would gladly do so.

I recently went to a jail service where there were about fifty men and boys, and quite a number of workers, too. After one of the ministers had talked a few minutes they asked me. I never so completely forgot myself in all my life; I never thought of all those sitting there; all I saw was that human wreckage of Satan's work. I tried to impress upon them that if they were tempted to do wrong just to stop and think, "What shall I do with Jesus while I do this?"

After it was all over one man gave me \$5.00 to take to his wife. I did not know how to get there, so the minister went with me, and

oh, such a miserable sight met our eyes! There were five little children, and nothing but dirt and filth. We gave her the money and she asked me to call again.

I could fill the entire LIFE BOAT with my experiences. I am getting the magazine before business men now and they are becoming interested.

TRANSFORMED AND KEPT.

DICK LANE.

[About once every week Dick Lane comes into the Mission and gives a convincing testimony to God's saving and keeping power that no skeptic can gainsay. He was once perhaps the most noted safe burglar in this country, and he spent almost a whole lifetime either in State prisons or in crime, yet to-day he fills a responsible position in one of Chicago's largest newspaper offices—a constant miracle of transforming grace.—Ed.]

I have been trying the last ten years to be a man. I tell you it takes *all* the manhood and womanhood there is in you to be a Christian. Ten years ago to-night, as I was coming along up State street I put my hand in my pocket and found only forty cents. I knew that if an officer found me he would pull me in. I walked down the slum district. I tell you I felt bad, but I would have said, "Oh, don't talk to me about Christ and religion; I am all in." But, thank God, I am not "all in" to-night, and I feel that the time I am living here does not belong to me, that it belongs to God Almighty, for at the time that I was converted I was a physical wreck.

When I came to Chicago, as I say, I had forty cents, and what to do I did not know; I did not have a friend on earth. I drifted into the Mission simply to get a couple hours of rest from the police officers and, bless the Lord, I have been resting these ten years. I have tried to be straight these ten years. If I find I have made a mistake I always go and ask forgiveness. In my work I have some of the worst class of people to deal with, and the question is often asked me by my ungodly associates, "Dick, what is there in it that makes you stick to it?" They do not appreciate that there is *nothing* for me to go back to; how could I go back to that horrible old life again? But oh, that night when God Almighty came

into my life I knew it, and since then I have been growing in grace.

The trouble with some converts is that they think they are going to get everything right at once, but it is a *growth* in grace. Ten years ago to-night I had a great many doubts, but to-night I am not troubled by anything like that. If God is able to fix laws to govern the planets He is able to govern us. God Almighty has set a price on us.

I believe I have been transformed and God has helped me to lead a clean life the past ten years. I have often been sore tempted, but God has kept me. If I had dropped down only once that would have been the last of Dick Lane in Chicago. There are a million people watching me even yet to know which way the tide is going to turn. The officers at the Central police station said when I was converted that I would not last ten days; now they say that they have been watching me these ten years and have failed to find any crookedness with me. When you get reconciled to God Almighty you can force your enemies to respect you. Time has worn away and some of those very men at the Central police station are now the warmest friends I have in Chicago.

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO MOTHERS.

FANNIE EMMEL.

[Miss Emmel, while on her errands of mercy, whether it be in standing up beside the poor outcast girl when she is receiving her sentence by the court, or down in the jail trying to lead one of her poor sisters to Christ, or hunting some one out from some haunt of sin, as she has done year after year in darkest Chicago, has had impressed upon her as nothing else could possibly have done, the tremendous importance of mothers becoming aroused to do preventive work for their daughters. Most of the girls she is brought in contact with come from professedly Christian homes supplied with most of the outward luxuries of life, but sadly destitute of the sweet presence of Him who alone can guide us aright.—Ed.]

Mothers, I can not refrain from saying a word to you. Our institutions and rescue homes are full. The stream of young women subjects for these places is so great that the juvenile court does not know what to do and is calling public meetings to wrestle with this problem until eleven and twelve o'clock at night. Court sessions that in

the past could be dismissed at three and four o'clock in the afternoon, requiring but two or three hours to finish their work, are now compelled to hold until eight p. m.

Remember, friends, this is juvenile work; that means girls from the ages of thirteen to eighteen. I do not want any mother to have to look through such a mountain of rubbish to see Jesus in the child of her heart's affections. Is there not a better way? Does God want it that way? Must He consent to let our daughters go through these awful experiences with all the remorse and anguish of soul it means to her for others to show her the better way?

We must exercise faith in God that He will save those who are ever so deep in sin, but why can we not exercise the same amount of faith that He will *keep* our loved ones out of sin? Mothers, the Lord said of Moses, he "was faithful in all his house."

Esther, when she made special request of the Lord in the time of extremity, called into service every means possible that would in any way bear on the request she made of the Lord and the king, for she had to deal with flesh and blood and human will and at the same time wholly trust in God. And God honored her faith and effort. She not only engaged her own people in this effort, but the servants.

HEALTH HABITS AND MORALITY.

It seems we ought to take courage from this. If in eating and drinking the children are first taught right and the servants are called upon to cook simple foods served in their natural simplicity without creating the exaggerated tastes that call for hurtful things to satisfy, such as are found on so many tables among rich and poor—pepper, meats, and greasy, rich pastry—then there would not be the overpowering temptations to eat late suppers with friends after entertainments where these things are served. Mother, your daughter is going to have company. If her escort is a true friend, very well; but if an enemy, he will invite her into some down-town restaurants, however good, and eventually encourage her appetite to evil till she will accept the wine cup, and then she is no more her own master but his slave.

If you make your daughter's clothes healthfully, neatly, and attractively, for the sake of

her health, she will not be so easily carried away and thrown off her feet when she is admired, and she will receive a part of her pay in the abundance of health she will reap for her harvest. You may have labored, prayed, wept, but if you have been successful by enduring this suffering in preventing her from losing her purity and she is saved from getting into the pit, how many tears of joy you may then shed!

ARE YOU YOUR DAUGHTER'S BEST FRIEND?

Our juvenile court children are permitted to be on the streets alone, or worse than alone, with all the older children who delight to be wise enough to tell them something they do not know, and the younger ones are perhaps just as willing to put their knowledge into practice. Their companions become more agreeable in a short time to them than mother or home and they naturally seek the most agreeable company. When for several nights the mother's heart is torn with grief at the absence of her daughter and she does not know where she is she winds her footsteps to the police station and an officer hunts and perhaps finds her child in some haunt of sin, or perchance at one of her friends' houses, for having stayed away one or two nights, she is now afraid to go home. She is ever afterward a ward of the courts, and the judge uses his discretion as to the actual neglect by the mother, or disposition of the child, and she is sent back home for another chance or put into an institution and forever after bears the stamp of institutional life.

Dear readers, is it hard to lay aside one's plans for comfort and rest that a poor, tired mother needs after the day's work is done, to entertain in some sweet way the perhaps more grown-up members of the family as well as the little tots, that they may have something to look forward to? They need it, too. My heart has been made sad many times when girls in the police annex only fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age have told me they were the eldest of a family of six children. They ought to have been an example of purity and faithfulness but growing tired of having nothing but caring for the children, they set out to become an example of shame and disgrace to the little innocent

minds—this loved sister who had cared for them and been good to them.

How much better to find companionship with mother and in the home! But they will never do so when they are not taught to go to bed at the proper time or left to seek their companions from the street. Better to keep their tastes and habits simple even if you have to take them out walking yourself, than let them go alone and meet the consequences. And is the power of the Lord not just as efficient to save from sin as it is afterward to take out of sin? "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall *save* His people *from* their sins." (Matt. 1:21.) He will keep us from committing them or yielding to the temptations.

JERRY MCAULEY MISSION. No. 2.

W. S. SADLER.

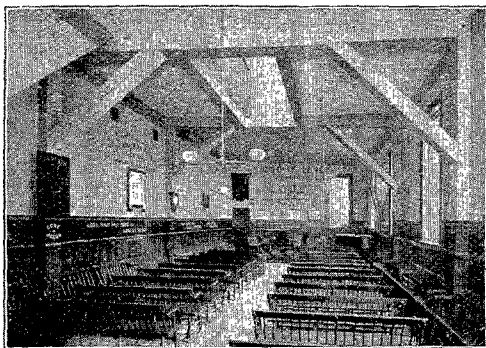
Last month, in these columns, we sketched the sinful career and remarkable conversion of Jerry McAuley down to the time when he and his former consort in sin, Maria, were led of God to open the first Rescue Mission in this country, on October 8, 1872. This Mission has not only proved to be one of the most unique and successful agencies for the promotion of the Kingdom of God among the outcast of New York City, but has also served as an example and inspiration resulting in the establishment of scores of similar enterprises in various large cities throughout the United States.

