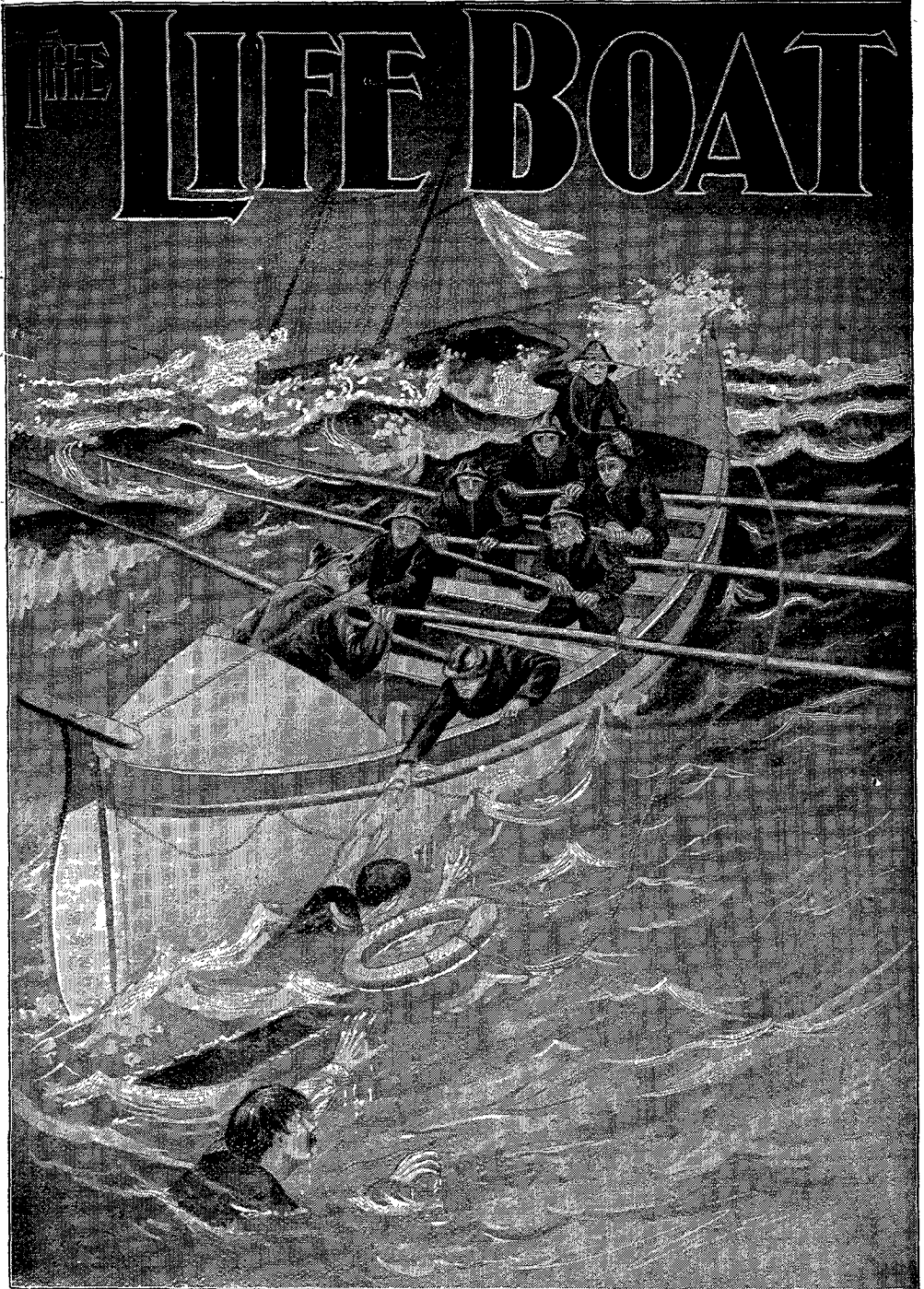


Are You Acquainted with God?

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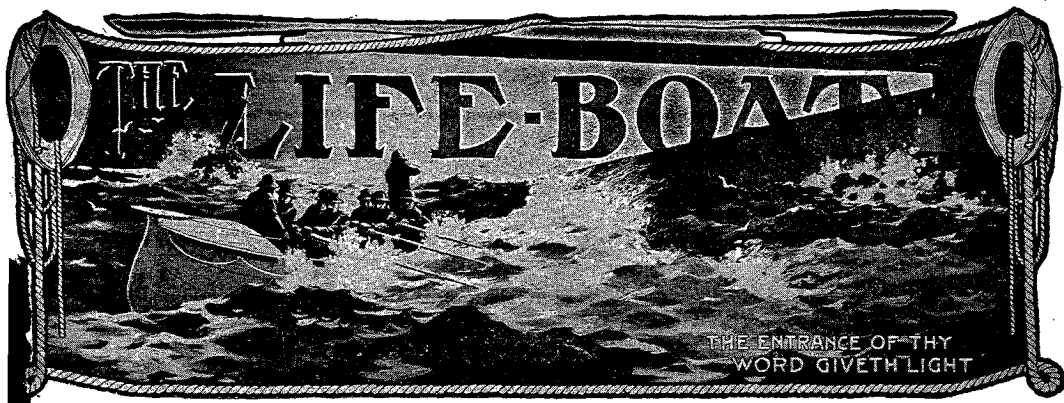
City Headquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago

Organize For Missionary Work

KNIGHT, PHOTO. S. F.

1. W.C. & W. Relief camp
 2. W.C. & W. Relief camp
 3. dining room
 4. Distribution
 5. Reading room
 6. Emergency dept.





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

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Volume X

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JANUARY, 1907

Number 1

THE NEW YEAR.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Oh, how are you going to use it—
This gift of a bright new year,
Which lies now unopened before you—
A season of hope and cheer?

Full soon will the Hand that made it,
Its pages for you unseal;
New prospects, new cares, will confront you,
New duties both stern and real.

Then how are you going to meet them?
Take time just to pause and think,
And settle if boldly you'll greet them
Or, wavering, from them shrink.

Yea, settle *with whom* you will face them,
And whom for a guide you'll choose
Through all the grim labyrinths and mazes
Where many their way may lose.

There's only one Guide who can lead you
By paths which are safe and true:
For final defeat or for vict'ry,
The choice is now left with you.

The old year just past, was it squandered
In idleness—folly—sin?
Turn over the page then, so blotted;
This new one with God begin.

Pray God for forgiveness, then leave it—
Dwell not in the shadowy past;
For all of your sins He has promised
Behind His own back to cast.

And ye who already are servants
Of Christ, whom as King you own,
Remember, this new year beginning,
You enter it not alone.

As backward you glance o'er the old year
And think of your efforts small,
Oh, feel you discouraged, and seems it
You scarce have done aught at all?

Arise in the strength of your Master!
Your lamp for the vigil trim;
Press forward, and onward, and upward,
And leave the results with Him.

Think not of the failures behind you,
Shrink not from the dark before;
The Master already has trodden
The way you must travel o'er.

Just grasp the sure hand of Jehovah,
Lean heavily on His might,
And *with Him* untriflingly labor—
For soon there shall come the night.

The time you are living is earnest;
O Christian, arouse, awake!
Lift up those who've fallen beside you,
And help them the goal to make.

The sad, and the weak, and the erring—
Oh, lend them a kindly hand,
Until they with you, with rejoicing
Shall enter the promised land.

**PROVIDENTIAL GUIDINGS AFTER THE
EARTHQUAKE.**

MRS. AUGUSTA C. BAINBRIDGE,
San Francisco, Cal.

[Every one who was at any time a refugee in Golden Gate Park after that terrible earthquake, remembers with gratitude the magnificent work carried on by the San Francisco W. C. T. U. under the leadership of Mrs. Bainbridge. Her work was officially endorsed by the military authorities, and Lillian M. N. Stevens, the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in her presidential address at the recent National convention held at Hartford, Conn. said: "When the story of San Francisco shall be fully written, the page which will bear most clearly the impress of divine love will be that which records the self-sacrificing deeds of Mrs. A. C. Bainbridge, president of the San Francisco County W. C. T. U., and her co-workers; loving ministries for the little chil-

dren, for endangered girlhood and for bewildered, sorrowing womanhood."

We invited Mrs. Bainbridge to come and tell our workers how the Lord opened the way for her without money or any special standing or influence to carry on this great work for humanity. It should be an encouragement to every humble, trusting child of God who shall read these lines; and let those who believe that God has nothing to do with the affairs of men read this account thoughtfully.—Ed.]

On Tuesday morning (remember the earthquake came on Wednesday morning) as I started out to fulfil the engagements of the day, I was late and thought I had missed my baker. On the way to the street car I saw the wagon turning the corner to my home; some voice seemed to say to me: "Buy a lot of bread." The thought came, I do not need any bread, I have gems, biscuit, zwieback, etc., I do not want to buy any bread to-day. The baker drove on toward me and just as he stopped the wagon beside me to take my order, that thought came again very positively, "Buy a lot of bread to-day." Again I refused to yield to it, although I did go so far as to buy two loaves.

I was sorry afterward that I did not obey the Voice, because when the earthquake came and there was no bread to be bought, those two loaves of bread were *all* the bread that *five* families had for *four* days, and when the men, women and children around me begged me to give them bread, I did not have it to give them, when I could have had it. I was greatly humiliated, as anyone would be, because my Father had given me the message to buy bread and I refused to obey.

I had another peculiar experience that I had good reason to remember for some time afterwards: just the day before the earthquake I had washed our flannels, and as it was a foggy day I had hung them up to dry by the kitchen stove. In the evening I felt strongly impressed to take them down for fear they would get soiled, but nevertheless I left them hanging. The next morning when the pictures tumbled down, the plastering came off the wall, the chandeliers were smashed and the stove and stove pipe were shaken down, our flannels were under it all; and when you bear in mind that we had to wear those flannels for twenty days before

we could get enough water to wash them, you can appreciate what it meant. As I picked them up, I said, "Father, whatever you have for me to do, I will do it."

HOW THE WORK BEGAN.

As soon as I got my house put into some kind of order (as it was quite disturbed by the earthquake) I felt impressed to go to the Golden Gate Park and see what I could do for the people there. As I went, the thought came to me, What can you do for these people? The next thought was, What would you like to have done for you if you were in the situation these are? God talks to you quickly when you listen. I knew I would like a quiet place where I could read and think. I had no money and no place to start a reading room and I said, "Lord, what shall I do?" The thought came to me to speak to the *first* soldier I saw, and the first one was Major G. W. McIver, who had charge of the Golden Gate Camp. It was a peculiar providence, as he was the one military man on the coast who was particularly favorable to the work of the W. C. T. U. Had some other officer been there I would probably not have received any favor, but that morning at that time, that minute, he stood upon his porch.

