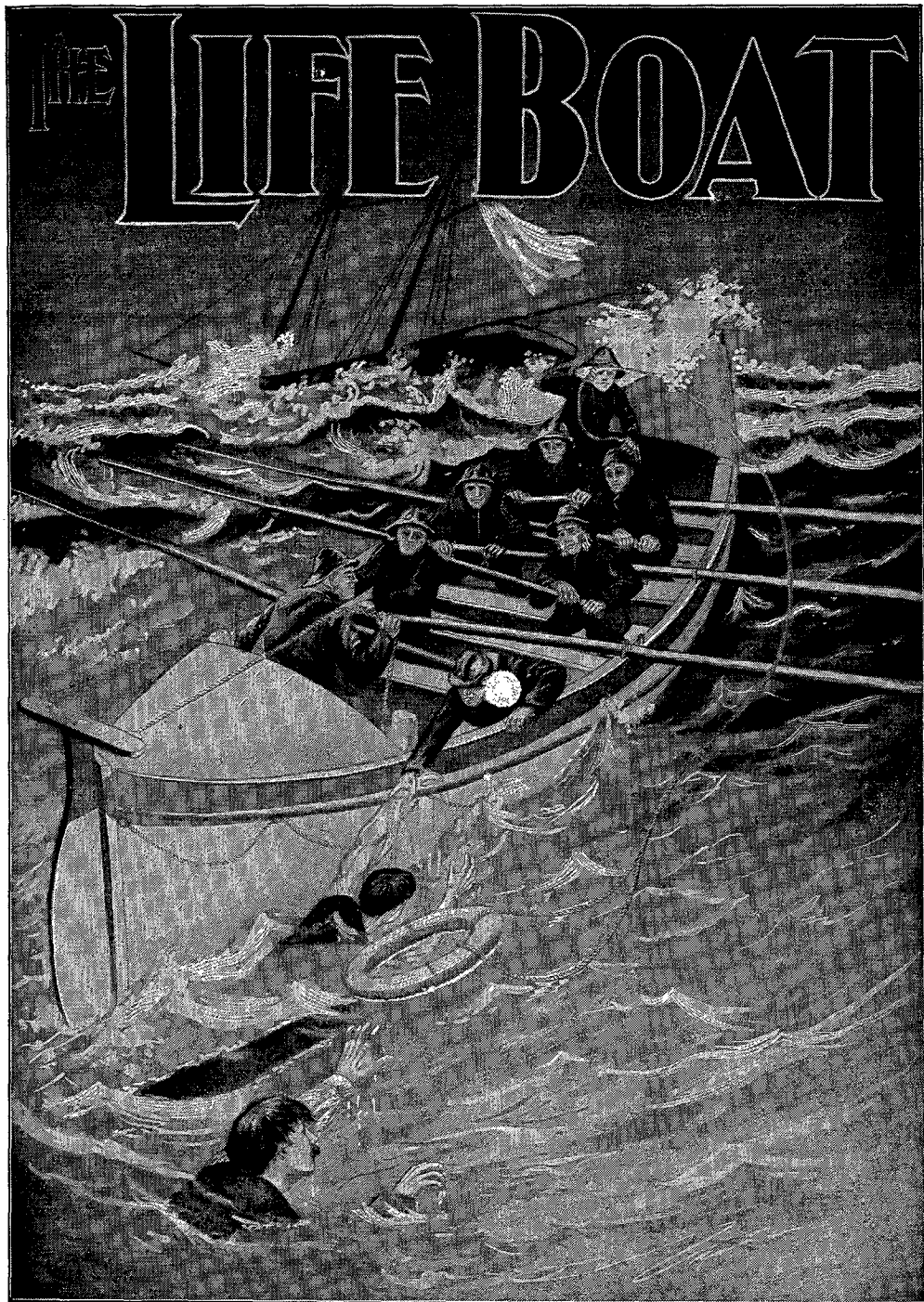


"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"

50 Cents a Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Single Copies, 5 Cents



Volume Ten
Number Three

Windsor, Ill.

March, 1907

City Headquarters: 472 State Street, Chicago

Special Prisoners' Number postponed until May

A Message from the Snow

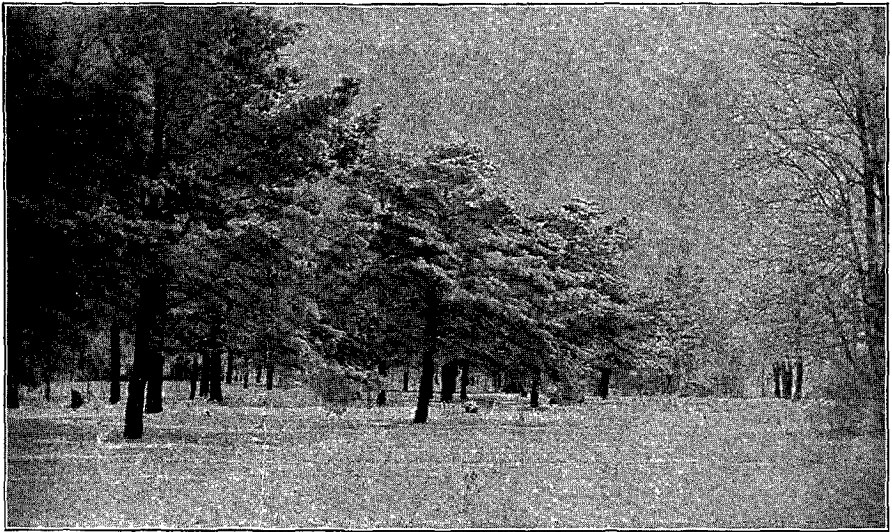
PEARL WAGGONER

Silently, tenderly falls the snow,
Dropping from skies of gray,
Bringing a message to earth below
Out of the far away;
Whisp'ring a message that all may hear,
Bringing the peace of heaven near.

Softly and tenderly still it falls
Constant throughout the night,
Silently treading o'er Nature's halls,
Spreading a carpet white;
Weaving a blanket divinely fair,
Clothing the trees whose limbs were bare.

Now 'tis reflecting the sun's own light,
Glittering 'neath its beams—
Pure as the saints in its dazzling white,
Till, as we gaze, it seems
Angels have opened before our eyes
One of the gates of Paradise.

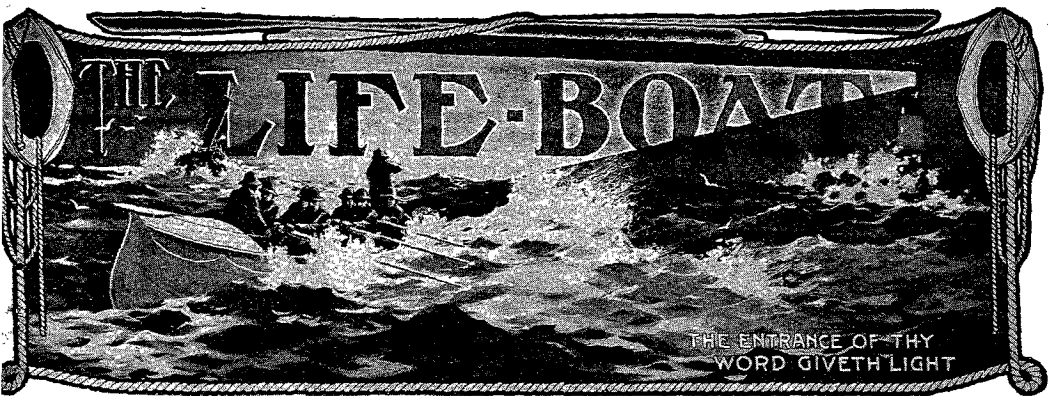
Emblem of purity, truth and peace,—
This is God's thought for man;
This is His gift—a sweet release
Out of sin's darksome ban,
Giving, in place of our earth-stained dress,
His spotless robe of righteousness.



Gently and noiselessly, flake on flake,
So is the earth transformed,
Sheltered with garment of heaven's make,
Tenderly by it warmed;
Little by little, 'neath shades of night,
Groweth its texture pure and white.

So doth God's Spirit, each day, each hour,
Strive with the hearts of men,
Silently working with wondrous power
Making them whole again,
Covering all that would spoil or mar,
Till they may dwell where angels are.

What is the message the snowflakes tell,
Dropping so soft and fair?
Hark! we can hear it, faint, yet well,
Echoing through the air;
Louder and clearer its accents grow:
"So shall I make you white as snow."



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

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

Volume X

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MARCH, 1907

Number 3

THE CIGARETTE FROM A PHYSICIAN'S STANDPOINT.*

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

One day a lady brought to my office for examination her seventeen-year old son, who was a raving lunatic. She earnestly desired my opinion as to the possibilities of a cure. After investigating his case I became satisfied that his brain was utterly ruined, and I had to state to her that his case was a hopeless one. Upon further inquiry she told me with tears in her eyes that he had been smoking fifty cigarettes a day.

I had known for years that the cigarette was a great evil, but that day a new conviction entered into my soul, and I determined then and there, from that time on, to hit this evil as hard as I knew how.

A few weeks ago the head nurse of the Minnesota Insane Asylum said to me in my office, "Doctor, it is astonishing the number of women who come to us who have become insane from smoking cigarettes." Mind you, this was in the great Northwest, where we would hardly expect to find this vice to have secured such a foothold, or to find such a state of degeneracy as in our crowded cities.

The startling thing about this is that the

entire cigarette evil has come upon us in a little more than half a generation. The first cigarettes were smoked in this country during the Philadelphia Centennial, in the year 1876, while last year there were enough smoked in this country that if they were laid end to end in a single row they would have reached around the world twice and then from San Francisco to New York and back again.

What would this mean if it should continue to increase for another half generation? Our insane asylums and our hospitals are just beginning to fill up with the first crop. It is time we took hold of this question earnestly and seriously, for there is an army of the flower of our youth that is going down to destruction.

We doctors know that we have to be very careful in giving an opiate to a child because his nervous system is so susceptible to the influence of these poisons. The same is true of the nicotin in the cigarette, and it also raises blood pressure.

Every day you read in the papers of some man who has died from apoplexy or heart failure due to high blood pressure. There is only one other substance known to medical science which raises the blood pressure so markedly as nicotin. So our boys by smoking cigarettes are laying the foundation for apoplexy almost as soon as they are out of their cradles.

*Abstract of an address given at special council held in Palmer House at the suggestion of the Judiciary Committee of the Chicago City Council.

As someone else has already said, it is no use discussing the "after life" of the cigarette smoker, for he has no after life. If it is not in the graveyard it is likely to be spent in the insane asylum, the prison, or the hospital.

Prof. J. W. Seaver, physical director at Yale, who has probably measured more boys and young men than any other living man, has published the fact that the cigarette smoking boy does not have the same development of chest or the same physical development in any way, nor the same strength as the boy who does not use tobacco. All this only spells out the tremendous fact that the cigarette is one of the potent causes of the prevailing physical degeneration.

There are many questions before the American people to-day upon which they are much divided, but I am satisfied that the medical profession stands united in condemning the cigarette habit in the young. So there is no room for argument whatever upon that point.

ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE?

ELD. LUTHER WARREN.

Christ gave everything that was grand, loveable, beautiful, in order to be our Saviour. That is what every man and woman is willing to do when they are really in love. A young woman is willing to leave father, mother, brothers, sisters, home, everything, in order to be with him. She prefers to be with him. That does not say that she does not love her father and mother and would not like to be with them; she loves them just as much as she ever did, but she loves him more.

The love with which you love God has to come from the same heart with which you love someone else. We only have one heart. The child loves God with the same heart that it loves its mother.

God wants to be loved. Sometimes we get the idea that He wants money or that He wants our gifts, but unless our gifts are love gifts He has no more use for them than a man would have for a woman who would marry him for wealth instead of love.

God has sent us a love letter; yet, strange as it may seem, there are young people who

have never read this love letter once. Perhaps some of you do it from a sense of *duty*. It seems such a pity that anyone should read the Bible and study the Sabbath-school lesson because they *ought* to; and yet they can get hold of some miserable verses about love, or some novel, or some wretched love story, and sit up all night to read it through, even if they have to work hard all day. But such are never interested in the Bible. The false and the true love never go together. To the Christian the Bible is the sweetest, dearest and most precious book in the world.