Readers of THE LIFE BOAT who go to New York City will do well to search out this little spot down on Water street, quite underneath the Brooklyn Bridge, and there they will hear the stories told by those who have been ransomed from crime and iniquity, as well as behold the very platform whereon stood that remarkable man, Jerry McAuley, night after night making his appeals to lost and outcast sinners.

Jerry has left the scenes of his earthly labors behind, and there stands in his place to-day Brother S. H. Hadley, the present Superintendent of the Mission, a man who, notwithstanding his religious training and his Christian ancestry, became a professional gambler, a hopeless drunkard, a forger, a thief, and a fugitive from justice. His home was broken up, and it would seem that he

had gone to the bottom of the ladder, when one night the conviction of sin came over him (as he related in these columns some time since) in a saloon. This was in 1882. He had himself locked up at the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street station, in cell number ten, that he might get sober.

Shortly before this, Jerry McAuley had established another Mission farther up town, called the Cremorne Mission, and it was here that Sam Hadley, when released from the police station, heard the converted river thief tell his experience in the things of God. Here, too, it was on this very night that Brother Hadley surrendered his soul to God. In spite of the one hundred and twenty-five forgeries and other crimes that crowded in upon him, at the critical moment, God gave him grace to make the surrender. After he



Interior of McAuley Mission.

had prayed, he got up and promised that if God would save him, and keep him, he would give his life to work for sinners.

Soon after this, and after Jerry's death, Brother Hadley became Superintendent of the Water Street Mission, where he has labored all these years for those whom society counts hopeless as well as helpless. The same encouraging and inspiring results have attended his work as have been observed in other rescue missions more recently established. Brother Hadley has often spoken in the Life Boat Mission in Chicago, and frequently the services there are attended by converts of the Jerry McAuley Mission.

**ASK GOD TO MAKE YOU
A SOUL-WINNER**

AN OVERDOSE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

There are 60,000 people in the State of Illinois who are coughing away their lives with pulmonary tuberculosis, one of whom dies every hour. The pneumonia germ in this country hurried 120,000 to untimely graves last year. One-half of the million who died in our land last year should have lived at least fifteen or twenty years more. The mental strength of the people is decaying so rapidly that our insane asylum population is increasing three times faster than the general population.

Has a good God who delights not in the death of even a wicked man ordered all this? No, never; we are destroyed for lack of knowledge, we are suffering from an overdose of modern civilization.

Suppose a man were struggling in the water vainly endeavoring to swim while about his neck were suspended a dozen bricks—you would marvel that he did not attempt to free himself from those desperate weights. Our unnatural and unphysiological habits act as sinkers about our necks and the result is a losing fight in our struggle against disease-producing microbes.

Imagine a man driving a loaded wagon up a steep hill with the brakes fully set; while the senseless driver, instead of loosing the brakes, whips the failing horses. Yet all about us multitudes of people are paralyzing all the wheels of life by various dissipations whose stupefying influence they are vainly trying to overcome by dosing themselves with various tonics and stimulants, which only sap the little remaining reserve nerve force, just as money can be secured on a mortgage but sooner or later must be repaid or it will be foreclosed.

FIRE IN THE WALLS.

One of Chicago's packing houses was recently destroyed by fire, but the firemen were unable to discover the location of the fire for thirty long hours, as it was burning within the walls; when it finally burst into plain view the building quickly crumbled. He who is suddenly stricken with apoplexy or who collapses from heart failure, or who succumbs apparently without a warning to Bright's dis-

ease, or whose useful career is terminated so abruptly from an attack of nervous prostration, in each and every instance is a striking example of a case where the fire of disease has really surged unobserved for years in the walls, the sudden attack being only a *visible* manifestation of a long existing disease.

As certainly as the Japanese shot and shell reduced the defenses of Port Arthur, just as surely do such foes as opium, cigarettes and tobacco in other forms, liquor and reckless living, reduce our bodily defenses against disease-producing germs.

Last year we imported a million pounds of opium and nearly a ton of morphine, or the equivalent of fifty grains of opium for every man, woman and child in the land, as compared to the twenty-seven grains per capita used in China. A reliable authority has estimated that there are a million opium slaves in this country, and coupled with this is the startling fact that the use of cocaine has trebled since 1888 and that this habit is probably the shortest road to the insane asylum. Its use has become so prevalent in some quarters of our large cities that there are drug stores in Chicago whose main support is said to be derived from the sale of cocaine.

In 1876, the year of the Philadelphia Centennial, the first cigarettes were smoked in this country. Yet this curse has grown so rapidly that the number used in this country last year, if they were laid end to end, would girdle this old earth twice and then there would be enough left over to reach from New York to San Francisco and back again.

Cigarettes are especially pernicious to the young, who are its particular victims, for its deadly influence is so insidious that it is scarcely perceived until the habit has become so fixed that almost nothing less than a divine miracle can free its victim.

If each cigarette produced a wart on the face of the smoker how quickly the habit would be abandoned! But the injury that it does to stomach, lungs, nerves and brain is just as real and is so serious that the persistent user rarely attains his normal growth either mentally, morally or physically.

An eminent investigator has recently shown that the white blood cells are less able to destroy germs after alcohol has been used than

before, thus furnishing a clue as to the extent that the twenty gallons of liquor per capita consumed last year by our nation is responsible for the severity of the various germ diseases. Kraepelin, by his exact and extensive experiments, demonstrated that as small a quantity as one-third an ounce of alcohol produced paralytic influences on various bodily functions, that could be recognized by instruments of precision.

The extensive use of wood alcohol in the cheaper liquors has already produced a harvest of death. Dr. Warren, of Pennsylvania, found that in a thousand samples of liquor purchased in different parts of the State ninety-five per cent contained wood alcohol, which is a deadly poison.

DISGUISED INTEMPERANCE.

Disguised intemperance in the form of the patent medicine evil has increased to such an extent that it is estimated that the American people expend eighty million dollars annually for these nostrums, yet some of the most widely advertised contain almost as large a quantity of alcohol as ordinary whiskey and many times more than beer. One patent medicine firm is said to use five hundred barrels of whiskey per week in the manufacture of their patent medicine.

With the father procuring his whiskey from the saloon and the mother securing her supply from the drug store in the form of patent medicines, is it surprising that one-third of Chicago's school children were found on special investigation to be suffering from some form of nervous disease? "Killed by Patent Medicine Bottle" might appropriately be written on many tombstones.

Alcohol is not the only harmful ingredient which they contain. One widely advertised soothing syrup has undoubtedly destroyed more infants than Herod ever slew, for it contains one-quarter grain of morphine to every two ounces.

The editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* attributes the large increase in number of deaths from heart failure to be due largely to the extensive use of headache powders which consist principally of acetanilid, a dangerous heart poison.

Syphilis is another foe that is sapping the

life out of the race and is condemning to hopeless misery millions yet unborn. It is estimated that there are in New York City fifty thousand new cases annually and that there are more than two million cases of this disease in this country at the present time.

(Abstract from a lecture at Wheaton College, Ill.)

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE.

W. A. ROCHAMBEAU.

Since I have returned to the work here in the city I have been especially impressed with the filth and degradation on every hand in the city and can not help but to see the marks of sin on almost every face. Some are careless, some are haughty and high-minded—they have no time to think of their salvation; they think of the mighty dollar and how to get it.

One evening last week, as we thought of these things, we felt that we wanted to get a better glimpse of Jesus, so we had a prayer meeting, and as we were praying men who were needing salvation began to flock in. Everything went along nicely that evening and after the service I talked with a man who had been a most notorious grafter, but was converted five months ago. He no more than got converted than a policeman found him and took him and he was sent back to the Bridewell for sixty days. When he got out then another found him and he was put back for forty days more. Still he remained faithful.

As I was talking with him, telling him how to get work, I received word that a man in the rear of the room wanted to see me. I went back and began to talk with him. I found him very intoxicated. He said he was a Christian eight years ago, but had backslidden. I proposed that we have prayer, but he said he did not know how to pray; but I got him to kneel and began praying for him. Pretty soon the tears began coming from his eyes, but when I asked him to pray he did not know how. But he realized that he was a sinner; that his wife and little children were waiting for him to come home; he realized that he had been a brute, as he said, and as he commenced to realize that, it dawned upon him he was in close contact with his heavenly Father. We had another season of prayer for him, and strange as it may seem, he arose from his knees a perfectly sober man,

The thing I had been worrying about was to see more of Jesus, and I got to see Jesus right there that night. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." That was the best experience I have had in a long time—to point that man to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

This work is a glorious work, and there is room for more helpers, but where you are you can find sinners and lead them to Jesus even if you do not have great learning, if you love Jesus. If His love is shed abroad in our hearts we can not help but show it out to others.