What I was going to say to him, I did not know. The Lord has promised to put words into our mouths. As I told him what I wanted to do, he said, "Can you do this work? do you understand it?" I said, "Yes." The next question was, "As you look upon this camp, how long do you think they need it?" I said, "A year at least." He then took me into office after office and said, "Give Mrs. Bainbridge what she wants." One of the officers showed me the largest sized tent he had, but it was too small, and he took me back to Major McIver with the message that "Mrs. Bainbridge says these tents are too small." McIver replied that in a few days the large sized military tents would be on the grounds, and if I would wait he would see that I had one of those. I agreed to wait, and went home. Returning at the time appointed, the tent was ready. He sent an orderly with me and also a doctor in the service to choose a location. He asked me where I wanted to be and I said, "I want to be wherever the people are." He said, "Yes,

Mrs. Bainbridge, I want you in the *middle* of things."

In two days the tent was pitched, but not furnished. As I was wondering how to get furniture I was directed in thought to Mr. Clinton, the boss carpenter of the camp. As I went to him I was given the assurance that I should have the furniture, and so the first question I asked him was, "What sized tables are you going to make for me?" He scratched his head and said, "Why, I have that floor to put in and those tables and those shelves, and McIver told me I must have them done by night." And so that was done, and as in the meantime I had been corresponding with friends both inside and outside of the W. C. T. U. for literature and other help, the tent was furnished and opened the next day. I had a sign painted, "W. C. T. U.," and put up over the front door of the tent. Benches were furnished freely and McIver told me that if any of them walked off during the night I was to go where I pleased and get more. So the work began. Shortly after that supplies of clothing began to come in.

task was to find a caretaker. I knew in having that emergency tent I must have a woman that could be there all day and all night, and having no one I knew that I could call upon I said, "Father, send me someone to care for that tent."

I had hardly breathed a prayer before I



Mrs. Bainbridge in her relief uniform.

HOW THE LORD PROVIDED A MATRON.

The major in command of the park soon asked me if there was any way I could take care of helpless women and children, and I told him if he would provide tents I would do so. The next day he pitched a large sized soldiers' tent and it was furnished with cots, mattresses and bedding, and my

met a woman coming into the park as I was going out. She was tearing her hair, pulling at her clothes and talking wildly, as so many did at the time of the disaster. I went up to her, put my arms around her in a quiet way and said, "My little girl," and asked her to sit beside me as I talked to her.

I soon had her story, and it was a desperate one. She was going to the bay to drown herself, for she had no place to sleep—much less anything to eat. I told her I had a place for her to sleep, a tent that she could have for her own if she would come with me. She came at once and I took her to the newly furnished emergency tent, and she was pleased with it. After talking with her about it, I said, "Now, Alice, I must go home and get my husband's supper and with my duty I can not come back until morning. I want you to stay here and sleep in this bed; be comfortable and happy and be a good girl until I come back." Perfectly sober and quiet, Alice promised me she would stay.

She grew better rapidly and became my faithful and true matron, taking care of the entire six tents for five months. It seemed to me if I had been choosing a care taker for an emergency tent I would never have chosen her. I would want a trained nurse or some experienced woman who had been matron of some institution and thoroughly understood dealing with human beings. Poor little Alice that had so much of the bitter side of life was the one God chose, and I could but abide by His choosing. Her very experience seemed to fit her for the task God had for her to do, and she certainly proved an efficient helper, many times giving up her bed and sleeping on the boards that some new ones might have the comfort that she had.

In all my experience in this work it was a series of humiliations as I learned how little on my part I was ready for what God was ready to do for me.

I wrote to every man and woman that I could think of and told them the needs of the camp and what I was doing. Then clothing began coming in, both second-hand and new, from all over the United States. At first two express companies brought everything free, and then the Red Cross delivered our goods free. Later I had to pay five dollars for a small load and ten dollars for a large one. The question was, "Where was the money to pay these charges?" The first money that came to me in answer to prayer was fifty cents from Maine, but as I thanked the Lord for it I received the assurance that *more* was on the way. Twenty dollars soon came from Oregon and fifty dollars

from Riverside, and in small sums and large sums all over the United States our noble women responded and sent just according to my need.

One day there were two men sitting in the tent; one of them was a stranger to me and to the work I was doing, and he said to the other man, as I was measuring out cloth and writing orders for assistance for the people, "That woman must have had a *big* bank account behind her or she would not have started this work." The other replied, "I know better than that. I know her and I know her work, and she started it just trusting God in the dark." He said, "No woman would go into a thing like this blindly." The other man said, "I know better, for I know her and know she did not have a cent or know where she was going to get any either." Faith is stronger than sight. I said to them, "Yes, I have a good bank account. My Father is treasurer of the bank of the universe."

All the way along I could see the Lord's hand directing. I did not have to plan a thing, so I was free to work. I followed as He led. I hope I will never get out of the current of His blessing, or doubt when He commands.

God says in His Word that in the last days there will be earthquakes in divers places (Matt 24:7). Let us all live so close to Him so that if the earthquake should come where *you* are, as it did to us out there, you will not be in despair.

At one of our conferences I heard Brother Hibbard read a statement like this: "The brain nerves which communicate with this entire system are the only medium through which Heaven can communicate with man, and affect his inmost life. Whatever disturbs the nervous system, lessens the strength of the vital powers, and the result is a deadening of the sensibilities of the mind."

The trying times following the earthquake tested my principles in reference to right living. Almost the only thing that could be secured was canned meats and such things. My husband would come home and say, "There is not a thing in the market that you want to eat," but I said I would get along easier without food than to eat those things. Like Daniel of old I did not want to defile myself, I wanted to have my head clear so

God could speak to me. Do you suppose God was untrue to me? He could not be. I got down where I lived on crackers and water for days, but I kept well. I did not get sick nor even tired. Correct health principles are right for time and eternity. If they are good for anything at all they are good in a time of test.

(This interesting account will be concluded in the next number.)

FOUND PEACE IN PRISON.

An inmate of the Indiana State Prison recently wrote us as follows:

"I received your kind and welcome letter and was glad to hear from you. It has been a long time since I have written you, but I have not forgotten you, and I will always remember you in my prayers because your letters have encouraged me and helped me to find God. When I wrote you my first letter I was almost without hope, because I did not give my soul to God, I did not ask God to forgive me with the right faith. In your letter you said that just to the extent I opened my heart God would enter in. From that day I have opened my heart to God. I have received His faith and am living the Christian life as near as I know how, and I hope that I may hold out until the end.

"I read my Bible and pray that God may deliver some other soul from their sinful ways. After I had read the Christian reading I received, I sent it from cell to cell. I received a copy of this magazine a few days ago; I do not know who sent it, but thanks to the person for it. Two years ago if anyone had spoken to me about becoming a Christian I would have laughed at them. But I am glad to-day that I have repented of my sin, and my advice to all men in prison is to seek the faith, because it is so sweet to know that you are saved.

"I read the letter you received from the man in Georgia who was sentenced to hang; I hope and pray that he may give his soul to God, because God is willing to save if we will only believe. My time in prison is from one to three years. When I leave here I leave with the grace of God in my soul. I am so glad that I have found peace in my Father's house, and I will always remember your kindness to me when I was almost discouraged. I am al-

ways glad to receive a few lines from any Christian friend. I hope you will pray for me that I may hold out."

MASTICATING FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy at Yale, has been experimenting recently with some Yale students to discover to what extent careful attention to proper mastication would affect their working powers. These experiments began in January and lasted five months. The men took no more exercise than they had been accustomed to before the experiment began. Professor Fisher says: "A change in diet was not brought about by any prescription but was entirely natural, the changes being due merely to the fact that the men masticated their food more thoroughly than previously."

The results were that the men improved fifty per cent in endurance during the first half of their experiment. The second half showed as marked improvement as the first. At the end of the experiment the men were able to do *double* the amount of physical work, as shown by gymnastic contests, that they were capable of in January. This increase in working power is ascribed by Professor Fisher entirely to dietetic causes.

During the first half of the experiment there was thorough mastication of food with attention to taste and enjoyment of food, and not only to the mere mechanical act of mastication. The men ate nothing which they did not choose of their own free will. Nothing was set before them except as ordered by them. In order to enable them to choose properly a wide range of choice food was provided.

Meats were available three times a day, but it was found that by thorough mastication the men gradually lost their *desire* for meat, and substituted cereals, fruits and nuts; so at the end of the first half of the experiment their daily consumption of meat was little more than half of its original amount. During the second part of the experiment the men continued the two dietetic rules mentioned and added the third—namely, when the appe-

tite was in doubt as to its choice of foods the benefit of the doubt was given to *non-flesh* foods and other foods low in proteid.

At the end of their experiment it was found that the men had decreased their consumption of flesh foods to *one-sixth* of their original amount, and every one of the nine men in the experiment improved in endurance except one, and he was the least faithful of the nine in following out the diætic rules.

Now if these men were able to secure such marked results from attention to only *one particular point of health*, what could be accomplished if men lived fully in accordance with *all* the laws of health? Professor Fisher draws the practical conclusion from these experiments that it is within the power of healthy individuals to double their endurance in five months by increasing thoroughness of mastication, thus prolonging the natural enjoyment of the food and thereby acquiring a more sensitive and accurate *choice* of the amount and kinds to meet the ever varying needs of the body. Most of us are really mere cripples as compared to what we might be if we lived in conformity to the laws of health as it is possible for them to be observed. served.

A MINISTER'S WIFE BEHIND BARS.*

FANNIE EMMEL.

[The number of Christian people who have seemingly suddenly lost their integrity and have come under the observation of our soul-winning workers recently, is astonishing. It means for us who stand to take heed lest we fall. (1 Cor. 10: 12.)—Ed.]

I have been engaged in the Chicago rescue work seven years. I came from my Ohio home with a determination to do the will of the Lord alone. It meant some sacrifice to leave friends who loved me as dearly as they loved their own lives, and the luxuries of life as I had the privilege of them, but I am glad I did. I would not exchange today all I have gained for that, and I did not lose my friends, either.

I came here determined that I would live for Christ alone, that I would seek His peace, that I would do His will. I did not know what that meant then, but I have learned a little since, just a little; but I do not regret

* (Remarks made to the Hinsdale Sanitarium Workers.)

it. It means sacrifice. Dear friends, I am glad I had the privilege of knowing these sacrifices. When I was at home I never had to walk down the street unless I wanted to. There was always a horse and buggy ready for me. Kind, loving hands were ready to do for me, but I wanted to get *more* out of life; it seemed too easy. That was not the way Christ did His work so I said I would try, another way.

