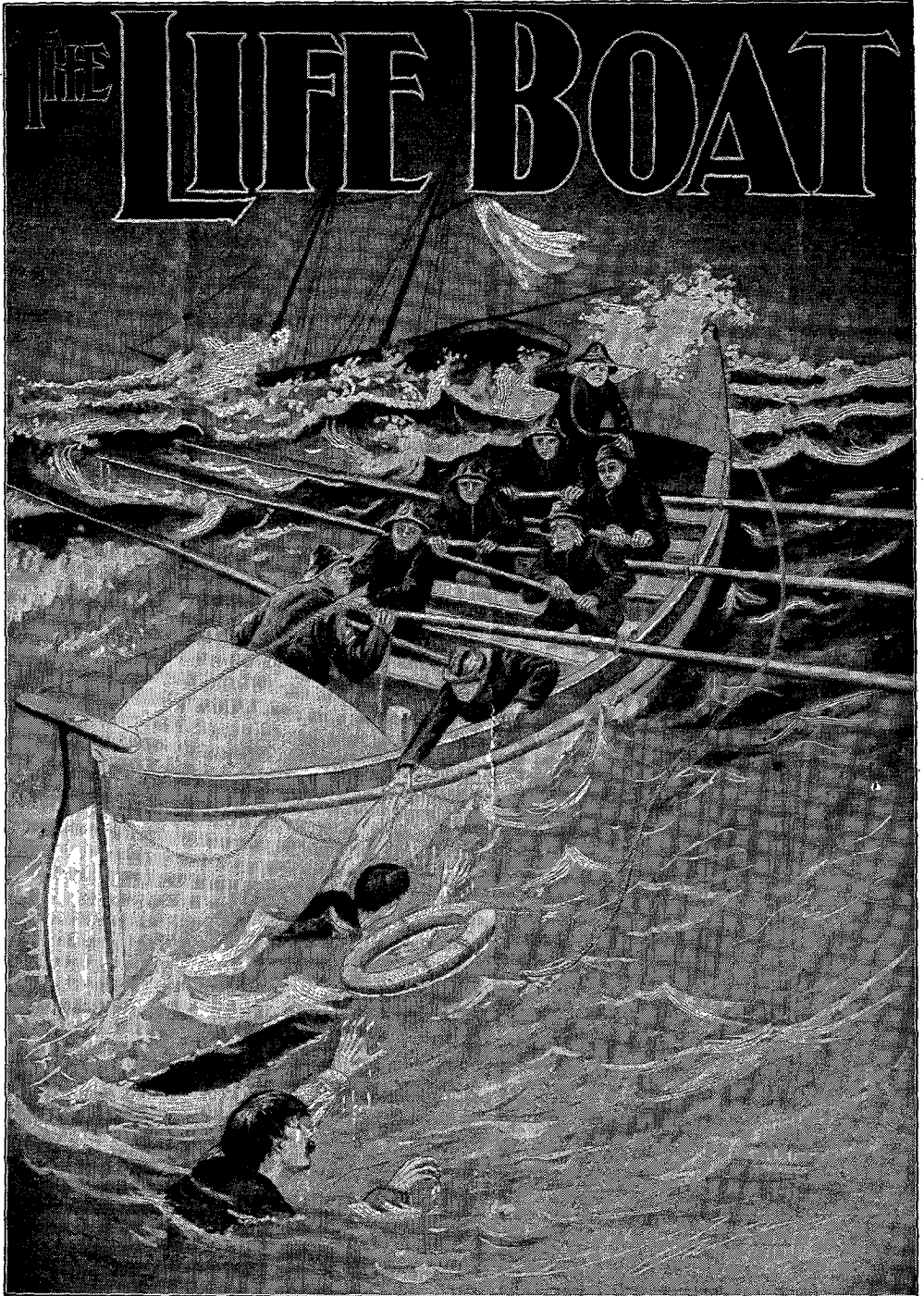


Is Anything too Hard for God?

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Are You Interested in Soul Winning?



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COOKING THE EVENING MEAL IN A REFUGE CAMP



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THREE MILES OF RUINS

See article "Experiences of an Earthquake Victim."



**An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic,
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Volume IX

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JUNE, 1906

Number 6

CHRIST IS COMING.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Christ is coming, Christ is coming!
Soon His Chariot will appear;
Signs in earth and sea and heavens
Tell that His approach is near.
Earthquakes, pestilence and famine,
Wars, and wickedness and strife,
All foretell the Lord is coming
With a new and better life.

He is coming, He is coming!
He will leave His Father's throne;
Oh, the glory of that moment
When He comes to claim His own!
Often on life's desert pathway
Comes that vision to my view,
As refreshing as in summer
Early morning's fragrant dew.

He is coming, He is coming!
All the roughness of the way
Will but seem as less than nothing
When I meet Him on that day.
When the weary watch is ended,
And my Saviour's face I see,
Just to hear His loving welcome—
What a moment that will be!

He is coming, yes, He's coming!
How I long to see that time,
Dwelling ever in His presence
In that golden summer clime.
How my heart will swell with rapture
When I view His lovely face!
And my tongue will tell the story
Of a sinner saved by grace.

"He is coming!"—oh, the wonder
Of the hope which therein lies!
'Tis a foretaste of the glory
When we meet Him in the skies.
He is coming, Christ is coming!
Soon the day will banish night,
And earth's shadows flee forever
In the dawn of perfect light.

**EXPERIENCES OF AN EARTHQUAKE
VICTIM.**

K. LILLIAN WINKLER.

[For several years Miss Winkler has been employed in the well known vegetarian restaurant on Market street, San Francisco. Like thousands of others who lost everything, she returned East. While spending a few days in our Chicago work we asked her to write out her personal impressions of this terrible calamity for the readers of THE LIFE BOAT.—Ed.]

All the girls who worked in the restaurant lived together in a home south of Market street. At 5:15 several who usually went down early to get breakfast ready were already up and dressed when the shock came. My roommate and myself sat up in bed and clasped our hands, expecting the house to come down. Several of the girls were thrown out of bed; one of them had her hands all torn as she was tossed against something.

We looked out of the window and saw the old Brunswick Hotel just across the street come down flat. When we reached the window its ruins were all on fire. While I was watching, some began to make an opening in the timbers and three partially dressed people were dragged out of this hole. They got out just as the fire reached them. There must have been others underneath these ruins, for, the men kept digging frantically to get at them.

We were at first ordered to stay where we were on account of the danger from the live

electric wires in the street, but pretty soon there was a gas explosion and then there were fires springing up all around us so we began packing our trunks and dragged them down stairs. But the policemen ordered us on so we slipped our trunks into a hole under the sidewalk. Later a large brick building fell over them and we never afterward found even a trace of them. We were almost completely hemmed in by the fire; the only open space was a little alley and we got through this just in time. A man went back trying to save some of his things and in a few minutes a falling building blocked up this little alley, so he had to go between two burning buildings and was badly burned. If we had had to go through there our dresses would have undoubtedly caught fire and we would have been burned to death.

We went down to the restaurant and found the things had been thrown around a good deal, and the pantry was full of broken cups and saucers, and we all went to work at once and began to serve food. That was the only restaurant in that district that served meals that morning.

The people seemed wild to get something to eat; they seemed to think it would be the last meal they would be able to get in San Francisco. They would say, "Give us anything—anything you have." The dining room was soon crowded and some of the girls waited on two or three tables at a time, but everyone went about their work as quietly and orderly as on any previous morning, remembering their orders and filling them coolly and calmly. I was surprised at myself; it seemed strange to be able to do it under such a strain.

Right in the midst of this the electricity was turned off and so our lights went out, but we continued serving people for some time in the dark with the help of a few tallow candles. Soon the fire was surrounding us on every side and it was getting hot in the rear end of the restaurant, so the manager turned the people away. Another light shock came and we ran out into the street. The manager told us all to stay together and sent us to his aunt's home by the Golden Gate Park.

I will never forget that long walk. The streets were thronged with people dressed

in all manner of ways. One girl had on a sweater that might have belonged to her brother, an old skirt, and a cow-boy's hat. Many were merely escaping in their night clothes, and they must have suffered terribly from the cold. Some acted as though they were crazy. One man was acting so wildly that it took four men to hold him, and others were laughing hysterically. One man kept saying over and over, "Jesus is coming!"

There were fallen buildings on all sides. In some places the streets had sunk from a foot and a half to two feet. In other places there were large crevices in the earth. The street car tracks were just warped into queer shapes.

Later in the day we went out into the park and there we found people fixing up temporary camps with all sorts of things around them which they had happened to save. Then we climbed up on a mountain near the park and watched the fire until evening. It was terrible to think of those flames destroying everything. Building after building was blown up by dynamite.

I stayed up all that night by the window watching the fire. I was unable to either eat or sleep, and the following night I just gave way under the strain. We all felt partially dazed and hardly seemed able to realize what had happened to us. We finally got across to Oakland and then went on to St. Helena. All the people there were so good and kind to us; they took us in and gave us everything we needed. It was twelve days after the calamity before it was possible for me to get word to my mother that I was safe.

THREE LITTLE BOYS.

FANNIE EMMEL.

[We feel deeply impressed that every parent should earnestly, thoughtfully and prayerfully read Miss Emmel's account of this experience with these boys, and then ask themselves whether there is any likelihood that they are making a similar mistake with their own children.—Ed.]

It was some time ago when I was at the Harrison Street police station one afternoon my attention was drawn to three little boys in a remote cell. My heart was touched and I immediately went to them and inquired what the trouble was. They were between the ages

of ten and twelve. They had been brought to the station by the officers, who had been instructed to meet them at the train on their arrival in Chicago and hold them until such a time as they could be sent for.

One little fellow whose heart was almost breaking and could scarcely speak for sobbing, I invited up where I could put my arm around him and asked him what was the trouble. He acknowledged he ran away from his home, which was hundreds of miles away. I asked if they had stolen their way on the cars and they said, "Oh, no." I learned that they had considerable money besides their car fare. I asked if they had stolen it and they answered "No," they had earned it.

A number of days before coming to Chicago they had left their homes, but remained in the same town and worked for money to bring them away. After earning as much as they needed they started for Chicago to see the sights. They had experiences enough before they got through. They did not expect to land in the police station, and home, mother and father looked different to these boys when they had to look out between bars.

When I asked them what they were going to do, they replied they wanted to go home and they promised me faithfully as we kneeled on bended knees together that they would do their part to live good lives and become true men in the world.