WRITE TO MOTHER, WHO IS PRAYING FOR YOU.

E. B. VAN DORN.

A few evenings ago a very elderly lady stood up in the Mission and told us how in early life she had given her heart to the Lord and how He had led her all along life's journey. Soon after her conversion she chose a place by a large tree in a near-by grove, where she always went every day for secret prayer and communion with God, and although she had been deprived in late years of that childhood's sacred spot, she had learned to lift her heart to God wherever she was and have the assurance that He heard her.

Then she told of her boy, who had been for years without God, how she had constantly held him up in prayer that she might some day see him walking in the way of life, and how God had now answered her prayer. She told of the Bible she gave him when he left home and how she admonished him to read and obey it for his sake and hers. Then she drew a letter from her pocket, which she had received from him that day, and read the following words:

"I read the old Bible every night for mother's sake. It's a little, old, rusty, paper-covered book, but then it is a Bible, and truly enough the words are the same as mother read—satisfying and very dear to me, so I read it. I don't criticise it any more—on the other hand I find it instructive and good."

With tears in her eyes she told us of the joy she had on getting this letter, and expressed

her gratitude to God for His faithfulness.

Perhaps, dear reader, you have been wondering how you could do something for Jesus. Let me tell you: write a letter to that mother, sister, or friend who has prayed for you, and tell her you have begun to pray to God and obey your Bible. You will lengthen their days on earth and bring them a joy that passeth all understanding. "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

MRS. FRED NELSON.

Galesburg, Ill.

I am glad I can consider the past year the happiest one of my life, because in it I have been trying to do more for others than ever before, and I have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that it has not been in vain. I have so many pleasant experiences retained in my mind which bring me great joy; there is a new joy in living, new love for lasting, holy things.

What a sad, sad year it has been to many of our readers! Loved ones have been called from the home circle, the chair at the table has been made vacant, the warm greeting, the hearty handshake, the sweet smile, the fervent Godspeed, which so often cheered, are gone forever. In many cases blasted hopes lie buried with the loved ones, heavy waves of grief have engulfed many hearts. Amidst it all let us lay hold of the mighty One to save, the source of all good, for "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." (2 Cor. 1:3, 4.)

God gives us blessings with the intention that as we have freely received we should also give freely. Paul says in Heb. 13:3: "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also, in the body." We are admonished to weep with those that mourn and rejoice with them that rejoice. If we

love Christ and claim to be followers of Him we also must love the erring. The most erring, the most sinful, were not passed by Him; His labors were *especially* for those who most needed salvation. The greater their need of reform the deeper was His interest, the greater His sympathy, and the more earnest His labors. His great heart of love was stirred to its depths for the ones whose condition was the most hopeless and who most needed His transforming grace.

We ought *never* to lose an opportunity to say a word to encourage and inspire hope. We can not tell how far reaching may be our tender words of kindness, our efforts to lighten the burden. Many have fainted and become discouraged in the great battle of life whom perhaps one word of kindly cheer and courage would have strengthened to overcome. The erring can only be restored in the spirit of meekness, gentleness and tender love.

If we have a good word let us speak it while the ear can hear, the heart can feel. How much praise and commendation are freely given when one lies cold and dead! How many loving words are spoken of the dead! Had these words been spoken when the weary spirit needed them so much what a pleasant picture would have been left in the memory! How many, as they stand, awed and silent, beside the dead, recall with sorrow the words and actions that brought sadness to the heart now stilled forever! Let us bring all the beauty, love, and kindness we can into our lives. Let us be patient, thoughtful, grateful and forbearing in our intercourse with one another. Our thoughts and feelings which find expression for the dead should be brought into the daily association with our brethren and sisters in life; then if death parts us from our friends to meet no more till we stand at the bar of God we shall not be ashamed to have the record of our words appear.

CHRISTMAS IN A GREAT PRISON.

The following lines, written by a prisoner in Lancaster, Neb., were received by Mrs. Fred Nelson, Galesburg, Ill.:

"Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer, and it seems to me that the Christmas spirit is abroad everywhere, even here among the prisoners in

being generous to one another; for instance, those who are fortunate in having relatives and friends who send them Christmas luxuries as a general rule always divide with their less fortunate fellow prisoners.

"I must tell you how we celebrated Christmas. We had the freedom of the big yard for a time Christmas morning and had a good bountiful dinner—a feast fit for a king, which our generous-hearted warden provides on every holiday. We had an abundance of good things. Every cell was visited by the governor of Nebraska with his wife and two beautiful little daughters who, of course, told us what dear old Santa had brought them as gifts. The governor often comes here and talks in the chapel to the inmates; he takes great interest in our welfare.

"I have told you this in the spirit of gratitude for these generous deeds toward us and have given praise for it all in a like manner to whom it is due. Praise Him, the giver of all good gifts and the greatest of gifts to mankind, even His Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. As I look back during the past year I feel grateful indeed for the many blessings from the source of all good."

ALL DAYS LIKE CHRISTMAS.

A recent letter from our prison correspondent in Walla Walla, Wash., says:

"I pray and read my Bible regularly every day. I would like to hear from you again soon. I hope you will have a happy Christmas and happy New Year; I am happy with my Bible and all days are like Christmas. I will have two new subscriptions to send in about February; the boys have not got the money now, but will have it by then."

A FORMER CHICAGO WORKER IN CHINA.

It was while engaged in visiting nurses' work in Chicago that Miss Simpson, now in Honan, China, received her first inspiration to go to a foreign field to search for lost souls. The Lord has wonderfully blessed her. We quote the following abstracts from a letter written Miss Emmel:

"We are very busy these days. We opened a girls' school some time ago and we have meetings for women during the week; we also have Bible readings with the Chinese every

morning. I wish you could be with us and see their interest. We also have a good time at Sabbath school; I wish you could hear our little girls get up and tell all about the last Sabbath's lesson, and some of them pray very intelligently.

"We are expecting to open a school for women; we want to teach them to read the



A Blind Chinese Woman.

Bible. We have promise of twenty women who wish to come; I want you to pray for our women and girls. Some of them are very difficult to teach, but we must do our best and be patient.

"We have a sweet little baby girl at our house whom I found one morning; she was thrown out to die. Poor little baby girls of China! no one wants them. We have had her nearly three months now."

Susan M. Connaughay, Larned, Kans., in a recent letter enclosed one dollar and twenty-five cents to have the LIFE BOAT sent to Fort Leavenworth prison, Kansas, hoping and praying it may be some help and a spiritual blessing to those behind prison bars.

WHAT THE SUBURBAN HOME MEANS
TO ME.

BY ONE OF THE GIRLS.

"For I was hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." (Matt. 25:35, 36.)

While wandering about, looking for something to satisfy the longing and cravings of my heart, I came in close contact with the rescue crew of the Mission. There I found friends who have indeed proved true to me at all times. Surely, I was hungering after peace of soul and body, having been in the storm of darkness for several months, and then on the 6th of last March, while having a desperate struggle with self and sin, God stepped in to take control. Never shall I forget that night. I was thirsting after something that afterward proved to be the living water of life.

I was a stranger indeed. It seemed as though even the world were saying that it had no use for me, yet God was working it all out in His own good way. "Ye took me in." What a rest came over me as that night found me in the Suburban Home, away from all that might tend to drag me back or lead me on in a downward career! There in the Home I found friends; it seems as if every one there was just holding me up in the arms of faith, and surely the Lord did, and has been helping me ever since.

"Naked, and ye clothed me." Then I saw, as I had not for years, that as Adam tried, but could not hide from God, so my life was open as a book before Him. Now He clothes me with my right mind and the garments of salvation. My soul was indeed bound, as it were, in the prison of sin, unable to do anything except as God helped. They came to me, told me of God's love and His power to save, and now I am a free creature in Christ Jesus.

This is simply a short description of what the Suburban Home means to me. While I was there I could not have asked for better care than was given me, and although my body was wrecked by sin He is healing me, and I believe He is going to let me work in His vineyard. Any girl who needs a friend

I would advise to get right with God and write to Mrs. David Paulson, M. D., Hinsdale, Ill.

FISHING FOR THE LOST.

E. B. VAN DORN.

The old year has passed and we are once more launched into a new one with its hopes and anticipations, its opportunities and duties. We have accomplished much the past year, we must do more this year; we are one year older in experience and that much nearer the goal, but we must make progress. The current is swift—it will carry us *back* if we lay down the oar.

