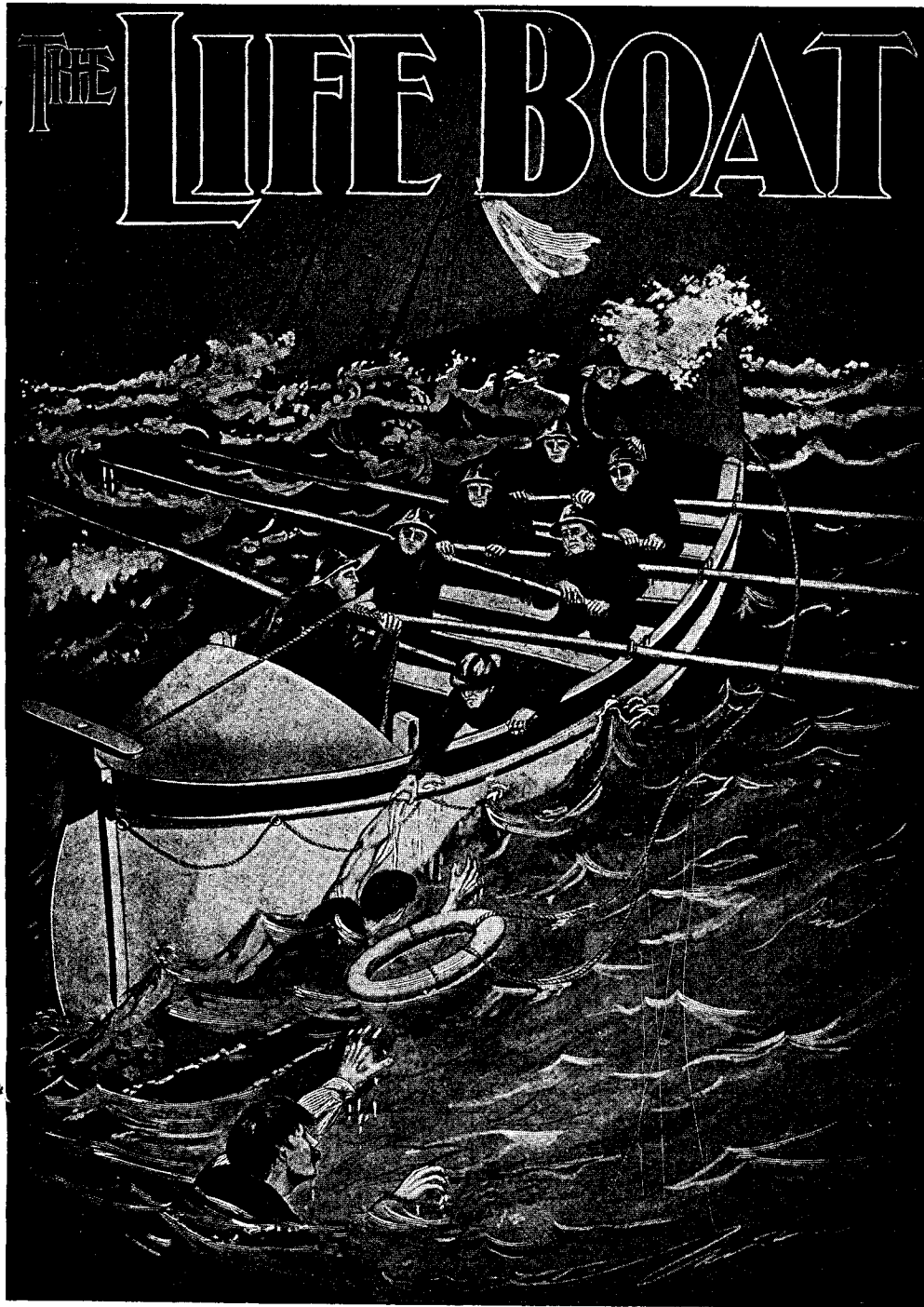


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Volume Twelve
Number Eleven

Dinsdale, Ill.

November, 1909

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GYPSY SMITH AND HIS WIFE

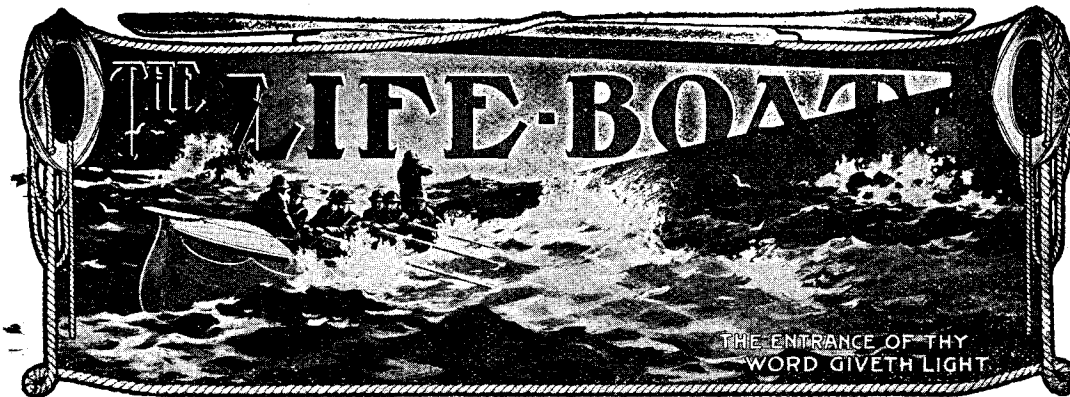
The man who has stirred Chicago with the Gospel during the past month

He said that "what Chicago needs is to get closer to God. The once-a-week church-going plan is not sufficient. No man or woman may know God who seeks Him but once a week. What is needed is less of the church idea and more of the Christ idea.