Some people wonder if they are really Christians, but if you are He becomes the chiefest among ten thousand to you—"the One altogether lovely," and you love His Word because it is a letter from Him, and you love Him because He first loved you. If you are a Christian the sweetest time you can have in this world is when you get off alone with God, alone in the secret place of prayer where you can pour out your love words to Him and listen to His love words to you. But there are some young people who claim to be Christians who do not spend five minutes in the twenty-four hours alone with God. Think of it! And when they come into social meetings they have to be urged to speak. How much do you suppose one on earth would care to have us speak of our love for him if we had to do it in that way?

When we get a little better acquainted with Him our work will not seem so hard. It will not be difficult to love someone else whom He loves nor to dig into the things which He has told us about. I hope the Spirit of God will press this home to our hearts until it will seem nearer, sweeter and grander to have Jesus than it would be to have worlds without Him, and then we will know how to get someone else to love Him.

"WHY DID YOU NOT TELL ME ABOUT THIS CURE?"

[Tom Mackey, the now well-known evangelist, lived a wild and reckless life until God saved him in 1894. The interesting story of his conversion will be told in a future number. Suffice to say that as he sat in the Pacific Garden Mission that night, when the invitation was given for those who wanted to be prayed for to raise their hands he held up a hand. His coat sleeve was so ragged that it fell down below his elbow. Since then the

Lord has used him to establish more than a dozen missions and he has preached the Gospel in mighty power in many of our large cities.

Recently in speaking to the Sanitarium family he said, "I believe God reached down His hand and took mine in His. At that time I had never been to school a day in my life; I could not read words containing four or five letters. After I had been converted I went back to my drunkard's home,—a home of distress where sin had left its awful brand, and said to my wife, 'By God's help I am going to be a better man.' She did not ask for some definite assurance, but said, 'Tom, let us pray'; and we then knelt down in prayer for the first time in seventeen years."—ED.]

I spent a few months in Battle Creek, Mich., a few years ago and I had a Gospel wagon down in the city and from night to night was proclaiming this Gospel.

There was a woman stopping at the sanitarium who had a million dollars in her own name. She was very intelligent, had traveled a great deal and had seen many climes. When she was sick, morphine had been injected into her body. She contracted the habit and had an awful time getting cured, as she tried one cure after another. When she was relieved from that she contracted another habit which was worse than the other. She took another cure and finally went to Mexico where she contracted the habit of smoking cigarettes.

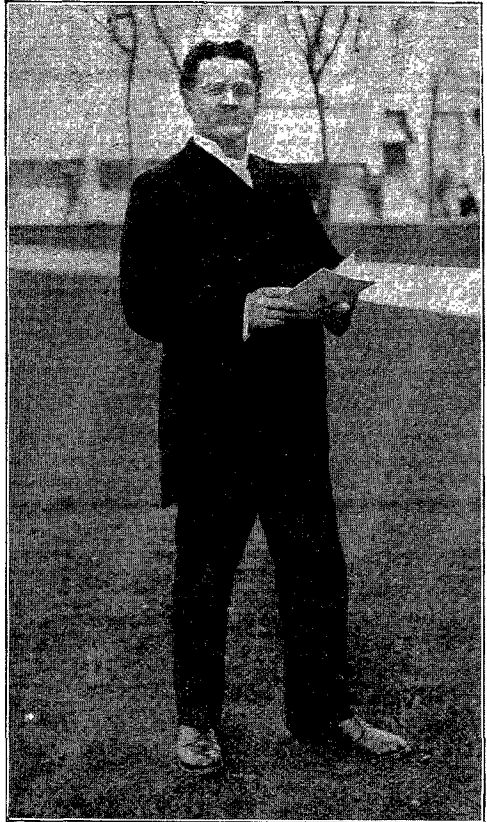
While there she heard of the sanitarium and went to it. She had a beautiful suite of rooms on the second floor. She had a great many books, and pictures decorating its walls. I was told that she had a puppy dog that cost five hundred dollars. He was a nice little fellow, but I do not know what I could do with a five hundred dollar pup.

While she was staying there she would get a little better, then she would slip down town and get some roast beef and a little bacon, then would have to have her stomach washed out in order to have any comfort. She was having just an awful experience.

I think it was like the drunkard and the tobacco user; we may take the drink away and the tobacco away, but we cannot take the want out of the heart.

One night this woman was going down to the hotel to get some beefsteak or goose on toast. That same night a dear sister was telling her experience from the Gospel wagon. This very rich woman stood on the corner

and heard the testimony from that Gospel wagon. She turned to her companion, who was an intelligent business woman from New York City, and said, "Why did you not tell me about *this* cure? You told me about the water cure, the Mexican cure, etc., but why did you not tell me about *this* cure?" She said: "I am going to be obedient to God and by His grace I am going to overcome."



Tom Mackey.

She then asked her companion to pray with her, but she could not pray. She then bought a prayer book. Sometimes people will resort to most anything.

I went back to Chicago and shortly afterward a message came for me to come back and see a woman who was dying. I went and found this very woman, in her beautifully furnished room, a pitiful wreck.

She was a beautiful woman, only twenty-nine years of age, but a wreck because of sin. As I knelt by her side and took her hand I said:

"Sister, there is only one prayer for sinners: that is, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" While she was wealthy, cultured and all that, yet there was only one way for her to be saved.

I want to say that God raised that woman up. I had not been gone from the house long before that woman got off her couch and dressed herself. She wanted me to get her a Bible, so I bought the best Bible I could find and marked a few scriptures in it.

When the sanitarium burned down that woman lost everything she had, her magnificent jewelry, her Bible and everything. She came to Chicago to get her wardrobe replenished and I received a message to get her another Bible.

This experience shows that it is not the poor paupers who alone are in need of salvation and who only are saved.

COURT WEEK.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

The most anxious time to the wrongdoer is when his case is brought before the court, when his life and deeds are made public. His case is swinging in the balance. If his previous record has been clear he may be let off easy, but if there are records of other wrong deeds they speak against him. The final verdict is pronounced by the judge.

There is a court week coming. No mistake will be made in the decision of this court. Here not only the wrongdoer, but every case is brought before the bar and the life's record is made known. Those who have chosen Jesus Christ as their lawyer and have earnestly followed him will find their record clean and will be given a clear title to a mansion in that better land. But those who have not accepted Christ will find themselves standing alone without an advocate before that court from which there is no repeal. The records are against them, the decision is final, and they are cast into outer darkness.

My brother, my sister, to which class do you belong? Have you chosen the meek and lowly Jesus for your lawyer to plead your case in the courts of heaven? Have you become acquainted with Him? If not, seek His friendship. There is not a person in all the world who will be a better friend to you than He.

FELT LIKE DOING SOMETHING DESPERATE.

LENA KELLOGG SADLER, M. D.

There are many discouraged souls in the world. I had an opportunity to meet three of them one day last week during one short office hour.



The first little woman that came in threw off her coat, and remarked, "I just wish I could die. Well, doctor, I am so out of sorts with everybody and everything that I just feel like doing something desperate."

This little woman had been a Christian. For one year she had known the depths of sin and crime and iniquity, and less than one year ago she had given herself unreservedly to her Master. But a number of things had happened to discourage her. After giving her a short treatment I said to her, "Dear little sister, before you go I want you to kneel with me in prayer." But she said, "I can't pray. I just simply will not pray." "But," I remarked, "I didn't ask you to pray. I simply ask you to kneel with me while I pray." She knelt, and the Spirit of the Lord touched her bowing form, and in a measure braced her revolting and discouraged heart.

She quickly rose and began making her preparations to leave the office, having not yet given herself to Christ. I clung to her and said, "Little woman, before you leave I simply want you to kneel in prayer and place yourself in God's hands." After some persuasion she did, and as she was about to leave the room I said, "My dear woman, I simply know that nothing can happen to you if you are in the hands of your heavenly Father."

She promised to call again in three days, and to-day being the third day she came with her face brightened up, and she said, "Oh, I am so glad you clung to me and made me give myself in His hands. I am so thankful for Christian doctors."

The second patient who came in was a poor discouraged sister who had been redeemed from a life of sin and shame, but

who was at a point to become very much discouraged from the fact that she had no place to work. Her countenance was very sad and her spirits drooped as she entered; but after a short conversation we pleaded with her to renew her covenant with her God and to seek first the kingdom of God, telling her the rest would be added to her, even employment, and this second soul left the office very much happier than when she came in.

The third woman entered likewise with a long, dejected face. She had been refused work for several times that day and she had come to me for a few more suggestions. What a privilege it was to grasp her by the hand, offer a few more suggestions and point her to the greatest of friends, to the One who is more interested in our everyday life than we are ourselves; and I assured her that with Him on her side she would have the desire of her heart.

Dear reader, this all happened in one short office hour, and I have related it here for the simple purpose of bringing to the minds of some Christian doctor, or some busy house-wife at home a chance to read in these lines that there are poor souls all around us to cheer—some heartbroken soul. I believe there are more sad people in the world than there are glad ones and so let us Christians ever be full of cheer, so full that those who come in contact with us may be thoroughly filled with the overflow of cheer.

To the friends who so readily responded to the story of the people in the stock yards district last month in the way of money and old clothes, we wish to send our heartfelt thanks. Many of the boxes and barrels have been received. Others are on their way and we assure you each one that the clothes will be given out to very needy people and that the money will be expended in a very judicious manner to suit their many needs. God bless each one of you for your hearty response, and any time you have money or donations in the way of clothes or old sheets or towels they can all be used to a good advantage among these sadly neglected people.

Send all letters, money or other donations to 888 Thirty-fifth Place, Chicago.

THE PRISONER'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

An inmate of the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kans., writes:

"It is with much pleasure I receive the LIFE BOAT through someone unknown to me. It brings with it much joy and happiness to me as I read the lines written by others of the joy and hope in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I am a member of the Volunteer League and thank God for the good it is doing here in this prison.

"My cell mate, who was very wicked when I was put in a cell with him, has changed and now belongs to the League. We have a good warden here who encourages all who try to reform and do right, and helps them all he can.

"I thank the Lord for the chance to write these few lines on this the Thanksgiving Day, to let the outside world know that though we are shut off from them for awhile we are not shut off from One who is our friend in all trials and troubles if we only trust Him. He is able to save in here as well as out. I thank God he has saved me from my sins, although in here.

"Dear Christian friends, I have a loved one at home who needs your prayers to enable her to bear her burdens, for they must be hard. She has herself and three small children to care for and this is a hard winter so far. They have always looked to me for their support. Now I'm helpless and they must look to their mother and the kindness of others, so if anyone can help them in any way God will bless them and it will be appreciated by one who is living a religious life in here and will live the same when released. My aim is to devote the balance of my life to Christ, and I want the prayers of all Christian people."

STILL LOVES HIS FAMILY.

From the State Penitentiary at Columbia, S. C., a prisoner writes:

"I received your kind letter some time ago. I love to read good letters. I am glad that God has no respect of persons; though I am in prison He will save me if I will do His will. I have been a bad man and it grieves me that I have lived the life I have; I have been a drunkard and gambler, but I think the Lord will work out things the best for me yet. I

used to have money, but if I had gained the whole world and lost my soul it would not have been any profit to me.

"I love to read this magazine; it helps me. I have been in prison about six years and I have a wife and three children. I have not seen my children in this time, but I love them just the same; I hope I can be with them some time again and get them to serve the Lord, so they will not go out in sin like I did. I see now what sin will do for a man, but I am glad that Christ did not come in the world to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. The simple prayer, 'Remember me,' to our Lord, saved even a dying thief at the eleventh hour. The gospel of Jesus Christ "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom. 1:16.)

HE WANTED TO SEE A SOUL DOCTOR.

WILLIAM S. SADEER, M. D.