The work is hard, the workers few, our means are limited. We have not asked for easier work but for more strength, more workers, more means. We are confident the Lord knows our need and will move the hearts of his children to rise like a Gideon's band and push the battle to the finish.

We have had good attendance at the Mission since the holidays and many souls have learned of the good news, "On earth peace, good will toward men." Often we find men forty to fifty years old who have never been told before that Jesus would save to the uttermost all who would come to Him.

Last night in the Bible class we had a very interesting study about the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the prodigal son. When about to close a poor, unkempt, gray-haired man raised his hand, saying, "Won't you pray for me?" He began to cry. We said we would, then we asked if any others would like to take this step and say, "Pray for me." There were two responses. One of the workers prayed very earnestly that these men would have the victory, then they sang the beautiful song, "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there." The very walls seemed to echo the words; our hearts were full.

We read the Scripture in Isa. 49:8-16, with the thought He would never leave or forget us, after which Miss Emmel sang that beautiful song, "My Father has many dear children, but He'll never forget to keep me." Then we asked Brother Cox to speak.

This young man about a year ago was practically an outcast, his mind was nearly gone as result of the life he lived. He told the simple story of his life: The son of a min-

ister, he heeded not the teachings of a kind and loving father and mother, till finally he tore away to drift on the ocean of life. Finally, hopes blasted and gone, he wandered into the Mission and gave his heart to the Lord. The contrast of that night and last night was an assurance of the truth of the text in Isa. 55:10, 11: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: So shall my word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

To see him there in the strength of manhood, health restored, step firm and elastic, and a desire in his heart to tell the story of his coming to Jesus and what He had done for him, made us more than glad we had been used of God to help him in and on the better way. As our hearts rejoiced by the eye of faith we look to the end of the journey when we shall see Jesus as He is and be like Him, when He shall see the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

Several others told many interesting incidents of how the Lord had especially worked for them and wrought for them as He had for Israel of old. Pen fails to picture the story of experience as we see it. We often long that we could have you here and see as we do the modern miracles of God's grace; but life's records are in heaven, and if we prove true we shall have an opportunity to see Him face to face and study His works in the light of eternity. Then we shall know as we are known, and tell the story, "Saved by Grace."

NEW YEAR'S REUNION.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

All the girls who had formerly been in the Suburban Home were invited to come to our family reunion New Year's day. A number were so far away working to earn an honest living that they could not come in person, but their hearts were with us; a number sent their regrets, some remembered us financially, but quite a number came.

How much we had to thank the Lord for as we gathered around the table set with the

blessings that had been sent to us by sacrificing friends whose interests are in the Lord's work, and as the blessing was being asked my heart went up to the Lord in prayer in behalf of those dear friends who made it possible for us to have such a dinner and such a reunion. One of the guests presented the matron with a crisp five-dollar bill on a fork.

After dinner each girl was presented with a book neatly wrapped and tied with pretty ribbon, the books being selected with care, such as "Christ Our Saviour," "His Glorious Appearing," "Steps to Christ," "Making Home Happy," "Christian Etiquette," etc. After this we gathered in the parlor, where all heartily joined in singing praises to the Lord.

Then Miss Emmel asked how many would like to go to the Life Boat Mission that night. Of course, everybody wanted to go, but then there were the babies to care for. One dear little girl volunteered to stay, and I thought, What a self-sacrificing spirit! But the matron took care of the babies and let all the girls go. One girl remarked that she was going to encourage some poor soul at the Mission that night by her testimony.

As we were waiting for the train we began to talk about our ambitions for the future. Three or four said they were going to be rescue mission nurses, one a teacher; and we planned a rescue farm, with nurses, teachers, physicians, matrons, all from among our own home circle. Dear friends, we ask an interest in your prayers, and hope that it will be as well with us this year as it was last.

HIS EYES WERE OPENED.

The following paragraph is taken from a letter written by an inmate of the Indiana State Prison:

"If one had said to me six months ago that I would become a Christian I would have doubted his saying and told him he knew nothing about it. When I began to read the Bible and other books of instruction my eyes were opened to a sense of a saving grace, and with God's saving grace I intend to follow so long as I live, come what may; I have followed the evil one long enough and too long."

THANKFUL HE WAS SENT TO PRISON.

The following letter was recently received from a released prisoner in Colorado:

"On Thanksgiving Day I was pardoned and released from the Canon City prison, this State. When I first subscribed for this magazine two years ago I wrote you that I expected to take that dear little paper as long as I lived, whether in or out of prison. I received many blessings while in prison from the reading of it and I need these blessings outside as well as I did inside of prison.

"I was sent to prison wrongfully, as I accidentally killed the best friend I had in the world and under the most heartrending and extenuating circumstances. But I thank the dear Lord with all my heart that I was sent to prison for there I found the blessed Christ, all praise to His dear name. I served the devil for forty years, but God helping me, as I know He will, I will serve God while life lasts. I was converted behind prison walls, and from a deep study of the Word. I covenanted with the dear Lord if ever released to keep His holy Sabbath Day, and to be baptized as our dear Lord was Himself baptized. It is very hard to find employment because I will not work on the Sabbath but I am trusting God for all things and praying for those in bonds, in prison.

"I was greatly pleased when I was pardoned out of prison, but I received a far *greater* and more lasting blessing when the dear Lord pardoned my sins and spoke peace to my soul. After I was converted I immediately commenced to work for the Master; I had been a faithful servant of the devil and I thought by the grace of God that I could do a little for lost souls, and I used *THE LIFE BOAT* and other Christian papers in this missionary work. I have also decided, unknown to them, to pray for the salvation of two souls now in the Canon City prison; may it please the dear Lord to answer this prayer."

 SAVED WHILE IN PRISON.

The following letter comes to hand from the Southern Illinois Penitentiary, at Menard, Ill.:

"I take the greatest of pleasure in answering your kind and welcome letter. I am so thankful that I have good news to tell you.

The dear little paper has been the cause of one more precious soul taking up the cross and saying, 'For twenty-seven years I have lived in sin but I will hereafter live for Jesus.' He says there is no life better than the one he is now living. Since he has come on the Lord's side some of the boys, his old friends, have gone back on him, he says, but he has found a true Friend who will never go back on him.

"I believe this man is changed. He asked me once if I had anything to read; when I said I had this paper he said, 'I don't read anything like that,' but I sent it anyway and thank God he found something in it that did his soul good. Now he always asks me, 'When will you get that magazine again?' He says it is a good book. May the Lord Jesus evermore bless you and the good work you are carrying on and may He bestow the richest of His blessings upon you for your kindness to me. Yours in Christ."

 LOOK AWAY!

PEARL WAGGONER.

When the cares of life are pressing, and its worries
fill your soul,

When some obstacle you know not how to meet,
Is there, oh, no power to aid you, nor the elements
control?
Not a shelter from the storms which round you
beat?

When your sky is dark and clouded, and when wild
and anxious fear

In a mighty, surging tide would gain your heart,
When in vain your strongest effort to restrain the
blinding tear,
Or to bid the crushing burden to depart,

Look, oh, look, to your Redeemer; tell Him all your
grief and care;

In His presence every strife and fear shall cease;
With His loving arm around you He will help the
load to bear—

In the bosom of the storm will give you peace.

With your eyes then on your Saviour, and your head
above the fog,

Follow Him who trod the rugged path before:
Strive some weary foot to free from sin and sorrow's
miry bog,

Till you reach that land where pain shall be no
more.

 A DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS.

The following letter was received from a man with whom we corresponded when in prison, who is now following a good trade in St. Louis, Mo.:

"It is with the greatest of pleasure and joy that I try to-night to answer your most kind and ever welcome letter. I am very glad to hear from you and to receive your kind letter

of encouragement. You may never know on this earth how much good your precious letters have done me in my troubles and sorrows, but praise the Lord, I intend to meet you in heaven. Yes, I will know you up in heaven and join with you in singing the praises of the Lamb for sinners slain.

"Glory and praise be to the blessed name of

would give it all to Jesus; how it makes my heart ache with grief and shame just to think of it! By God's grace and help I shall do whatever He has for me to do no matter how small it may be.

"Life never was one-half so joyous and sweet as it is to-day, and God has so greatly blessed me since I have gained my freedom that I do not know how to thank Him for it. Oh, it is so wonderful! I have been so wondrously blessed in my soul that I have laughed, cried, and shouted until I could shout no more. I have good church connections and three or four times a week I attend a mission here. I am more determined to press onward and upward with Christ than ever I have been in my Christian life.

"There is a great difference between this Christmas and the last four, which were spent behind the prison walls, but glory to God, I am freed and have my liberty this year, and best of all a full and free salvation, and I know that Jesus is able to keep to the end that which I have committed to Him and that some day I shall see Him as He is."