But, friends, underneath all their desires to do this I could detect a strong struggle going on in some of their little hearts, because, out of their sobs one of the little fellows said, "I do know that mother did not treat me right or I would not have left home. I love father and he has always been good to me, but when my brother beat me and did unkind things to me and I would not fight him back, but go to her about it she would only say, 'Well, never mind, that did not hurt you,' and she would not punish him or say anything to him at all and I could not stand that, for it was not all my fault."

Mothers, do you realize what it means to your child to stand for right principles? I never was able to see so clearly before hearing this little fellow's experience, how a heart could be crushed so completely as that little fellow's was simply because a mother was too slack to see a right principle, not because she

did not love her child, but thought perhaps by so doing she might save trouble.

Does it pay? How much better off this little fellow would have been only the Lord knows, if that mother had taken both those children and knelt with them in prayer and helped them to see that they were wrong and helped them to make their wrongs right, than for one to be made to feel that he was pushed aside, unloved, uncared for, and no one to help him.

Mothers, are your children too young to be taught that the Lord is willing as well as able to pay attention to their needs and comfort them in their troubles? They were all very willing in this trouble to kneel with me and each one of his own accord, when I asked them, prayed. How sad that mothers should be willing to allow strangers to teach their children to pray!

Since returning to his home, I have received word saying that this little fellow is studying the Bible and in other ways is doing his part to fulfill his promise.

WHAT A SINFUL HABIT COSTS.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Several weeks ago a neatly dressed man entered a restaurant in Chicago and called for something to eat. Before he had completed his lunch he got into a quarrel with the waiter over some trivial matter, and, seizing a large knife, he buried it deep in the other man's body. In less time than it takes to tell it one young man laid down his life at the feet of the other—his murderer; two mothers' hearts were broken, two homes ruined, and a black stain left upon the community. The patrol wagon was called and a few minutes later the criminal was being hastened on to the Harrison Street police station.

The next Sunday morning a little band of prison missionaries found their way thither in search of human souls to point them to Christ. Here they found the young man described above. In the cell next to him was a railroad man who was suffering from delirium tremens; in the next cell was one who had cruelly murdered his wife under the influence of drink. These men listened attentively all through the gospel service and when the invitation was given all three with tears in their eyes thrust their hands out through

the bars, making known by that act that they wanted to be prayed for.

The judge decided upon their cases and they passed on to their doom, but seeds of truth were planted in their hearts and God will take care of the harvest.

There was a time in the life of each one of the men when they could easily have turned from the tempter, in fact, the temptation was hardly thought to be such—simply a hasty, angry word in one case, and a social glass with some well-meaning friends in the others', but the results were horrifying. The Bible says: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 16:25. A single sinful habit will lead us into that way, but there is another WAY, and God says even though you are fed with the bread of adversity, and you are given the water of affliction to drink, yet He will send teachers to you, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." (Isa. 30:20, 21.) That way is Jesus Christ. He has declared, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37.

A UNIQUE HEALTH FARM.

[The work that is being done for consumptives by the Denver Young Men's Christian Association is attracting national attention. For this reason we have asked our old friend, W. M. Danner, formerly secretary of the Louisville Y. M. C. A., but now secretary of the Denver association, to prepare the following sketch of this grand work.

Wherever you are do not forget that there are always as magic possibilities in store for you right at home if you will breathe heaven's pure air twenty-four hours a day. If you are at all predisposed to consumption (and who are not?) arrange to have the air in your bedroom as pure as the outdoor air as possible. Better still, improvise a part of your veranda as an outdoor summer bedroom and by next winter you will have received so much benefit from it that you will never again want to live in such a hermetically sealed cave as the average bedroom is.—Ed.]

The Association Health Farm at Edgewater, Colorado, was established by the Denver Young Men's Christian Association in 1903. It is one of the most unique of association enterprises, and represents the practical effort of the organization in Denver to provide a place where young men with lung trouble and slender financial resources sent to Colorado on the recommendation of their physicians

may enjoy the climatic benefits of the State under conditions conducive to their recovery.

The question of helping young men thus circumstanced has always been a problem with the Y. M. C. A. in Denver, and in the Health Farm it would appear that the Association has found a happy solution. Indeed the Health Farm affords a striking illustration of the spirit which animates the Association in its work, and the number of young men it has rescued from the grave and restored to the activities of life must be some compensation for the added burden which this department imposes.

The farm is situated six miles west from the center of a rich fruit and truck farming district, and is blessed with very favorable natural surroundings. The Rocky Mountains plainly visible, tower in the distance; the foothills are so near that they seem within easy walking distance; shade trees bound the farm on the west and north sides; and the main irrigation ditch of the district bisects the property at the northern end.



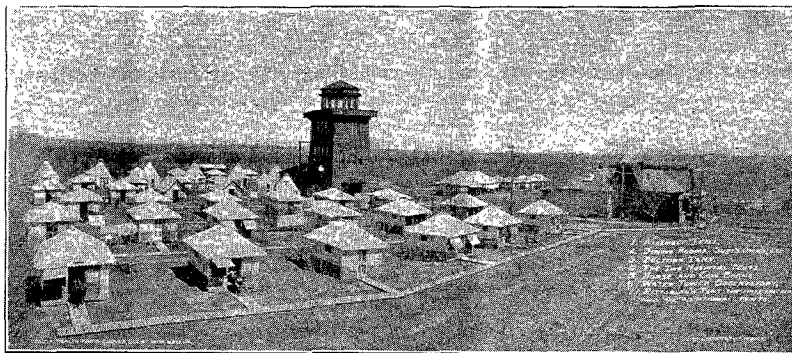
Out in the Orchard.

The farm itself consists of thirty-four acres, all devoted to fruit culture, with the exception of ten acres of vegetable gardens, and such of the land as is utilized by the tent colony and buildings. Apples, plums and cherries are the fruits grown. The apple orchard alone takes in some twenty acres.

A herd of nine cows supplies the farm with milk; five horses do the teaming and farm work; some poultry raising is done with a parent flock of over one hundred; the orchard furnishes an abundant supply of fruit, while the garden yields most of the vegetables required.

When the Health Farm was opened in May, 1903, the equipment consisted of only nine tents and the brick house which was formerly the residence of the donor of the farm. In less than a year there were nearly thirty tents occupied; an artesian well had been sunk and an engine house and 4-story water tower building had been added. Other improvements and additions have since been go-

Farm examining physician before being accepted as a patient. Three substantial meals are served daily. Breakfast is at 7 a. m., dinner at 12, and supper at 6 p. m., and the residents are expected to be in bed by 9 p. m. A physician resides at the farm and gives all his time to the work. Only incipient cases are invited, as the farm is not equipped to offer hospital treatment.



Home of the Denver Y. M. C. A. Health Colony.

ing steadily on, and now with forty-six tents the capacity of the present equipment has reached its limit, and more buildings and dining room accommodation must be added before any further expansion is possible.

Since the opening of the farm 247 patients, representing thirty-one different States besides Canada and six foreign countries, and seventeen religious denominations, have been received at the farm. Of this number twenty-four returned for a second period of residence; one hundred and eighty-six or 75 per cent improved; forty or 16 per cent had the disease arrested when they left; and one hundred and five or 42½ per cent were working when last heard from. Seventy-five worked on the farm at some time or another while there. Of the total number seventy were incipient cases; four had the disease arrested when they arrived; one hundred and thirty-eight were advanced cases; thirty were far advanced, and five were non-tubercular.

Residents at the Health Farm pay twenty-five dollars a month for board and tent. This sum is five dollars a month less than what it actually costs to keep a man, and has, therefore, to be made up by outside contributions. Admission is secured through the Denver Y. M. C. A. and every man has to pass the Health

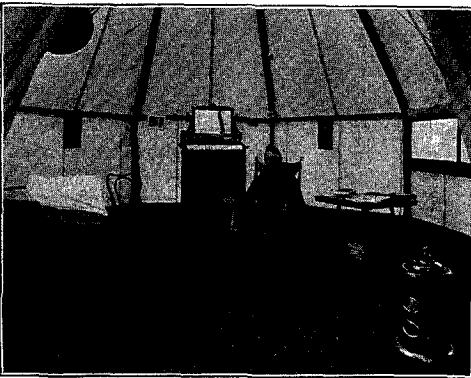
A good many of the residents who are physically able and whose finances oblige them to be doing something, are given work to do around the farm as occasion demands. All the permanent positions not involving heavy work are parceled out among the residents who from time to time are qualified to hold them, and the temporary jobs are divided up in a similar manner. In this way many men who would otherwise be compelled to leave for lack of funds are enabled to remain, with the added satisfaction of feeling that they are doing something for themselves. The importance of mental occupation for the tubercular patient who has overcome the disease to the point where he is able to do a moderate amount of work with benefit is well recognized.

At the Health Farm, of course, the real purpose of what might be called the industrial side of the work is to place within the reach of the residents the means of benefiting themselves financially; but while fulfilling this object it also fulfills the other. The gardens, the orchard, the mechanical, poultry and janitor departments, as well as the work of administration are all contributing to the industrial aspect of the Health Farm work, which it

is the policy of the management to develop still further as the farm expands.

The moral and social features of the Health Farm life have also each their special significance. The Y. M. C. A. auspices under which the farm is organized ensure a wholesome moral atmosphere which is as essential to the building up of health as pure air or anything else. Health Farm residents find themselves surrounded by moral influences of a robust and wholesome kind which seldom fail to appeal to them, and which have generally an excellent effect on their mental attitude and character.

The social life of the camp is bright and attractive, providing a cheerful, home-like substitute for the realities of family union. A unique system of civil government, recently established with the hearty concurrence of the



Living Under Canvas.

management, is successful in interesting all the men in their life and surroundings, and training them to methods of social discipline and good citizenship.

Nothing could reflect better the spirit of fellowship and co-operation by which the men are animated than the fact that they are able to do their own police duty, and administer their own social laws, with benefit to themselves and satisfaction to the management. Outside the civic life debates, entertainments and educational contests help to keep the Health Farm free from homesickness and that feeling of depression and unrest which sometimes gains possession of those on whom tubercular sickness enforces long periods of idleness and inactivity.

Altogether the work of the Health Farm

truly reflects the spirit of the great organization by which it was founded and is maintained. The Association Health Farm life, like every other branch of Y. M. C. A. work, makes for righteousness as well as physical vigor. While building up his body it teaches the man to correct the errors of the past, helps him to prepare himself for his future work, and so to live that when he returns to the world he may be a better man in every way for having been laid aside for a time.

HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH YOUNG CONVERTS ON HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND SALVATION.