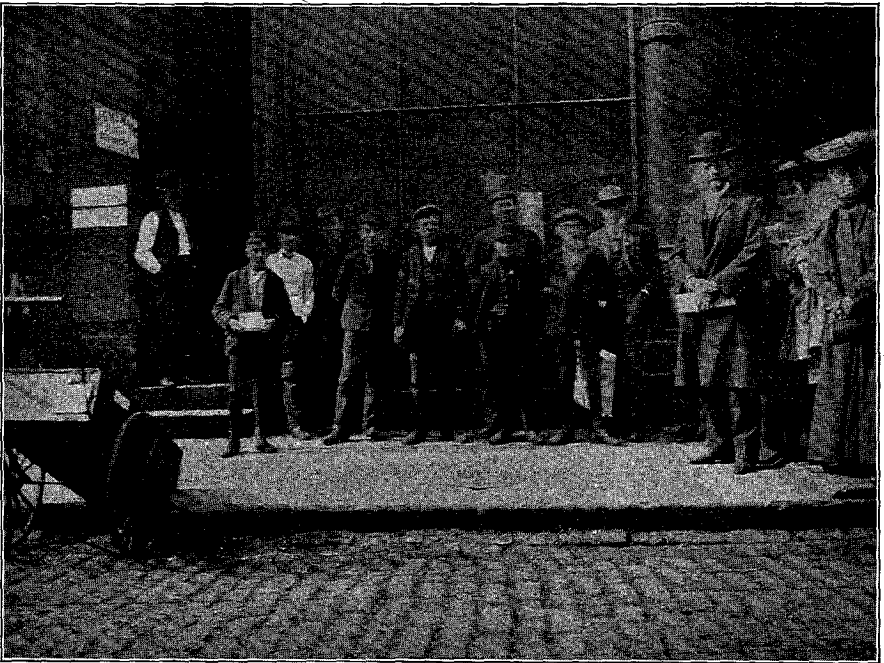
Those who have worked in Chicago in years gone by would be pleased and delighted if they could come and see the beautiful facilities we have in our splendid three-story brick

Dispensary building in the Stockyards district. It has been a long succession of struggles to where we are now, from the time I first saw this work start down in Custom House place, in a little basement that had but a single window to let in any sunlight.

One of the most interesting occasions in the Halsted Street Dispensary is at twelve-thirty every day when everything stops, and doctors, attendants, visiting nurses, students and patients come together to sing, read and pray.

Some of the cases which we meet here touch our hearts very deeply. The other day I was examining a pale, emaciated girl, whose mother had died when she was three years old and who had never seen her father. I asked her: "Do you not have any friends in the city?" "O yes," she said, "I have a landlady who is very good; she allowed me to remain for five or six weeks when I was very sick and let me pay it back to her when I went back to work."

This girl was about twenty years old and she thought she was extremely fortunate, although homeless, friendless and sick and not



During the World's Fair year the first dispensary and free baths were opened up in the basement of this building in Custom House Place.

able to work for some time, for just this one blessing—the only thing that enabled her to be a respectable woman—that she had a landlady who would let her stay a few weeks when she had nothing to pay. Most of you who read these lines have something else to be thankful for besides a place to stay five or six weeks if need be.

Some time ago a call came in for a physician to come and see a sick woman. I went on a car, then down a cross street, then down

into a narrow alley. I went from this alley into something that appeared to be a woodshed or coal shed, then found my way down a dark pair of stairs into a basement and rapped on a rickety old door there. Receiving no response, I cautiously pushed the door open and picked my way into a farther room. I asked if there was anybody sick. The voice of a girl replied: "O yes, Aunt Mary is sick." I asked if Aunt Mary had any friends. "No, I guess not." "What does she do when



The dispensary now occupies this entire building, located in the heart of the great stockyards district.

she is well?" "Oh, she scrubs, but she has not been scrubbing for a long time; her money is all gone."

Then she went and got me a match and took me into another room and said: "Now, strike the match," and by its light she found a candle. By that time I saw a heap of rags over in the corner. Presently the girl brought me a little tin lamp with half a chimney, which she volunteered to hold for me.

My dear friends, I never in all my life saw human beings living in such a place. There was no bed in there at all; it was simply a room with a little cubby-hole off to one side in which was an oil stove and a few cooking utensils. There was a coarse bit of bread left on the table, the last piece of a meal she had eaten three days before. She must have been about sixty years of age, and was certainly in the last stages of consumption. She was in a terrible condition, yet she dreaded to go to the hospital. I was glad to be able to make arrangements for her to go to a place where she could die comfortably.

A young man once came into the Mission Dispensary office the most pitiable specimen I ever saw, so emaciated that one would have thought he was only fifteen years old, whereas he was about twenty-five. I found on examination he had tuberculosis. I suggested sending him to Dunning poorhouse. He said: "Several other doctors have told me they could send me there." I said: "Why did you not go then instead of coming here?" He said: "Don't you know? I was looking for someone who might say something to cheer me up."

I really felt rebuked that I had not up to that moment said anything to help him spiritually. I tell you, my friends, it is a privilege a doctor and nurse have of not only going around and helping people physically, but to say and do things that will cheer them up. When I left the boy he had tears of gratitude in his eyes, and he said: "I am now ready to die." He said: "I have been praying for months and reading this little Testament, but I knew no Christian people to go to. I am a stranger here. My parents are dead, and I did not like to go away and be laid away to die until I found out if it was all right with God or not." He took my order to the poor-master and I never saw him afterward, but

I have since learned that he is dead, and how glad I was for this opportunity of assuring him that his passport to glory was all right.

One day one of our workers found down in the basement a poor fellow groping around. He had found his way to the building, but had not found the one he wanted to see. Asked if he wanted to see a doctor he replied: "Yes," and added, "Now, pal, it ain't a doctor I want so much to see unless he is a soul doctor; I need that. A lady I asked for some old clothes told me to come over here—that I would find here the kind of help I need. I am just coming out of Joliet prison and don't want to go back again. I have been there three times."

HEALTH IN PROPER DRESS.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Modern so-called civilization has brought the human race in subjection to many habits and customs which are a grave hindrance to the physical and mental development of the human body.

Many women of our land who could set in motion waves of reform that would reach to the most distant shore line and stir the heart of thousands of other women, are, instead, meekly placing themselves in the unrelenting hands of Custom to be consumed on the altars of pride and fashion. Why this cruel slaughter? Why this unhappy termination of lives which could be such a blessing to humanity?

"God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions" (Eccl. 7:29). One of these inventions is to improve on our Creator's work in forming the human body. It is a hopeless task, because we are formed by the One who is *all wise*, and every piece of work turned out from His great works is labeled "very good"; it is perfect, and a perfect thing can not be improved.

Dame Fashion declares she has found some defects in that crowning production of the Master Workman—woman, so she sets herself industriously at work to rectify those mistakes. Her taste seems to differ astonishingly in different departments of her kingdom, yet all alike suffer because of her reign.

Our sisters of the far East are constantly submitting themselves to the cruel practice of feet binding. Other heathen races distort the

face by suspending hideous weights from the lower lip, still others make all sort of characters on the skin by a process of tattooing, but it is left for the "civilized" races to so constrict the waist that the stomach is often crowded several inches out of place, and the liver fairly cut in two, lower respiration hindered and the whole nervous system so affected that life becomes hardly worth the living. A physician, when asked what harm there was in tight lacing, very aptly replied: "The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour glass the sooner will her sands of life run out."

ing them in a position where they cannot exercise. Nature has so economically constructed the body that not a particle of energy is allowed to go to waste, consequently she withdraws her support from these muscles when she discovers they are not being used. This allows of displacements in the abdominal viscera which irritate the nerves

Many a poor woman has been credited with a hasty, irritable disposition who would be sweet and wholesome if her unhealthful mode of dressing and its evil effects could be overcome.

The clothing should be supported entirely from the shoulders. No skirts should be hung on the hips. The freedom underwaist is perhaps the best garment made for this purpose. The skirts are buttoned to it at the waist line, and the seams of the waist are so constructed that the weight is borne by the shoulders. The dress skirt should also be buttoned or hooked to the dress waist, so that the entire garment can be lifted by raising the arms.

This mode of dress has recently been introduced in the Japanese empire by Miss Smart, and a large number of the leading ladies of that nation are wearing the healthful gown.

It is our privilege to dress healthfully, eat simply, take proper exercise, breathe an abundance of fresh air, and thus place ourselves in such a relation to our Maker that we can better hear His faintest whispers to the soul.



QUEEN LOUISE—Well illustrating ease and grace. Clad in what would have been a model dress from a health standpoint with the exception of the trail, which gathers up dust and germs.

Clothing that allows perfect freedom of all the muscles of the body should be worn by women as well as by men. The corset or girdle when worn tight not only crowd the organs which lie in the region out of position, but they also relieve the muscles of the waist and abdomen of their tasks by plac-

Nobody can deceive you in regard to your friend's voice: neither can you live long with the Holy Spirit before you will recognize His voice.

If you want to sit with Christ on His throne by and by you will have to travel with Him in His yoke here.

WHAT A STREET MEETING DID FOR ONE BOY.

E. B. VAN DORN.

There is something fascinating and inspiring about the work at the Life Boat Mission. I have seen men who had lost their grip on life,



men who had been bankers, ministers, lawyers and doctors, who through drink and other causes, have at last come to belong to the "Down and Out Club," as they say. These men I have seen come into the Mission, and after hearing the plain sim-

ple Gospel, fall on their knees and ask God to forgive them, and they would go out from there sober—go out and lead different lives, become straight, upright and honorable men, never again to go back to sin.

We have not been in the habit of going out on the street away from the Mission to hold meetings, but one night recently we went quite a distance away and began our meeting in front of a lodging house. Pretty soon a great crowd gathered around us.

One of the members of the company stepped forward and gave a simple testimony, saying that he was a poor ruined man who had embezzled his employer's money, who had left a wife and four or five children without the necessities of life, and had gone to Grand Rapids determined to end his life. He had walked out on the bridge and just as he was about to jump into the river he saw a policeman coming toward him. He did not dare to attempt it then for fear that he would not succeed.

Then he went on across the river and stopped at a little mission, and there hearing the testimonies of those who had found Christ, gave his heart to God. Immediately he sent word back to where he was employed, told them what he had done, and his wife sacrificed everything that she had in the world that she might raise money enough to pay back that which he had taken. Then he told what the

result had been since that time—how he had been saved from drink; how his wife and family were united and happy, how he was restored to the confidence of his employers, and how it had all come about by the power of God.

I followed, relating some instances illustrating the power of the Gospel to save.

In the crowd listening was a boy nineteen years of age, a bright looking fellow, whom I afterward learned had a beautiful home, but because of his waywardness had been thrust from it and had become one of Chicago's notorious characters. He had spent the best part of the last six years in various jails and reformatories. He was there that night without hope, separated from his father and mother, having in his pocket the weapon by which he expected to end it all.

When we returned to the Mission he went with us and that night gave his heart to God. There was gratitude in our hearts when we saw the stand he had taken, and that God had led us to go out that night as we had.

I secured the address of his parents, and the next morning went and told the mother the story of how her boy had come to the Mission the night before, the condition in which he came, how he had given his heart to God, and had handed me the weapon with which he intended to end his life. That woman's eyes filled with tears and her heart was so full for what the Lord had done that she could scarcely speak. He is at the Mission every night. He says that nothing could ever tempt him to go back to where he was.

There are thousands of cases of some other mother's boy, some father's daughter, in the meshes of sin—not there always because they want to be, but brought there by some force of circumstances—because just at the crucial moment they took the wrong path. They see the folly of their way; their hearts yearn for better things, but when their reputation is gone, with no money, bound by appetite, with no one to care for them—what can they do? It is at such a time they need a helping hand—someone who will recognize in them a soul for whom Christ died, someone who will step up to them and give a helping hand in the name of the Master who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

It takes something to carry on this work. It takes heartaches, constant vigilance, thorough consecration, a careful handling, instruction when they come in and when they go out, day after day, and *much* encouragement, for this class get discouraged more easily than any other people on earth.

I pray God that your hearts may be touched by His Spirit to see and appreciate the needs of the people in this great metropolis, and by your prayers and otherwise as you may be directed, help to carry on this work.