You remember in *THE LIFE BOAT* not long ago there was an experience related of one of our girls, telling how she came to us when we were located at South Chicago and how we took her in and did everything for her we could, spiritually and physically. She was an outcast from home because of her ways of life, so when she came to us, I said, "Edith, now do you want to do right?" She said, "Yes." I said, "Ought you not to write to your mother?" She did. There came a letter back that as far as her mother was concerned, she said she could not do anything with her—if we could, we might. Miss Smith and I stayed by that girl. We gave her every advantage possible. After a time she married, and I would just like the privilege of reading to you a little letter I got yesterday. I want to tell you, if this work has done no more than what it has done for this girl I am not sorry I have put in these seven years. In this letter she tells in her own handwriting of the joy she has in living out this truth. Today she has something upon which to build.

The past week I had the privilege of standing by a woman, a minister's wife, who for twenty years stood by his side as a worker and a Sunday-school teacher and who apparently did everything that belonged to a Christian to do. She has a daughter whom she has raised who today stands a monument of honor to that mother and is an educated girl and a good Christian. Yet in the Harrison street police station I met this woman locked behind the bars. I learned that she had gotten there because of larceny—she had picked up some things in a department store that did not belong to her.

I felt that I could not leave her there with all those terrible people around her so I sought the judge. Court hours were past and the judge had gone. I asked where I might find him and was told that he was in a certain

hotel. It was late but I finally found him and told him there was a woman at the station whom I was very much interested in, and I told him what the trouble was. Very much to my surprise, he said, "Miss Emmel, I will go over there and see her." He was not obliged to go there as court hours were long since past. This woman had ten dollars; the judge said if she would leave eight dollars she could go with me over night. I took that woman right home with me, but the poor soul never slept all night long.

The truth that we have learned and which the Lord has put into our hearts is the thing that is going to save us from these things; and just the way we use it is what is going to either condemn us or justify us. As I stood there and saw that woman, intelligent far beyond me, I could not understand it, but I am glad God has given me the privilege of standing up for the truth which has held me up. I am beginning to appreciate that it has a value in my life and character as I have never known before. As I have come up against these experiences, all in the world I could contribute to help these people was the power of the Gospel. I am so glad I can help. I have learned that I must be true to the truth that God has given me. You and I cannot live long before we must take a position either *for* or *against* Christ.

THE GREAT NEED OF MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

LAURETTA ALKIRE.

Our Saviour when here on earth devoted more time to healing the sick than He did to preaching. Many were the homes made happy because some loved one was snatched from the brink of the grave and restored to health. He made each work of healing an occasion for implanting divine principles. But Christ did not deem it best to do all this work Himself so he sent out as medical missionaries eighty-two of his followers.

If there was need of this two thousand years ago is the need any less today when sin and misery have increased to such an extent? Every Bible worker should know how to use intelligently the simple remedies of nature in the healing of the sick, and in so doing they will often be able to reach the hearts of

some to whom they otherwise would have no access.

Think of the multitude of unfortunates who are deprived of even the ordinary comforts of life! Who will prepare themselves to go cheerfully and unselfishly seeking to help them? Do not wait to begin such a work of preparation until every obstacle has been moved out of the way, for while you are waiting thousands upon thousands are dying without help and without a knowledge of the Saviour. "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation," and the Lord says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

A PAIR OF MISMATED SHOES.

MRS EVA M. WHITTEMORE,
New York City.

There was a poor, wicked woman lived not far from our Door of Hope Mission in New York City. This woman, when asked if she



would not come to "just one service," said, as she put out her foot showing her shoe so badly worn that the sole was tied onto the foot, "Look at that. Would you want me to come down to that mission of yours? I surely

would take the rheumatism." It was a poor excuse. I thought we were all very much alike after all. Don't you remember when it rains on Sabbath, we think Sabbath rains are very wet rains and that we are sure to take cold if we go to church, but if it rains some other morning when we want to go down town and match a shade of ribbon the rain is not nearly so wet.

The news came back to the mission that this woman perhaps could be induced to come if she had shoes. There was no money in the mission treasury; so prayer was offered that money might be sent that day for shoes. Before the day was over some money came from a woman who said, "Here is a dollar; use it as you need."

The dollar was taken to a shoe store and our worker inquired if they ever had shop-

THE LIFE BOAT.

worn shoes on hand that could be sold for a reasonable amount, adding, "I don't care whether they are old or new fashioned, as long as they are strong." The owner of the store said he would see if he could help out. After looking over a certain drawer in the rear of the place, he said, "Here is a pair of shoes made in Boston. I have had them two and one-half years. I hardly like to offer you them, for while they are very well made, they are mismated through some accident and one shoe is larger than the other." He said, "I will sell them for a dollar if you will take them off my hands." Quickly, with a "Praise the Lord," was the God-given dollar handed out. The shoes were taken down to the place this woman called "home" and before she had the string off she took them in her arms and asked, "What size are they?" She was told "number five." Then she said, "That is bad luck. I always did wear number five but I fell down and hurt my foot and now one foot is bigger than the other." Though mismated, she found the shoes fit beautifully, as if made to order for each foot. She did not need much persuasion to come to the mission, and her heart was touched.

About six months later during a talk to an audience of about four thousand people the story of the mismated shoe was told. It got into the papers and five weeks afterward a gentleman, who for years had been an infidel, was calling on his friend who was the business manager of a large concern. During their conversation the owner of the store related the story of the mismated shoe, stating that he thought the lady who was going around deceiving the public in such an atrocious fashion ought certainly to be put a stop to, and then went on to exclaim: "The idea of taking God into the real things of life, and dragging Him down from his majesty and power! Why, my God is a God way up in the heavens and I would not think of attempting to take Him into every-day things in life. That woman certainly ought to be put a stop to." The infidel with some surprise looked into the face of the merchant and remarked that though he had no God personally, if he ever had a God and could not take Him into the material things of life, he would have no use for such a one. "Well,

well," said the merchant of the store. "You wait a minute and just read one of these clippings I have," and he handed the one to him describing the story of the mismated shoe. The infidel laughed and laughed, seeing only the funny side, until the article was completed, and then seated himself in a comfortable chair. "There, that is what I mean," said his friend. "That woman should be put a stop to, going around and deceiving the public in such an atrocious way." "Why," answered the infidel, "I am not laughing at what you supposed. This is truly the most remarkable coincident in my life, for I am the owner of that shoe store and I sold that identical pair of shoes."

Not long afterward the scales of unbelief began to fall from that merchant's eyes and he began to appreciate that he had found a God who was interested in the everyday affairs of life. And the infidel, after reaching his home, in time became exercised in mind to such an extent that he could not attend to his business with any interest, he could not even sleep satisfactorily and nothing seemed to suit his palate at the table. At last the pressure became so great that one evening he entered his quiet room, and kneeling down at the foot of his bed cried out from the depths of his heart: "O God, O God, if there be a God, save even me!" And God answered the prayer, and since then many souls have been won to a knowledge of the love of Christ through this man who by God was appointed as an evangelist to care for His truth.

THE PROPOSED ADDITION TO THE SUBURBAN HOME.

HANNAH SWANSON,
Matron of the Home.

6pt

[More than sixty girls have been in this Home since it was opened two and one-half years ago. The majority of these have been wonderfully saved from lives of despair and sin and have secured good positions where they could support themselves. Read the following in regard to the overcrowded condition of the Home. It is proposed to build an eight-room addition which will provide a room for industrial work and several more bedrooms.

When Dr. Kate Lindsey, of Boulder, Colo., recently visited the Home and saw the destitute conditions under which this great work was carried on, she felt moved upon to donate one hundred dollars for this new addition. Others have been similarly impressed. We

believe that God will touch the hearts of enough of His children to make it possible to build this much-needed addition the coming spring. Ed.]



Mrs. Swanson.

During the past year twenty-nine girls have been received into the Home. Eighteen of these I have kept in touch with and have every reason to believe they are leading upright lives. Six babies have been born in the Home and six other children have been boarded at different times. Two babies have been adopted out into good homes. A number of our old girls have been home to visit. They understand when they are out of work or get sick, they are welcome to come home. We are glad to report that not one has come back through falling the second time.

Recently Sister Van Dorn brought to us a poor, tired, discouraged girl who stayed with us for a while then went to a place where she



A Home Baby.

could sew. She came to the Mission last week to tell Sister Van Dorn how well she was getting along. She was earning six dollars a week and felt so grateful that she came to tell her about it.

We have morning and evening worship at



These five babies all lived in the Home at the same time last year.

the Home, one of the girls leading when there is no leader present. We attend prayer meeting nearly every Tuesday evening, also services on the Sabbath, and hold young people's meetings Sabbath afternoons.

I want to take this means of acquainting you with our needs at the Home. In one of our little rooms we have three beds, and four persons are occupying another small room. Unless something is done soon to make more room we will have to have upper berths made. It really is becoming quite a serious question how we are to get along with so little room.

Almost without exception the Lord is sending us a class of girls we are able to help; is it not a pity to have to turn some of them away?



The work has outgrown the capacity of the Home. The proposed addition will cost about fifteen hundred dollars.

We want to build an addition of eight rooms. Why can we not right *now* start a building fund? Those who can not actively engage in this work, but would like to help, can do so by giving to this fund.

We need a maternity room, matron's room, nursery and several more bedrooms. The



We found this beautiful child when a mere babe in a Chicago garbage can. He was a bright sun-beam while in the Home. A good home was found for him.

furniture has already been promised.

Some of you may wonder if we see results. We certainly do. I want to tell you of a little girl who came to us about two years ago. She got along nicely for some time, but one day she came to me and said that the attractions of the world were too great, she must go back. I pleaded with her to stop and



Two wee tots who spent their first months in the Home.

think, but she said it was no use. I can not tell you how bad I felt. I should have remembered Isa. 55: 10, 11. She went away and I never heard from her again until about a week ago when one of our workers called me up by 'phone to tell me that the evening before she had been to this girl's home and taken dinner with her. Since leaving us she has married, has a cozy little home, and through her influence her husband has quit smoking; they come to the mission and he seems very much interested. On hearing this I was so happy I cried.

One of our girls went out selling this magazine the other evening in a neighboring town, and in writing to her mother about it this is what she said: "I felt very much pleased. It was not the money I cared about, it was the good that I could do, and the seed that was sown I hope will bear good fruit some time in the future. I was just happy all the time I was selling the paper; no matter if they did not want to buy, I was happy just the same."

Another girl is now attending school, fitting herself for a church school teacher.

When we read of the solemn responsibility the Lord lays upon us in Ezekiel 33: 7, 8 where He says: "O wicked man, thou shalt surely die," then if we do not speak to warn the wicked from his ways, that man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will be required at our hands. On the other hand, if we warn them and they do not turn, we will have delivered our souls. We can do this by our means and prayers: by our means in enabling others to go out into the highways and byways, and oh! we can do so much by our prayers. May God help us all to do our part.

TO DISCOURAGED GIRLS.