BY DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Many believe that if they absolutely follow the Lord they will have a miserable time of it; such people have somehow missed the real thing, for "I alone know the thoughts that I entertain respecting you saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you a happy future and hope." Jer. 29:11, Hebrew version. God wants us to have both *health* and *happiness*. "I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in *health*, even as thy soul prospereth." 3 John 2.

The Lord wants us to have a small edition of heaven here below. We may have a little installment of heaven here to go to heaven in. He does not want us to go on our way to heaven like a crippled band of mourners weeping as we go, covering the altar with tears, but as conquerors singing and rejoicing as we go.

The same Bible that tells us to pray always tells us also to rejoice always. It is the man who is learning to talk to God to whom God whispers sweet things that will bring sweet things out in his life.

How can those of us doubt this who have again and again seen some poor, miserable outcast, perhaps a wicked, deliberate burglar, or perhaps a confirmed drunkard, changed, transformed and ennobled until that wretched lump of clay was made fit to shine in the midst of a company of holy angels?

That represents miracle-working power but just the kind of a miracle we can daily be experiencing in our lives provided we are willing to co-operate mentally, morally and physically. Romans 12:1, 2, gives a clear

hint of this: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your *bodies*, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye *transformed*." Notice it does not say, "Be reformed." Reformation is good but God proposes to do something better. "Be ye transformed by the *renewing* of your mind;" get a new mind "that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

Certain susceptible people can be hypnotized and thus brought absolutely under the control of the hypnotizer. An honorable, dignified man has sometimes been brought before an audience and so completely hypnotized that when he was told to take off his clothes he at once proceeded to unbutton his clothing and would have removed everything if he had not been prevented from so doing. Likewise, men will under the influence of the devil's hypnotism go and do things that they would not otherwise do and from which they have to be prevented by the strong arm of the law. "Know ye not, that to whom ye *yield* yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?" Rom. 6:16.

It is the privilege of the gospel worker to proclaim *liberty* to such captives (Isa. 61:1), "to *set at liberty* them that are bruised" (Luke 4:18),—for "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2 Cor. 3:17)—and to stand fast "in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us *free*." Gal. 5:1. "If any man be in Christ, he is a *new* creature." 2 Cor. 5:17.

He has a new mind, a new inspiration, but he still has the same flesh, the old body, the old brain. If he had a crop of boils when he was converted he still has them the next day. The poison that was circulating in his blood at the time is still there nagging away at his nerves, rasping and tearing away at his sensitive brain cells.

We often see this sign out over some building in Chicago: "This place has changed hands," or "This place is under new management." When a man is converted his body comes under a *new* management; a new tenant, as it were, has moved in, and if his experience is something more than a mere pretense or empty profession his neighbors and

his immediate associates will soon begin to see some visible indications of it. When a tumble-down house changes hands we soon see new shingles on the roof, the broken windows are replaced by new ones, and general improvements are taking place.

As the new tenant determines to improve the house he lives in, for the same reason the young convert should not be content to continue to have the same impure blood, irritating his nerves and continually nagging him just as a tight shoe would a sore foot. Suppose I should grind the heel of my shoe into the young convert's toe and yet he is expected to look pleasant, to be helpful, to say kind words—would not this be a tremendous test of his new-found Christianity? Yet would it be any more painful than a terrible neuralgia, or a gnawing pain in the back of the head, or any one of a number of physical disorders under which many are constantly groaning?

What a tremendous advantage it would be for this man to have me step off from his toes. Is it not an equally great advantage for the Christian to learn how to treat his body so that there will be no need for his nervous system to be shrieking out its torment more or less constantly? Even under the best conditions it is highly essential that like Paul we keep under our bodies, and bring them into subjection, lest that by any means, after we have preached to others, we ourselves should be castaways. (1 Cor. 9:27.)

Next month we will study something more on this subject of how we may co-operate in a sensible, practical way in bringing our bodies into such condition that they need not be such a source of discouragement as they are to many Christians.

WHISKEY AS A MEDICINE.

An inmate of the South Dakota Penitentiary who encloses twenty-five cents to help in prison correspondence, writes as follows:

"It is because of my own weakness and an unwise prescription that I am in this prison. The doctor prescribed whiskey as medicine—a large glassful four times a day for six months, and I took this prescription, thinking as all do that I could quit any time I wished

to. It was whiskey that got me into the penitentiary.

"From this day I intend, with the help of God, to do differently. Would you advise public confession of Christ here in the prison chapel? I have seen convicts hold up their hands for prayer and have heard the remarks made by fellow convicts, and have wondered if it did not do more harm than good to make a stand for Christ here in this place. Do you think that I could be a Christian without this public confession? I have served the devil good and faithfully for thirty-five years and all he did for me was to land me in the penitentiary. I am done with him forever."

THE PRICE OF A LOAF OF BREAD.

VIDA V. YOUNG.

San Bernardino, Cal.

"Stop to think how I spend a nickel?"
Self-Indulgence haughtily said,
While Charity's voice softly whispered,
" 'Tis the price of a loaf of bread—
A loaf of bread for the living
Instead of a tear for the dead."

There are hundreds of little children
On the city's crowded street,
*Who never in all their lifetime
Have had all they wanted to eat;*
No flowers have bloomed by the pathway
So rough for their little feet.

We talk of "promiscuous giving"
As being imprudent, and wait
Till the case is beyond our assistance
We meant to investigate,
And only the cry so mocking,
Comes back to our ears, "Too late."

There are pleasanter things to think of
Than children crying for bread.
So we turn our thoughts from their suffering
And look at the "bright side" instead,
While we gather our loved ones about us—
Our darlings so plump and well fed.

The price of a loaf, 'tis so little—
Too small to be thought of, we say,
So we carelessly scatter the pennies
That might drive suffering away—
The pennies that might make so happy
Some child who is hungry to-day.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Once more through these columns we wish to send a message to any girl in trouble. We read in the Bible that Christ says: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." (Heb. 13:5.) If He meant that for anyone He meant it for *you*, and if He will never leave you nor forsake you why should any of us, His followers, not be willing to extend a helping hand to you in your time of trouble?

You know what your trouble is: perhaps

you have sinned, perhaps you have unconsciously been led into forbidden paths, perhaps you have become completely discouraged with life, perhaps you feel that you have no friend. If such is the case you are just the one we are looking for; we want to be a real sister and friend to you. If you write to us we will promise that your letters will be held confidential, and I trust we may be the means of helping you. Please let us hear from you. Address Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

HOW THE LORD LED A GIRL TO US.

FANNIE EMMEL.

Down in Missouri a girl was in need of a friend and her folks wrote to Chicago to find help, but the mission to which they wrote was one that did not do work of that kind and word was sent back that they could not help her. They were in trouble. One day this girl went into a dentist's office to have some work done and while there picked up a copy of this magazine, and in that she saw the work we were doing and the possibilities for her and immediately wrote to the manager of the Mission and Brother Van Dorn passed her letter along to me.

I wrote them and learned that the girl was in need of a friend and help and the family were very much distressed over the trouble, because she had been a good Christian girl, but, as the mother wrote, just previous to this time had become indifferent to her religious experience and she felt that this was simply the call of God to her again through the voice of affliction.

Time went on and finally the day was set when I should meet her at the depot. She decided to come to us after our telling her the requirements of the Home, for it is not simply our purpose to help people out of trouble, but they must be willing to take their stand to do the will of the Father and fill the place that He wants them to fill.

When I met her at the depot her face was beaming and almost the first thing she told me was how helpful our letters had been to the family, and that though she was very sorry that she had brought disappointment and distress in their family she was glad to know that every one had come back to the Lord, and that they were happy in their renewed rela-

tions with Him. So full of appreciation was her heart to the Lord that He had not only brought her back to Him and helped her in this time of need that now she determined that from henceforth her life should be a devoted one, and she said with so much earnestness, "I mean my life shall be spent in service for Him and in helping others who are so much in need—that He has helped me in my time of trouble."

Since being at the Home she has taken right hold, proving that her determination was not superficial but earnest; willing to be taught she applies herself to learn. "I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Isa. 27:3. How true what the Lord has said—that He will keep every plant his Father hath planted and protect it so that it will not be destroyed or hurt.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

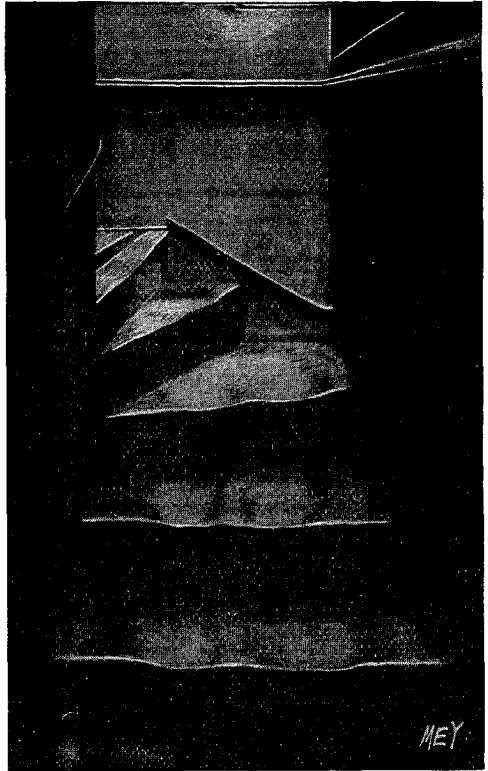
CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

The Harrison Street Police Station is known by all the readers of THE LIFE BOAT as the one place in Chicago where the fearful results of wrong doing are most apparent, and also a place where many victories have been gained and miracles of grace wrought. We are reminded of the text which says: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." (Rom. 5:20.)



It was my privilege recently to accompany our prison missionaries on one of their usual weekly visits to the station, and I shall endeavor to picture the scene as it presented itself to us that Sunday morning. When you hear of a gospel service you at once imagine in your mind a neat little church or audience room where the worshipers quietly assemble in divine presence with a heavenly atmosphere pervading the place as the bread of life is broken afresh from the platform.

But we must turn our eyes away from such a peaceful view as we go with our friends to the heart of Chicago's most wicked criminal district. We come to a large, forbidding looking building, which speaks in every detail of its appearance the opposite of welcome, and indeed the wrong doer who en-



The Dark, Narrow Stairway Leading Down to the Cells.

ters its doors expects here to find only the cruel hand of justice awaiting him.