"Let those of us who really intend to serve God serve Him publicly, without fear.

"Let us have prayers in our homes and nightly meetings in our churches, and let us organize anew for the fight that remains to be fought.

"Let us be honest with ourselves and with God."



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

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Volume XII

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Number 11

GIVING THANKS.

PEARL WAGGONER.

We offer thanks for food, then through the time
That intervenes until our next repast
We go our devious ways, nor often think
That He who ne'er forgets our daily bread
Sends too the other gifts that we enjoy,
Yet count as commonplace. For not a soul,
Nay, not a creature lives, howe'er forlorn,
But has some blessing to be thankful for.

God's mercies every morning are renewed,
Not only in the giving of our food,
But in the light, the vivifying air
Which makes our pulse to faster beat and thrills
Our very being. Fields and wooded hills
In all their beauteous verdure we enjoy,
Though having not their care. The paintings rare
In radiant sunset, or in autumn scene
Of foliage rich,—more wonderful by far
Than all the art in palaces of kings,—
Are ours to claim, fresh from the living brush
Of Him, the Master Artist. Flowers and books,
The birds around which chirpingly proclaim
That He who watches them has care for us;
The sparkling water; intercourse with friends,
The hour we spend with those, the true and good,
Which gives a nobler purpose to our life
And makes earth fairer seem; the handclasp warm
To cheer us on our way when hope is low,
The helpful word,—all these are daily ours,
To make us thankful.

Yea, the trials too,
Or that we count as such,—the words that wound,
The weariness, the loneliness of soul
Which fain would crush us, yet which drives us
close

To Him who only can our need supply,
And teaches us His nearness; griefs which come
But which He with us shares and so makes light,—
Do we give thanks for these?

Yet all these things
Our Father sends to us, and we are told:
"In *everything* give thanks." Is it a form
When we each day give thanks to Him for food—
For that He sends to fill the body's needs—
And then ignore, and thank Him not at all,
Or else but seldom, for these other gifts?
Or is it that we simply value less
The blessings which He sends to satisfy
The hunger of the soul?

Oh, give us, Lord,
With all which Thou so freely hast bestowed,
One other thing,—a humble, thankful heart,
A heart to take whatever Thou shalt send
And call it good and thank Thee for the love
In all Thy gifts. So shall they bring to us
Fresh visions of Thy goodness, loveliness,
And as we see, our hearts shall quick respond,
And every day a glad thanksgiving be.

THE SIMPLE LIFE FIRST TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

In the enormous newspaper discussion of
the finding of the North Pole by Cook and
Peary one thing has been almost entirely over-
looked and that is the fact that the first white
man to reach it was the exponent of the
simple life. Mr. W. T. Stead, the noted Eng-

lish writer who interviewed Dr. Cook almost as soon as he landed in Denmark, gives in the *Review of Reviews* his impression of the man.

He wrote that it was really almost pathetic to see his efforts to readjust himself to the busy, bustling new environment of modern civilization. He did not take with him a drop of alcohol in any shape except some wood alcohol for fuel. He was asked, "What about tobacco?" He said, "I never smoke; and although the Eskimos like it, they are much better without it. To humor my men I took tobacco, but the supply ran out after a few days, and they worked better without it. They were more restless in mind when they smoked, and I was glad when it was gone. They soon forgot all about it. In two days the craving for smoke had become a memory that rapidly faded away."

When he was asked if he did not consider tea essential, he said, "Would you be surprised to hear that we only took two pounds of tea with us in our dash to the pole and we did not even use all of that?" In reference to salt he said they used no salt. "The Eskimos do not use salt, in fact, they dislike it. At first I tried them with it when we had fresh meat; they did not like it and so I dropped it. I did not miss it."

He was asked if he had any medicine chest, to which he replied that he took a tiny box which weighed six or eight ounces and that they brought most of that back home with them again.

ILL HEALTH AND CIVILIZATION.

In reference to their exposure he wrote:

"In the pursuit of our routine we were almost constantly wet with ice water. For two months we traveled with wet feet. In rain or sunshine, in wind or calm, we went without coats, for the simple reason that with increased clothing we carried more water and, therefore, were less comfortable than with light, simple garments which would dry out easily. We slept in dripping jungles, on floating marshes, in wind-swept clouds, on wet snow, and in perennial frost, always with the worst element about us. Surely here were conditions to cause colds, rheumatism, pneumonia, and all kinds of winter diseases, but we never enjoyed better health. No colds, no

rheumatism, and no sickness of any consequence were reported. But when we returned to the outposts of civilization and warm, dry beds, breathed the comforts of good shelter in luxury, were gluttoned with food and prevented from taking our accustomed exercise, we promptly suffered from headaches, toothaches, colds, tonsillitis, neuralgia, and all kinds of physical troubles."