Are you discouraged? You need not be. Your Father in heaven says, "Be strong and of good courage, for I am thy God." Possibly



Little Grace got her first start in life in the Home.

everything and everybody seems to be working against you and you are in such deep trouble you can not find your way out. If so, we would like to correspond with you only for the purpose of helping you. If you are impressed to do so write to the following address and your letters will be held confidential: Mary Wild Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

The manager of a wholesale house bought a paper and said: "Go through the house and sell all you can; I wish every one would buy."

New and old clothing sent, *freight prepaid*, to E. B. Van Dorn, 472 State street, Chicago, will be distributed to the needy in various departments. Do not forget this.

SOCIAL HYGIENE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Through the efforts of the Chicago Medical Society there has been perfected an organization known as the Chicago Society of Social Hygiene, of which Prof. C. R. Henderson of the Chicago University is president, and many of the leading people of Chicago are members. Its object is to disseminate information regarding the appalling spread of venereal diseases and the disastrous effects of the same and also to supply to parents and teachers the information that will be necessary for them to properly instruct the young who come under their charge, concerning the vital truths of personal hygiene.

In a recent meeting of this society the secretary, Dr. Bellefield, told of his meeting a heart-broken father, who had just made the discovery that his boy had been made fully conversant regarding sexual topics from vile sources.

He advised the father to take half a day off each week and get acquainted with his boy: take him out to the woods and study in the flowers and plants the broad subject of reproduction in nature, and endeavor in this way to become the confidential adviser of his own boy. A few years have rolled by and this boy is now a wholesome young man. The other day the father stepped into the doctor's office and told him how his advice had helped him to save his boy. "Blessed is the boy who can walk and talk with his father."

Since there are so few parents who are competent to convey such knowledge in an accurate and proper way, there is a necessity for the organization of societies to impart such knowledge.

While mistakes may be made, the gravest of all possible mistakes will be to do nothing. Miss Blount, a high school teacher, read a very practical paper in which she showed how she wove into her teaching of physiology, zoology, biology, etc., in a wholesome, scientific way, the knowledge of these subjects, instead of having these children secure it from the filth and slime of the street.

Dr. Favill, one of the leading Chicago physicians, stated that on this subject the physicians and laymen must stand together. He called attention to the dignity of this subject and that the prevailing tendency of the re-

fin'd mind was to shrink from all consideration of it, and often allows this to go so far as to very improperly avoid it altogether. At the same time he mentioned the inconsistency of these same people, who would discuss in society and out of society, at the table and away from it, their various body ailments from which no possible good can come either to themselves or others. He said what the child needs is information rather than misinformation.

Judge Mack, whose position as judge of the Chicago juvenile court enables him to see the result of wrong teaching and sin; perhaps few men in the city, told of his amazement at the revelation of the extent of open immorality among not only the youth, but those that could only be considered as mere children, that has been brought to light in his court. He said the question was only whether knowledge on this subject should be obtained from the right or wrong sources, and deplored the fact that only few parents are prepared to impart the knowledge right. He suggested the propriety of parents' meetings and pleaded with the parents present not to suppose that this condition was confined to the children of the slums. He told of some women who were so busy in attending the clubs and other social functions that they had no time to get acquainted with their daughters nor to discover that they were going to destruction. He pleaded that this subject should be handled discreetly, wisely but earnestly, and that this society might bring light where heretofore there had only been darkness.

The concluding speaker was Dr. Bacon, president of the Chicago Medical Society. He asked that all present might constitute themselves as missionaries for this work and emphasize to the public the dire need of just such a movement.

DON'T SOW ANY MORE WILD OATS.

LEE PATTERSON.

Osaka, Mo.

I wish to give a few truthful remarks that experience has taught me, hoping that many who are indulging in sowing wild oats will change their course at once. I, like many others, sowed a crop of this terrible seed, not

aware of the fact that there was to be a reaping time; but after a few years I began to realize that the words of Gal. 6:7 ("Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap") were certainly true, and I would give worlds had I done differently.

We sow a little to-day and a little to-morrow and do not take time to think what we are going to do when the reaping time comes. 'Tis sad, but, alas, that harvest must be reaped, and who is the reaper? The sower is also the reaper. As we stand and look upon such a vast harvest field our spirit sinks in despair and we cry aloud: "O wretched one that I am! Had I only sowed good seed I would to-day have been reaping a grand and glorious harvest." Should the words of Ps. 19:14 ("Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer") be in our hearts and practiced continually then our harvest would be such as we would not regret.

I often think of the words of a dying man who repented of his sins on his death-bed and was forgiven. He exclaimed: "O could my influence die and be buried with me!" He realized he had not only lived an unrighteous life himself but that he had influenced others to do likewise, and so it is with each of us who are not on the path of righteousness.

Now, dear ones, let us get right with God and sow such seed as will bring forth good fruit. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Mark 8:36.

One's life in this world is like a sum of money. If you had a sum of money you would want to invest it in something that would bring as much of an income as possible. So it should be with our lives: we should make them such as will bring us the greatest profit obtainable, which is life eternal.

My heart is full of sympathy to all who are without Jesus, but there is a chance for you yet. O listen to His voice: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 1:26.) "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) Won't you accept Him to-day?

EXAMPLES OF MISSIONARY ENTHUSIASM.

DR. C. C. CREEGAN,

Secretary American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

[We hope that there will be many of those who read the following words who will have kindled in their souls some of that divine enthusiasm which inspired the men to do the work that is described.—Ed.]

I went down a little while ago to see some of our missionaries sail in one of the finest ships that leaves New York. The hour came when the ship was to leave. The bell rang, visitors had to leave the ship, the gangplank had been pulled in, but the ship remained as quiet as a tombstone for perhaps half an hour. No one seemed to understand why it didn't move. Presently word was given, the ship's engineer turned on the steam, and in a little while the magnificent "Greyhound" was moving down the harbor as gracefully as a swan would swim on yonder pond. It was steam applied to the machinery that made it a thing of life. Before that the machinery seemed perfect enough, but it was a matter of death.

That is what we want in our churches. We have machinery until there is no end to it. What we need now is something that will *move* the wheels. What we want is the kind of religious enthusiasm which will make us willing to sacrifice, which will make us willing to take up the burdens, which will make us willing, if God calls, to go to the very ends of the earth at the call of our Master.

Now I don't know any place outside of the Bible where one can learn what religious enthusiasm at its best means so well as by studying the lives of some of these missionary heroes and heroines. Most of you recall that when the Pilgrims came over here—the Puritans,—there was a peculiar man among them whom they could not understand at the time. His name was John Elliott. This man of many tongues preferred to preach to the red brethren of his out in the forests rather than to the cultured people of Boston. But he kept on doing it for fifty long years, and he made a translation of the whole Bible into the tongue of his Indian brethren, and he built up a dozen or more religious communities among the Indians.

It happened after one hundred years had passed by that someone thought it worth

while to write the story of John Elliott and put it in book form. A pious young man down in Connecticut read that book, and as he read of that apostle to the Indians, John Elliott, he felt the missionary fires burning on the altars of his *own* heart, and he said, "If it please God, I will go to Yale, get an education, and I will go as John Elliott did and preach to the Indians;" and you know the story of David Brainard. He went, and he preached as perhaps no other man has ever preached on the American continent to his red brethren. Then tuberculosis overtook him, and he found himself in the closing days of his life in the home of the greatest American scholar, Jonathan Edwards, who was then writing his great classic on "The Will." When he saw this pious young man, saw how he was meeting death, he turned away from his own work and noted the words that fell from the lips of the dying man, and published a book after the death of David Brainard.

Pretty soon a copy of that book fell into the hands of Henry Martin, and when he read the story he felt the missionary fire burning on the altar of *his* heart, and he said, "If it please God, when I have finished my studies I will go forth to preach to some heathen people, as David Brainard preached to the Indians." He found his way to India, and gave the people the Bible in their own tongue. When he had almost completed the task there he died, as David Brainard had died. Many of his old-time friends said he had thrown his life away.

A few years ago a young friend of mine was in the University and picked up the story of Henry Martin and read it, and he felt the missionary fires burning on the throne of his heart as he thought of this fine scholar giving his life to the work of preaching and teaching those people of India. His name was Horace Tracy Pitkin. He asked my board if he might go to China. We sent him out there to work. He toiled for four years and a half, until the Boxers came with their awful swords and took his life. When he saw they were coming, and that probably his last hour was approaching, he hurriedly wrote a letter to his wife, who was in this country with their infant child, their only child, and in this hurried letter which he put in the hands of one of the natives, hoping it might reach her, which it did, he said, "Tell my boy Horace that when he

grows up and receives the proper training it is the request of his dying father that he come out here and take up the work which I must now lay down." Is not that heroic? Isn't that religious enthusiasm at its best?—John Elliott firing David Brainard, sending him to the Indians as a missionary, David Brainard firing Henry Martin, sending him to translate the Word of God into the language of two great nations, Henry Martin firing my young friend, Horace Tracy Pitkin, to go forth and die like a hero, as he was, in China.

After his death Robert Speer thought it worth while to turn aside for a little time and write the story of Horace Tracy Pitkin, which is being read by those college and university students of the Yale University. They thought it worth while to erect a monument in one of their finest buildings and unveil it in memory of this noble hero who died in China. That is what I mean by religious enthusiasm, and I doubt if there is any missionary in foreign fields but knows just what it means.

Life is worth living if a man can imitate these men. But, thank God, there are young people in our schools today receiving training who, if I am not mistaken, are of the same spirit, and when God speaks the Word,—and He seems to be speaking it now to some of their hearts,—they will respond as heroes and heroines of the past have responded. They will go forth as others have gone forth to carry the gospel banner to those benighted races and places. May God help us in the homeland to stand back of these heroes and heroines, not only with our prayers and sympathy, but with increasing gifts, and hastening the day when all these nations and places shall bow before Christ and crown Him a King and Lord.

COMMUNITY VISITING WORK.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH,
Hinsdale, Ill.

This is a work which the young people can do. Take a few copies of this magazine and start out. You can call on the people in your own town or you can go to a neighboring town. Get some of your friends interested in the project and take them along. You can accomplish more if some one is with you. Christ sent his disciples out two by two.

For several months I have earnestly sought

God for an opportunity to do some of this visiting missionary work, but my time seemed to be so completely taken up with my duties in connection with THE LIFE BOAT office that I did not see how I could get in any outside work. The opportunity came one evening when some of the young women in training as missionary nurses here expressed to me their desire to get out and do such a work. We met together and after a word of prayer started out with a few copies of this magazine in our hands. We went to a neighboring town and sold them out in a very short time and had some helpful visits with the people.

The Lord has helped me to devote one evening a week to this work and I have had the privilege of seeing young women start in it who had never attempted anything of this kind and who felt that they were not qualified to do such work; yet they have gone out and the Lord has blessed them, and they have returned with a new light in their eyes, every expression of their countenances revealing the joy and satisfaction that was within.