THE VALUE OF ONE LETTER.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

Three years ago this spring the original of this picture came into the Life Boat Mission



Mr. Evans in his study.

a physical and moral wreck. After meeting was over I went down to talk with him. He was very evasive and I would ask him several questions before he would answer one; he was very much intoxicated, and told me he had not been sober for five months.

I told him Jesus loved him and died for him, quoting him some scripture to prove this. He said: "There is no hope for me; why, I have even been in jail, and my mother has gone back on me." I told him it made no difference with the Lord what or where he had been; the Lord was no respecter of persons. All he had to do was to surrender all, to confess his sins, and the Lord was faithful and just to forgive him his sins.

He would not pray, but I told him to be sure and come back the next night. He would not promise. That night, oh, how earnestly I prayed that the Lord might convict him of his sins and might send him back to the Mission!

He was there the next night and each successive night for almost a week. I noticed each night he seemed more sober and appeared more interested. At times he would answer me very abruptly, but I kept after him, pleading with him to give his heart to the Lord. After several days I received a letter from him saying he was tired of the old life and he really wanted to do better, and if I thought it would be any use in him trying, said he would await an answer from me.

I wrote him at once. One verse of scripture I gave him was Rev. 22:17: "And the spirit and the bride say Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." He has told me many times since that that letter was the turning point in his life; if he had not received it just when he did he intended accepting a position with a show company.

Now, friends, it did not take me long to write that letter, and I could have put the writing of it off a day or two or even a few hours, and how much it might have meant to this young man!

After this the Lord used me wonderfully in helping him. He shunned all his former companions. He never had been used to work, as his family is one of some means, but he came to the Mission and took the position of janitor. He was tempted many times, but I would tell him it was a blessed thing to be tempted; all he would have to do was to "submit" himself to God, resist the devil, and he would flee from him. He gave up all his evil habits at once, though it was hard for him to quit smoking. He told me

one time he walked back and forth in front of a drug store seven times, feeling that he must have a cigar, but he finally gained the victory.

He made up his mind the Lord had called him to preach the gospel and set about preparing himself for this. His body had been terribly abused, so he went to Battle Creek, built himself up physically there, then attended a Bible training school for several months.

For over a year he has been in Kentucky telling others what the Lord has done for him. The Lord has been using him in influencing young men to leave off the errors of their ways and come to Jesus, the friend of sinners. I never knew any one to pray more earnestly than this young man did when he was tempted on some point. He would get right down on his knees in the midst of his work, and I believe God will use this young man to do a great work for Him. I thank God for the Life Boat Mission and the opportunities it affords.

"THE SECRET PLACE."

PAULINE HANSON.

4738 Calumet Avenue, Chicago.

No one knew of the tiny spring that bubbled up out of the earth in that remote place. No one heard it singing incessantly, all day long, cheerily, contentedly, partly hidden away by the shrubbery, with no mortal audience, and no one to brighten its hours but the sun, whose warm rays would look in upon it, flooding every little ripple with a golden light. No one saw the little silvery thread that soon found its way from there to the rocks, nor the limpid stream that trickled down their moss-covered sides. How peaceful, all; how quiet; how beautiful!

But the stream goes on—on and on down the valleys and hills, till one day it spies in the distance a sister stream. Hailing it with joy, our little stream rushes on, and upon meeting, embraces it, and instead of running on by itself is joined by the sister stream and away they go in happy companionship. Onward they go, constantly being joined by other streams, till one day our little stream has become a rivulet. Finally, no more a rivulet, river and river has been added, till at length it has become the long and mighty

river of them all, but never has it forgotten "the secret place" amid the rocks.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," Ps. 91:1. Does not "the secret place" remind one of a sheltered rock, there to abide under His shadow? At first, as the Spirit comes to you, you are not able to do a great deal, but know that there is that something within you that sings sweetly of His peace, and as there is added "strength unto strength," you grow in the Spirit under the glow of His love slowly but surely, imparting your strength to others, becoming richer for the giving of that strength. Misfortune, affliction or trials of the outer world will but add "*faith unto faith*," but are not the storms quelled as soon as you go to "the secret place" and obtain strength and renewed courage as "He cleaves the rock and gives you to drink out of the great depths?" What would we do without "the secret place" in the cleft of the rock away from the world's bustle, where we can hide and rest and receive strength for the further journey? There, if the burden be not removed, will be shown you how, and given you the grace to bear it. Remember that the journey hath an end, that He watches your every step, and may the blessed culmination of it all be "*from glory to glory*."

BEFORE WE PRAY HE WILL ANSWER.

MRS. M. E. MOTZ,
San Luis Obispo, Cal.

A few mornings ago I was very much discouraged. I needed money very much for certain missionary purposes and did not know where to get any. At five in the evening the mail carrier handed me an envelope containing an unsigned letter and five dollars, for which I praise the Lord. I do not know yet who the donor is. The letter read as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Motz: I guess you will be surprised to hear from me, but I must tell you how much better I have been since you told me what to eat. I am so much better since I quit the meat that I hardly know myself. It has been quite a saving to me for medicine and doctors, so I am going to send you five dollars. You must not refuse it, as I will feel badly if you do, and it is cheap for me to get off this way. It is worth a lot more than this."

THE KIND OF MEN THIS TIME DEMANDS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Like Esther, we are raised to the kingdom for such a time as this. The Lord is willing to make us the kind of men the poet prayed for:

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready
hands:

Men whom the lusts of office do not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his threats and treacheries without
winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

Gideon came to the front in a great crisis in the history of God's people. Inspiration pictures him threshing wheat in a secluded place, for fear of the Midianites. Mind you, the first glimpse Inspiration gives of him, he was not engaged in preaching or even distributing tracts, he was just threshing wheat, yet the angel of the Lord came and talked to him. Angels of God love to linger wherever honest men and women are doing honest work that needs to be done. Take that to heart, whether you are working in a shop or kitchen, in the laundry or out on the farm. God is just as willing to come and talk to you if you will listen to Him.

The first words spoken to him were, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor," and Gideon, who was just like all the rest of us, said, "If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? and where be all his miracles which our fathers told us of? . . . but now the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites." Judges 6:13. That is the trouble with so many good people that are looking back at the past and talking about the good old days. If you have been doing that, remember that Solomon gives some good advice on this point: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." Eccl. 7:12. There is something better than talking about the good old days, and that is to let the Lord help us make the day we are living in the most wonderful day that ever was.

Then the Lord told Gideon to "go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from

the hand of the Midianites;" and being just like us he began to explain how it was unreasonable to expect him to do it, his family was poor and he was the least in his father's house. That is a trick of the devil that is at least three thousand years old. We can do nothing of ourselves, but we can do something when we link up with God.

The Lord is no respecter of persons; He has no special pets; He is saying to you who are reading these lines: "Surely I will be with thee." But your first work may be just the same as Gideon's. The Lord told him to go and cast down the altar to Baal that was in his father's house. Think to what extent these people had back slidden; and before Gideon could go out and do great things for God he had to straighten up things in his own house. Remember the first place to begin is right in your own home.

Gideon's family had an altar to Baal; we may have an altar to self. If you are worshipping self instead of God it is not likely that you will be able to say anything to others in such a way as to change their lives.

Then Gideon blew the trumpet and thirty thousand of those oppressed people gathered about him, yet many of them were so panic-stricken that they would have been no use in the final crisis, so the proclamation was made that all those who were fearful and afraid could be excused, and more than two-thirds were quick to take advantage of the opportunity. They had courage enough to start, but not to go on, and a large number of those who stayed did not have the real spirit of the thing in their hearts, so when they were brought down to the water before going into the final conflict, three hundred of them simply scooped up the water with their hands and hurried on. The others got into as comfortable position as possible and had a good drink, evidently thinking they would have plenty of trouble later on and they would have a good time while it was in their power to secure it. They were all excused. Some of them undoubtedly thought it not fair to judge them on such a little matter, but a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. These ease-loving folks could not be trusted in that great crisis. Some of them may be saved in the kingdom of God, but they will never be able to tell of that wonderful experience they had with Gideon.

Gideon put a trumpet in every man's hand and empty pitchers, a fit emblem of the men who carried them—emptied of self. And he put lamps within the pitchers, a symbol of God's light that was in those self-sacrificing souls. When you and I are emptied of self, God will fill us. These men could say, "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon" without questioning, "Where am I coming in? why can not I have a sword?" The real reward for doing a great thing is not the credit we get out of it, but a knowledge of the fact that we have done it.

When these men blew their trumpets and broke their pitchers, a flash of light shot forth which so blinded and confused the Midianites that they were panic-stricken—all from the fact that one man was carrying out a divine inspiration.

J. Hudson Taylor was just one man, but God used him to lead nearly a thousand missionaries into inland China. John Wesley was just one man, but God used him to arouse conviction in the hearts of a vast multitude. God will use you if you are willing to cast down your miserable altars. If you say, "I can not do it," the Lord will let you keep them, but you can not be one of Gideon's three hundred.

The fact that Gideon had been marvelously used by God did not save him from cruel jealousy, and if you do something for the Lord you will also have to meet it. When the children of Ephraim showed their bad spirit because Gideon had not recognized them sufficiently, he merely said, "What have I done now in comparison of you?" Remember the Bible says, "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Rom. 12:18. Enlarge on what other people have done instead of enlarging on what you have done.

After all these things Gideon had a pitiable experience, and it should be a lesson to all of us. The financial spirit began to develop in his mind. He spread out a blanket and persuaded the people to spread gold earrings on it for his benefit and it led him astray. We are living in an unusually commercial age. Gold is not wicked, but when we make a god of it it is the wickedest thing in christendom.

My friend, God may be desiring to use you to snatch brands from the burning and to inspire people who are today in the depths of

despair. Some day the devil will have somebody on hand to spread gold before you and you will forget what God has given you while you spend time picking it up. If you and I ever breathe the atmosphere of heaven, we will have to become accustomed to breathing it down here. May God help us to have before us that high ideal day by day down here and finally wear the overcomer's crown.

WORKERS ON A SOUL-WINNING TRIP.

The middle of last October Mrs. Kedler and Miss Sweet felt impressed to take a field missionary trip South, defraying expenses by the sale of this magazine. Since they left they have ordered nearly fourteen thousand copies.

Eternity alone will reveal the vast amount of good that has been accomplished. The Lord has wonderfully gone out before them and raised them up friends everywhere. They are of good courage. They spent the holiday week in Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Sweet, on their return trip, writes from Cincinnati, Ohio:

"The last day I worked in Covington, Ky., I never did better in my life, and the last hour was the best. I think I left a paper in every place.

"I met a great many people in Louisville who seemed deeply interested in our work. One man I remember especially. He questioned me very closely, so much so that I expected some severe criticism, but instead he bought a paper for every man in the place, then as I turned to go out, he called me back and asked why we did not start a work in Louisville. He said, 'If you start a place there I will give you any assistance you ask, and will be glad to help you in any way I can.' He seemed to think I didn't have much faith in what he said about what he might do, and so added, 'I mean it, and I can do it, too.' He certainly looked able for he was dressed as well as a man could be. Before I left he said, 'I am going to help you people anyway, but you will never know who did it.'

"I met another man in a wholesale house who was just enthused with this magazine.

He told me of his experience, which was quite interesting.

"When he was quite young there was a business man where he had to go every few days on some errand, and this man was very religious. Every time the young man came he would ask him about his soul. At last the young man became annoyed at being asked so much and tried to avoid the old man, whom he termed a crank. But being reminded so much of his soul he at last began to wonder if he really had a soul or not, and later on he began to have quite serious thoughts upon the subject, until he finally professed religion. He said, 'I used to feel annoyed so at this old gentleman that I called him a fanatic, crank, etc., but at the same time I could not help respecting him for he was a successful business man and I knew it.' He gave this old gentleman credit for all that he is.