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

Dr. Cook found what every one of us will find as we pass through life, that sometimes the greatest success depends upon little things which are frequently overlooked. He said, "What impressed me most was the enormous importance of little things. If, for instance, we had not had our canvas boat we should all have perished from starvation before an expanse of open water which we could not cross. Again, had we not learned how to snare musk-oxen before our strength had fallen too low to enable us to capture them we should have died. These two things saved us."

Cook and Peary went through hardships and privations that are almost incomprehensible, to stand on an unknown spot of arctic ice. My friends, are you willing to sacrifice, are you willing to lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset you, are you willing to endure hardship and suffering for the sake of winning souls to Christ, one of which is worth more than all the world with the north pole thrown in? Let the experience of these two men prove an inspiration to you to attain greater heights.

HUNTING FOR LOST SOULS IN THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,

3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Sister Richmond and I have been going out on Sunday nights to work for Jesus in the darkest part of Chicago, known better as the red light district. Before starting out we pray and ask our heavenly Father to go with us, and keep us from harm and danger, and help us to speak some word for Him; to bless us in the selling of our papers and then to bless in the reading of them that some soul may be led to inquire what he must do to be saved.

We sell *THE LIFE BOAT* and *Life and Health*,

also give away tracts. We tell people **THE LIFE BOAT** is full of the good news of salvation, that it will tell them about our work and some of its results, and that the *Life and Health* is an up-to-date magazine on health principles.

As we started out last night our hearts were made sad to see so much sin. It seemed to us that it was one of the worst nights



Mrs. Abrams.

we had seen and there was such a pressure brought to bear upon us by Satan, for he did not want us to work for Jesus on his ground, that if it had not been for the Lord we could not have worked. But we prayed as we entered the saloons and houses of ill-fame that God would go with us and strengthen us and fill our hearts so full of His love and goodness that we might win some soul to Christ; for we know Jesus loves the sinner but hates the sin. Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost. He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

Most of these houses we can go in and sell our papers, and then there are others we

can't go in, but the madame comes to the door, and most always buys our papers and then we talk to her about her soul and tell her of the love of Jesus. There is nothing but love that will win souls for Jesus. The world is dying for a little bit of love.

Last night one of the madames, a beautiful woman, said to us as she came to the door, and bought our papers, "It will be different with me after awhile." Sister told her not to wait too long. Many of them express themselves in different ways, so that we know they are longing for something better. We believe there are honest souls in these places who are not there from choice, so let us dig and find them. God's power is enough to polish into beauty those diamonds in the rough.

The places are lit up with red lights; they are beautiful. Some of these places are palaces of sin. Both sides of the street last night were lined with men, mostly young men. To me it was a terrible sight. Satan is doing everything he can to make these places beautiful and attractive so as to get our young men and women.

MAKE YOUR HOMES MORE ATTRACTIVE.

O mothers and fathers, what are you doing? Are you making your homes beautiful and attractive and pleasant so your children will love their home and want to stay there, or are you by your harsh, unkind words driving them from home? Oh, may God help you to realize the responsibility that rests upon you.

I beg of you, fathers and mothers, to talk to your boys and girls as never before. Put your arms of love around them and warn them against the evils that are in this world and thereby save your boys and girls from going the downward road that leads to destruction. If fathers and mothers would do more preventive work there would not need to be so much rescue work done.

When I see young girls and boys out on the streets at hours when they should be at home I wonder where the mothers and fathers are and what they are doing. What are they thinking about? Oh, may God help you to realize the responsibility that rests upon you in the training of your children.

Ask God to give you wisdom that you

may know how to bring up your children. Pray with them often and teach them to pray, also teach them the love of God and what He is to them, and how if they in the days of their youth trust in God and love and serve Him, God will give them power to keep them from falling into the pitfalls that Satan has set for them.

We are living in solemn times. The Lord is soon coming. Satan knows his time is short and he is working with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; so let us pray and work as never before to save our boys and girls.

We met two ministers last night and had a talk with them. They bought our papers and we told them to talk to their boys and girls as never before. They said they would. They had come down in the red light district to work for souls. Then a bright, promising young man came up to us on the street, bought a paper and asked me why we came down there. I told him it was to reach some mother's girl or boy and help them, and then I talked to him about his soul, told him how he was on Satan's ground, and that the Lord was soon coming. He said he was glad he met us—that he had come from a distant city and had never seen anything like this, everything so wide open.

Then we met another young man, and Sister Richmond talked with him about our work and about the condition of the world and his need of a Saviour. He said it was good somebody came down into those places to help those who wanted to do right. It was these good talks we had with the different ones that watered our souls, that cheered us on our way, that encouraged us to press on in our work and labor of love.

We are scattering precious seeds of truth all along the way; pray that some seed may have fallen on good ground and that it will bring forth fruit. Of course, we will meet with discouragements—we must expect that, but shall we cease to work for souls? No, no, but work the harder. It takes the eye of faith to see the fruits of our labors, and often we never see it in this life, but shall we give up the fight? No, for without the cross there will be no crown. So let us faithfully do our part, sow the seeds of truth

among all classes and leave the results to God, who will send the rain of love, and when the harvest comes there will be a good crop. Oh, I want to be faithful to my trust, and then come rejoicing, bringing my sheaves with me.