We enter, and grope our way down a narrow, dark stairway to the basement, where we come face to face with the turnkey who unlocks the heavy bars and permits us to pass inside. We are now ready for our gospel service, and after kneeling for a word of prayer we proceed to find our audience. In one corridor of iron cells are seven women. We are reminded of the time our Saviour preached a sermon to one woman at the well and we are glad we have seven women to whom we tell the story as Jesus told it that

day at the well of Samaria. Their hearts are softened and with tears they ask to know of a better way. After all has been done for them that we can do, we, on this particular morning, hand each one a bunch of violets as a further reminder of God's goodness, and then leave them.

Our next service is for the benefit of eighteen hardened criminals. Here we are confronted with all sorts of interruptions; policemen are constantly coming and going, bringing new victims which are carefully searched and rudely thrust into their cells. First come two boys who have been caught in a horse-thieving fray, then a reeking, writhing mass of humanity borne along by the police, next a well dressed young man who is searched, and his beautiful diamonds and rings are left with the turnkey while he shares the fate of the others. Amidst all this turmoil the word

to hear the groaning of the prisoner," and his desire is to turn their groans into praises, so that they may "declare the name of the Lord in Zion, and His praise in Jerusalem."

After spending nearly three hours in this blessed work, we pass out into the street and the heavy iron door closes behind us with a clang.

Dear Christian reader, while you are worshipping in your quiet little church at home, will you not remember the great need among the inhabitants of the "underworld" as it is called? The Lord says, "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee." Isa. 16:4. Are you doing it?

IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?

H. W. KNOWLTON.
San Francisco, Cal.

[This question seems well answered in the life of Mr. Knowlton, who was for forty years a notorious criminal, was arrested and tried about sixty times on felony charges, suffered five convictions, served time in four penitentiaries, occupied cells in scores of jails from Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf while awaiting his various trials, and who tried to reform in his own strength at least twelve times, with as many failures, but who is now rejoicing in a present, free and full salvation that saves from sin.

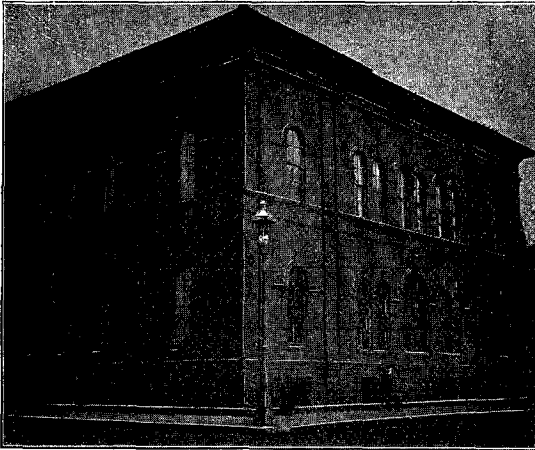
Our readers will be interested in the following words from him concerning his remarkable experience.—Ed.]

Complying with your request for a testimony as to what Jesus has done and is doing for me, the best thing I can say is that he

saves me just now from all sin. It will hardly be necessary for me to make any detailed statements of my forty years' criminal career. God knows it was bad enough and my need of a Saviour is so patent after a life spent

in crime. I can only hope that my testimony to the willingness and ability of Christ to save the vilest sinner may inspire hope in others both on the outside and behind prison bars.

At the close of the war I was sent to prison and while there received a letter stating that

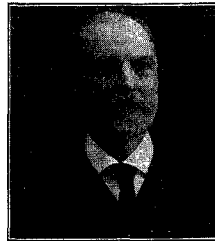


Harrison Street Police Station.

of God is most earnestly preached and hearts that are hungry for it are fed with the Bread of Heaven.

In the drunkard's row, while a song was being sung one poor man was seen to tear the leaf out of the song book that had been handed to him and fold it carefully and put it into his pocket. That song had struck deep into his heart. Others are touched as some worker tells of his experience in getting rid of sin.

The Lord hath said that "He looketh down from the height of His sanctuary . . .



my mother was dead. I then recalled a verse which I had learned at her knee: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Prov. 20:1. This made so deep an impression upon me that it has kept me from ever becoming a drunkard in all my career. Possibly I might have been spared from other sins if my mother had also taught me that "the way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. 13:15) and that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.)

The details of my forty years of crime would fill a large book. My last term in prison was at San Quentin, Cal. Having failed so many times in personal efforts at reformation, at the earnest persuasion of my wife I consented to try the Spirit of Christ, which she said would take away all the *desire* to sin. We knelt in a short prayer, and I accepted the promise of the blessed Lord's Word, which says, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. 22:17.) I took hold by faith, without feeling, held on, and never intend to let go; better yet, I let Jesus hold on to me.

Two days later I bade my wife good-bye, never expecting to see her again on this earth, leaving her in very poor health and among strangers. On arriving in San Quentin prison I found that I knew a great many of the inmates, who said to me: "Well, you have got another jolt." "Yes," I replied, "but it is my *last* one." "Why, have you struck a new graft?" "No, but I have found the Lord Jesus Christ, and the way to live without sin and crime."

You can imagine with what derision this statement was received. But I took a bold stand and began to do personal work with the men. I secured several hundred of Moody's books, which I used among them. At first they were loth to believe that it was possible for so great a sinner as I was to be saved at all, much less to stand firm. But I did, and lived up to all the light I had. The Holy Spirit began to show me one by one my sins. This was continued during the three years. I should have been discouraged if He had shown them all to me at once.

I found, however, that much of my efforts to overcome were in my own strength, so on January 3, 1901, I went before the Lord, alone

in my prison cell, and cried to Him. God showed me that I must absolutely *surrender* my will to Him. I complied with this scripture: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" (Rom. 12:1), and God heard my prayer. Many of the inmates would say to me, "It is easy to live a Christian life in here, but wait until you get out and have no money; then, knowing as well as you do how to get hold of money, you will not be able to resist the temptation."

When my time expired my wife came to San Quentin to meet me. We were not long in finding a battle ground on which to fight sin. We started to do gospel street work, which we have continued even to this day. Our testimony has probably been heard by one hundred thousand people. After the little money that my wife had saved up, which had been earned by her needle, was exhausted, we stepped right out on God's promise: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Phil 4:6.

I hold a three hours' service every Sunday in the Hall of Justice in this city and frequently services in the branch county jails. My street meetings are held nightly. I have scarcely missed a day in the two years since I came out of San Quentin. Hundreds have been saved by the grace of God and the power of the Holy Ghost through my instrumentality.

I believe God is going to open the way for me to visit all the penitentiaries in the United States. I devote every energy towards fighting sin in the world, the flesh and the devil. I have not nor do I expect to fight creed, but I do believe that a church sinner is the worst kind of a sinner.

Having been put to so many tests before my old companions in sin during my four years' stay in San Quentin prison, I found it a wise plan to freely confess Christ with my mouth as well as believe in Him with my heart. I hope that from a great sinner He will make a great saint. I have had the joy of seeing many saved. In return for His countless mercies my wife and I intend to devote the balance of our lives in helping others, and I know that with God's help I shall be able to lead many a man from the sins and misfor-

tunes which I permitted to ruin my life and blight the young years of one of the best women ever born. However, she now says she is amply repaid for all she has suffered, and when I hear her low voice as she flits about singing these words:

“Singing I go along life’s road,
Praising the Lord, praising the Lord,
Singing I go along life’s road,
For Jesus has lifted my load,”

I feel profoundly thankful that those words are true. She prayed during all the weary years she waited for me that God would make me abhor sin and take away the greed and love for gold, and I can truly say that he has answered her prayer. When I see my old associates making money by iniquity these two verses always occur to me: “Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.” Ps. 57:1-3.

I used to read the testimonies in *THE LIFE BOAT* when I was in prison with great interest and I hope that this little testimony will awaken an interest in the hearts of others.

A NIGHT ON STATE STREET.

CLAYTON SITSER.

Last night as I was walking up State street in company with another boy handing out mission cards, I could see that Jesus was with us, in one place especially when we were passing by a pool room where a lot of young men were playing pool. We walked in and handed them a few cards. They swore at us and threatened to hit us, but we were not much afraid, for we knew that Jesus was with us. I am happy that I can get a chance to help bring some soul to Christ.

NEW YORK EXPERIENCES.

MRS. BELLE KERSHAW.

After I arrived in New York City I sought the Lord earnestly to find out what work He had for me to do, and then it seemed to me that I should take out these magazines and sell them to the people. I could have scrubbed floors and been happy if God had given that work to me. I thought of giving Bible readings, still I was not clear about that, but I

knew God had a place for me and when I found that place I would stand.

I had fifty copies of this magazine and I took them out. I rang the door bells and the people would come to the windows and sometimes not even open the doors, still that small Voice kept telling me to take those papers out and sell them. I went out again with thirty-five and sold them all.

Now I handle from a thousand to fifteen hundred every month. I knew that something had come into my life. In Chicago I never thought of selling the magazine; I did not know how, but after God gave that work to me I was determined to succeed. Miss Emmel came down to visit me and she said it would be a good thing if I could get the papers before the prisoners there. I said, ‘If the Lord wills, I will do it.’

Then the Lord opened a way for Mrs. Calvert and myself to work in the Blackwell’s Island prison and distribute the papers. The Lord has wonderfully blessed us in this work. I have furnished a great many Bibles to the prisoners—sometimes have carried over a dozen at a time. Sometimes I go and visit the prisoners’ wives and when they have nothing to eat I have helped them.

Then the Lord opened the way for Mrs. Nord and myself to work in the Tombs Prison. We go over there every Monday morning and visit from cell to cell until four o’clock. Just as soon as the prisoners hear us in the corridor they stand right at the front with their faces against the bars and say to us: “We knew you were coming.” And what wonderfully interesting experiences we have!

There are about four hundred young men and young women confined in the Tombs Prison. I met one man there who had been a lawyer. He said he could not understand why he had been kept there, as his bail had been paid but now he knew it was because the Lord wanted him to meet me. I could mention a number of such cases.

Then I sell enough of these little papers in the saloons, in Chinatown, down on the Bowery, to pay for those I give away in the prisons. I do this because the Lord has set me at it, but you must not think for a moment that it is not a cross for me to go into these places. It means something to get on an ele-

vated car along with people who are dressed for the theater, with their eyes on me as I am dressed in the uniform with my magazines on my arm. One evening as I stood on the platform waiting for the car to come the thought came to me, I could be out with my husband tonight; but then I said, I am doing all this for Jesus; then it seemed as though His very presence was with me.