LEARNS PSALM BEFORE BREAKFAST.

From the South Dakota penitentiary, Sioux Falls, S. D.:

"I was truly glad to hear from you and to receive the words of encouragement you sent, also to receive a copy of the paper, which is the best that I have ever read. I get it every month from my next door neighbor when he is through with it, but they are so good I read the one you sent all through again. I have about finished the January number and I think it is better than ever.

"I want to tell you what a change has taken place in my heart since coming to this institution. When I was arrested and in jail there was nothing I liked better than to get hold of some cheap novel of the blood and thunder variety, and I would sit up until twelve o'clock to try to get through them. When I came here I ordered a lot of books of fiction on my library card, but I had not read more than three or four of them until I found there was something that was not in them that I wanted, so I marked them all off and ordered religious books, which turned me to reading the Bible. Since then I have memorized eight psalms and the fifty-third



Shall We Make Another Special Effort for the Prisoner?

Jesus! I have victory in my soul. It is wonderful what God will do for us if we will only trust Him. My soul is filled with Jesus' love; I never loved Him half as much as I do to-night. Oh, the only true life is the life we live in Christ, and if I could only recall the part of my life which I spent in sin I

chapter of Isaiah. I have been praying to my heavenly Father to give me wisdom and I believe He is doing it, for I can memorize a psalm before breakfast."

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. W. A. ROCHAMBEAU.

We shall never forget the first day of the year 1906. It will always be a delightful memory, for it was a day not only filled with joy and happiness to us, but to the dear girls who have not been so fortunate in life, who have had many dark days, many lonely, cheerless days, many of perplexity and discouragement.

When we arrived our hearts were filled with joy to see the bright faces that greeted us, both of the mothers and babies. The cozy rooms were clean and bright, as well as the inmates of the Home, and their sweet, clean faces added to the sight. It was some time before dinner was served; in the meantime we helped care for the babies while the mothers were helping with the dinner and greeting the different ones who were arriving.

All the girls who had been in the Home were invited, and many came. What happiness, what joy as they came home again! They all embraced each other so tenderly and so lovingly. And how we did enjoy the dinner! As the blessing was pronounced you could hear the "amens" and "Lord, grant it," which sent thrill after thrill through our hearts as we thought of the rejoicing in heaven. Surely God is well pleased with the work that is being done for the weak ones. The dinner was not an elaborate affair, but just the best, most healthful dinner a child of God could want. Everything was perfectly cooked and the home-made bread was something grand. Surely we felt that it was good for us to be there.

PASSED ON TO OTHERS.

From the Indiana State Prison an inmate writes:

"I received your kind and encouraging letter and was exceedingly glad to hear from you. I received the paper you sent me and was glad to get it as I had a place to put it at once. I read it and then pass it to others as

I can. I passed one to a mate the other day who said he did not believe in such things, but I persuaded him to take it and carefully read it and he did so. In a few days he told me that was the best thing he ever read; he said he had never seen one before and asked me if I took it regularly. I said I did and he said, 'Will you please let me see the next one?' I promised I would. There are so few copies come here that I send mine everywhere I can get it, and all who get to see it want to see the next number. What I can do I do with all my soul and might for the sake of the name of Jesus."

If those prisoners who desire spiritual help will write to Mrs. H. C. Lyle, Ridgefield, Wash., she will be glad to correspond with them.

SENDS POSTAGE FOR PRISON CORRESPONDENCE.

An inmate of the Wisconsin State Prison says in a recent letter:

"Your kind and welcome letter of last month received. I see by the November issue a call for postage stamps for prison correspondence so inclose twenty-five two-cent stamps; it is not very much but will help a little. I have often thought what an expense it must be to carry on such an enormous correspondence as you must have, and would like to help the good work along even a little; it may be the means of bringing a gleam of light into some dark corner. I thank you very kindly for the interest you take in my spiritual welfare and will try not to disappoint you."

HOW HE FINDS COMFORT.

An inmate of the Indiana State Prison writes the following lines:

"If you knew how much good your letters did me you would write oftener, though I know you are very busy. I never forget to pray. I hope you will pray for me; my whole hope and trust is in the Lord. Sometimes I feel awfully bad and lonely, as if I had not a friend in the world; when I feel that way I cast my care upon the Lord and ask Him for help and comfort, then I find comfort."

Present Truths for the Present Time.

By W. S. SADLER.

NATIONAL HISTORY IN DANIEL ELEVEN. NO. 4.

35. The land of Egypt was to fall under the dominion of this same power.

He shall stretch forth his hand also upon the countries and the land of Egypt shall not escape. But he shall have power over the treasures of gold and of silver, and over all the precious things of Egypt; and the Libyans and the Ethiopians shall be at his steps.—Dan. 11: 42, 43.

36. Tidings from the east and north are to trouble Turkey.

But tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him: therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many.—Dan. 11:44.

North of Turkey is Russia; east of her are the British possessions and the rising Japanese empire. It is from these sources that Turkey is to be harassed, troubled, and finally conquered and destroyed.

37. The Turkish people are finally to be driven out of Europe, establishing their capital in Palestine.

And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him.—Dan. 11:45.

38. The removal of the Turkish seat of government from Europe to Asia is one of the warning signs designed by God to indicate the nearness of the close of the judgment in heaven.

And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book. And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end; many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.—Dan. 12:1-4.

39. The persecution of the holy people during the Dark Ages was to last 1,260 years.

Then I, Daniel, looked and, behold, there stood other two, the one on this side of the bank of the river and the other on that side of the bank of the river. And one said to the man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters of the river, when he held up his right hand and his left hand unto heaven, and swore by him that liveth forever, that it shall be for a time, times, and a half; and when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished.—Dan. 12:5-7.

This period of persecution, as previously noted, began A. D. 538, and would end in 1798. These dates correspond exactly with the facts of history. (Each day is a year in prophetic time. See Ezekiel 4:6.)

40. Daniel was told that the interpretation of his vision was sealed up until after the time of the end (1798).

And I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things? And he said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end.—Dan. 12:8, 9.

41. The wise and the purified will understand the vision after that date.

Many shall be purified and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand.—Dan. 12:10.

42. The twelve hundred and ninety days (Dan. 12:11) undoubtedly refer to the same run of persecution as the 1,260 years, except that it begins with the downfall of Pagan supremacy, which occurred in A. D. 508, and would end at the same time as the 1,260 days—in 1798.

43. The thirteen hundred and thirty-five days (Dan. 12:12) probably begins at the same time, A. D. 508, and extends down to A. D. 1844, ending at the same time as that of the twenty-three hundred days previously mentioned by the prophet Daniel.

44. These prophecies of the book of Daniel are to be read and understood more and more as the world nears its end.

But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.—Dan. 12:13.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sadler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



BUSINESS MEN AS SOUL WINNERS.

If there is a sweet, winning, persuasive influence about us it will win people. It is not sermonizing or fanatical movements, but the real thing, which sets on the true Christian as naturally and agreeably as the fragrance does on the rose. This is a high ideal, but nothing else will go into the kingdom of God, and if we fail in that it is of small consequence whether we have been successful business men or not.

"The kingdom of God is taken by violence," and we must become more stirred up over this all-important matter than a politician is to secure an office. That does not mean that by fretting and fuming we can earn salvation, but we must deliberately lay hold of *every* means of grace that can help us heavenward.

While upon all legitimate business may properly be written, "Holiness unto the Lord," yet for some reason a business experience alone is not the very best spiritual nourishment. You must roll up your sleeves in this critical hour and determine that genuine spiritual progress is to be made if every demon in the universe attempts to prevent it. That kind of a determination will win out, for God will honor it. By God's help men may not only be leaders in business enterprises, but also in the spiritual and moral welfare of those who come most directly under their influence.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

Just now is the time to make a decisive stroke in soul-winning work and for spiritual advancement. There is a sound of a going in the mulberry trees and it is time for every worker to be aroused. The whole country is astir on vital questions. It is time to step in while the waters are troubled. The right effort at a critical hour is worth a thousand-fold more than similar efforts at a time when there are not so many favorable factors at work. Let the weak say, I am strong, and the young remember that Paul said, "Let no man despise thy youth." (1 Tim. 4:12.)

Such a time as this brings to the surface the *real* things that are in men. It is time for those who have long been engaged in the Master's work and who know from personal experience what God is willing to do, to grip the oar with a steady hand.

If you are in a moral rut then the Lord will certainly allow some upheaval to come your way for the purpose of dislodging you, and if you again settle back into a deeper rut God's second remedy must be more drastic.