HAS MANY FRIENDS, BUT CHRIST IS HIS BEST FRIEND.

A prisoner at Eddyville, Ky., writes:

"I have been reading *THE LIFE BOAT* for a number of years, and it has been an inspiration to me. I am always glad to read it and pass it on to others, and I can truly say that I have shed as many tears from reading this magazine as I ever did in my life.

"I am a young man with a long sentence behind prison walls. I have many good friends, as good as ever man had, and every official connected with the prison is my friend, but I can say to the world that Jesus Christ is the best Friend I ever had or ever will have and it is my delight to say a kind word or do a good deed, and I do it all for Jesus. His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches me. I sing because I am happy. I sing because I am free from sin.

"I am the president of our C. E. Society. Eleven of our boys were baptized Sunday before last."

A MISSIONARY'S SCHOOL IN CHINA.

MISS IDA THOMPSON,
Canton, China.

My work has been in a school room in China. We rented a ten-room building for our school in Canton. A ten-room building in China does not mean the same as a ten-room building in America. The rooms are very small. We used the largest room, which was eleven feet long and seven feet wide, for our class room.

We put a notice on the door stating that there would be a girls' free school there and gave the date when it would start. The girls came, the mothers came and the fathers came to find out what kind of a school it was. As they came in and looked over the surroundings they would say, "The foreign devil is go-

ing to open a school." This expression does not mean so much over there, as all the foreigners are called foreign devils.

We had seventeen girls the first morning and in a day or two we had twenty-five. It is the custom in the Chinese day schools for each pupil to furnish her desk, so the first morning here came the girls with their desks or perhaps two girls would carry one desk or another would carry her desk on her shoulder. Some of the girls whose feet had been bound were carried to school on the backs of the servants.

LAW BOOKS FOR PRIMERS.

They brought their own books. The first ones they brought were books of law. We scarcely knew what to do with them as we were not used to teaching school out of law books, so we asked them to bring something more simple, and they said, "Oh, no, we have got to study out of these or our parents will take us out of school." We succeeded, however, in getting our Christian books in instead of the books on law, and no one left our school either.

Everyone studies aloud and if one girl gets so interested in her lessons that she is noisy the girl next to her studies all the louder. The girls come at six in the morning and sometimes before daylight and take their places at the desk and begin studying. They are great people to memorize. They read over long lessons and they can tell them off verbatim, but they often have no idea what they are committing to memory.

They have no such thing as classes; each individual forms a class. When a girl gets her lesson she comes up to the teacher, bows, and then turns her back on the teacher and recites it off. If she can say every word then her book is placed on the table and the next girl comes up, and so on until all have recited the lesson. Perhaps never a word passes between the teacher and the pupil.

When a new lesson is assigned the teacher gets out her pen, which is a little brush, and she puts a dot in the book. They must take so many lines every day regardless of what the subject matter is. Then the teacher reads over the lesson and the girl reads it after her.

The examinations at the close of the year mean that the girl must begin at the first character she learned and give every character down to the last one learned. We used this plan in teaching the Bible, but we explained the matter as we went over it. The first year our entire class could repeat the whole book of Mark and could begin any place in any of the chapters, and they knew the thought in it. One little girl said, "How much the Bible talks about the things we do every day!"

We had had school just a little while when the girls began to be interested. They were all from heathen homes and worshipped Chinese gods. The girls would come to us and tell us they wanted to know more about the Gospel.

SO STUPID THAT SHE BELIEVED IN JESUS.

There was a Christian servant woman came to us and we asked her how she came to be a Christian. She said, "I went to work in a Christian home and they seemed so happy and they said they were happy because they believed in Jesus. I was so stupid that I believed in Jesus, too, and I have been happy ever since. I wanted to go to school so I could believe."

After we had started school a little while some of the people got a suspicion that our school was not what it should be. Some who were very devoted to their heathen practices said it was not a good thing.

HOW WE GOT A NATIVE MISSIONARY.

One woman had three daughters attending our school and people told her she had better get her daughters out or they would be on their way to America some day. The mother being a widow began to feel serious about it and talked with the girls. They said, "No, the teacher had no such thought." She tried to persuade her daughters to leave school, but they would not be persuaded.

They had not been in school three months before they wanted to go to the church services and prayer meetings. The people said, "Now what are you going to do about that? You are losing your girls."

The mother went over to the service and said, "I do not see why they want to go there. One man stands up and talks to himself and I don't see any connection to his



Miss Thompson and Her Chinese Girls.

story either. I could not talk a straight hour without somebody answering me." Another thing she said, "They all bow on their knees."

So she brought her heathen neighbors in to see the funny performances, but she came too many times and began to be interested. Finally the girls and I planned that she come and live in the school, so I invited her to come there. She said, "No, I can pay my rent yet and I would rather than to come to a place like that."

Finally the day came when she thought it would be nice to come and she said she would only move a part of her things. They never need a dray to move their household furniture over there, they just take the bed and pile all the furniture on it and a man gets at each end and so they carry it.