That evening I went in one place in the Bowery and sold thirty-five copies. I am sure it was nothing but the power of God that led these men and women to buy of me. In one place the proprietor told me there were a couple of young men who were just starting out on the downward road; he asked me to go and talk with them, which I did, and they promised to go to church. As I went on a young man, when he learned about our work in the Tombs, said he had a friend there and he wished I could do something for him. He then directed me to another place where he had friends and in here I sold thirty-five copies—all I had with me.

God has given me this work and I can not lay it down, for when I go contrary to what God wants me to do I always suffer for it. My friends, if you are in a work that God has given you to do, don't let anyone turn you out of it until He gives you something else to do.

(Abstracts of remarks given to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family, May 5, 1906.)

WHILE SERVING HIS LIFE SENTENCE.

An old-time correspondent writes from the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga.:

"Your very kind letter of January 29, 1905, is getting old, and I have set many times to write, but something else has intervened. I am still in prison getting well along with my life sentence. I have just passed the eighth mile post on the monotonous journey. I say monotonous, and surely it could be no other way to a liberty-loving American, but I am deeply impressed that human liberty is not the greatest possession. Godly contentment is the greatest possession, and the greatest hope is to be found worthy of eternal life.

"I was transferred from Columbus down here a year ago. I received a copy of the November issue of this paper, the first I had seen for many months. One little sentence in

that number caught my attention and I think of it quite often: 'Pray hardest when it is hardest to pray.' That is a hard thing to do, but it is what we must do if we hope to overcome ourselves and the rest of the things that oppose the kingdom."

DOES IT PAY TO KEEP THE MISSION OPEN?

E. B. VAN DORN, SUPT.

A few weeks ago a man rose in the Mission and said that he was a backslider, that for five years he had had no peace or rest, that he had kept away from the church its influence and its publications; but he had not been able to stifle the voice of God which said, "This is the way, walk ye in it." He also said that this magazine was always bobbing up just when he didn't want to see it, thus helping to make him miserable, and he could not stand it any longer; he had come to get right with God and himself, and asked us to pray for him. We knelt in prayer and prayed with and for him, that he might have the assurance of sins forgiven and power to live the life of which Christ is the example.

A little later in the week he called on me and told me he was separated from his wife and had started divorce proceedings, but that he had been thinking it over and had now come to the conclusion that he was as much in the wrong as she was. After going all over the matter with him he decided to look up the one whom he had wronged, and make it right. The Lord had in the meantime also convicted her of her sins, and she had started to look for him, and it was not long before they came together and were reconciled. The whole family now come to the Mission as often as possible and offer their tribute of praise for what the Lord has wrought in their home. They are planning to open a little mission in their home town where they can tell to others what the Lord has done for them and what He will do for them if they will open the door and let Him in.

One of the boys converted two years ago has gone to Tennessee and is going from one school house to another in the mountain districts where no others want to go, and is there publishing the good news of salvation. When

the Lord came into his life he was an outcast, a gambler, a cigarette fiend, and addicted to all that goes to make up the life of sin. His dear old mother did not know what had become of her only boy, but when he gave his heart to the Lord he wrote to her and her heart was made glad, and ere long he was permitted to go and see her. Soon in the providence of God there was a way open for him to go to school and learn more of the truths of the Word of God, that he might tell them to others. He has been faithful to his own vows and God is with him and blessing him.

One year ago we got a man from one of the worst dives of the city and took him to the country and put him to doing the chores and tending the garden, that we might if possible keep his mind off the dark past. He had been a bright business man, had acquired considerable of this world's goods, and had a beautiful family. But in the hour of prosperity he began to indulge with those who were unscrupulous, and in a short time they got him in a place where his life was questioned; so he left that home at the midnight hour and buried himself in the heart of the great city.

Twenty-five years rolled by and no one had ever heard from him. His family had long ago given up the hope of ever seeing or hearing of the husband and father. They were trying to fight the battle of life alone. While with us he wrote a letter to another part of the country on a matter of business, which fell into the hands of a schoolmate of those boyhood days who immediately sent it to the old home. The news was published in the local papers and two of the old friends took the first train, came to Chicago, and found the Mission and their long lost friend. You may be sure there was joy that day. Soon arrangements were made whereby he could go home, and the home coming can be imagined better than told.

Last week a young man with talent in music came to the Mission. He told the old familiar story of a wrecked life, "all in," as we often say. He accepted Christ as the only One who could change his life and make it profitable to himself or the world. His whole life now seems to be changed. Where once he was idle, he is now at work and

earning his way, and each evening finds him at the Mission playing the organ, and telling others what the Lord has done for him.

We can only trust in God, that He will open the way for this great work to go on and perform its mission in the earth. We pray the Lord for wisdom that we may know the course He is leading and learn the lessons He has for us and be instrumental in bringing some sunshine into the lives of others here, and teach them the way of salvation, that they with us, and all the redeemed of earth, may have a place at God's right hand where there are pleasures forever more.

A GLORIOUS TRANSFORMATION.

Minnie Kurtz, Chicago, Ill., writes:

"The week before Christmas I entered the Mission a poor, drunken outcast woman, and heard the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and His power to save. It was not the first time I heard this glorious news; I had tried to live a Christian life before, but had failed. Why? Because I was not doing what God had told me to do. He says, 'Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate,' (2 Cor. 6:17), and I was not doing that.

"When I came into the Mission that night I was indeed sick of sin. They asked if anyone wanted to be prayed for; well, I surely did, so I raised my hand for prayer. Miss Emmel came to me and took me by the hand and after the meeting took me to the Suburban Home, and there I learned more fully the truth of the Gospel. Jesus says, 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' I want to say right here that I never was in such a lovely Christian home before where all was love and peace, and I learned to love the Saviour more and to trust Him more.

"Here I also learned the true road to health; I have never had any desire for drink, cigarettes or drugs since I have given my heart to God, and I know I have received special benefit from eating the wholesome food that God intends His children to use. God is wonderfully blessing me and has now given me a lovely position of caring for three nice boys, and I am teaching them to love and fear the Lord, and I keep the holy Sabbath day as God commanded.

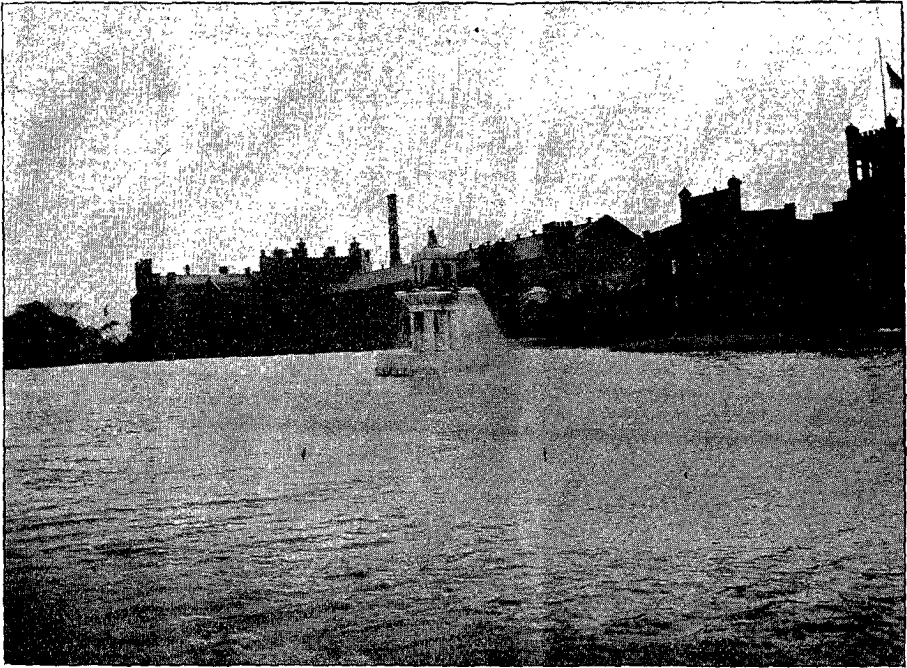
"I want to thank all who held out loving and helpful hands to me when I was in great need and I ask an interest in your prayer that I may be ready to meet Jesus when He comes."

AN EARLY HARVEST OF SORROW.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Work for the young is perhaps the most productive of good results of all missionary efforts. This is the time when Satan seeks to get in his work, but seeds of truth should

stitutions for boys, the John Worthy School. This school is in connection with the Bridewell jail. Boys between the ages of eight and seventeen who are picked up on the streets for some misdemeanor like playing truant from school, or who are guilty of some crime, are brought before the juvenile court which decides whether the parents are able to care for their boys or not. If not, they have to bid them good bye on the witness stand and the boys are now in the hands of the law and are placed in this school, shut away from



The John Worthy School, with the Bridewell Jail in the Background.

be sown abundantly in every young heart. It is the heaven-born privilege of every parent to do this seed-sowing and like the farmer who goes forth only in the spring of the year, so this work must be done in the spring-time of life. We are sorry to record here that this is sadly neglected in many homes in our fair land.

It is my purpose in this article to describe a work which has been carried on during the past six months by Fannie Emmel, Mr. Rollo McBride and Mrs. Wm. Apgar, of the Life Boat Mission, in one of Chicago's public in-

stitutions for boys, the John Worthy School. This school is in connection with the Bridewell jail. Boys between the ages of eight and seventeen who are picked up on the streets for some misdemeanor like playing truant from school, or who are guilty of some crime, are brought before the juvenile court which decides whether the parents are able to care for their boys or not. If not, they have to bid them good bye on the witness stand and the boys are now in the hands of the law and are placed in this school, shut away from

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ters, incidents and stories, and the boys were taught to sing Gospel hymns.

Several friends were invited to take part in the farewell service and an interesting program was arranged. When everything was ready the boys marched in, keeping step to the music of the band, for they are kept under strict military discipline. The boys are divided into companies of sixteen with a captain, making seventeen in all; each company occupies one table in the dining room. In a few minutes' time three hundred and thirty-nine boys have marched in and taken their places at the tables, then at the signal of the guard they turn and face the front.

Imagine if you can that audience of boys where nearly every face shows the cruel marks of sin in some form or other, either by a dissipated life, or by being forced to face life's problems at an early age. Where are the fathers and mothers of these boys? Go with me to the card party, the dance hall, the theater, the saloon, the house of shame and the opium den and you will find them there. Do they care whether their sons have to bear the black stain of the reform school upon their characters? No, never. They are "without natural affection" and "as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to the reprobate mind." Rom. 1:28. As the hand of retribution fastens itself upon them, then perhaps they will listen to the voice of God. However, to the young must be sounded the note of warning.