If you are standing in a prominent position where you have a special influence over the young will you see to it that your influence is used to direct their feet into better paths than many of them are now treading? As you help to brighten the experience of others your own experience will be brightened.

It may take most desperate efforts on your part to keep from backsliding, but connected with God you may be among the few whom He will use to turn the tide in the right direction. If you fully dedicate yourself to this work you will not necessarily be any less diligent in any legitimate business that you have at hand.

What an inspiration it is to see a business man, although advanced in years, still young in all that stands for true manhood, who has spent nearly an entire lifetime in office work but who has still preserved a keen interest in spiritual things. The full results of such an example will never be fully comprehended until we stand on the other shore.

The devil may poison others against you, thereby making your work doubly hard, but do not get discouraged; the same was true of Christ and those who labored with Him. Do not let any disheartening experience cause you undue perplexity. If you undertake aggressive work for the Master you are bound to be exposed to the fiercest darts of the enemy.

With a little thought and prayer you may be able to set in motion many helpful influences which will become telling factors in bringing about some of the grand results

which we shall yet see before the Master returns. If possible be sure to meet regularly with a few others who are thoroughly aroused to the importance of spiritual progress, for little seasons of prayer and council, the Lord will give light that otherwise would not be discerned, and when this is acted upon He will show what is the next step to take.

You may be neither a preacher nor a spiritual leader, yet you may daily, like the little lad, contribute your five loaves and two small fishes which, blessed by the Master, will feed the multitude.

If you have had but little interest in spiritual work do not let the devil delude you into thinking that you can not do much in an active way toward organizing an aggressive missionary campaign. Resolve to most earnestly and enthusiastically co-operate with any feasible efforts that others are putting forth for spiritual advancement. If no one asks you to take the initiative then you call on some one else; do not fail to do it.

Do not wait for able ministers or renowned evangelists to do what needs to be done. They may furnish some of the ammunition but you must help to organize regiments to use it. Real spiritual advancement in your community may inspire others to take hold of such work and so you can never measure the good that may result.

God wants his children to come up on a higher plane; somebody must get so stirred up over this matter that they can not rest. This is no time for fanatical efforts, but for earnest searching after those who are drifting away from Christ because they are not securely anchored.

If you want all the blessing that God has for you, you must give Him all your heart's devotion; for the same reason that you must cultivate all your farm in order to get a full crop; but if you sow even the smallest part you will get a crop from that part.

Jacob when viewed under the microscope is a rascal and a grafter, but when viewed from the telescope he is a man that can look into heaven, overcome with God, and a father of great nations. Are you viewing your associates through a microscope or through a telescope?

SOUL WINNERS' BIBLE STUDY

W. S. SADLER.

The Overcoming Life.

1. *Brotherly love, charity, forbearance, and Christian ministry are essential to the overcoming life.*

Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.—Rom. 12:17, 18, 20, 21.

2. *Overcomers publicly witness to the cleansing power of the blood of Christ.*

And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.—Rev. 12:10, 11.

3. *The overcoming life is found only in Christ the Overcomer.*

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

4. *There is overcoming power in the Word of God.*

I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him.—1 John 2:14, 15.

5. *The Christian is an overcomer through faith.*

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?—1 John 5:3-5.

6. *The overcomer's reward.*

a. He will eat the fruit of the tree of life.—Rev. 2:7.

b. He shall escape the second death.—Rev. 2:11.

c. He will be given a new name.—Rev. 2:17.

d. He will have power over the nations.—Rev. 2:26.

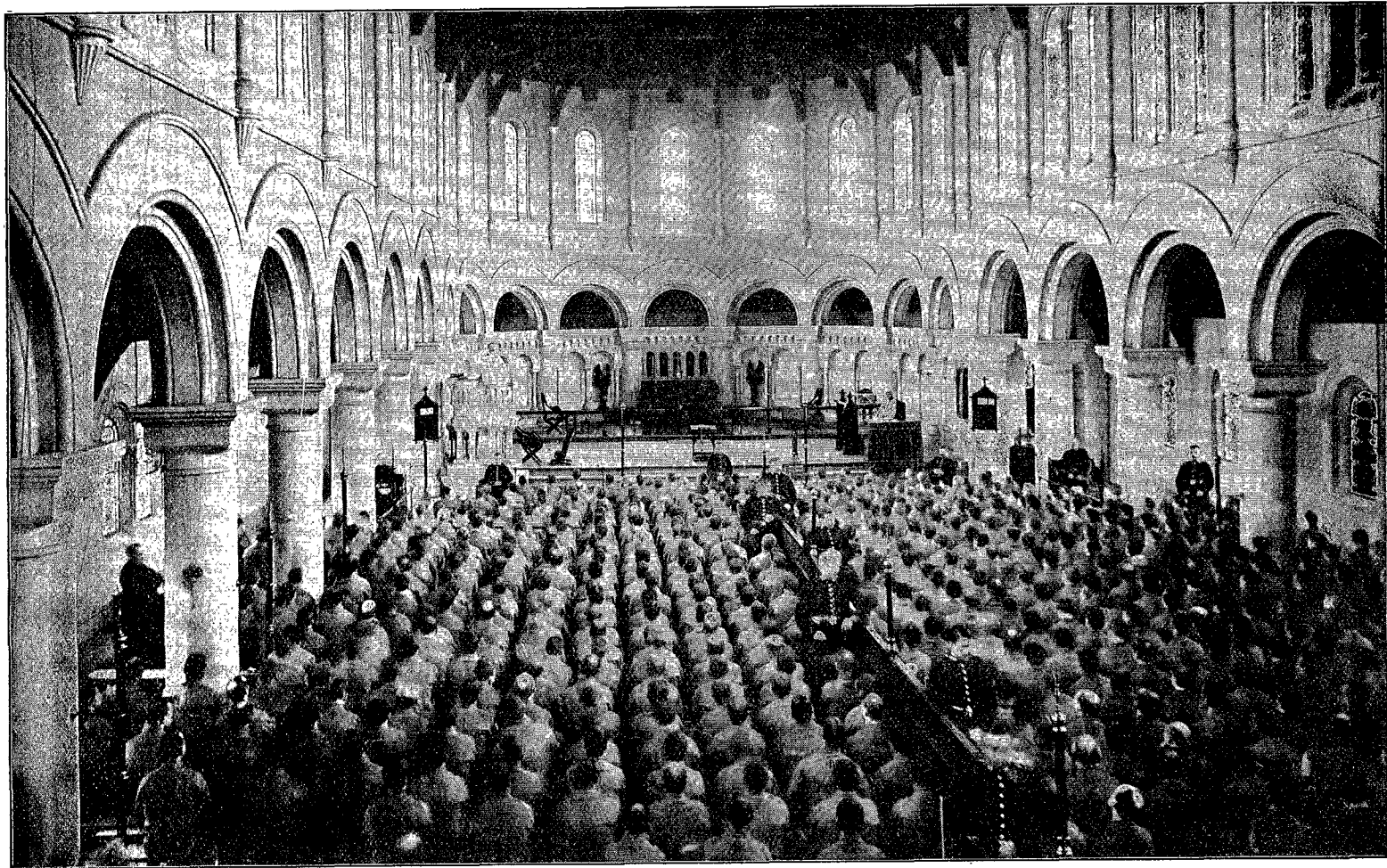
e. His name will be retained in the Book of Life, and confessed before the heavenly hosts.—Rev. 3:5.

f. He will be a pillar in the temple of God.—Rev. 3:12.

g. He will sit down with Christ on his throne.—Rev. 3:21.

h. He will inherit all things.—Rev. 21:7.

DO NOT LET YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRE.
RENEW NOW.



Will you help us to supply the entire prison population of the United States with gospel literature next April?

THE APRIL LIFE BOAT WILL BE A SPECIAL PRISONERS' NUMBER

It will require fifty thousand copies to supply the demand.

Shall we send by express the number to the prison officials that they ask for to distribute to the men?

Christ preached the Gospel to even the most hopeless cases.

We heard D. L. Moody say shortly before his death that the prisons of America presented to-day the most hopeful field for missionary work.

Will you join hands with us in giving the Gospel to the man behind the bars? He has at least learned that "the way of transgressors is hard," which is more than some sinners on the outside of the prison have yet learned.

Everyone who sends us two dollars will receive one year's credit on their own subscription and the publishers will undertake to express one hundred of this special number to prisoners.

Read the following letters from prominent prison chaplains received during the last few weeks. We have similar letters from almost every State prison chaplain in the United States.