This mother moved in and took in sewing and she earned five cents a day. One day she said, "My girls are learning to read and they enjoy it so much; do you think I can try, too?" I said, "Yes."

"What can I begin on? My girls say the Bible is the best thing."

"Yes. I think the Bible is the best thing. Suppose you come in and study the Bible?"

She decided to do that and in a little while she said, "The book of Luke is the most wonderful book I ever saw." When she first came to us her feet were very small, her shoes were not more than three inches long, but now she wears a shoe about six inches long.

Today that woman is going from house to house and teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. She is doing it without pay. The Chinese custom is that every son takes his family to live with the father. This woman had lost her husband and she was living near her father and depended upon him to conduct her business affairs. She had a little means of her own, but when she became a Christian her father threatened to take it all from her.

When I came to America the mother asked me to bring her daughter with me that she might get a training as a nurse; and she is in a sanitarium in California now, taking the nurses' course, and is going back to use all she learns in helping to forward the Gospel.

Since I have been in this country I have received a letter from this woman. She writes that she began preaching the Gospel in

her own father's family first and then to her country village,—that means her birthplace and where she expects to be buried. She brought back fourteen women with her to hear the Gospel and she expected to board them with her while they stayed.

Over there the shop men support their families of four or five on from three and one-half to six dollars a month, so you can see it means something for a widow woman to board so many people.

We bought a school building about two years ago and there came a storm and blew down a large section of it. Now we want to put up a substantial school building in the place of that one, where we can board about twenty-five girls. We are still using the old building, but there are great cracks in the wall and it is dangerous. We want to have a little dispensary in one corner and a good chapel that will be sufficient to accommodate two hundred people at least.

We have seventy girls in our school now and other church members are coming in. We believe the Lord wants us to go on with this school. These schools have been little nuclei around which we can build our work and we believe it is the best way of bringing the light of the Gospel to the Chinese people.

[Anyone who feels impressed to assist in building up this school may send the money to THE LIFE BOAT.—ED.]

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

LENNA F. COOPER.

Common Beverages.

The three common beverages all contain a stimulating substance. In coffee the name of the stimulant is caffeine, while in tea it is thein and in the chocolate it is theobromin. These all have the same physiological effect.

Some people say there is not enough poison in what they drink to produce any effect, but the effect is always reaped at some later period if not at the time.

I was surprised to learn that these very drugs are used by physicians as a medicine. Perhaps you have heard of someone being poisoned and a doctor would prescribe black coffee. The reason for that is that the patient needed a whip to tide him over a certain period.

One of the latest medical authorities gives as a dose two to ten grains of caffein. Now suppose we find out how much caffein there is in a cup of coffee. Hutchison, a well known authority, says that in one ordinary cup of coffee there are one and three-fourth grains of caffein. A cup of tea contains a little less than a cup of coffee does caffein. A cup of cocoa contains about as much as coffee. Suppose you take two or three cups of coffee at a meal it would not take very long before you would get a pretty good dose of poison.

Some people say, "I cannot drink coffee because it keeps me awake nights." Coffee is a stimulant and the effect of it is marked on different individuals differently. With some it affects the heart, with others the respiratory organs, etc. So then according to competent medical authority the drinking of coffee and tea is a habit that we ought not to cultivate under any circumstances.

One of our professors in the Drexel Institute made the statement that if all the people who drink coffee should line up before the drug store in the morning for their two grains of caffein, people would become alarmed, but as long as they take it in coffee they do not think anything about it. Another substance in tea is tannin. This has an effect of drying up the tissues of the body. You know tannin is used to color leather and it also dries the leather, so I do not need to tell you that drinking tea and coffee makes the stomach leathery.

Cereal coffee contains no stimulant and is much preferred if a drink at meal time is desired. This should be cooked about twenty minutes, using one-fourth cup of coffee to a pint of water.

A delicious beverage for warm weather is *Mint Julep*.

2 cups of water,
 ¾ cup of sugar,
 1 cup of boiling water,
 6 mint sprigs,
 ½ cup of strawberry juice,
 ½ cup of raspberry juice,
 Juice of four lemons.

It is made as follows: Boil the sugar in the two cups of water for twenty minutes. Crush the mint and pour over it one cup of boiling water. Cover this and let stand five or ten

minutes, strain, and pour into the syrup. To this add the strawberry, raspberry and lemon juices. Cool and set on ice till thoroughly chilled. If the flavor of mint is objectionable it may be left out.

Note:—All the recipes used in Miss Cooper's articles may be obtained by securing a copy of her booklet, "One Hundred Recipes." Price 25c. Address, THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

USING NATURE'S TONICS.

MARY WILD PAULSON, M. D.

A large majority of the patients who come to a sanitarium for physical relief are those suffering from loss of ambition, tired out, those for whom life has lost its charms. The poor, tired mother who has become worn out in looking after her large family of children and worrying over her household duties, the business man who has been working late hours and perhaps dissipating a little, the society woman who, I fear, has been wasting her energies, the person who has been overloading his stomach, liver and kidneys—these all come and want tonics.

Right here I want to say that worry is one of the worst enemies to health that there is in the world. It is worry that kills, not the work.