"I do not know whether he was the owner of the house or not, but he appeared to be. In relating his experience he told of several things which came under his observation. One thing was of a young man still in his teens. He saw him standing in front of the store on the outer side of the street, apparently in trouble. He watched for a few moments and came to the conclusion that his fellows standing near him had robbed him. He put on his coat and stepped out, it being dinner time, and asked a friend that he met to go to call the police while he kept track of the fellows. The police returned and found him there. The boy had about fifty dollars which he had saved from his earnings. (If I remember correctly he had a mother dependent on him and in need of money.) They had taken his last penny, he was alone, a stranger in a strange town, and inexperienced. The man who related this story gave the policeman money for the boy's meals and told him to keep the boy at the station until he could bring other relief, as the boy felt pretty bad and was crying. In this way he thought to save the young man some possible temptations.

"He seemed to have his eyes opened to the needs of humanity and was so anxious that someone be stationed at our docks and

depots to give young strangers assistance and advice right there and not leave them to hunt for places of safety for themselves, which they sometimes fail in finding.

"The people in Louisville are very generous and warm hearted. I like the people there better than any others that I have met. I shall always remember my stay there with pleasure. Even at the restaurant I felt that it was my home, for although several hundred were served at each meal yet I never came in without some pleasant recognitions from someone, and they did us a great many favors too, and always asked us how we succeeded, etc. I tell you it seems good to strangers to find people like that."

Mrs. Kedler writes as follows from the same place:

"There is scarcely a place where people can be found that I would not venture with THE LIFE BOAT, from the most stately mansion, court house, custom house (and at Frankfort we canvassed in the State capitol and the Capitol Hotel) to the meanest hovel or den. People of all classes and descriptions respect this magazine and its representatives.

"At Louisville we lived near a large and beautiful hotel. I almost trembled one evening as I entered it to canvass, for I expected every moment to be put out. The main hall was crowded with traveling men. I canvassed them, then the porters and clerks. Then I went into the saloon, canvassed the men there, then into the gentlemen's dining parlor. It was about six o'clock by this time and the dining room was full. I went from table to table—not a porter, waiter or clerk interfered with me and so I finished. Before commencing I inquired for the proprietor, but no one seemed to know where he was, so after I got through I thought I would make another attempt to find him. A waiter pointed him out to me. He was sitting at a table with two other men—I had been at their table and the other men had bought a paper, while the proprietor had encouraged them and told them they needed it. Hotels are good places to canvass, if one gets there a little before six p. m.

"We find it is not wise to pick out what appears to be the best territory, and pass by

what appears to be poor territory. It is so hard to tell where one is going to do well; very often we are surprised at the success we meet in districts where people appear very poor, and also in out-of-the-way places. I find we are blessed the most when we take everything as it comes.

"I remember while at Lexington I was considering what to do with the last paper I had. Right above me was a doctor's office and next to me was a store. I wondered whether it would be worth while to climb a flight of stairs with just one book, when I might just as well go into the store in front of me; but my conscience seemed to tell me that perhaps someone upstairs needed it, so I went up there. The doctor gave me sixty cents for it and refused the change."

"HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES."

W. A. ROCHAMBEAU.
888 W. 35th Place.

There is one thing peculiar about this work in our Dispensary: a person can go and be there a good deal of the time and not see anything especially manifest. But the experiences are there, and all we need to do is to get our eyes open and get in perfect harmony with the Spirit of God and He will lead us where the Lord will help us to be a blessing to all around us.

Four days ago a little boy and girl came to the Dispensary and asked for clothing. For some reason I was especially impressed about them. The little girl was very poorly clad, yet had a bright face, though she looked older than her size would indicate. She claimed to be fifteen, but had an old look that told of toil and privation. There were six in the family and she was the eldest. Her father was dead, her mother washed for a living. I asked where she lived and she said it was not far. When I asked if she could come back again she said: "O yes." I understood she lived about four blocks away.

It was the day we had such a heavy snow. When I went over there it took me nearly two hours to find the place. The house was right up against the wall of the railway, and those fast trains were practically on top of the house.

The mother of those children stood out in the snow with no shoes on her feet, hanging

up clothes in the cold. I was astonished to see the look on the woman's face—just as clean and pure a look as one ordinarily sees. When she saw me I asked her if she was the one who sent the children to us, and she said she was. Then I went in and found three little boys running around with a cup of coffee, which they were drinking to keep warm. The room was quite clean, yet very cold, and how they managed to keep body and soul together I cannot imagine. The children had no shoes for their feet, and their little bodies were almost as prominent as if they had no clothes at all.

I found this woman had been buying her clothes at an industrial store when she had the money, and when she had not she did not like to beg and so came to our place. The sad part of it was that I was not able to supply their needs. I sent them about seventeen garments in all, each stocking counting as one, and a pair of shoes for the mother.

We find a good many in that district who are in that condition. It is hard to see their condition and not be able to give them all they need, and I am praying God will open the hearts of people to help us in providing for these people. They are not being provided for, no matter how much charity is going on. There are hundreds of unhappy homes where the father spends his money for drink and the mother strives to keep the house in shape and the wolf from the door by washing.

A BIBLE STUDENT IN PRISON.

The following lines were received by Miss Nellie M. Butler from a prisoner in Michigan City, Ind.:

"Sitting in my cell alone, almost discouraged, your letter brought to me glad thoughts and precious promises. I am glad to hear from the outside world, as your letter put me on my feet again when I was almost gone.

"You asked me if I wanted the *Signs* any more. I do not see how I can get along without it; if it is not asking too much, I would like to have it again. I am getting along as good as anybody can.

"I have read those Topical Bible Studies and they are fine. When I get through with them I will send them along from cell to cell.

"Pray for me that I may hold out, as I am trying to do, and lead a better life."

A PATHETIC PLEA.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.
Matron Suburban Home.

I know the Lord has called me into this rescue work. I did not want to leave my home, for I had a good one. It was much easier, you know, to stay at home, but I felt I must take up my cross and follow my Master, leaving all to follow Him.

Then I felt I must fit myself for this work. I decided to go to Battle Creek and take the medical course, but I gave up that idea and came to Chicago, where I met Dr. Paulson and told him my desire to be in the rescue work. He encouraged me to come there.

I am glad I stayed in Chicago. I worked at the Mission awhile and then at court work and had some grand experiences. Then I decided to take the nurses' course when it was started here, as it would make me more efficient for the work.

When I was asked to be matron of the Suburban Home I did not want to go, but I know that the Lord has been with me and blessed me and done great things for me. We are very much in need of more room there. One little room has three beds in it and all the other rooms but one have two beds. We are very crowded, and when a baby cries in the Home the whole family are waked up at night.

The following is a letter we received the other day from a girl in a distant State:

"Kind Friend: I just noticed in this magazine that there is a place for girls. Oh, will you please let me come or help me in some way? For I have no money—only enough to bring me there. Oh, please tell me I may come, for I am almost wild and it seems as though I surely will end my life, at times I get so discouraged. Please pray for me that I may find a place and that I may not end my life. Please do write at once, for I cannot stand this awful worry many more days; and when you write please do not have anything on the envelope, only my name, so a soul may not find it out, for not a soul knows it, only that man, and he has gone God only knows where. Oh, please say I may come, and answer at once."

Of course, I advised her to come, and am looking for her now any day. About a year and a half ago Mrs. David Paulson received just such a letter from a girl, who is now attending one of our colleges, preparing herself for missionary work. Here is a letter I got from her the other day:

"Dear Mrs. Swanson: I am going to write. First, I am going to tell you I love you, because I do; next I am going to tell you I am of good courage. I am learning good things all the time, and I hope to get them all printed deep in my heart. I found this verse to-day: 'Let not your heart be troubled.' It did me good. The Lord has been so good to me, and I realize my unworthiness so much



Our Suburban Home, with cherry trees in full bloom. An eight-room addition will be begun in a few weeks.

and wish I was better; I intend to be by His help."

This girl became a mother in our Home about a year ago and is now certainly a living example of what can be done for girls in trouble. When we are relieving suffering we are relieving the sufferings of Christ, for He says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."

There have been seventy-five girls in the Home in the last three years. We correspond with the girls and keep in touch with them after we have found homes for them. Not one of these girls has ever come back to the Home through falling the second time.

During the past two weeks two of the girls have decided to let the Lord help them. One

dear girl said she used to think she could be all right without becoming a Christian; but the Lord had to permit a great trouble to come upon her in order to show her that without Him we can do nothing. The other girl said she was a moral and physical wreck when she came to the Home, but she has now learned to love the Lord; and He is even healing her of her bodily afflictions.

WORKING FOR SAD, ERRING HUMANITY.

MRS. E. B. VAN DORN.

In the year 1900 Miss Emmel, Wilson and I went to the Harrison Street police station and found that Sunday forenoons were vacant as far as Gospel services were concerned. In February was the first time we held services at the station. The Lord has since blessed in many ways and we have had wonderful experiences. We meet with people from all walks of life—men and women who are talented and well educated.

Last Sunday I met a woman there who had been a power in the Lord's hands in snatching brands from the burning for Christ; but in an unguarded moment she took something that did not belong to her, and found herself in the hands of the law. I said, "It was not one thing that led you to this, was it?" And she said, "No, I had wandered away and forgotten God. God has only permitted this to come to me to bring me back to Him."

So a prison is not the worst place one can get. The prison of sin itself is much worse.

From there we go to the prison annex; there we find the girls—often girls from respectable homes, perhaps ministers' daughters; yet having a desire to see the world and things in the world, they steal away and find themselves in trouble. We find places for them to work and begin life anew.

A few weeks ago a girl came from the South to hide herself away from all who knew her, and found herself in the hands of the law. At one time she was a Christian girl, but had forsaken the Lord and this was the penalty. It was my privilege to deal with this girl, and oh, the struggle

she had as she poured out her heart to God! But at last she gained the victory, and said, "No matter where I go now, I can take God with me." Her father came and pleaded with the judge and he let the girl go home with her father. I thank God for the privilege we have of just scattering seeds to help a discouraged soul.

Just a week ago we found a girl whom we had at one time had in our Home, in trouble. Her husband was at the point of committing suicide; but we pointed him to the Lamb of God, and they both fell on their knees at the same time and covenanted with God that they would follow Him.

As we mingle with this class of people we hope that we may have your prayers that we may have grace and wisdom for the work we have to do.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Once more through these columns we wish to send a message to any girl in trouble. We read in the Bible that Christ says: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." (Heb. 12:5.) If He meant that for anyone He meant it for *you*, and if He will never leave you nor forsake you why should any of us, His followers, not be willing to extend a helping hand to you in your time of trouble?

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

Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven.

That man is to be deeply pitied who was never poor enough to need a friend, or never ill enough to receive the soothing comfort of some loved hand.

WHO WILL HELP AN UNFORTUNATE BOY?

The following letter was received from Mrs. M. M. Shull, Hardy, Ark.:

"I wish to tell you of a very unfortunate family whom I have found in my missionary work here. Some time ago a child about four years old was burned to death, and the mother, in striving to save the child, burned her hands until she was helpless for months.

"Another child, ten years of age, is as helpless as a baby, the result of a sickness at the age of three. He has to lie in bed all the time or sit tied in a chair. Several times he has tipped the chair over and fallen in the fireplace, burning his hands and arms very badly. He can see and hear and tries to get out in the sunshine.

"I am trying to get a fund started to purchase a wheel chair for him. Some people have promised to assist. The mother is breaking in health, as she has to lift the child so much. If he had a wheel chair she could wheel him back and forth and on pleasant days take him out. We want to raise about twelve or thirteen dollars for this purpose."

If you feel impressed to help Mrs. Shull raise this fund, send your donation to her or to the LIFE BOAT, and it will be forwarded to her.

AN APPRECIATIVE WORD.

HARRY B. MITCHELL.

On the night of November 30, 1905, after having sat in the Life Boat Mission many nights listening to things I knew nothing of prior to my first coming, I gave my heart to God and accepted Jesus as my Saviour. Since then blessings have come to me in such numbers and in such ways that I could not begin to enumerate them.

I have spent a part of each day during all these months in prayer and have not retired one night without asking God's blessing on the Mission, its superintendent and workers, as well as those who help to make it possible to keep these doors open three hundred and sixty-five days every year.