This work should not be left to a few who seem to have a special preparation for it: it is something which we all can do. The only training necessary is to have a burning desire in your heart for the poor, lost souls about you. Do not say that you do not know how to talk with people; remember God's promise to put words in your mouth. The same divine word that said, "Go ye . . . and preach the Gospel," said also, "Lo, I am with you alway." What have you to fear?

Now is the time to organize for effective, soul-winning work. The work which I have outlined is perhaps the best way to start a missionary campaign. This will open up for you opportunities for cottage meetings, parlor health talks, visiting the sick, hunting out the poor and needy, and a whole train of helpful work which needs to be done in your community.

You may say you have no burden for this work: if you have not, who has? Are you absolutely sure that such a work is being done in your neighborhood? If so, are you willing that some other Christian should receive all the blessing, while your soul is starving?

You may say you have children and must stay at home and instruct them; take them with you and give them some little responsi-

bility in the work. Your example in actually *doing something* for Christ will be worth more to them than a dozen hours spent in merely talking of what might be done.

The new year has come to us, and we are starting out on a new page with a determination to make this year the best one of our lives.

"Throw a pebble into the lake and a wave is formed, and another, and another; and as they increase, the circle widens, until they reach the very shore." Let us see to it that we are forming centers of missionary activity which, like it, will increase and widen until at the end of the year it has gone far beyond our control.

FROM THE NATION'S METROPOLIS AGAIN.

MRS. J. M. CALVERT,

1159 Jackson avenue, New York City.

[Mrs. Calvert, Mrs. Kershaw and Miss Rasmusson have been faithfully distributing copies of this magazine to the prisoners in the Tombs and on Blackwell's Island, and have worked for their souls' salvation as God has opened the way. Their work has been markedly blessed of Him.—Ed.]

It has been a long time since I have written regarding the work in this great city—not because there have been no blessed experiences, but I have kept deferring from time to time knowing that others were reporting.

During the summer, while I was away, Brother Nord taught the classes at the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. He is a very able worker and his work was much appreciated. I have enjoyed the work there this fall. We have a splendid class of boys; last week there were twenty-seven boys all under twenty-one years of age. At a previous study we took up the prophecies of the Old Testament referring to the first advent of Christ, showing how perfectly the Word of God was fulfilled and how He came to live and die for us and to be tempted as we are that He might be "a merciful and faithful high priest."

In this last study we took up some precious promises of His second coming in glory and majesty to gather His faithful ones to Himself. One boy had learned the first three verses of the 14th chapter of John, and nearly every one decided to commit to memory some text for the next class. Oh, my heart longs to

help them see Christ as He is, a tender, compassionate Saviour, who loves them when they do right and who (though He hates the sin) loves them just the same when they do wrong. We have much to encourage us in our work among these boys.

At the close of the service we passed into the women's corridor, where we found the women seated waiting for us. After prayer by Sister Rasmusson I spoke to them of the pre-existence of Christ, the origin of sin, and the work of creation. We are so well acquainted with sin and the human race is marked so terribly with its results, that we should know something about its origin. Judging from the faces before us, there was a longing desire to part company with the one who was the originator of all sin and heartaches, and to become reconciled to the One whose object in creating us was to bestow His love upon us.

We have had some good talks with the men in the Tombs. The prisoners enjoy this magazine and are always eager to get a new copy. We have loaned them some books and Sister Kershaw arranged with the Bible Society to supply Bibles for them.

May the Lord water the seed sown. Nearly all are burdened with sin, but there is a grand opportunity given to study God's word and lay hold of eternal life; instead of having heavy hearts they can prove the blessedness of the text found in Job 22: 21: "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee."

The following extracts are from a letter written to Mrs. Calvert by an inmate of the Tombs Prison, New York City:

"Doubtless you will be surprised to hear from me so soon, but I owe you such a debt of gratitude for allowing me the privilege of reading the 'Heralds of the Morning,' that I cannot wait longer to thank you. I have spent this entire day on this book; I have read it from cover to cover, and consider it a truly wonderful book. In reading, I have turned to many of the references and noted the contexts, and it is marvelously significant how the scripture quotations coincide with the signs of the present times. The book has opened my eyes to many truths which I did not realize, both in relation to the world and

to the individual, and I earnestly wish that it might be read by every intelligent man under this roof.

"Now, having enjoyed it so very much myself, I am a little bit selfish about it, and I am going to ask if I may lend it to my wife before passing it on to the party you wished me to, and, if I am not here when she shall have finished with it, I will see that it is returned to him. Your work is a grand one, and needs all the encouragement that can be given."

SEEN AT A LONDON INQUEST.

M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN,
Editor *English Good Health*.

The need, in this great world metropolis, of practical education in regard to the proper feeding of children was forcibly illustrated by a sad case which happened a short time ago. It was at the inquest of a fifteen-months'-old child which had died of gastric catarrh brought on by improper feeding. Two other children in the same family, one aged three months, and the other four and a half years having died within the year of similar disorders, the coroner questioned the mother rather severely in regard to her care of the little ones. She, poor woman, denied that she had been guilty of any neglect, and said she did not know what the trouble was. Her husband was a sober man, and gave her twenty-one shillings a week (about \$5.20) regularly out of which to meet the household expenses. Then the coroner asked what she had been feeding her children, and no doubt he was somewhat shocked, on being told that these delicate babes had been fed on exactly the same food as she ate herself—pickled cabbage, canned salmon, vinegar, pickles, ice cream, etc.

It is a common thing to point out the ravages wrought by drink, but there is no doubt that in thousands of homes where both parents are sober and well-meaning people, the children die for want of the right kind of food. This poor mother stood before the coroner with tears in her eyes, grieving for the children whom her woeful ignorance had deprived of life and usefulness. Truly there is need of earnest, prayerful effort in spreading the principles of healthful living.

HAS CHANGED HIS BELIEFS.

A prisoner writes from Joliet, Ill.:

"When I came here twenty-two months ago I was lost altogether and was what you may class as a would-be infidel until someone sent me one of your magazines. Ever since I have changed my beliefs. Before I accepted the Saviour I did not believe anything at all; it was not because I was not taught to do so, but because I had drifted in such bad company that I had forgotten that there was a Saviour to save the lost and One whom the lost could look to for help. But now I am glad to have found Jesus, or, rather, Jesus found me through your kind work.

"To tell the truth, I must say had I not come here I would still be lost to the kingdom of God, but as it is I am only lost to the world and its sins. I am glad that I did find Jesus, the Lord who died for the sins of the world. I can not express all that I would like to say nor the good it has done me to have a friend. A good friend can help when everything else fails. I am friendless and have no one I can tell my troubles to but the Lord."

WHAT THE STRANGER SAW IN CHICAGO.

E. B. VAN DORN,
472 State St., Chicago.

Introductory to the stranger, I will tell you that he simply drifted into Chicago because he had no anchorage elsewhere. He had heard somewhere of what they did in Chicago and it interested him; but of the doing of it he was rather skeptical.

The stranger was tired, hungry, heart-sore, and when he drifted in it was with the Ishmael-like feeling that every man's hand was against him and his hand against every man. The reason for this state of mind will be told later on.

Well, the stranger saw a large, bustling, and, in many spots, a beautiful city, life and energy expressed everywhere. As he drifted farther on he saw other spots not beautiful. He was walking down State street, with its gilded saloons, some cheap "Working Men's Exchange," where for honor, virtue, happy homes and manhood they exchange beer, whiskey with the premium of absolute ruin

thrown in. Farther along to the more squalid portion of the street he saw a sign "The Life Boat Mission" with a very large WELCOME on the door, and he drifted in to the superintendent's office for a talk.

The stranger told of a man he knew who for whiskey and riotous living had bartered away peace, home, friends, honor, and all of manhood, and was now an outcast roaming the streets, fresh from out the prison with the felon's mark upon him.

Could anything be done for such a man was the query? Yes, came the quick response, and the man was immediately taken in hand, fed, cleaned up, and warmed with the brotherly clasp of Christian hands.

And listen, reader: Do you think you could at night take into the purity and sanctity of your own home this same outcast, and minister, with your family, to his needs? You who can from out the great surplus of your accumulated dollars contribute a portion of some charitable work, can you tell what impulse actuates the man and woman who in the humbleness of their lives do not hesitate to take the outcast into their homes trustingly?

All these things the stranger actually saw done in Chicago, and skepticism vanished, and he said, "There is a God, for these are His people." At night at the Life Boat Mission the stranger sat and listened to the tales of others, tales from the lips of the hunted in the old days, but whom the Life Boat had now found and who were living the new way.

THE DOOR KEEPER AGAIN.

J. S. JONES.

Janitor L. B. Mission.

As I promised in the October number to continue my experiences in the Mission, I would be glad to continue from the place I left off; but calls on the Mission crew have come so thick and fast that it has been absolutely impossible to keep a record of what has been done by the workers. So I must begin at one of the last experiences and go back as far as my time and space will permit.

November 7 a gentleman took me by the hand and said, "You must be two or three years older than I am; I am fifty-seven years old." "Yes," I said, "a few; I am past

seventy-one." He looked at me in astonishment and exclaimed, "Can it be possible! Well, whiskey has made the difference. I am full of pains and cramps and am drunk and down and out at fifty-seven, while you are smart and active." Day after day I repeat the old story to men: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7), and "The curse causeless shall not come" (Prov. 26:2).

A fine looking man came into the Mission and took a seat well up front. We had a glorious meeting that night and this man was affected and did not seem to want to leave. So one of the workers talked to him for perhaps twenty minutes. I sat by noticing the man; he never uttered a word. As he silently walked toward the door I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Brother, perhaps you have trouble you are carrying that does not belong to you." He looked me square in the face and said, "How do you know?" I invited him back to a seat. The Lord was working with him and guiding me, so saying but few words I turned to the song, "I must tell Jesus all of my troubles,—Jesus can help me, Jesus alone." We just read and re-read those words until the poor man came to the conclusion he could not help himself, and for the first time he realized there was One who could help him out of his troubles. We knelt and he confessed, and God came into the poor man's life to work a work that need not be repented of.

He gave me the story of his life. He was not given to strong drink, but was a sober, quiet, educated man from one of the best colleges in Pennsylvania and he had moved in the best society. Yet this strong man was in the deepest despair. His home had been entered by a fiend in human shape, and the idol of his life had been stolen from him, leaving him with an eight-months-old baby. This trouble was more than his human flesh could endure. He ran from his once happy home, dazed, not knowing where he was wandering, and did not realize where he was until he landed in the wicked city of Chicago. He told me with a sad face, "When I found where I was, and so near the lake, I determined to go to the pier and jump into it; but as I was walking along I looked up and my eyes saw the electric light shining all

around the words, Life Boat Mission." He came in and was saved. Praise the Lord for this Mission!