So these people come and ask for a tonic. Shall we give them a stone or shall we give them bread? They need rest and change and relaxation and oftentimes they need to be properly nourished. We get our energy from the food we eat, but it is possible to eat so much food that we can actually poison the nerve centers so that the nourishment needed is not transformed into living tissue.

Oftentimes we need some stimulus to whip up the bodily forces a little. We have not enough energy within ourselves to do this so our vital forces get low. The easiest thing for a doctor to do for such a patient is to hand him a bottle of medicine or a little box of pills and tell him to go home and take that and it will tone him up. It does tone him up all right but it is just like getting a mortgage on his place, the mortgage must be paid off sometime; so he will finally have to come to a sanitarium and pay off his mortgage.

I do not say that we should never use medi-

cinal tonics, but what I am emphasizing is the folly of the *daily* use of such tonics. That is just like putting a whip on the back of a poor, tired horse—it does not put into him additional energy, it only stirs up the last bit of vitality he has left. The whip on the horse does not enter his body (unless the driver is so cruel as to cut a gash in it), but when you take a dose of strychnin you put that on the inside and you not only have a tonic but a toxin, or a poison.

A physiological or natural tonic increases all the vital functions of the body. It stimulates the stomach to do better work, it stimulates the liver and kidneys and the skin to excrete the poisons that are constantly being formed in the tissues and it stimulates oxidation. If we did not have oxidation taking place in our bodies we would have no energy, so a physiological tonic gives nature a chance to produce more energy.

TAKE LARGE DOSES OF FRESH AIR DAILY.

What do we mean by physiological tonics? Under that name I will mention first, good, fresh, invigorating *air*. We cannot get too much of it. As we go out in the fresh air we should breathe deeply, taking long inhalations, filling the lungs full of pure, life-giving air.

Some people are afraid of cold air and when it begins to get a little cold at this time of the year off they run to a warm climate right away. They *need* the cold air. Many people take cold as soon as they strike a warmer climate. Dr. Cook said that while on his trip to the North Pole colds, la grippe, pneumonia and all such diseases were unknown among their party, yet they were obliged to travel in wet clothing a good share of the time and sleep on a cake of ice at night; but when they reached a warmer climate and began to enjoy the comforts of civilization then they had tonsilitis, colds, and all sorts of ailments belonging to the so-called civilized countries.

In recent years we have found that people suffering with consumption can get well right here in our own State by living out of doors and by eating nourishing food. Patients suffering with insanity can frequently be cured in the same way.

The best way to prevent these diseases coming upon you is to live out of doors all

you can. It is not wise to expose yourselves to drafts where the wind blows over your face, for you are apt to get neuralgia, but get right out in the open and enjoy the invigorating cold air, and when we do that we feel like exercising more.

EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR IS INVIGORATING.

That brings to my mind another tonic, and that is *exercise*. Some people are so worn out that they have no energy to exercise. To such we have to give passive exercises, as manual Swedish movements and massage, but self exercise is worth a great deal more than massage. In massage we work the muscles so as to increase oxidation in the tissues, but you can get a great deal more by normal activity.

THERE ARE LIFE-GIVING PROPERTIES IN THE COLD MITTEN FRICTION.

A cold application to the skin is one of the best physiological tonics we have. This may be given in such a way as to get a reaction. The cold causes the blood vessels to contract and then if there is a good, healthy reaction the skin becomes pink. Some patients are so weak that you cannot produce that sort of reaction. We give those people a dry friction to the skin producing contraction of the blood vessels followed by reaction, then we begin to apply cool water at first, making it cooler as the patient gets able to react from it.

When we get such a reaction it does not mean that the skin is the only part affected. The whole abdominal viscera is full of blood; it accumulates in the liver so when we get a reaction we not only have an increase of blood in the skin but we whip up the circulation throughout all the internal organs and nervous system. This will increase the action of the stomach digestion.

There are many ways of applying cold to the skin, and for one who has never taken these tonic treatments the cool sponge bath without ice water is a milder tonic and better to begin with. Next in effectiveness comes the cold mitten friction, next the cold pail pour and next the cold spray. Some hot treatment should precede the cold, especially in cases where the reaction is slow. Before giving the cold mitten friction give the patient a hot foot bath or a hot bag to the

spine. None of these treatments should be given in a cold room because the cold air is too much with the cold water unless the person is very strong and vigorous.

The friction mitt is made of coarse wool moreen cloth shaped like a mitten with no thumb. In this treatment the thing we want to accomplish is to bring the blood to the surface.

The procedure is to first dip the mitt in ice water then apply to the arm first, rubbing vigorously until the skin is in a pink glow. Dry thoroughly by rubbing with a towel. Do the same with the other arm, then the chest, lower limbs and back. There is a feeling of exhilaration comes from putting cold on the chest that you do not get in any other part of the body. Notice that at once a deep breath is taken and the chest is raised.

If these few instructions are faithfully carried out during the winter months many colds, attacks of la grippe, tonsilitis, etc., may be prevented. Next month we hope to tell you how to enjoy the invigorating effects of a bath in the ocean while at home, also how to get other tonic effects from the simple things of nature at our command.

HOW ONE GIRL IN THE RESCUE HOME GAINED THE VICTORY.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,
Matron, Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.