The boys seemed to enter most heartily into the spirit of the meeting. As Miss Emmel led them in song, "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus," the enthusiasm with which these boys caught up the refrain, "No, not one, no, not one," fairly shook the building, and it was with difficulty that the visitors could keep back the tears from their eyes. Who knows but in some dark hour in their future lives some of the divine sentiments in these songs thus learned behind steel bars will be used by God to save them from some dread temptation?

Mr. Corwin, of the Young Men's Christian Association, then gave the boys a most unique entertainment by his most remarkable whistling gift and ability to imitate by the voice the sounds of various animals. He told the

boys that he had never spent any time practicing, that it was a gift God had given him, as he learned to imitate before he learned to talk, and so he felt it was his duty to use it to let sunshine into the lives of those who sit in darkness.

After Dr. Paulson had given them an inspiring talk, Brother Van Dorn spoke some encouraging words, from which we quote the following:

"Coming out on the electric train I saw a sign on one of the bill boards which said, 'Do the right thing now.' I thought, that is a good thing for you and me. Some of us have not always done the right thing at the right time. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench.' Matt. 12:20. If the Master should come and find you with your life so ruined and broken that you are just hanging by the bark, as it were, he will not break you off, but will let his Spirit flow out into that heart that has been sore, and bind it up.

If you make use of your opportunities and let Jesus come into your lives then He can use you. Way back in Moses' time there was a man who went out and picked up a stick that had been cut off and was dry and he put it in a little room and it budded and brought forth almonds in one night. So though you have no friend and the future is all dark to you, yet God can take your life and make it bud and blossom and bring forth fruit. Let this wonderful work begin in your hearts tonight and grow up."

Then a company of boys dressed in white gave a very interesting military drill for the benefit of the visitors. The exquisite training which was displayed in these rough street boys was certainly remarkable.

Mr. Ryan sang a beautiful solo, "Like the wayward child I have wandered from my Father's house away, now I'm coming home." Miss Emmel then gave a helpful talk from which we quote the following:

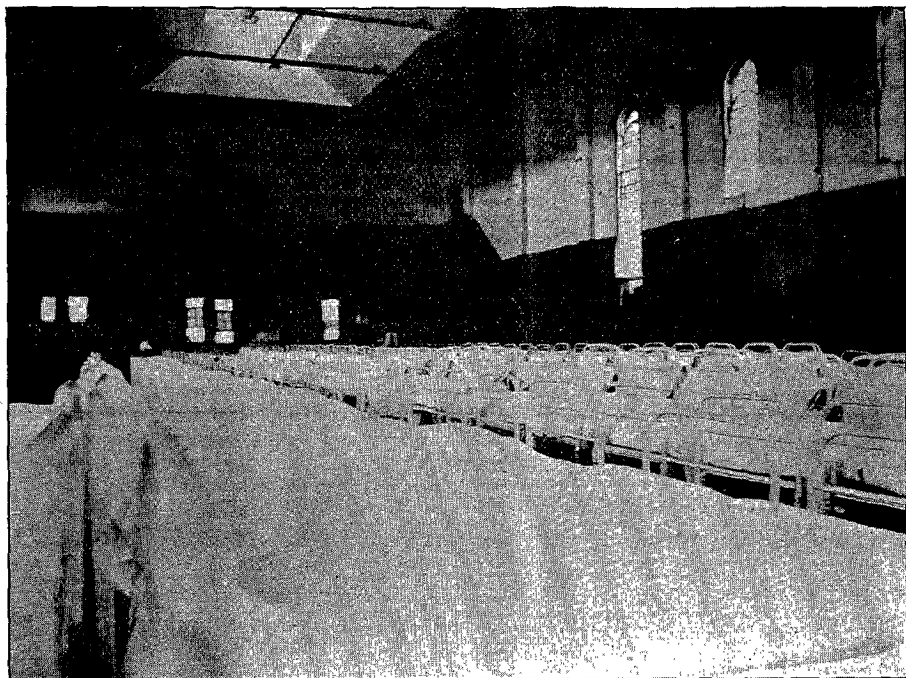
"I am glad I have been privileged to come out here week after week and contribute my share. The kind respectful attention you have given us has made me glad to come. Wherever I go I shall tell the people of you boys.

"I am going to tell you in a few words this evening how we came to come here. It was

just three years ago that Lucy Page Gaston, Dr. Colloran and I came out here to hold a service with you. I have often wanted to come back again and last fall when I came out here with a heartbroken mother to see her boy, I met the matron and she said, 'Miss Emmel, you have not been here for a long time; why don't you come out and give a talk to the boys?' Well, my heart just leaped for joy. I thought it was possible that now I was going to have my wish and desire and so week by week we have been coming out here.

strains. Following this he said in brief as follows:

"I do not know, boys, whether we will ever meet again, there is only One who does. I wish I had always lived a Christian life but I am sorry to say that I have not. I have not told you this before. A little over two years ago when I was ruined and wrecked, homeless and friendless in this great town I wandered into the Life Boat Mission by mistake and there I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and that is the reason why I am here tonight.



A Portion of the Bedroom Containing Four Hundred Beds.

"Another thing, boys, don't forget the lessons we have learned. Who can tell us what is the greatest lesson we have sought to get here? (The boys answered that it was about the house.) What is the house? 'Character.' By whom are we going to have eternal life? 'By Jesus.' I expect you will be tempted but we have a shield and I hope you will remember all these things."

At the request of Mr. McBride the boys' band rendered a few selections such as "The Star Spangled Banner" and other familiar

"I now spend all my spare time trying to help the other fellow. There is not a night in my life but I am trying to do something for the Master. You can find me in the Harrison street police station every Sunday morning; in the Workingmen's Home, almost the last place a man can find to lay his head.

"A new picture is coming into my mind—that of a great precipice, while down at the bottom I see a line of ambulances, and they are picking up the men that fall down there and then they are taken to the potter's field

I see on this precipice a great, high fence and I am trying to build up that fence to keep them from falling down. I trust you boys will start and build character that will win the respect of everyone you come in contact with. I can assure you this, that if you accept Jesus Christ and let Him come into your lives, we can again meet some day.

"How many here will say by raising their hands that they are going to live better lives from this time on?" (Almost every hand was raised.)

A neatly prepared card with the compliments of the Life Boat Mission and containing the pictures of the three who had so faithfully labored to instruct the boys, was placed in the hands of every boy present, then the refrain, "God be with you till we meet again" was sung with much feeling, and tears were in the eyes of many of these boys.

Superintendent Lynch of the Bridewell, although ill that night, was present. He arose and addressed the boys as follows: "I would be in bed long before this time to-night but I want by my presence here to testify my appreciation of the noble work this band of good men and women have done in this place. There are only two ways you can testify your appreciation; first, and I consider it the very best testimony, is by leading good lives and being decent, respectable, honest boys, growing up to be decent, respectable, honest men, and I do hope that you will do this and show these friends that they have not labored in vain. The only other way I know whereby we can show we appreciate their services, as we have no money to give them, is by a rising vote of thanks." The boys at once stood and fairly shouted, "Thank you, thank you."

Perhaps the most interesting part of the evening's program to the visitor was to see these boys retire. They march to the dormitory, which is one large room containing four hundred single iron beds placed head to head and side by side in long rows, with a narrow aisle between the rows. As they march in, each boy takes his place at the foot of his bed and stands there until a signal from the guard means for them to remove their coats; then another signal is given and at once they all drop to the floor and the shoes and stockings come off next; each garment is carefully folded and hung over the foot of the bed; at

another signal all arise and slip on their night shirts, then still another and they remove their trousers, fold them carefully and place them with the other garments. At the fifth signal the white spreads are removed, folded, and placed at the heads of the beds, and the covers are turned down to the foot. This part of the program is executed with absolute quietness throughout the entire room. Then a bugle sound and at once the boys are in the attitude of prayer, kneeling on their beds with their faces to the foot. With the lessons of the evening fresh in their memory, we believe many a genuine prayer was sent heavenward pleading for strength to carry out the noble purpose which had been born in their souls. The bugle sounds loud and long and these sons of men are left to sleep, with the guards watching over them, safe in the arms of justice instead of the protecting care of a mother's love and a father's prayers, which belong to them by right.

Christian reader, why not speak a kind word to the newsboy on the corner, and take time to drop a word of warning to the cigarette fiend? There are opportunities on every hand for the Christian to get in this work.

AN ENCOURAGING WORD FROM THE KENTUCKY PRISON.

Nearly two years ago at one of the Sunday morning services at the Harrison Street police station Mrs. Swanson prayed for a young man outside of his cell door, who had requested prayer. He had been arrested on the streets of Chicago for some offense. He then confessed that he was guilty of forgery in Kentucky, so the officers took him to that State where he received a two-year sentence. Some time ago he wrote that there had never been a day since he had been there but he had spoken to someone in regard to their salvation. Now he writes:

"I have not forgotten you nor the Christian friends in Chicago. God is still blessing me and I am stronger in the faith than ever before. Since I last wrote the mission field here behind the walls has increased; I am in touch with the outside world all the time, telling them through letters and the press of the mighty work God is doing here in Frankfort Penitentiary.



A Group of the Kentucky State Prison Christian Endeavor Society.

I have come to the point where I do not care who knows where my body is confined; my soul is in God's hands and working for His glory in the tearing down of Satan's kingdom.

"Daily I come in contact with souls and tell them of the good news of what I have received for them—a pardon from the Lord Jesus Christ, direct from the Father's throne, for any who will receive it by confessing their sins. Oh, how my soul gets on fire at times. I am always glad when Sunday comes, for then all of us can be together in our chapel and praise the Lord for His wonderful love and blessings He bestows on us.

During the past year God has helped me in correspondence with Christian friends, enabling me to supply fourteen worthy cases by placing His word (Teacher's Reference Bibles) in their possession, and not a single case has failed to mature good fruit unto God's glory.

I know there are many professed Christians who say it is not worth while to help the prisoners behind the bars in our prisons, but there in no prison, yea, I will add, no church in our country, that can make such good showing on Bible study as the Frankfort Penitentiary. In our last memorizing Scripture verse contest over twenty-seven thousand verses were memorized inside of three months among thirty inmates. Our library is supplied with common Bibles. They are just so much waste paper when an inmate desires to study the Scriptures on a topical doctrinal or historical line, because they are not referenced. If we had two hundred copies of Reference Bibles here for the inmates' use it would be one of the greatest blessings that could fall on the State. Who will be first to send us a copy? God bless the givers. Yours truly,

ARTHUR M. MORRISON.