I have never failed to get a blessing when I attended meetings there—a word of encouragement and good advice all the way along, either from the man on the platform

or the man on the outside who invites in the passer-by. I thank God for the friends He has given me. Fourteen months ago, although I have always earned large salaries, I did not know the meaning of the word friend.

THE PEDICORD FARM.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

About a dozen years ago a wealthy farmer on his death-bed willed as an adjunct to the Chicago work a splendid one hundred and sixty acre farm in La Salle county, Illinois. The heirs carried the matter into court, but the Illinois Supreme Court sustained his gift. The idea was to use the farm as a place where men who had been saved in the Mission and Workingmen's Home could find employment under clean, wholesome surroundings while their feet were getting more firmly established.

This farm was located so far away from Chicago that this plan has not been altogether feasible, so it has been rented from year to year and the proceeds have been used to aid this work. By the permission of the court this farm has now been sold with a view of reinvesting in another farm near Chicago. A genuine missionary farmer and his wife are now needed to come and take charge of this enterprise. Truck gardening will be a profitable feature of such a farm, so those who apply should understand something of this from practical experience. They should be broad-minded, patient, willing to bear with the failures and errors and shortcomings of those who are just being rescued and snatched from the grasp of the enemy.

Correspondence may be directed to the writer.

AN OPENING.

L. Woodruff, care of Binghamton Whip Company, Binghamton, N. Y., writes: "We are in search of a competent, spiritual man and wife to take charge of our Mission. We are in our twelfth year; own our own place—an ideal location—and are seeing souls saved every night. The one who comes should be able to lead singing and open up God's Word intelligently. Laborers are few."

Anyone who feels impressed to respond to this call should address the above.

PRISON WORK IN NEW YORK CITY.

MRS. J. M. CALVERT.

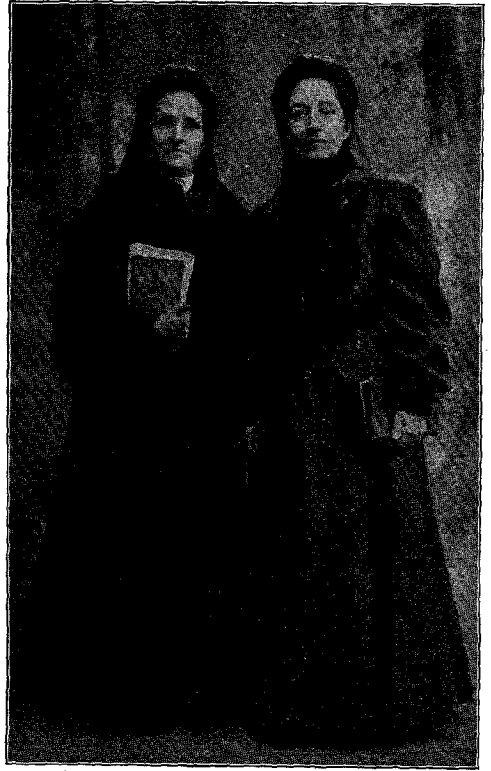
1159 Jackson avenue, New York City.

We are glad to report that the work is still onward in this great city and while we are seeing more and more how iniquity abounds on every side, we are glad to know that the Lord's hand is outstretched still, and we long to be able to do something to check the tide of evil. Bessie McPherson, who was engaged in the work with me here four years ago, but who has been away training for a medical missionary worker, has been back on a visit and we have improved the opportunity of working together some.

We started out one evening down on the Bowery, intending later to visit the Midnight Mission on Doyer street, in Chinatown. We went into a few awful places, so far as sin and degradation goes. While we were speaking to a number of men who appeared to be almost totally depraved and some of whom were even edging close toward our sides where our purses were, one young man stepped out from the crowd and gave the men to understand that he knew their purposes and that he would see that we were protected. He drew a gospel of John from his pocket and said, "I have not always mingled among this class." He told how he had been converted at the McCauley Mission and was respected, but had fallen from the right way.

We urged him to attend the Midnight Mission. Toward the close of the meeting we were pleased to see this man winding his way up the aisle toward us. He shook hands, sat down on the rostrum and when the invitation was given he rose and re-consecrated himself to the Lord. We were invited to come back Friday and the leader asked me to give the evening talk. We went, and I spoke to them from the blessed invitation of the Master, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." At the close we sang the beautiful hymn based on this verse, and then Mr. John DeWitt, the drummer

evangelist, gave an earnest invitation for those present to yield their hearts to God and find this rest. Several responded. My heart was greatly touched at the sight of the hundreds of upturned faces before us, in this, one of the very worst sections of New York City, seemingly eager to grasp the precious message of their deliverance. We had a few Life Boats and a large number of the *Signs of the Times* that we scattered through the audience.



Mrs. Kershaw and Mrs. Calvert.

I have been greatly blessed in selling this little magazine and the Lord has opened the way for me to get into places that have been closed always before, but my heart is made sad at times as I see the awful traffic in human souls, and some who engage in that work do not seem to realize the awfulness of it. Still they are becoming more and more favorable toward us and are allowing us to pass in and out

freely selling and giving away our papers.

The Lord continues to bless in our work at the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. Last Thursday there were about forty young men present who listened attentively as I talked to them of God's purpose in creating this earth and how it would finally be redeemed from the curse of sin, also speaking of the beauties of the city of God spoken of in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. Our sisters in this work, Mrs. Kershaw and Miss Rasmusson, accompany me, and they also take part in the service. I expect Sister Kershaw will have something to tell you of how wonderfully the Lord has opened the way for her to secure means to supply Life Boats to the prisoners.

God bless all the men behind the bars! And I do trust that many of them will improve the opportunity of studying the Bible.

In conclusion I want to speak of one dear woman at Doyer Street Mission and of her testimony. She told of how seven years ago she was a street girl, and said, "I thank God someone searched me out and gave me a tract and a kind word and followed me up; God saved and has kept me ever since." She has been married now for four years and seems to be a very happy, earnest woman, and is now planning a home for fallen girls.

There is hope and courage for all in the blessed Gospel and the Lord is graciously waiting to give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified."

SOUL WINNING WORK IN A GREAT CITY.

MRS. A. KERSHAW.

1018 E. 156th St., New York City.

Miss Rasmusson and I, before starting out last Monday to make our regular visit at the Tombs prison and having no money on hand to help defray expenses of the literature we distributed among the prisoners, knelt down in prayer, seeking the Lord earnestly to direct us to the ones who would donate to this so great and important work.

I found my Bible and turned page after page waiting for the Lord to give me light as to what to do, and not being satisfied with what I found, the still small voice said: "Turn a leaf farther." So I did, and there were the words of comfort and admonition I was looking for: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and he shall bring it to pass."—Ps. 37:5. And, oh, how truly he has verified His promise! Every place we went people were so willing to donate, thereby receiving some of the blessings that the Lord wants to bestow upon the cheerful giver.

Our class of boys at the Blackwell's Island Prison is increasing in numbers. We now have fifty in one class. Last Thursday Mrs. Calvert gave a very interesting study on the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, showing that through Christ we may obtain a home there and enjoy the riches of God's glory and walk the streets of gold.

The verse, John 3:16, was then repeated by the class, quite a number repeating it from memory. Twenty-one boys raised their hands, desiring a Bible, so now each boy has a copy of the Word of God. The class in the woman's department is also increasing and they are very much interested in the studies given from time to time.

It is our earnest desire to place the LIFE BOAT and other Christian literature in the hands of every prisoner in the State; this is the Lord's work and if it His will for this work to continue he will put it in the hearts of those who have means to remember our work among the poor unfortunates of this wicked city.

The following are a few of the interesting letters I have received from men behind the bars:

"I have the opportunity to inform you that I received the Bible and books you sent me, and in return I desire to extend to you my sincere thanks and best wishes for your welfare. It will afford me great pleasure if in the future you will remember me and in any way can do something for my welfare and to make me happy in the belief that Jesus cares for my earthly troubles. Help me where and when you can and I will be grateful.

"I am glad that I can say that I have accepted Christ as my personal Saviour and I am trying to live a Christian life; I want you

to pray for me that I may prove faithful to the end and receive that crown of everlasting life.

"Although there are a lot of obstacles behind prison bars to overcome, my intentions are to trust Him and take Him at His word and I truly believe he will answer my prayers. I cannot express in words how much I appreciate your kindness and I will be more than glad to hear from you at any time you may make it convenient to write."

Another one wrote:

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the receipt of your kind and ever welcome letter, also the Bible and pencils, of which I was in great need.

"I delivered your Bible to Brother Brennan and I can assure you that he is exceedingly grateful for your interest in his behalf. I am anxious that you should know that I have been thoroughly inspired by the reading of the Bible. I don't see how anyone could be otherwise, when you consider the magnitude of thought in Psalms and Proverbs alone. It ought to convince the most obstinate that they are the works of Divine inspiration. I am pleased to state that I am progressing favorably and that I am longing for freedom, which I can appreciate in the future.

"When I went to drawing school years ago I remember the teacher telling us that nature is the grandest design imaginable. I had forgotten it all until cooped up here in prison with nothing to admire but stone walls and iron bars, and I sincerely agree with those who believe that the way of the transgressor is hard, or as the sporting fraternity terms it: 'No man is entitled to anything more than an even break in the world. You may ruin by fraud to-day, but the tables will turn later on.'

"Now, Mrs. Kershaw, I have two more friends here that ask me to write to you for Bibles. They are in the same position as myself, without outside assistance, and they urgently request me to ask your favor, hoping that I am not trespassing upon your kindness for them. I can assure you your correspondence drives away the dull moments and gives me thought for a couple of weeks at least."

Another prisoner, in South Carolina, wrote me as follows:

"You will be surprised to receive a letter from me. I have been reading the LIFE BOAT,

and your good letters in it have been a great help to me. Dear friend, I am quite a stranger to you, but this dear little magazine I receive seems to make you and all the people connected with it friends of mine. I never received such an interesting or as friendly a paper.

"Dear friends, I have been here five years and ten months. I am awfully sorry to tell you I have lived in such a place as this. I am trying to live a good life, and I ask you and your workers to pray for me, as it does my heart good to read what Christ is doing for lost souls. I shall try to do the best I can."

The following letter came from a life-term inmate of the Sing Sing prison, New York:

"I am sufficiently acquainted with you to know that you are always willing to assist him who is honestly seeking Christ and salvation. I am, since my misfortune placed me here, seeking that rest that *only* religion can give, and I am seeking it through those who will give me their counsel. May I, therefore, beg of you to send me the publication known as the LIFE BOAT, from which I can gather inspiration, and I am confident you will do so, knowing how much I will appreciate your kindness. I am a life prisoner and have not a friend in the world."