W. N. Rutledge, Chaplain Southern Illinois Penitentiary, Menard, Ill., January 1, 1906, writes:

"THE LIFE BOAT," and especially the prison number, is greatly appreciated in this prison. I am often asked, on the galleries, 'Have you a LIFE BOAT?' Any person who contributes to the fund to send THE LIFE BOAT to prisons is doing a good thing."

Cyrus Mendenhall, Chaplain Michigan Reformatory, Ionia, Mich., December 28, 1905, writes:

"Through your generosity we have from time to time put thousands of copies of THE LIFE BOAT into circulation in this institution. Its influence is always for good, and those who may contribute of their means to carry out your plans in this direction are giving wisely."

A. H. Jessup, Chaplain Iowa State Penitentiary, Fort Madison, Iowa, December 29, 1905, writes:

"I regard THE LIFE BOAT as one calculated to do much good if circulated among prisoners. I have found many men here desirous of reading it, and have frequent requests for copies. In my judgment, if you can succeed in raising the necessary funds for a Prison Edition, such as was formerly printed, the money would be wisely given and well expended."

John A. Wade, Chaplain Tombs and Penitentiary, New York City, January 5, 1906, writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to commend THE LIFE BOAT. I know of no periodical so admirably adapted to the needs of the prisoner as this little messenger of sweetness and light. It speaks a message of hope and

cheer to all who are weary and heavy laden. I wish that a copy of each issue of THE LIFE BOAT could be placed in the hands of every prisoner in the land, as I know by experience its value in leading men to righteousness."

David Judson Starr, Chaplain Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, Ohio, December 28, 1905, writes:

"Our prisoners very highly appreciate copies of THE LIFE BOAT, and we are very glad when you are able to supply us some copies for them. Your prison edition of last year was a remarkably interesting and helpful number. It was read with much interest, and more copies of it were asked for by prisoners. If you should be able to print another prison edition I am sure one thousand copies would be eagerly read by our nearly sixteen hundred inmates. I know the publication of such an edition can only be made at a heavy expense to your publishers, and it can only be made with the help of generous people. I am sure that while some copies may fail of accomplishing desired results, if your readers could know the satisfaction and edification which THE LIFE BOAT brings to many members they would feel encouraged to help you liberally in this work."

An inmate of the New York Penitentiary, Blackwell's Island, New York, January 10, 1906, writes:

"About fourteen days ago a copy of THE LIFE BOAT was presented to me by a lady missionary who visits this penitentiary. After reading the magazine I formed the opinion that it was a most suitable periodical for circulation in institutions of this kind. Mr. John J. Fallon, warden of this institution, has requested me to commit to paper something of my thoughts (from a prisoner's point of view) of the suitability of this magazine as a help

and encouragement to prisoners. I may say that to have something to read is a great boon to prisoners, and from my observation I believe that *THE LIFE BOAT* has been very generally read by those who were presented with a copy, then passed to others and read by them, so that it appears to be appreciated. I find that the matter contained in the paper is of a nature to console and encourage every individual prisoner who reads it, even the most hopeless.

"The first article in the December issue tells of a prisoner who was led to change his evil habits through the impression made upon him by a missionary paper. He, the leader of a gang of thieves, began his reformation while still in prison, and grew in grace, until, at the expiration of his term, he was able to resist temptation, started to earn an honest livelihood, and realized that happiness born of just dealing and upright conduct which is forever denied to the criminal.

"The publication and circulation among the prison population of such experiences is eminently calculated to arrest the attention of one serving a term in prison, from the very fact of the person he reads about being in a similar position to himself, being, as it were, a fellow prisoner. To be a thoughtful man, this tends to stimulate emulation, or at least makes him pause and weigh seriously his present position and future prospects. The other articles are all commendable, not only for their Christian teaching, but for the cheerful tone by which they inspire the spark of hope which in some of us has burned so low that, without such encouragement as may be derived from this excellent paper, there is great danger of it being finally extinguished. It is a guide that will save a man from this utter darkness and by leading him into the light of truth, prepare him to go forth into the world, fight an honest battle, and gain as his reward that 'peace that passeth understanding.'

"I can imagine no wider field for missionary labor than that offered by the penal institutions of this country, nor do I know of a class among whom it is so difficult to gauge the result. The seed once sown very often brings forth fruit that you know not of, and brings light and joy to many a sore heart that you never hear of.

"I have great satisfaction in offering you my hearty good wishes for the success of the work carried on by you and your fellow missionaries, and substantially assisted by this excellent paper so appropriately named, *THE LIFE BOAT.*"

READS IT TO HER CHILDREN.

Anna Z. Hanson writes: "I can not express myself as I would like to about this magazine, for it is so dear to me and my family, and it seems so long from one month to the other.

I am in full sympathy with the kind of work I read about in its pages. I do all I can with the one I get. With tears in my eyes I read it to my four children. With open ears they listen to the sad and glad stories, and then they say, 'Mamma, tell us some more from that paper.' After I have read it I give it to some one who drinks or smokes."

GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

MRS. A. L. FORBES,
Jackson, Mich.

[A year ago several of our readers in Jackson, Mich., resolved to meet together occasionally for prayer and to plan work for the souls and bodies of the needy; they have had many blessed experiences. Let others try the same plan.—Ed.]

I will write you a few lines to tell you of a meeting we had the other day. Sister Leightner and myself went to a sister to hold a meeting; there were several children there, so we made it a point to talk directly to the children. It would have done your hearts good to have seen their faces light up with interest as we talked to them of the love of Jesus and the gift of the holy Spirit to us to enable us to do acts of kindness to the suffering. All but two offered prayer and afterward took some papers and went out to sell them. They sold them all, then got some more and sold them, and now they wish twenty-five more.

"Who is to cure the tuberculosis patient?" a question of world-wide importance, is discussed in a most interesting way in the January number of *Journal of the Outdoor Life*, published at Trudeau, in the Adirondack mountains, New York. Other features of the January number of *Journal of the Outdoor Life*, whose aim is to be helpful to persons leading an outdoor life for their health, are "Outdoor Life in the West Indies," by Dr. Edward O. Otis, professor of pulmonary diseases and Climatology, Tufts Medical School, Boston; "Winter Sport in the Adirondacks," "Diet in Tuberculosis," "A History of Pulmonary Tuberculosis," and an article describing the cost of living and chances for employment for those seeking health in Denver, Colo. The subscription price of the *Journal of the Outdoor Life* is \$1.00 a year. Address Saranac Lake, N. Y.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.

W. S. SADLER, Associate Editor.

N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager.

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 472 State street.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

Yearly subscriptions, 35 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription expires. We do not continue any names on our list after the expiration of the subscription, so please renew your subscription promptly.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

The publishers of THE LIFE BOAT will be pleased to have their attention called to any mistakes that may occur, and will be glad to correct them.

PREMIUMS.

The attention of our readers is invited to our valuable premium offers. We are constantly in receipt of most appreciative letters from those who have taken advantage of these liberal offers.

WANTED—\$5,000 in sums of \$200 and upward on high grade first mortgage security; six per cent interest. Address H. E. Hoyt, Hinsdale, Ill.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A ten-acre fruit farm with good buildings, located in Grand Haven Township, Ottawa County, Mich. For further particulars address Henry Amperse, Hinsdale, Ill.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

Full page, single issue, \$20; three months, \$50.

Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.

One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

Are you interested in the church federation movement? Send ten cents in stamps for valuable copies of "Signs," containing valuable articles upon this significant movement. Address Box 58, Mountain View, Cal.

RECEIVED HER THIRD PREMIUM BIBLE.

The following letter is received from Marshall, Minn.:

"I have received my Bible and like it very much. This is the third Bible I have earned as a premium by securing new subscribers. I am an old lady seventy-four years old and I want to do what good I can, and I don't know as I can do anything better than to get gospel literature into circulation. This is one of the best papers I know of; it has so much good I feel as though I couldn't do without it."

WAYSIDE MINISTRIES.

MARY SANDBORN,

I try never to let one who comes to my door go away without either giving, selling, or loaning him a LIFE BOAT. A young man came one day who was introducing some new food. I talked to him and showed him the paper. He said I was the first one in this town who had spoken to him about his soul and he bought several copies. I told him I hoped he would find it such a help he would invest thirty-five cents to have it for a monthly visitor, and he said he would when he returned home.

I find so many ways of working for God's creatures whom He died to save. The children come together every week and we study the Bible together. One little girl who has never failed to come reads the Bible and this magazine to her grandma every evening; her grandma can not read. With God's help I will take a stronger hold upon the One who says that with His help we can do all things.

PURITY INDUSTRIAL HOMES.

CHAS. A. MITCHELL, SUPERINTENDENT.

Marionville, Mo.