2347 B State Penitentiary, Frankfort, Ky.

CAST OFF BY HIS FAMILY.

The following are extracts from a letter written by a prisoner in Waupun, Wis.:

"I received my Bible in due time and you can rest assured that I will make good use of it. I get this magazine regularly and find it very interesting to read; the April number just came to hand; thank you kindly

for sending it to me. I have ten sisters, but there is not one of them will even write to me; even my own father and mother have disowned me. I should consider my life marred if I could not look to my Saviour and know that He will bring it all out right for His own honor and glory.

"The secret of a Christian life is prayer; it is the cornerstone of religion, this I have found out by my own personal experience. I am glad and rejoice to know that Christ is willing to help those who are willing to cast off sinning. I will try my very best while here to study and memorize some passages of scripture and put them into practice day by day. I feel comforted and happy while reading good religious reading matter because it dispels gloomy thoughts and helps to overcome temptations."

PRISON EXPERIENCES.

MRS. MARY TUTTLE.

Lawrence, Kas.

My heart enters with all my might into this precious work of lifting up the fallen and outcast; there is no work I delight in more and no other work in which we have God's help so manifest. God has wonderfully blessed our little efforts and we have seen wonderful manifestations of God's power in transforming men's lives, so much so that the other prisoners, though sinners, had to say they could see it and confessed it to be the power and work of the Lord. Oh, the many dear boys there are who do not have a kind word or a letter from anyone and nothing to encourage them in the least! I pray that there will be a way to reach such yet.

There are seven in prison with whom I am keeping in touch. I write and pray and send this magazine to them and they do enjoy reading it; they say it is so encouraging to them and that they shall always be pleased to read it wherever they are. I have been praying that this dear little messenger of love will reach thousands and bring joy to them, showing them there is hope and salvation for them and a chance yet to live a true, pure, straight life and be of great good to others that are in sin.

There is a true Christian young man in the Lansing penitentiary who was converted here

in the county jail at our little meetings. When he went away from here he said Jesus was going with him and he was happy. Oh, the blessed power of God that can take a man or woman out of the very filth of the earth and make beautiful diamonds that shine out for His glory! I visited the jail in Franklin county, Kansas, and by the help of the dear Lord was able to open up a way for meetings there in jail; we had the first one in over three years. The Lord gave us a blessed meeting; the boys were so interested and wanted us to pray for them and not forget them but come back, and now there are several who will go every Sunday. There is great hope for them and many others if they only have the love, tenderness and attention they ought to have.

A MISSIONARY THOUGH BEDRIDDEN.

Frankie Beard, Byron, Okla., writes:

"Will you please send me a copy of this magazine for a sample? I am a little boy thirteen years old. I have been in bed for twelve weeks with a diseased leg; have had the bone scraped and it is still in danger of amputation. The doctors will be back again next Friday for the last operation—guess will have four. I have had my aunt as nurse all the time.

"I want to secure some yearly subscriptions and get a Bible. I took an order for one the other day of a lady that came to see me and she never saw the paper. I have never sold any papers, but I know I can even while I am in bed. Pray for me."

PROGRESS OF THE BLUE BUTTON ARMY.

GEO. D. HADLEY.

[Colonel Hadley's early brilliant career was completely wrecked by the liquor habit. After he was converted he began to work for drunkards, and he and his brother, S. H. Hadley, who recently died, were instrumental in the hands of God in perhaps leading more drunkards to the foot of the cross than any other two men in modern times. In addition Colonel Hadley organized the "Blue Button Temperance Army," which had a membership of 250,000 at the time of his death two years ago. We are glad to be able to present this month an article from his son regarding the progress of this good work.—ED.]

During the life of Col. H. H. Hadley, the

readers of THE LIFE BOAT frequently learned of the work of this great practical temperance movement, and it will undoubtedly be of great interest to all the older readers to know that the organization has been pressing forward with renewed vigor. Within the past year it has pinned its beautiful little blue badge upon many thousands of persons who wish thus to testify to the fact that they think Christ and Christianity the solution to the problems caused by liquor.

New readers will also be interested to learn of the power and effectiveness of this un-nominal and non-political society which now registers over four hundred and thirty thousand members and is constantly growing and spreading the principle of "Total Abstinence for Christ's Sake." It is because of this firm principle and the definite simple methods employed that the Blue Button Army has so won its way into the hearts of the people who have long been wanting a temperance movement which was sane and practical, putting Christ in the foreground, and standing upon a platform upon which all persons of all creeds could unite.

There are two kinds of members of the society: Those who belong having donned the badge and expressed their intention of putting a badge upon one other person within a year, but who are connected with no local organization, merely being enrolled at national headquarters in New York and Jersey City—and those who belong to a local Blue Button Army company of ten or more members, also enrolled at national headquarters, but having the added strength and inspiration of a local Blue Button Army organization which is either social, literary, musical or purely religious in nature (or for boys, military).

The Blue Button Army now has many hundreds of such companies, some of which have grown from ten to over six hundred members by these simple methods and are a real power for good in the community. You can not possibly put a blue badge with a white cross on a number of people in any town or city without having a good effect. Ministers are enthusiastic over the movement and are delighted with the effect upon their Sunday schools and churches.

A report of the work has just been published. There are no dues or fees whatever

and no money, making sides to the organization; it is purely a gospel temperance movement. A report will be sent to you upon request, and both a report and souvenir badge upon receipt of three two-cent stamps. Address George Daniel Hadley, director, 741 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. Captains are wanted to start new companies. Write, referring to your pastor.

The following lines from a prisoner in the Nebraska State Prison were constructed from letters and words clipped out of a copy of THE LIFE BOAT that had come into his cell, and are here reproduced less than one-half the original size. His name will be furnished to those who wish to correspond with him:

IN A PRISON CELL.

God pity, the wretched prisoner
 "In his lonely, cell to day
 "Whatever the sins that tripped him
 God-pity him still I Pray
 Only a strip of sunshine,
 Cleft by rusty bars;
 Only a patch of azure
 Only a cluster of Stars

 Only a barren future
 To starve his hopes Upon
 Only stinging memoires,
 Of a Past that is better gone
 Only a scorn from women
 Only hate from men
 Only remorse to whisper
 Of a LIFE that might have been

 If a steadier purpose Dear reader,
 Unto your LIFE is given
 A stronger, will to conquer
 A smoother, path to heaven
 If when temptations, meet you
 YOU crush them with a smile
 If you can chain pale-passion
 And keep your lips from guile."

 Then bless the hand that crowned you
 Remembering as you go
 That it was not your endeavor
 That shaped your nature so,
 And sneer not at the weakness
 "Which made a brother fall
 For the hand, that helps the fallen
 God loves the best of all

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

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

The following letter comes to hand from a prisoner in Bismarck, S. D.:

"I take this privilege of writing you a few lines. I have had what some people call the blues for the last two years and I felt that life in prison was not worth living for any man who has a long sentence. My term is ten years, but with good time allowance I should get out in four years more.

"I want to tell you in a few words how the change came into my life. The other day, April 27, I happened to pick up an old copy of this magazine; I read it through and said to myself that if such men could be saved through the salvation of Jesus Christ surely I could be saved, and I have made up my mind from now on to serve God as I was taught when I was a child. I can't express to you in words how I have felt these few days past, and nothing seems to bother me, for I know I have found Jesus and found Him in this little cell, behind these impregnable walls. I never did believe that God would rescue me, but He has, and that little paper was like a wireless message from the celestial city telling me to keep on the main line and not let Satan side-track me in the future.

"Oh, how wonderful this change seems to me! I feel like telling my cell mates what God can do if we will let Him into our hearts, but I can't do that as it is against the rules; but thank God, I can tell them all when I gain my freedom. I have often been in McAuley's Mission and heard bad characters testify, but I always thought they wanted the price of a drink. But, thank God, I can see that the human hearts beats true when they are speaking to God.

"I hope you will offer up some prayers to help me in this new life, and with God's help I hope to be useful to some poor souls in a few short years. I was shipwrecked in the North Sea a few years ago and it was the life boat at Lowstoft, England, that saved my life. I think it is the little magazine I just read the other day that has started to save my soul. I don't think I was lost out of God's sight entirely, but I was getting so deep that it would take quite a length of line to fathom my depths."

Present Truths for the Present Time.

By W. S. SADLER.

THE MANNER OF CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

Many Christians who believe in and hope for the second coming of Christ, have failed to form a clear idea and definite conception of the manner of His coming, and therefore are constantly exposed to the deceptive workings of the enemy, and ever liable to be led astray by false Christs and false teachers. We will endeavor to outline briefly the teachings of the Bible concerning the manner in which Christ is to come to our earth the second time for the redemption of His church, and the destruction of sin and sinners, considering first the Old Testament predictions and then those of the New Testament.

1. Both Old and New Testaments clearly and emphatically teach the doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.—Job 19:25-27.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Him. He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge His people. Gather my saints together unto me, those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.—Ps. 50:3-5.

So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.—Heb. 9:28.

And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Thess. 5:23.

Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.—Titus 2:13.

(See also Isa. 66:15, 16.)

2. Christ Himself promised to personally return to our earth.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14:1-3.

3. Christ's coming is not death, for His disciples thought that if they should tarry to see Him, they would not die.

Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee? Follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die; yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?—John 21:21-23.

4. The second coming of Christ will be personal.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first.—1 Thess. 4:16.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.—1 John 3:2.

5. The advent of Jesus Christ to our world will be literal.

And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.—Acts 1:9-11.

6. Christ's coming in the clouds of heaven will be visible to all the inhabitants of our world.

And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.—Luke 21:27.

Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him.—Rev. 1:7.

7. The coming of Christ will be phenomenal.

Wherefore, if they shall say unto you, behold, He is in the desert; go not forth; behold, He is in the secret chambers, believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.—Mat. 24:26, 27.

8. Unknown elemental demonstrations will accompany and follow the second coming of Christ.

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.—2 Pet. 3:10, 12.

9. Christ will appear in the clouds of heaven with great and visible glory.

Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds with great power and glory.—Mark 13:26.

For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's, and of the holy angels.—Luke 9:26.

10. All the angels of heaven will appear in the skies with Christ at His second coming.

Enoch, also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints.—Jude, 14.

When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall he sit upon the throne of His glory.—Matt. 25:31.

(See also Matt. 16:27.)

11. The rewards for the elect of God are distributed at the second coming of Christ to all the faithful.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.—2 Tim. 4:7, 8.

Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be.—Rev. 22:12.

12. The saints of God are caught up from the earth to meet Christ in the air. This company includes those who are living at His coming, and those who have just risen from the grave in the first resurrection, which takes place at His appearing.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

(See also Matt. 24:30, 31.)

13. The wicked hosts of earth are destroyed at the appearing of Christ in the air, above the earth.

And the heaven departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together, and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day

of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

14. It is only the sincere, watching and waiting followers of Christ who are ready to meet Him in peace when He comes.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.—2 Tim. 4:8.

15. Does it not behoove every Christian, after having studied the signs and the manner of Christ's second coming, to earnestly take to heart, Peter's exhortation, on this subject?

Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless, we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless.—2 Peter 3:11-14.

HOSPITAL WORK.

M. M.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.

The meeting at the county hospital Sunday was a success. The articles, "Our Responsibility," "The Bible from Many Angles," "The White Man's Book of Heaven," "Are You Avoiding Sinners?" "The Wealth of Health," were each read with earnestness from previous numbers of this magazine and listened to by an attentive and appreciative audience. There was also a Bible study on the second coming of Christ, in which many took part.

The program was interspersed with well-timed and lively chorus singing in which all heartily joined. A duet, "Watch and Pray," was sung with feeling. At the close of the service many remarks such as these were heard, "I am glad I came," "I enjoyed the meeting," etc.

When we have the gift referred to in Acts 2:38 we will do as Christ did—go everywhere giving out that which the Holy Ghost teaches us that others may be constrained to serve the lowly Nazarene. We will live, act, talk and pray as though we saw eternity standing over us and we wished through that eternity to glorify God.

Write us an account of your interesting experiences.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

W. S. Sedler
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



COULD YOUR LIFE'S WORK BE DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE?

In this issue we have a brief description of the work Mr. Knowlton has been carrying on in San Francisco for several years. Very little of the work which he has been doing could possibly have been destroyed by either the earthquake or fire.

If the all-absorbing ambition of your life is merely to acquire real estate, to build up a beautiful home, to amass wealth, when either a calamity wastes it or the hand of death is about to lay you low you will appreciate the force of the Saviour's words, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

The entire purpose of *THE LIFE BOAT* is to persuade men to put their best energies into the work of leading men and women to anchor themselves to eternal realities instead of becoming entirely engrossed in merely temporary things, to develop such an experience and such a character that they never will have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

AN AWFUL WARNING TO US.

Several months ago Mrs. Williford distributed several copies of this magazine to prisoners in the Valdosta, Ga., Jail. In it were a father and two sons under sentence to be hung. The reading of the magazine so touched the father's heart that he wrote us asking to be shown how he might secure the wedding garment. His execution was postponed until May 4 and has again been postponed. On this date he writes us something concerning the *first* steps that led up to this awful condition.

Dear reader, if you are cherishing some root of bitterness against some one, how do you know what kind of *bitter* fruit it may some day bear?

"To-day was the day for me and two of my boys to be hung, but as we are not I feel like writing you a sketch of this trouble we

are in. I will use a passage of Scripture which I see clearly fulfilled in this trouble, and I hope all who may read the passage referred to may give it a more thorough consideration than ever before: "Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled." Heb. 12:15. I feel it my duty to warn the world of this terrible evil, for I believe it to be one of Satan's strongholds of sin. A few years ago a man living near disagreed with me about a land line."

In his letter to us he describes how this led on to one complication after another with this neighbor, until finally the thought of murder began to spring up in his heart, and he finally employed someone to carry it into effect, with the result of the murder instead of two of the neighbor's children. He adds:

"Now if this is not a tale of woe and bloodshed I don't know anything that is—two innocent children murdered, two of my boys to hang, one to serve his life in prison, the other man and myself to hang, my wife and two little girls turned outdoors without a shelter to put their heads under only as someone gives it to them.

"Now is not this a great calamity to come out of a *root of bitterness*? And yet this is all true. Can you wonder at the apostle warning people of the danger there is in a root of bitterness? I ask the prayers of all who will ask God to pardon my sins."

Bible verses in different languages may be had for free distribution of F. F. Wurts, 5219 Morris street, Germantown, Pa.

These verses are printed on colored card-board, pocket size. They are printed on both sides and are Scripture only. They are very suitable for distribution in jails or hospitals or schools, or on the street, or in fact anywhere by any person.

They are sent free to all who ask as far as the sender is able; money or stamps not re-

quired, but acceptable. Let all who want to preach the Gospel to any person, anywhere, write to Mr. Wurts stating definitely what languages and how many cards.

AN APPRECIATIVE WORD.

At the invitation of the chaplain, Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, one of the inmates writes:

"I take a great deal of pleasure in writing regarding your magazine. It has been my good fortune to secure a copy of this publication each time so kindly distributed at the Sunday services, and I have spent several hours reading and digesting the contents of each new issue. Its circulation among inmates of hospitals and prisons is a work that is as noble as it is good, and to those people who give their time to this work when it could be used for personal ambition, may He give renewed strength to continue their labors.

"I have had ample time since being admitted to this institution to review my past life and I have come to the conclusion that instead of continuing on the straight and narrow path I branched off on the road to Selfishness. My good old mother thinks it was my associates that caused my downfall, but I know that it was simply my desire to gratify my own ambitions and ways of living.

"I have placed myself entirely in God's care and have found that gradually self-will is being eliminated, the faculties that have been dwarfed or warped are coming back to their normal conditions. In the future, instead of my own pleasure and follies, it will be a pleasant duty to try and help others. I shall lend my support to my dear mother in helping her with charitable work she has been doing for over thirty-five years.

"With the hope that this paper will become in future years an even stronger paper than it now is, and trusting that its many readers will be guided by its truths and testimony, I beg to remain your obedient servant."

"SAVE THE BOYS."

If parents would save their children to lives of purity and holiness they should be able to meet their very first questions as to the origin of their existence, and every Christian parent should answer this question from a Bible standpoint. No other will answer in these days of unbelief. Not many months

hence *Save the Boys* will answer this question from the gospel of creation as told in the first chapter of the Bible. It will be told in a manner suitable for every home, every parent and every child. Do not fail to order the journal at once. Price forty cents a year; five cents single copy. Address, "Save the Boys," Washburn Park, Minneapolis, Minn.

BROUGHT HIM IN TOUCH WITH OVERCOMING GRACE.

The following lines have just come to hand from the Indiana State prison:

"With pleasure I take this glad opportunity to pen you a few lines to inform you that while in my lonely cell meditating about my present condition I received one of your magazines. I am glad to say that it has helped me to come in touch with the overcoming power of divine grace. As I have quite a while to stay here I would like to receive more of your literature if convenient; hope to hear from you soon."

MADE HAPPY.

Bertha Rugg, Santa Cruz, Cal., in sending in a subscription received, writes: "God is blessing me in His service. We have a meeting at the county hospital every Sabbath afternoon which the old people enjoy, always telling us to come again. We are made happier as well as they, because we are seeking to aid a little in God's work. May the Lord richly bless us all in His work."

Mrs. M. A. Stoker, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I am taking twenty-five copies of this paper, which come duly to hand each month, but this is not enough to give away as many as I would like, so I enclose you my check for six dollars. Please send me each month another twenty-five copies, making fifty in all. I could give away many more in hospitals if I had them."

The Pacific Press Publishing Company has just issued an "Earthquake Special" of the *Signs of the Times*, containing nearly a score of stirring articles relating to the recent earthquake and twenty-nine excellent cuts illustrating different phases of this great disaster. Price 2½ cents per copy. Address Pacific Press Publishing Company, Mountain View, Cal.

Start Up a Life Boat Business

This is the best time of the year to sell Life Boats.

Many are ordering from 25 to 500 or more copies each month and dispose of them readily.

We offer liberal discount on Life Boats in quantities.

Encourage your children to begin their missionary careers by selling Life Boats, and at the same time be earning money by which they may secure useful books and an education.

Send twenty-five cents for ten copies to begin with.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.
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EXPIRATIONS.

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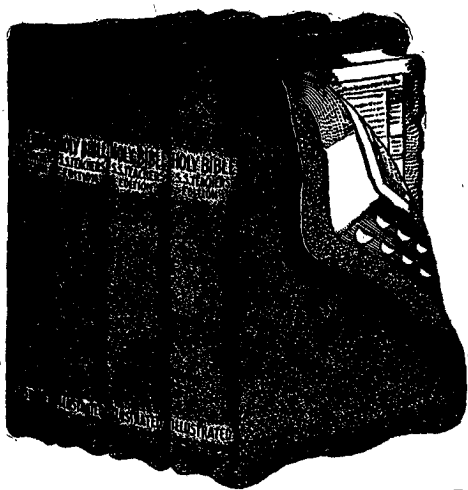
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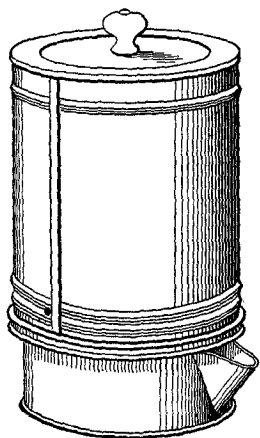
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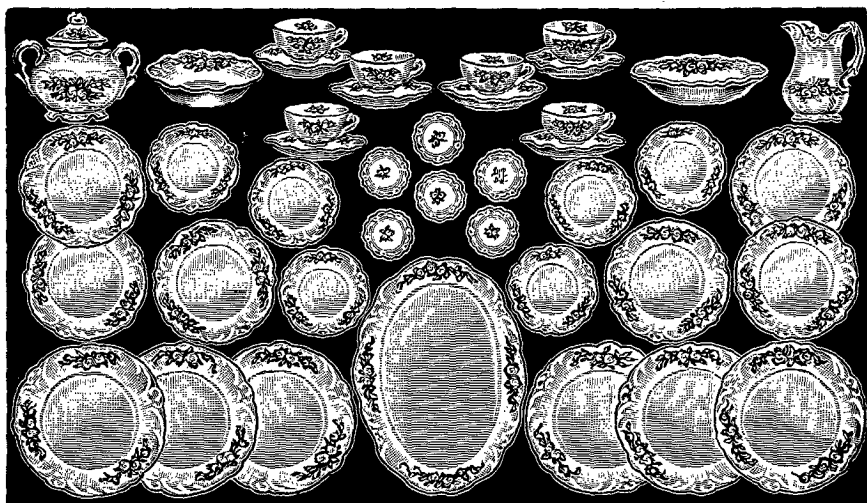
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