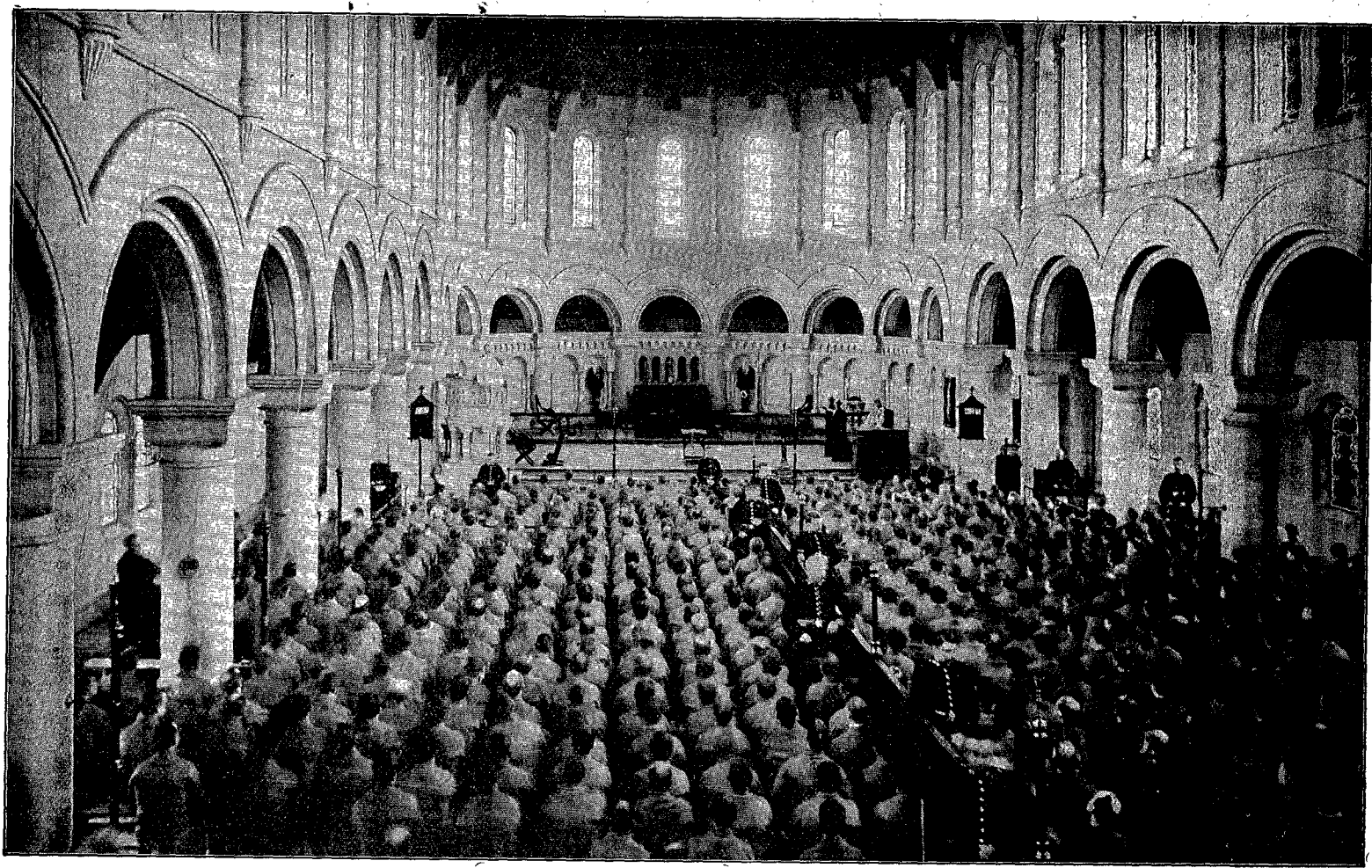
ONE PENNY A DAY.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Hinsdale, Ill.

One who is trying to help prisoners writes: "I am laying aside one penny each day to be used in sending this magazine to some poor prisoner whose path is harder to travel than mine. This may seem very little but you know every little helps, and in counting it up for the year I find it will supply seven prisoners. I am so interested in the work and only wish I could do more."

Reader, did it occur to you that you could lay aside a penny each day of the year which perhaps you are spending foolishly at present, and that it could bring you such returns in helping some poor, discouraged, heartbroken one? Would you not like to unite with the "one penny a day" plan and give one penny a day to help someone else? I am sure you would receive a blessing which would bring to you much greater returns than the penny possibly could.



Are you interested in supplying every such prison audience in this country with the May Special Prisoners' number?

You may save this penny a day to help some poor prisoner or a discouraged girl such as we are trying to help in our Rescue Home. Why not begin at once? You will not miss the penny, but think what three hundred and sixty-five pennies in one year can do for the prisoner in his cell or the discouraged, disheartened girl.

PRAYS WHEN LONELY.

The following lines come to hand from the Indiana state prison:

"I thought I would let you know what your little book has done for me. It has put me on the right path to my Saviour, and I would not turn back to the old sinful way for the world. I have been taking the magazine since August and it has given me encouragement to do what is right.

"I have always tried to get even with the other fellow, but you see where it has brought me. I have now dropped 'even' and taken our Lord Jesus; He is the One that I carry my troubles to now. When I feel lonely I just get down on my knees and pray to God and ask Him to help me, and oh, you don't know how good I feel. I have lost all friends since I have been here, but I will trust God and I know He will make all things right.

"I hope I will hear from you, for I know it will do me good to hear from Christian friends. I only wish I could get one of your magazines every day; I think it is the best book I ever read. When I get through reading it I pass it to other prisoners and tell them to pass it along. If this little book doesn't help anyone I can't see that anything will help them, for I was as bad as could be, but it has helped me, and will help others. Pray for me that I may keep the faith."

FOUND CHRIST IN PRISON.

From Jackson, Mich., a prisoner writes:

"I write you these few lines to tell you of the good your little book has done me. I had one given me about six months ago and read every word of it, and when I found so many prisoners had found Christ while behind the prison walls I knew there was a chance for me, and I began to read my Bible

and pray. I thank God that He has answered my prayers. I have given my whole heart to Him, yea, my whole life, and am doing what I can while in here for the cause, and I intend to continue when I regain my liberty which will be, God willing, the 14th of May, 1906. I would ask your prayers that I may ever walk hand in hand with my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ and do His will in all things.

"It still seems strange to me that I had to come to prison to find Christ; oh, if I had only given Him my heart years ago, what a blessing I might have been to my fellow men! But instead I have been a curse to them all my life.

"I receive this dear little paper each month and love to read it; when I am through with it I send it to a friend and it is passed around so five or six men have a chance to read it. As soon as I can after I get out of here I intend to send for twelve or fifteen copies to give where I think it may do some good.

"I would like to hear from you if you can spare the time to write a few lines; they would be of great help to me. We have two prayer meetings a week and a Christian Endeavor Society on Saturday nights. I wish to remain yours in the brotherhood of Christ."

A HARD BUT A HAPPY LIFE.

A prisoner in Michigan City, Ind., writes to prisoners everywhere:

"I have a friend who has been passing this magazine to me and I appreciate it ever so much. I am only about a year old in Christian life, but I am trying to live right. We do not live in this world, but it is a place for us to prepare ourselves to live, and we will live if we do the will of our Father which is in heaven. When we are called to take up our cross and follow Jesus let us not draw back, for if we draw back we have no part in Him. When we find ourselves at the foot of the hill let us not draw back. I know that Christian life seems hard to some, but it is a happy life. Sometimes we start around the hill, not knowing that we are drifting further from God.

"Whenever we begin to get weary, let us lean on Jesus. He died for the sins of the world and is able to bear us up. Boys in

prison, trust God. If we go to a spelling school and start at the foot and pass to the head we get our praise from the teacher. We do not look for the class to give us the praise; so if we will give God the praise He will praise us. I hope that you all will pray for me, and that God will bless those who are taking so great an interest in helping prisoners."

BLESSING AND SUNSHINE.

A correspondent in the Southern Illinois Penitentiary writes:

"I received one of the copies of your little magazine this month, and the pleasure I found in reading it I can not find words for. It is one of the best little books that any one can ask for, as it contains blessing and sunshine for God's people. I read it through and then I pass it to some of the boys to read. I am reading the Bible every day and am trying to become stronger in the Lord's work each day, hoping that you won't forget me in your prayers."

PRISON BARS CAN'T KEEP OUT CHRIST.

The following extracts are culled from a letter written by a prisoner in Anamosa, Iowa:

"A letter from you always refreshes and cheers my heart. I thank you very sincerely for your kind words of encouragement. This magazine has proved a great blessing to me, for its reading has caused me to grasp the life-line, and having held on, I am today a living proof of the absolute certainty of His word: 'And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.'—(Isa. 35:8.) I am now on that way, the King's highway, and by the infinite love and strength of my Saviour I shall stay on. Thank God that no prison walls can be high enough, or the sides thereof smooth enough, to prevent Jesus from climbing over and coming to the soul that wants Him for a friend. Thank God that bars and bolts, even though they should be covered with sheet iron, can't keep out His love from the heart that seeks Him in sincerity and truth."

WILLING TO WRITE TO THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS.

MRS. MARY TUTTLE.

482 Locust St., Lawrence, Kan.

I have just been to the Lansing, Kansas, reformatory, to visit some of our boys, as I call them. We found them so bright and so cheerful, putting their trust in the Lord and ever looking to Him for help. They have this magazine coming to them and I will keep it coming to them, for I think it the best paper I know of for prison work.

I would like the name of the prisoner in Michigan City, Ind., whose letter was in this paper under the title, "Speak only Kind Words,"—also the name of the one who had written only three letters in twenty-three years. As they see this they may write to me direct. Again I want through these columns to say to a prisoner who wrote to me from Jefferson penitentiary, Missouri, last February or March, that the letter was lost before it reached me, so I was unable to answer or even get the name. I desire to get the name and address of that person.

I want to do him good and all others who would like to write to me. I will gladly write Christian letters, for I am a mother to those who have no mother, and I will write just as a mother would to her poor forsaken, outcast boy. The sentiments of my heart are: "Be kind to a man when he is down. Forgive and forget, for there is good in him yet."

That shall be my business with my Lord's help through life. My life is happy in making others happy and helping them to see there is a better life than a sinful one. Oh, may the dear Lord help and bless every effort put forth for the salvation of all who desire to be true Christians.

Mrs. M. Whelan, of Chicago, writes: "I sold a LIFE BOAT to the letter carrier who comes to my door. When I told him of the work, he said he had no time to read but that he would give me a nickel for the work. I made him take the paper and to-day he came and asked for another. I have found that after most people have had one number they are just eager to get them."

Satan can outwit the whole world, but a simple, childlike faith can outwit Satan.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

SPECIAL PRISONERS' NUMBER IN MAY.

For various reasons we have decided to issue our special prisoners' number of this magazine in May instead of April. This delay will enable us to get out a better issue and will also give our friends a little more time to raise the means necessary for this effort. Think of the far-reaching consequences of supplying the entire prison population of the country, and then decide how much you can invest in this labor of love enterprise.

FEET TO THE LAME.

Our readers will remember that we asked them a few months ago to join us in raising the necessary sum to furnish a prisoner with an artificial limb at the expiration of his sentence.

He writes from Tennessee that he is engaged in revival services and that the Lord is blessing. Souls are being converted. The harvest is white. He asks our prayers. We believe it was a good investment.

ARE YOU GETTING ALL THAT IS COMING TO YOU?

Are you filled with unrest? If so, you have not yet received *all* that is rightfully coming to you. There is a world of rest due you if you only use the right recipe to get it. The divine recipe for rest is: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28.

True Christianity, not the bogus article, supplies a genuine need just as much as sunshine, air, food, or water does: The Bible says Christ is the "Desire of all nations."—Hag. 2:7. Yet *you* may have lived away from Him so long that you actually imagine that if you were to let Him live with you you would have a miserable time. Yet if you knew Christ you would want Him. If you only knew it you would find that Christ sticketh closer than a brother (Prov. 18:24).

You know people become wretched and anemic and perhaps contract tuberculosis when they are deprived of fresh air, yet they may not know what the real cause is. So, if you have not gotten hold of genuine Christianity you must be suffering with a terrible case of spiritual anemia. The little happiness you temporarily get from some foolish amusement or some poisonous stimulant is a poor excuse for what you might be having *all* the time, for in His presence is fulness of joy for evermore (Ps. 16:11).

You may think that some cranks and fanatics whom you know represent the highest type of Christianity. If so, look at some flower growing in all its beauty and then stop and think that it is just yielding itself fully to God's laws and purposes, and it is neither a crank, fanatic or extremist. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow" (Matt. 6:28). If you are willing to yield yourself as completely to God as that flower is He will put a fragrance into your life that will be as sweet and wholesome as that given out of the magnificent rose. "Ye shall grow as the lily" (Hos. 14:5). Genuine Christianity arouses the best in man. It touches the latent talents and causes them to spring into life. It can take the poor boy or girl who have had no opportunities in life, and cause them to tower high above their fellows and gradually compel a grateful humanity to inscribe their names high upon the page of fame. It was so in the case of Joseph, Daniel, and a thousand others, some of whom are living even down in our own days. And it *can* be true of *you* if you will only permit God to help you out of the mist and fog of sin so that you can see things clearly.

WHILE TEARING DOWN AN OLD HOUSE.