A young man of twenty-six years, with a wife in Philadelphia, came into the Mission on the verge of delirium tremens. I could scarcely hold the poor young man, his nerves were so shattered. After nursing him for three days and feeding him proper food he was able to realize his lost condition. He gave his heart and life to God, and we housed and fed him until he was able to find employment as a printer. He was a master-workman at his trade, but the demon whiskey had well nigh taken his life. He was saved at the Mission, and through the influence of the workers he was restored to his wife.

I will relate another case, of a young desperado, who had in his youth met with an accident which had injured his face. Occasionally he would become delirious. He had bought a revolver that day with the intention of taking his life after the meeting was over that night. But after a very stirring appeal by Brother E. B. Van Dorn he raised his hand for prayer, and while on his knees praying he pulled out his revolver, saying, "Here, Mr. Van Dorn, take this; you have saved my life, and God has saved my soul."

I have a double purpose in writing this article. A great many curious people come to inquire about the mission work. They ask, "Does it pay to run the Mission? Doesn't it cost more than will justify the good it does?" I will ask,—If it was *your* boy that was saved from being a murderer, or your girl that was saved from a life of shame, do you think it would cost too much? I do not know just what it costs in cash to save these people; but it costs about one hundred and fifty dollars per month to keep the Mission open; it costs eight or ten persons almost all their time from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m., and the spare time of many more volunteer helpers. These faithful helpers are men and women who have been saved either in this or other missions of the city.

Yes, we need help and helpers. I must say before I close that there are from eighteen to twenty hands go up for prayer every week in this Mission. There are more than that many calls for help from all quarters of the city. If ever there was a cry from

Macedonia to "come over and help us," there are as many calls on the Mission that we can not fill. Come and help us. Remember that what I have related is not one-tenth of what has occurred since October. *Call and see us at 472 State street.*

FIELD MISSIONARIES.

[Miss Sweet and Mrs. Kedler are traveling South on a missionary tour, defraying their expenses by the sale of this magazine. They disposed of nearly six thousand copies of the December number. We quote the following extracts from a recent letter received from Miss Sweet:]

At Owensboro on Saturday night we disposed of three hundred and sixty-seven papers. One man accosted us on the street and asked us for a paper. We had just sold out. He was so disappointed for he had seen one somewhere and had been searching for some time to find us so he could have one himself. We told him we were going away in the morning. The next morning we were surprised while waiting for the train, by his walking in and asking if we had a paper handy he could buy. We unpacked one and he seemed more than pleased.

In a large clothing and department store I had splendid success. One lady stepped up to me and gave me a nickel, saying, "This is from my little girl; she sent it to you. We know about your work in Montreal."

When I had sold all but one paper I met a group of young men standing on the street. They all showed me courtesy as I approached them. The first one I spoke to bought the paper and said, "This is the last one you have; take it and sell it again." I refused to do so. Then he sold it to one of his companions. Each one sold it to the next one until each of the five had bought and sold it for me. Then the first one took it and said, "I am going home now to read it through."

I feel glad to say that success has attended our effort here in Louisville. The first place I called was a coal office; the gentlemen in charge and a lady clerk were eating their dinner at a small table. At first he shook his head when I told my errand, but I explained more fully. He then picked up the paper I offered him and looked it over. He decided to take one and handed me fifty cents. I felt just a little confused as I did not have the

change, but before I had time to express my feelings, he said, "Keep the change."

The next place visited was a large iron pipe factory. I entered the yard where several men were moving pipes, and one of the first men I spoke to was the machinist. He did not have any money, but took me to the white men employed there and every one bought. Then he borrowed the money to buy one for himself.

Louisville has a large jail. We stopped here one evening to leave some papers. The keeper received us kindly and seemed pleased over the LIFE BOATS. He let us in and called the boys out where we could speak to them. Everyone was eager to have a magazine and I had to tell them that several would have to use the same one, as I did not have enough for all.

We were invited to the Sunday service and so we went. We found the chaplain to be a man whose soul is enthused with the work which his hands find to do. He read the story of the leper and made it the subject of his talk. He spoke of the stamp which sin places upon us just as surely and as clearly seen as the marks which the leper bore upon his body. I felt happy to know that this man was actually making himself a minister to their wants in the same way that Jesus did; for I found that he was just as willing to lend them a helping hand after they were free as he was to preach to them behind the prison bars.

GO YE.

C. L. C.

Christ's message to us is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15. "Go ye." Christian reader, do you believe that? Do you believe it so thoroughly that you will say, "Here am I, Lord, send me?" Remember the promise, "I will put words in thy mouth." Why not begin right away to obey this command to "go," if you have not already? You do not have to prepare yourself for work in some distant land; you do not have to cross the waters and spend years in studying some foreign tongue before you can obey this command. The world is perishing for the Gospel, and that includes *your* immediate neighborhood. Have you a burden to go? If not, ask God to give you one.

WALKING BY FAITH, AND NOT BY SIGHT.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

To the one who has started to walk in newness of life I would say that God helps those who are willing to be helped. "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." 2 Cor. 8:12. What a precious promise! And I am so glad that I can say from a personal experience that God's promises are true.

Four years ago my husband was converted. At that time he was traveling for a certain company. He remarked that he could not be a Christian and work for that company. So

paid us two dollars for room rent. Mr. Abrams, being unable to find work, took the two dollars, all we had, and bought some nuts, and he started to roast them in our kitchen, while I sacked them up in oil sacks and packed them in shoe boxes as we could not afford display boxes. He would go out and sell a few boxes at a time and then come home and put up more stock and go again, praying as he went that God would touch the hearts of the people to buy his goods. At first we only made two dollars a week, but we thanked God for that, and we were happy; we had a clear conscience before God and man and were making honest money. We worked hard but we thanked God for giving us the strength to do it.



I said to him, "Quit the road; God has something better for you and He has promised to supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus; what more do you want?" And then I said I would work and help him to make a living.

He quit the road and we believed God would provide if we would trust and obey Him. We came to the place where we did not know where our house rent was coming from nor where our next meal would come from; but we walked by faith, not by sight.

We were keeping roomers, and one of them

Finally we wished the Lord would send us an honest-hearted man—one who would be willing to work on commission as we could not afford to pay a salary. We prayed for God to send us a man to help work up a trade for us, and God heard our prayer. One day a man came to the door—a stranger to us but not to God. We learned that he was a missionary working for God and humanity.

Mr. Abrams said to him, "I want to do something for the Lord—He has done so much for me," so he offered to lodge this brother as long as he wanted a home. The

man said, "The Lord bless you; I believe the Lord sent me here"; but we never thought that he was the man God had sent to sell our goods.

After he had occupied the room for a few days he offered to sell our goods, and God blessed his work. From two dollars a week at the start God has blessed us wonderfully. We now have a wholesale and retail nut factory where we employ help. We praise His holy name for the way in which He has led us. God is so good to keep us humble and teachable, for if He had not we would have become exalted and thought we could do something of ourselves; but He has promised that we can do all things through Him. Success in the Christian's life is *faith in God, and a willing mind.*

Do not think it is all smooth sailing and that you are going to heaven on flowery beds of ease, for you will find that the Christian has trials and hardships and difficulties to meet. I thank God for every affliction, for it has been for my good. Trials are to purify and refine us and fit us for God's kingdom, and "all things work together for good to them that love God." We are determined to make stepping stones of our hard experiences instead of allowing them to weigh us down. Our faces have been turned toward the light and we are determined with God's help and strength to go on our way intelligently. There is dignity in doing one's best in any honorable calling. After that there is no more of the feeling of slavery, we will drag no chains, but instead will carry a palm of victory.

FOR HIS SAKE.

M. A. WINCHELL.

[The last time that we visited the Workingmen's Home Mr. Winchell pointed out to us a man who had lost one of his feet and as a result was made absolutely dependent on public charity; so to assist him Mr. Winchell had added a mattress-making department and taught this man how to make them. Now he makes all that are needed in the Home and they will soon be put upon the market in addition.

Another man, a plumber by trade, had one of his limbs crushed. When he came out from the hospital no one would employ him and he had fair prospects of being left out on the streets. Mr. Winchell helped to fit up a shop for him in the Workingmen's Home and now he is building up a business of his

own instead of merely being an employee as he was before the accident. Helping people to help themselves should be the keynote, as far as is possible, of our work for the poor. —Ed.]

When Absalom had risen up against his father and was wickedly trying to wrest the kingdom from him, the father, in giving instruction to his soldiers as they were going out in defense of the kingdom, made this touching appeal in behalf of his wayward son: "Deal gently for my sake with the young man." (2 Sam. 18: 5.)

How many wayward, reckless sons and daughters are dealt gently with because of the regard we have for a loving father or mother or an affectionate brother, sister, or companion who in spite of their sin and degradation still cling fondly to them. A besotted, cruel husband who but for the esteem in which a loving, faithful wife is held would hardly be tolerated, is treated with a measure of respect for her sake.

At one time there was a man perhaps fifty years of age staying with us at the Home. While he had not sunken so low as many of the men with whom we had to deal he was seldom free from the influence of drink. Although it was not often that he gave us trouble, yet there was but little left in the man to inspire esteem or respect.

Living in the vicinity of the Home was a married daughter who often called at the office on some errand of love to her drunken father. Her quiet, loving demeanor was strikingly in contrast with the maudlin ways of the besotted old man whom she had so often inquired after. Her filial love and quiet, unassuming manner had won our respect. One evening the old man came in unusually intoxicated and on going to his bed he insisted on talking, very much to the disturbance of those around him who wished to sleep, and like most drunken men, the more he was remonstrated with for talking the more he talked; so nothing remained for the man in charge but to bring him down to the office to be dealt with. He wanted very much to go back to bed but that would not do as others must have a chance to sleep. At the office he was a constant annoyance. Should we turn him out on the street? Ah, there was that one that loved him: deal tenderly with the old man for her sake.

Few, if any of us, are in danger of dealing too tenderly with the erring who are not in a special way our friends, especially if their faults are peculiarly obnoxious to us. Perhaps if we would become acquainted with some loving friend of the faulty ones with whom we come in contact, who was free from those faults and whose character we could easily admire, we would deal gently with them for his sake.

But there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He says of the erring, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget." Isa. 49: 15. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Ps. 27: 10.

Are you acquainted with Him? Deal gently with the erring ones *for His sake*.

THE NEW HALSTED STREET DISPENSARY.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH,
Hinsdale, Ill.

If our Lord were once more a man among men on this earth, He would certainly stop at the A. M. C. dispensary in Chicago and raise His pierced hands in blessing upon the work being done there.

The sick, the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind all knock at its doors and find within kind Christian workers who are seeking to do the work which Christ did while among us.

This dispensary is located in the heart of the stockyards district. While the people of this community are a hard-working people as a rule and have money, yet ignorance and sin have brought many of them down to a low level intellectually, and as a result the hearts that are almost breaking with the burden of life can be numbered by the hundreds; scarcely a home in all that locality but has been prematurely visited by that cruel enemy to human happiness—death.