I wish I could express in the language of my heart the gratitude I feel toward God and to the dear friends of the Rescue Home, also to the dear girls who are making their home with us.

We have had trials and difficulties since I last wrote you, but the blessings far outweigh them. I think I wrote you about one of our girls I called "Sunshine and Showers"; well now there is so much more sunshine than

showers I think I will have to give her a new name. Another said the other day that she knew she could serve God better when she went back home than she ever did. She said she used to go to church and prayer meeting, but she went just to have the name of going. She said she used to get out of patience with her little brothers and sisters, but she expects to be a peacemaker now.



A Home baby now being cared for by his mother. She writes: "He could not be better; I love him dearly."

Her father wrote her and told her that as long as he had a home she would have one, to come home and bring her baby.

Four of our girls in our Home were baptized last month. Two of them were sent to good Christian homes with their babies. I want to tell you an incident that happened a few weeks ago. A girl came to the Home. One of the girls already in the Home confided in me that she disliked her very much, in fact did not think she could ever like her. I talked with her about it and told her she could not afford to have any root of bitter-

ness in her heart toward anyone. That night she went to that girl's room in the middle of the night and said she was unable to sleep, confessed how she had felt toward her and what she had said about her to me, and that she was sorry and wanted her to forgive her. There were at least two happy girls in the Home that night.

The Lord has sent me an assistant who is devoted to her work and to the cause we represent, also a young woman to help in the care of the sick, and a man to help around the Home,—a good old man who needed a home. In this way he can help us and we can help him.

The Sanitarium family have organized a health institute in the Home, holding sessions twice every week. We have had one meeting which the girls appreciated very much and have been putting into practice the things they learned.

We now have twenty in our family besides the babies, and it takes something to feed and keep them warm each day. We are certainly grateful for the help that our friends have been to us in this work, and hope they will not forget us as the cold weather is coming on.

CHAS. N. CRITTENTON AT HINSDALE.

Mr. Crittenton, who has founded more than seventy rescue homes in this country and in France, Mexico, Japan, China and Jerusalem, all under the name of the Florence Crittenton Mission, spent a week in Chicago recently. While there he visited the Life Boat Rescue Home and also spoke to the family of workers and guests at the Hinsdale Sanitarium. We publish the following from his address:

"I remember one evening in the city of New York I met a young lady and spoke to her about her soul. I told her that I was going to pray for her until she was saved. Time went on until four years rolled into eternity. I crossed the Atlantic twice but I kept praying for that girl. I had faith in God.

"After four years I received a letter asking me to come to a certain number on One Hundred and Ninth street. I went and met this same girl. She began telling me her experience and how miserable she had been. In

her effort to lead a right life she had turned away her only means of support and then the devil said, 'What are you going to do now?' I asked her to pray. She had heard at the mission that God would hear and answer prayer so she got down on her knees and she prayed one of the most beautiful prayers I have ever heard.

"I began to quote to her the words: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Isa. 1:18. She looked up into my face and said, 'Is that all I have got to do, just believe the Bible?' Right there and then she accepted Christ as her Saviour. That was in 1897 and she was not only saved that day but she is saved today.

"I received a little box a short time ago and on opening it I found the words, 'From the Great Physician. Take one three times a day.' There were rolled up in little paper packages scripture verses which looked like prescriptions from a physician. The first one I opened was Isa. 55:6. Now for a long time this young woman has been putting these in boxes and sending them out to different persons. Imagine what it means to some people to receive such a box!

"She was not twelve hours old in the service of God before she had won two souls to Christ. That one passage of scripture in Isa. 1:18 brought her to Christ and that proves that Psa. 19:7 is true, where it says, 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.'

A SAD, SAD CASE.

"Now see the difference between her and a case I met with in Carson City, Nevada. Some people came to me and said, 'There is a man dying with tuberculosis and we are anxious that you come and see him. We were holding an all-day meeting just then but I told them that possibly I could go between the afternoon meetings. When we reached there we found a man wasting with consumption, his limbs were no larger than my wrist and his voice was hoarse and husky.

"He said, 'I understand you have come here to preach the Bible to me. The Bible is nothing—when we die we go into the grave and that is the end of us.' How my heart went out for that man! I said, 'There is one pas-

sage that if you believe, you can be saved.' I read it: 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.' Isa. 55:7. 'Will you come to Him?' He said, 'I *never* bowed my knee to God and I *never* will.' A few days after he went to his rest.

"See the difference in those two souls—one says, 'Lord, I have lost father and mother and I want Thee,' and the other one says, 'I never bowed my knee and I never will.'"

THE SORROW THAT DROVE THE PROUD BUSINESS MAN TO CHRIST.

"I came to God in October, 1882. My little child had been taken from me. As I went to the cemetery to lay her to rest the tolling of that great bell pierced my heart. I was without hope and without Christ and as that bell commenced tolling, 'one—two—three—four,' it seemed to me that every blow was a toll to that lost hope. If you are not a Christian and must stand beside an open grave you will find it is the saddest place in all the world. *I was sad, I was wretched.*

"As I turned away from that scene I thought God was unjust, that He had no business to take my little child. I would look out on the street and see other children and would say, 'Why did not He take one of them?' For years I was wretched and miserable, but finally I cried out, 'O God, help me! I know I have been in rebellion against you.' That very day Jesus came into my life and changed it and made me a new creature.