We are constantly getting letters showing how Providence in the most unlooked-for ways brings copies of this magazine into hands of

men and women to whom it proves a blessing. Mavis Batchman, Delta, Ohio, writes:

"While a friend of mine was tearing down an old house a copy of your little magazine was found. I have read it and like it very much and wish to know if it is still published; if so, send me a sample copy."

BE CLEAN.

BENJAMIN KEECH.
Randolph, N. Y.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." Would that we might fully comprehend how much that means. A clean stomach, lungs and blood in a clean body, a clean set of emotions, feelings, desires, ambitions in a clean heart, a clean mind in a clean brain, and all backed by a clean soul and conscience. When a person lives a clean life—when he is clean and healthy through and through—the products of that life cannot help but be clean. Likewise, they cannot fail to be real, vital factors for present and future good. Not until we have become spiritually clean, and have grasped intuitive common sense, can we know how to live with one another satisfactorily, without irritating and hurting the feelings of those near and dear. And, as one great soul, Phillips Brooks, has suggested, a man who is clean in the highest sense can exert more power by his silence than an unclean man by many words.

AN INTERESTING DAY'S WORK.

ORPHA SWINGLE,
Ariel, Pa.

I always love to read the experiences of God's people and the work that is represented in this magazine is especially dear to me, although I cannot engage in it to any extent. My little girls also love it, and in summer when there is no school we sell the paper whenever we can. A year ago my little boy and I went on a visit to my father. While there, one rainy day he took his team, and a neighbor lady, my little boy and myself, started out to see the country and to sell papers, stopping at every house.

When we reached the second house the lady with me said: "Don't stop there; that man spends every five cents he gets for beer, and could not buy one if he wanted to." I said:

"He is just the man who needs this paper; he will surely sink if something is not done to save him." So the team was stopped, and I ran in, saying: "Good morning, don't you want a paper?" He took it, leafed it through, looked at me, then at the paper, then at his wife, put his hand in his pocket and handed me a dime. As I gave him back the change he asked if he could get the paper by sending to the address on the outside. I informed him that he could. When I went out to the wagon the lady that was with me said: "Well, I wouldn't have believed it."

At one house a young man met me at the door with a big pipe in his mouth. He took the paper and opened it at a place where it talked on the effect of smoking, and he said: "If I have money enough I'll take it; it rains so to-day a fellow may as well read—he can't do anything else." So he turned his pockets and found three cents. I told him to keep the paper, as I was not in this business for the money that was in it.

As we drove on we came to a large country hotel, the barroom facing the road. I jumped out of the wagon and ran in the barroom with my hand full of papers. Three fellows were at the bar, each with a glass of wine raised just ready to drink as I came in. They set down the glasses and looked at one another, then at me. I said: "Good morning, boys, don't you want a LIFE BOAT?" and handed one to each. The bartender smiled, looked at the boys and said: "We are just getting ready to go fishing." I said: "Well, if you are going fishing, you surely need one." He said: "Yes, I guess we do, boys," and paid for three of them.

We reached home about three o'clock in the afternoon, having sold eighteen in a country place thinly settled, besides getting one yearly subscription. Thus ended one day's work.

The May number of this magazine will be a special prisoners' number.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

"Captain B. of the Wood End Life Saving Station sent me one of your LIFE BOATS this month. We have read it and like it very much and I think it is doing a great work among the prisoners and friendless.

Surely those are the one Christ came to save; "Those that are whole need not a physician."

"Enclosed please find one dollar money order for two LIFE BOATS for one year.

"One of your old LIFE BOATS of 1905 fell into my hands, and as I am trying to do all I can for perishing souls, I would be pleased to have you send me some samples; I will push the sale of THE LIFE BOAT all I can.

"I am superintendent, also class leader at this place and I believe THE LIFE BOAT would be of much service."

"Enclosed please find money order for which please continue to send THE LIFE BOAT. It was always a great comfort and help in times of discouragement and trials."

"Please send me your Life Boat, as I had one sent to me and I think it grand, good reading. Perhaps I may reach someone else with it."

"I think my time expires soon so I am sending a remittance. I would not like to do without THE LIFE BOAT. I wish it all success."

"I received one hundred copies of the February number this morning. They are certainly fine."

"I never had anything do me more good than THE LIFE BOAT. Please send me the paper for one year. I will try and do as much good with it as I can."

"Please find enclosed subscription, for which please send me THE LIFE BOAT for one year. I have not subscribed for it since 1904 and as I picked up an old sheet today I read it again. I feel that I have missed very much in neglecting to renew subscriptions. They are just what I want to work with here. Please let me know what terms I can get it for in numbers for sale or free distribution and also in clubs."

The Life Boat

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

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

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

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

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

We desire advertisements from both large and small dealers of articles that we can recommend to our subscribers. THE LIFE BOAT has an unusually large circulation among the best class of people. Full information concerning circulation, etc., given on application. THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE LIFE BOAT.

BEAUTIFUL BIBLE MOTTOES.

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The Medical Missionary and Life Boat one year to one address for only 70 cents. Do not overlook this combination offer.

Send ten cents for a sample copy of "Good Health." Should be in every home. Address Good Health, Battle Creek, Mich.

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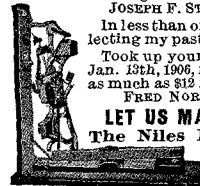
Have made as high as \$17 a day, but have every hope of making more. **JOSEPH F. STROEHLEIN**, 791 Park Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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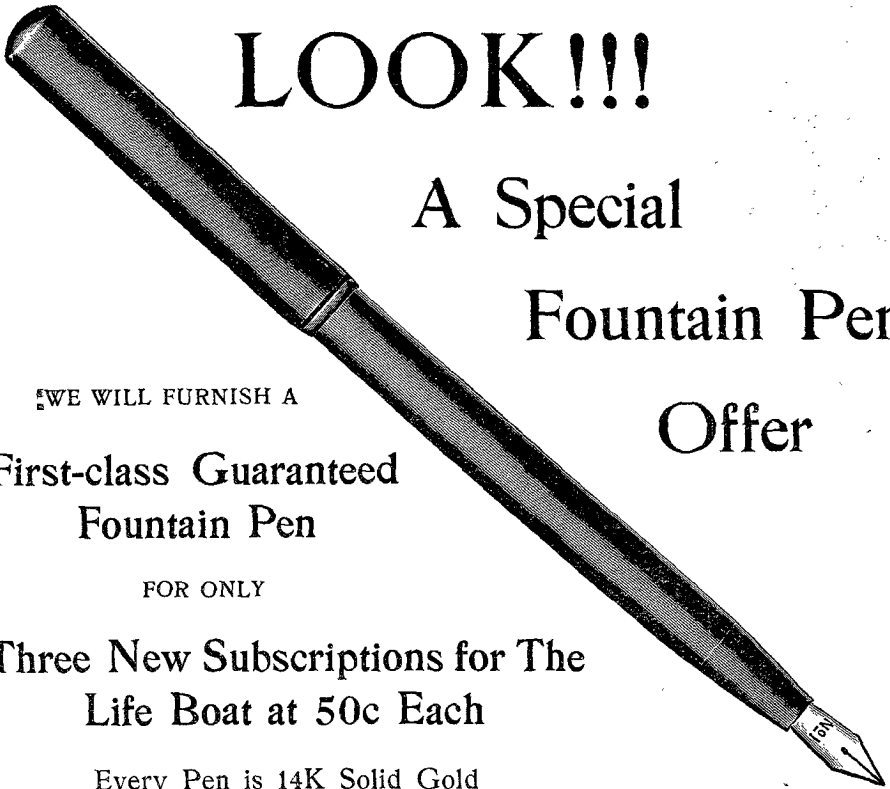
"I should have written you before, but I have been so busy I have neglected it. The waist which I got from you is perfectly satisfactory. I shall never wear corsets any more. The waist is the most comfortable thing I ever wore."

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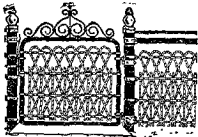
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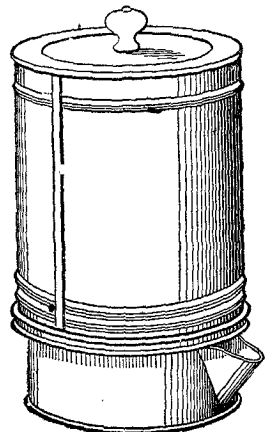
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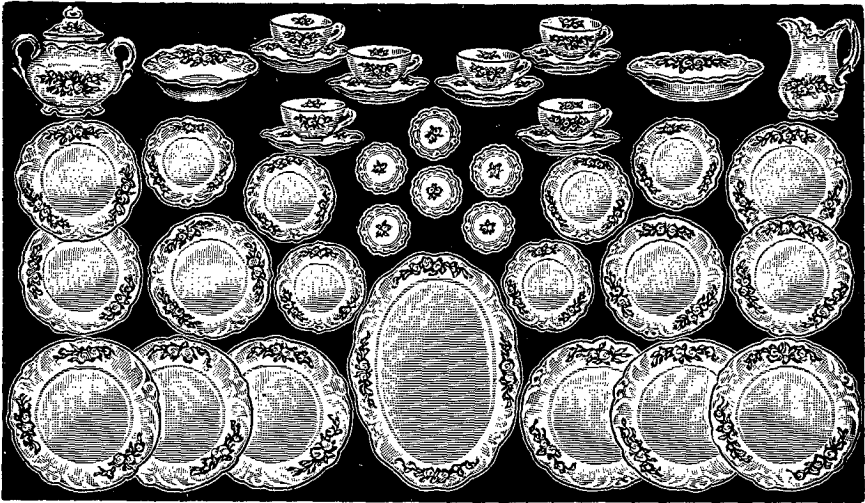
1. The International Red-letter Teachers' Bible. Self-pronouncing; contains the words of Christ in the New Testament printed in red, and the Prophetic Types and Prophecies of the Old Testament, which refer to Christ, also printed in red. It contains the Combination Concordance, in which the Helps are 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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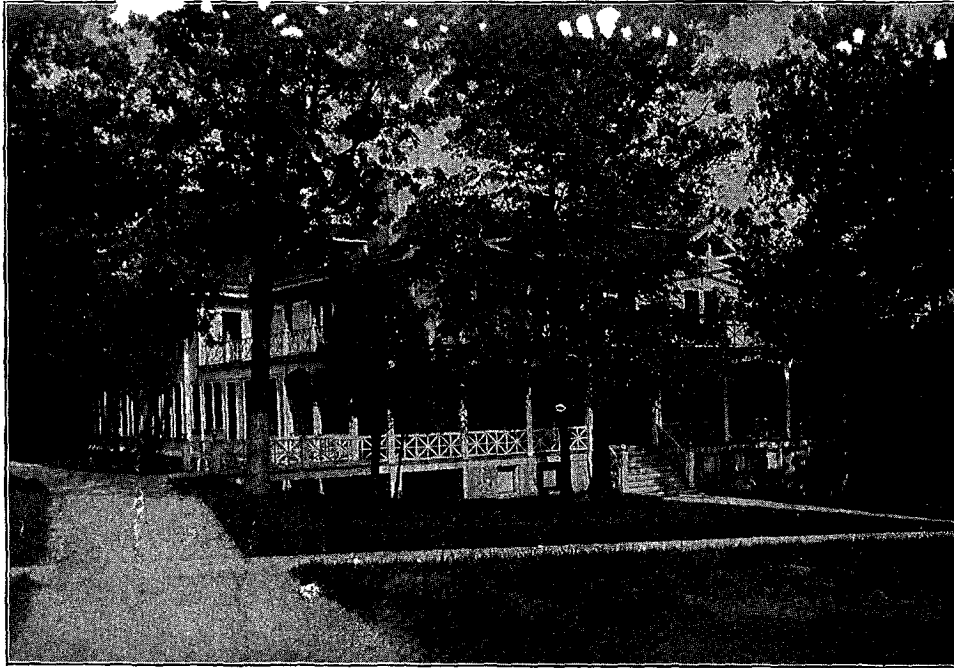
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