The other day while visiting there a woman came in, carrying a little babe in her arms. The story was a pitiful one, that of a mother only thirty-one years of age who had given birth to ten children. Three of the younger ones had been carried off one by one to some hospital only to die in a few days' time, and

here was the youngest child, a limp and apparently lifeless form as it lay in its mother's arms. Although nearly a year old yet it had only the weight and the appearance of a newborn babe with the exception of its wrinkled and wasted features.

How few charms life holds out for this woman! How much trouble and suffering have been centered in that one short life! One of the students of the medical missionary college took this woman and her babe in charge to give the child the proper treatments, and instructed the mother how to care for it in the best way.

Another woman came who said she had been married twenty years, and seventeen of those years had been spent in untold misery, while she had suffered many things from many doctors; yet she said she was in more pain and misery to-day than ever before and had been tempted to end it all in suicide.

At the clinics which are held here for the benefit of the students, the patient is brought in, while all bow their heads and ask God's blessing upon the work and that some spiritual lessons may be taught while imparting instruction in regard to the patient's physical health.

The institution is well equipped and it is the aim of those who have it in charge to make it a center from which healing balm for both soul and body may flow out and bring hope and cheer into the despairing hearts and ruined homes around it.

Oh the awful condition into which sin has brought humanity! It makes one's heart ache to witness it. What a burden is laid at the feet of those who are in touch with their Lord and who have a knowledge in their own hearts of that power that can save to the uttermost!

TWO WAYS TO COVER SIN.

The following lines are abstracts of a letter received from the Indiana State Prison:

"I received your letter and was certainly glad to hear from you. I am well and still holding to God; the devil tempts me still, but I have no further use for him, for he got me here. I have found the Lord in here and I will hold to Him as my best friend.

"There are two ways of covering sin,—man's way and God's way. You cover your

sins and they will have a resurrection, but let God cover them and neither the devil nor man can find them. He puts them behind His back; He has blotted them out as a thick cloud; He casts them into the depths of the sea. The greatest blessing that ever comes to me this side of heaven is when God forgives me of my sins.

"I like to read THE LIFE BOAT better than any other paper that comes in here; I get it regularly. I wish I could send for fifty to be sent here; I would if I had the money."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WORKINGMEN'S HOME AND LIFE BOAT MISSION.

WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D.

The second annual meeting of the corporation known as the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission was held at 472 State street, Chicago, December 3d, 1906, at 10:30 a. m.

While the various institutions and lines of work under the supervision of this corporation have been in existence a full dozen years, the present corporation which manages the Workingmen's Home, The Life Boat Mission, the Life Boat Magazine, the Life Boat Rescue Service, and the Hinsdale Suburban Home, is now just entering upon its third year of corporate life.

The meeting was called to order promptly by the president, Dr. David Paulson. Prayer was offered by E. B. Van Dorn, superintendent of the Life Boat Mission, after which the secretary called the roll, to ascertain if a quorum was present. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

The president, in his opening remarks, touched upon the various features of the work, and especially called attention to the kind and prospering Providence which had hovered over our work the past year. While the difficulties had been many and the obstacles not a few, there had been a steady advancement and increase of efficiency in almost every department of the work.

E. B. Van Dorn, the superintendent of the Life Boat Mission, gave a most encouraging report of the Mission, speaking of the large number of men who had been helped into a higher and better life, homes re-united, and souls restored to usefulness in this life and

given a bright hope for the future. He also discussed some of the needs of the Mission and made an earnest plea for more help, as the work had been carried on the past year with a very meager assistance owing to lack of funds to support willing workers.

In the absence of Miss Emmel, the superintendent of the prison and rescue work, Mrs. E. B. Van Dorn read a very encouraging and interesting report concerning the jail and local prison work for the past year. Touching indeed were the instances referred to, of how the hearts of men and women had been touched behind prison bars, and how they had gone forth from their incarceration to lives of uprightness and usefulness, and in several instances to careers of active missionary work and evangelization.

Mrs. Carrie Clough reported in behalf of the department of prison and missionary correspondence. The past year had witnessed results that were unusually encouraging in this line of endeavor. Many converts had been made through this agency, behind prison bars, and a great interest had been aroused along the lines of Bible study. A number of special cases were referred to in the course of the report which were enough to convince the most skeptical that one of our greatest opportunities for missionary work at the present time is among the thousands of prisoners in this country, through the Special Prisoners' numbers of The Life Boat and the subsequent correspondence.

Mrs. Hannah Swanson reported concerning the work at the Hinsdale Suburban Maternity Home. The Home has been overcrowded the past year. There is great need for headquarters. Urgent attention was directed to the matter of raising a building fund to increase the capacity of the Home. One of the most striking features of Sister Swanson's unusually interesting report was the fact that the past year, so far as known, *every girl who had taken a Christian stand in the Home had remained faithful*. So far as the percentage of favorable results is concerned, this was certainly the best showing of any department of our vast work, and goes a long way towards answering the question whether or not it pays to help the betrayed and fallen.

M. A. Winchell, superintendent of the Workingmen's Home, gave his annual report, calling attention to advances made during the

past year in the Home, and pointing out features in need of attention the coming year. He dwelt in particular upon those features wherein the Home differs from an ordinary lodging house, and the report which he was able to present both as to matters financial and spiritual, was in itself evidence of the faithful and conscientious work which he and his companion had bestowed upon this difficult but nevertheless promising field.

H. E. Hoyt, treasurer of the corporation, submitted his annual report, which while it showed that some of our departments were struggling under great financial difficulties and having to carry on their work with wholly inadequate support, yet at the same time the rigid economy practised in all departments had enabled the association to close up its work for the year 1906 without running behind for that year, although many needed improvements had been postponed for lack of funds. The treasurer's report was duly accepted.

There were some changes in the constitution and by-laws, with reference to the constituency of the association, which somewhat enlarged its scope; the Board of Trustees was changed from sixteen to ten, and there were other minor changes which were necessitated by the foregoing.

There were a number of our friends who took the opportunity to be present and participate in the annual meeting, and we were glad to see them.

The number of new members of the Board of Trustees who were elected at this time was unusually small, owing to the reduction of the board from sixteen to ten. Only two were elected—William Covert and H. E. Hoyt.

While the foregoing statements outline in brief the transactions of our annual meeting, it may not be out of place for the writer to offer in this connection a few personal reflections. Excepting a short sojourn on the Pacific coast, my connection with this work dates back to very near its origin, eleven years having passed since I began my labors in Chicago.

During this time I have many times witnessed this work come to what appeared to be its end, but each time some over-ruling and unexpected Providence has interposed to save its life and perpetuate its usefulness. In former years I became greatly worried over these difficulties, financial obstacles, etc., connected

with carrying on a vast missionary, relief, and rescue work similar to that fostered by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat corporation; but as the years have gone by, the conviction is gaining ground in my mind that if all the workers are wholly consecrated and faithfully doing their duty according to the best light they have, as I truly believe they are, God, in His gracious goodness will come to the rescue on every occasion of human extremity.

The most impressive thing about the reports and remarks of this annual meeting—in reality the twelfth annual meeting since this work was first begun in Chicago—was the evidence of its world-wide influence. Silently, but nevertheless surely, has the influence of the little original Chicago Medical Mission and its offspring of institutions, the Workingmen's Home, Life Boat Mission, Dispensaries, etc., together with the rescue and prison work, made itself felt to the uttermost parts of the earth. One could hardly help but feel that the echo, or what might be termed the reflex influence of this work, is greater outside of Chicago than even the great and glorious work that has been accomplished for those who live in this great city. One could not listen to the miracles wrought by God in the different departments of the work without a deep sense of gratitude to God for His continued blessing and guidance which has rested over this work; neither could one witness the spectacle of those taking part in the deliberations of this important occasion who had in years gone by been plucked as brands from the burning, now successful and prosperous in both the affairs of business and the church, without offering a silent prayer that God would long keep the doors of the Life Boat Mission and its associate institutions open, that the weary of earth might be bidden to enter and find rest and peace.

We would be glad to correspond with any one desiring to begin missionary work in their own community.

Ask your friends to subscribe. Look over our valuable premium list.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE NEXT PRISONERS' LIFE BOAT.

It is becoming more and more evident to us that the Lord has seen fit in a special manner to use this magazine to reach the man behind the bars. Our Annual Special Prisoners' Numbers are looked for as greedily as children look forward to Christmas and Christmas gifts. Shall we disappoint them next April? Thousands of men have become convinced from reading this magazine that the Spirit of Christ still lives in humanity and that there is hope for them.

With God's help in April we shall again supply practically the entire prison population of this country with this magazine. Will you help us pay the printer's bills and the transportation charges?

Talk it up in your families. Teach your children that even if a man is as great a criminal as he who was crucified with Christ, yet the Spirit of the Master endeavors to reach him. Persuade them to devote their pennies for this purpose. The missionary spirit that will be born in their hearts as a result will manifest itself in many other ways. Set them a good example yourself in this regard.

FEELING FOLLOWS ACTION.

Feelings follow action just as truly as harvest follows seed time. Feelings of joy and peace follow the actions of faith and duty. Faith must *act* before the fruits of moral contentment and mental happiness are experienced in the life.

Throughout the physical realm we learn that feelings and sensations follow various actions and reactions; and the same is literally true of the spiritual world. We must sow before we reap. Thousands are praying for joy, peace and happiness, expecting it to strike them unexpectedly, or seize them suddenly, at some unexpected moment, but they are doomed to disappointment. Faith cometh by hearing—by hearing the Word of God, and believing it, and acting on it; and it is just that kind of an acting, living faith that will produce

the beautiful harvest of joyous feeling and buoyant well-being that we all so earnestly desire.

Then, reader, if it is feelings of health and happiness that you desire, see to it that you set in operation those actions of faith and obedience that always precede these much desired pleasures.

W. S. S.

HELPING BOYS WHO NEED HELP.

The most effective way, of course, to help such boys is to get interested in them before they get down. One way is to organize a boys' club; get one of the boys appointed as leader; interest them all in some useful project; get them to meet at regular intervals. This is a big proposition, but if you can secure the co-operation of several other people who *love* boys it can be made to work beautifully.

Another thing worth doing is, after some boy has been sentenced, to keep track of him by correspondence after he has been sent to the reformatory. Find out when his sentence expires, and be the *first* one on hand to meet him at the prison gate and befriend him as he tries to make a new start in life.

You will be disappointed occasionally and perhaps imposed on, but was not Christ the same? No man ever found a gold mine who did not run the risk of *missing* one. You can afford to make a few failures in helping young men, for the sake of saving *one*. You will find judges and officers of the law quite ready to co-operate with sensible, level-headed men who are interested in boys.