This new movement is striking out on very radical lines. We believe that through false modesty much harm is done our young people that they are not told the truth that is most sacred and valuable, in a pure way by friends. We believe that there is an immense amount of suffering and heartache through ignorance and wrong ideas. We condemn unmercifully the double standard of morals and believe that men should be as pure as women.

We furnish work for poor students to pay their school expenses. They cook, wash, iron, barber, cut wood, garden, farm, tend to cows and horses, and maintain a broom factory. The boys agree never to use whiskey and tobacco and the girls never to keep company with young men who use either. They study and attend lectures on purity. One winter our boys cleared five acres of timber with a stump-puller. We have plans for further improvement as soon as Providence opens the way.

Those who are interested in medical missionary work should subscribe for *The Medical Missionary*. If you are not, subscribe any way, and you will become interested. Price, 50 cents a year. Address Medical Missionary, Battle Creek, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

Is what everybody likes, and its good influence and real pleasure can not be too highly estimated. "The Wonderful River," "The Mountain Flowers" and "His Loving Voice" are pieces that we can recommend to every singer and every piano player. All three for fifty cents. Send for them at once!

THE GOSPEL MUSIC COMPANY,
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21 PIECES OF SHEET MUSIC FOR ONLY 95c

Napoleon's March Over the Alps, Scandinavian Band March, Hamburg Parade March, Kroneberg's Artillery March, Bonaparte's March, Java March, Titus March, Bruce's March, Louisville March, Dewey's March, Hobson's March, Sampson's March, Smith's March, Sultan's Band March, Gen. Otis' March, Gen. Shafter's March, Gen. Sigel's March, Gen. Fairchild's March, Gen. Weaver's March, G. A. R. March, Webster's Funeral March, 21 marches and 15 pages sample music, special price 95 cents, postage 10 cts.

AGENTS WANTED.

A. SAMUELSON 1647 Briar Place
CHICAGO, ILL.

SPANISH GOSPEL PUBLICATIONS

Recently there has been quite an interest manifested in different places to do missionary work among the Spanish-speaking people, which has created a demand for Gospel literature in that language.

We have the following list of small tracts and pamphlets in Spanish :

Agony of Christ in the Garden
Benefits of Bible Study
Christ our Righteousness
Coming of the Lord
Captain of our Salvation
Gift of God to Man

Great Commandment
Is the End Near?
Living by Faith
Price of our Salvation
Temptation, The
What must I do to be Saved?

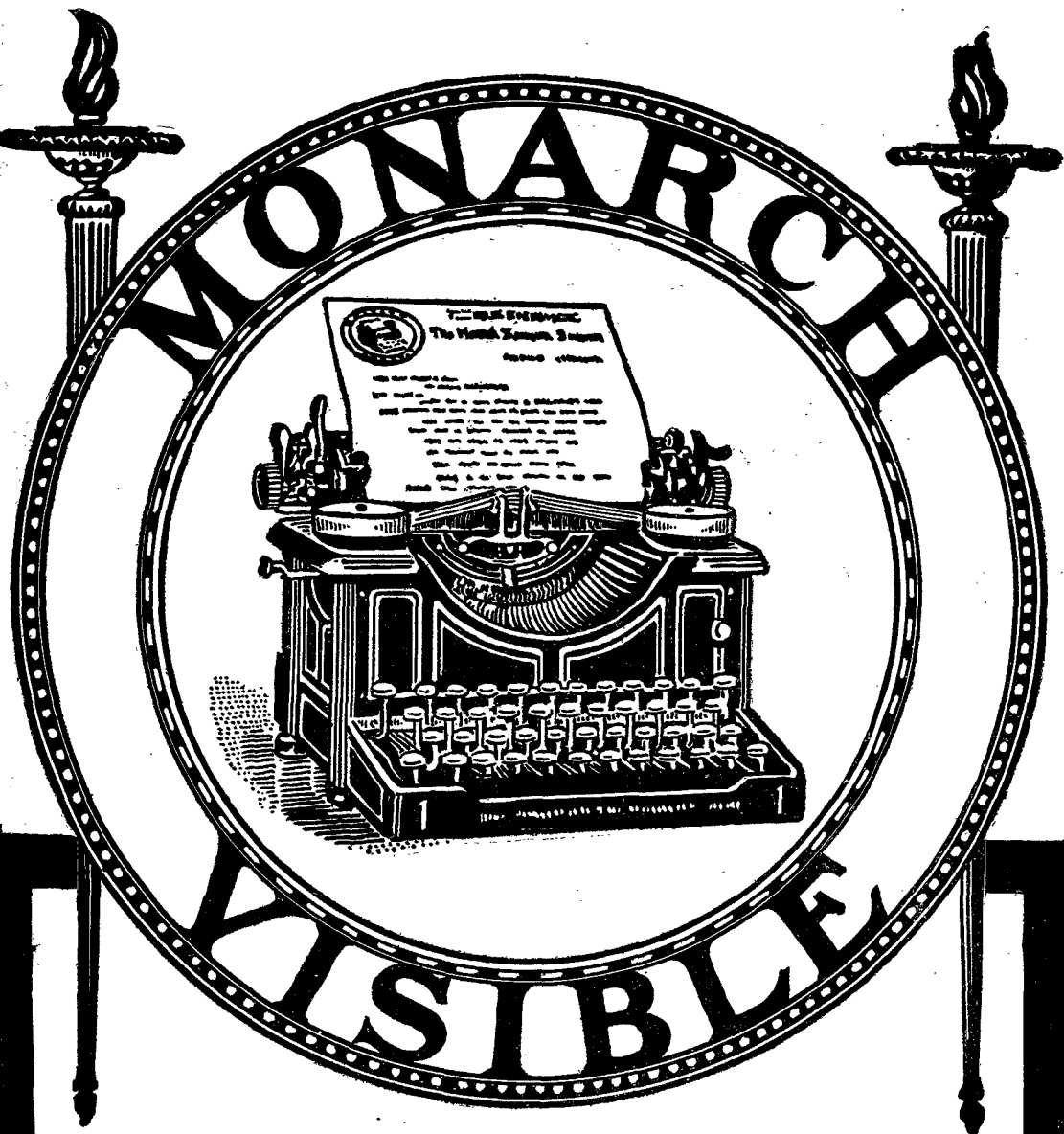
Aside from the above we are now printing the series of "Family Bible Teacher," consisting of twenty-eight numbers, in the Spanish language. This excellent series of Bible readings throws great light upon a number of important Bible truths. This valuable series of Bible studies may now be procured in English, German, Danish-Norwegian, Swedish and Spanish.

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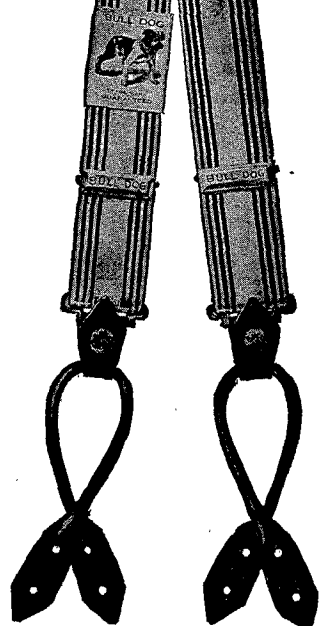
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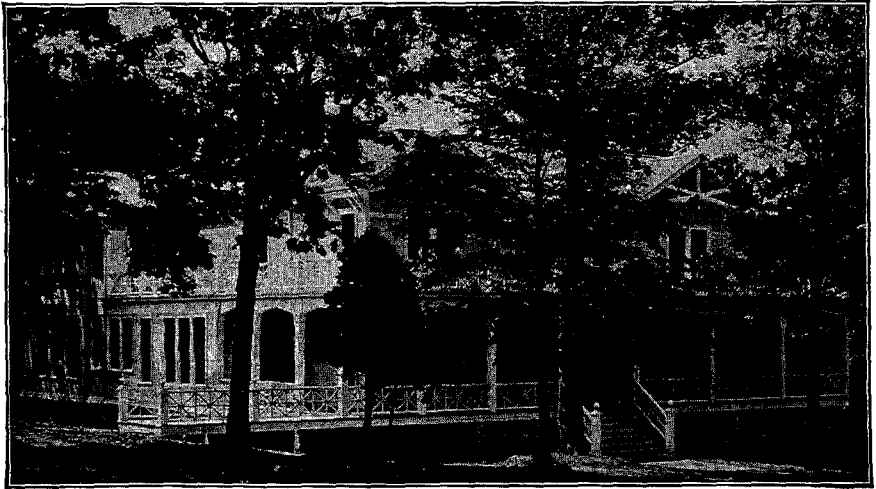
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