D. P.

MONEY WELL INVESTED.

The following letter has just come to hand from the ex-prisoner for whom an artificial limb was secured by the readers of this magazine some months ago. He is now working for God in the mountains of Tennessee:

"I have been in a series of meetings here for the past week. Will continue indefinitely. God is moving wonderfully in the hearts of

people. Souls are saved at every service. The house is crowded. Pray for us.

"May God bless you for your kindness. I shall never forget you and other dear friends who gave me a helping hand in my extremity. Say to them through THE LIFE BOAT, that I am living for the Master, working for the salvation of souls and striving day by day to rise higher in the Christian life. The past I have left behind; the future, God willing, I shall use for the glory of God."

THE INFLUENCE OF CHARACTER.

Our words exert a great influence for either good or evil in this world, but not all of our influence is summed up in the words we speak. There is a silent, unspoken language that interprets to all beholders our moral worth, that speaks in no uncertain tones to all our friends of our character value.

I believe it was Emerson who said, "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say." And this is just the reason why even the loud and pretentious preaching of many a professed Christian falls powerless on the ears of his friends. It is not because his message is unlovely; it is not because his words are untrue; but it is rather because his very character speaks so loud in negative condemnation of what he is saying, that his message is drowned, as it were, in the very denial of it which his own experience makes.

Let us seek God for that wisdom, yea that jewel of consistency, which will enable us to preach up to what we live, rather than to be always trying to live up to what we preach.

W. S. S.

WHY WE SHOULD CONFESS OUR SINS.

Sometimes the troubled soul is worried about repentance and confession. Some are disposed to ask why it is necessary for the sinner to make full and complete confession to God, in order to obtain full and complete forgiveness.

God would not demand confession of us unless confession were "good for the soul."

1. We should apologize to God when we have done wrong, because, being our Father-Creator, He suffers most when His children-creatures do wrong. And it is only right that we should apologize to our Heavenly Father for

having rejected His love and done despite to His spirit of grace.

2. We should apologize to God when we have mistreated our fellow men, for God's love is extended to the whole world. Therefore, our Father suffers when any of His creatures are neglected or mistreated. For this reason we should seek forgiveness and make apologies to our Maker when we have neglected, harmed, or mistreated our fellow men. It is wrong to sin against our brother, and therefore we should confess our wrong to the heavenly Father.

3. We should apologize to God when we have sinned or neglected our duty, because we have neglected our "Father's business." There is but one suitable attitude for a son, and that is to be ever dutiful and regardful of the father's desires and plans. Every transgression is a departure from the path of duty, and upon its recognition it is but just that the transgressor should make honest apology to God, and seek forgiveness for the sin that is involved in failure to perform the Father's will.

W. S. S.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

"I am about to work with your magazine in connection with something else. I hope to sell hundreds of them, as my son will work with me. I have been reading THE LIFE BOAT and think it the best thing to circulate I ever read."

* * *

"Enclosed find pay for subscription to THE LIFE BOAT for 1907. A boy won it as a prize for Bible study. It will go in a family of children where its monthly visits will be greatly appreciated. I so often find something in my copy to pass to someone else as well as to enjoy myself."

* * *

"After seeing a copy of your magazine at Creeds Hill Life Saving Station I decided to subscribe for it as I like the reading in it so well. I think it is a fine little book, so enclosed you will please find fifty cents with which to send me THE LIFE BOAT for one year. If you have any spare copies to send out, send a few to my address and I will hand them out where I think they may possibly do some good."

WHY NOT GET A SET OF ELEGANT DISHES?

Many of our readers are taking advantage of our splendid premium offer. Mrs. G. E. Risley, Augusta, Mich., writes: "My dishes have just arrived and I am delighted with them and know I shall enjoy them."

FOUND IN THE YARD.

Just as we are going to press we receive the following letter from a lady in an Eastern State whose attention had been called to this magazine by finding a sheet of an old LIFE BOAT. She writes:

"Having found an old sheet of your little paper flying about in my yard, with just enough on it to give me some idea of what it might contain, and also the address, I send herewith one dollar to pay for the subscription of two copies for a year."

RENEW FOR TWO YEARS.

A lady writes in renewing her subscription: "Enclosed find one dollar so that I may be sure to receive THE LIFE BOAT for two years. I think so much of it I could not do without it. It is a great comfort to me to read its pages."

WILL YOU HELP THE PRISONERS' FUND IN THE SAME WAY?

A prominent business man writes: "Wife and I tithe our income regularly, and at the end of each year we like to have the account closed up. As we have a little surplus on hand at the present time I enclose you five dollars' worth of two-cent stamps which you may use in sending THE LIFE BOAT prison number when you issue the next number."

Has it ever occurred to you that the Lord would bless you in paying tithe of what He gives you?

THE BIBLE VERSE SOCIETY.

The thousands of people who are finding it interesting and instructive to study the same daily verses wish to extend a cordial invitation to you to study them this coming year.

The object of the society is to aid us in becoming more familiar with the texts that are most helpful in our everyday life.

Outline of Study for 1907.—The Golden Texts used by the International Sunday School Association are used for Sundays; one day in each week is given to the study of the 103d Psalm and a portion of the sermon on the Mount and for the remaining days a verse has been chosen from each successive chapter of the New Testament. The perusal of the entire chapter will enable one to accomplish the reading of the New Testament within the year.

The work is wholly "a labor of love." The lists are published monthly in several religious papers, but for those who desire them yearly booklets are also printed which will be sent to any address upon receipt of price—ten cents a copy or three for twenty-five cents. For further information, inquire of the General Secretary, Miss Alice M. Temple, South Woodstock, Vermont.

"SAVE THE BOYS."

The aim of this journal is for improvement. The next issue will be a special. It will have an improved dress; will contain twenty-four pages with illustrations. Just the thing for temperance workers. Price, 5 cents for single copy, in quantities of not less than ten, 2½ cents each. The profits will go to agents who mean work. It will sell at sight. Enclose stamp for particulars. Price, per volume of 192 pages, 40 cents. Agents wanted. Samples free to those who will work to secure a club. Address, "Save the Boys," Minneapolis, Minn., Washburn Park.

If the reading of this "Life Boat" has done you good will you not order additional copies to sell to your neighbors? You will be pleasantly surprised at the interesting experiences you will have. Persuade your children to take up the same work. Twenty-cents for ten copies.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.
WILLIAM S. SADLER, M.D., Associate Editor.
N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager

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Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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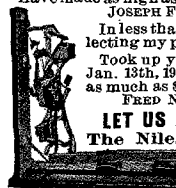
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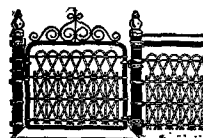
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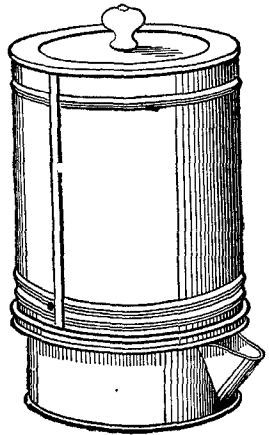
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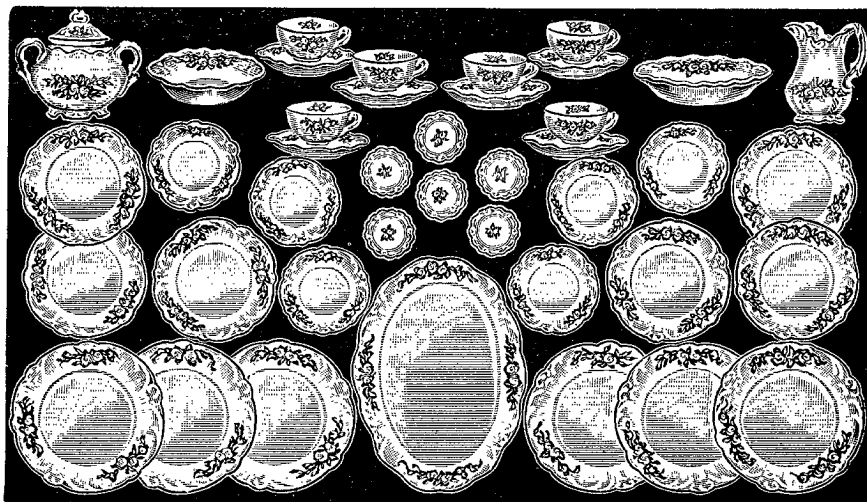
1. The International Red-letter Teachers' Bible. Self-pronouncing; contains the words of Christ in the New Testament printed in red, and the Prophetic Types and Prophecies of the Old Testament, which refer to Christ, also printed in red. It contains the Combination Concordance, in which the Helps are all under one alphabet. This Bible is No. 39670. It is bound in French morocco, has divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges an extra grained lining.

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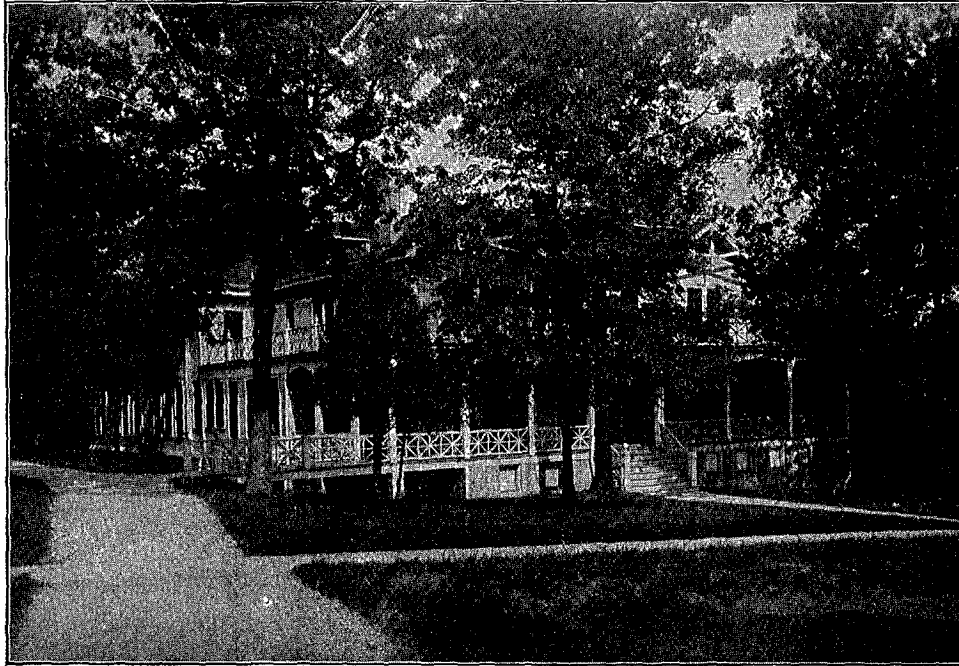
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