"Shortly after my conversion a lame missionary came to me and asked if my name was Crittenton. I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'I am a night missionary and I want you to go to the slums with me.' I said, 'Yes, I will go anywhere.'

"I went with him and on the street corner we sang a song, then he laid down his crutch and prayed. There were two girls standing near listening and he prayed for them. After his prayer he rose up and said, 'Brother Crittenton, go talk with these girls.' I was simply a merchant. I had had no experience in such work, but I told them how God had given me a little girl and how He had taken her from me. They wept as if their hearts

would break. After talking with them further I said 'God bless you, *go and sin no more.*'

WHERE COULD THE RESCUED GIRL GO?

"The thought came to me, *Where shall they go?* That was the means of opening up the Florence Crittenton Mission on Bleecker street, April 19, 1882. Thus the work began.

"When the love of Christ comes into our lives that same love will send you and me out to preach the Gospel of salvation to everyone that believeth. Go in love and keep hold of every soul.

There *never* was a case that I started for in the name of the Lord but I got. I say this pays better than any business that there is in the world. 'He that winneth souls is wise.' Prov. 11:30. I do not know of anything in this world that makes a person shine forever and ever as winning souls. Take the boys and girls of today and they are beautiful to look at but let one or two decades come and go and they are wrinkled with age, their beauty is gone. Read Dan. 12:3.

HOW GOD USED A DYING CONSUMPTIVE.

"One night a poor, emaciated girl rose up in the mission meeting and said, 'Pray for me.' She was as low as the devil could push her. The hectic flush on her cheek showed that consumption had already begun its deadly work. She knelt down and prayed and that night witnessed that God had forgiven her. After her conversion she commenced to memorize the Word of God and God gave her such a memory that ministers of the Gospel would come to hear her repeat the Scriptures.

"As time went on she was called to different sections of the city to speak to the people until finally one Sunday afternoon she spoke to three thousand people on Cooper Union, holding them spellbound. There was not a dry eye in the whole house. As she stood on the platform she said, 'When I think of the Lord Jesus Christ going down Baxter street and calling Nellie Conroy after nine years of sin and dissipation I think it is wonderful. Won't many be surprised when the roll is called in heaven to hear Nellie Conroy answer to her name.' The great New York dailies stated that it was the most thrilling address ever listened to.

"She took sick and as she lingered a few months friends came in to hear her story of

redemption. She died rejoicing in the love of Christ.

"Nellie came to this country with her parents when quite young. Her father died and her mother became a drunkard and sold Nellie at the age of twelve into a life of sin.

"The Master tells us to 'Go work today in My vineyard.'"

HOW HE GOT A DIME FOR HIS BED.

JOHN WALKER,
Hinsdale, Ill.

The other evening at the Life Boat mission, just as Brother Van Dorn was about to begin his Bible study class previous to the regular evening service, a man came along State street so under the influence of liquor that he could not walk straight. As he was stumbling along past the mission he struck a post and fell back against the mission door. Brother Van Dorn immediately stepped out to his rescue and asked him to come inside and study the Bible with him. He was so drunk that we had to lead him forward to the platform.

We asked him if he was tired of the life he was leading, tired of drink, and if he did not know he was in the wrong and that there was nothing in that kind of life. We asked him if he did not want to get something better.

He said in a stammering way that he wanted to, but did not know how to get it. We got him down on his knees on the platform and read to him 1 John 1:9, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We prayed with him and he prayed, and in the course of a half hour he sobered up.

When the Bible study closed he said, "I feel better. I am on the right track." He said he would give up smoking, drinking beer and whisky and all those harmful things. Then he said, "I have no job, not even a dime for a bed tonight." I did not know what to do about it, but I said, "All right, the Lord will look out for you."

I went out on the street to invite people in to the service. There was a man living south of the city who had not been in Chicago for a number of years, but he happened along just after the song service, and as I

stepped up to him to invite him in, the man who had just been converted came out of the mission.

It happened these two men were old friends and were surprised to meet each other there. The man on the street said, "Here is ten cents, come let us get a drink." At that our friend, who had sobered up by this time, replied, "No, thank you. I do not drink any more." To which the man replied, "Good for you. Here, take this for your bed." He took the dime and went back into the mission.

I asked the other man how it happened he was passing the mission door just then. He said he did not know, that he had gone two blocks out of his way to get his car.

After the meeting was over this man, who had already proved the genuineness of his conversion, came to me and said, "What shall I do? I have no job and only a dime for a bed tonight." I reminded him of the dime that the Lord had so miraculously sent to him at the door. I told him to have faith that the Lord would send him a job the next day just as He sent him the dime for his bed, and he went away rejoicing. We often forget that God can help us out in the little things of life just as much as he can in the big things. Let us trust Him with a simple, child-like faith.

FROM A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR CHRISTIAN.

A TESTIMONY GIVEN AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

"Last night when I came into the door of this mission I was one of the most miserable men in Chicago; tonight I am happy. I know what it is to sneak into a saloon when the bartender is not looking and steal a free lunch, and I have stood outside of the door of missions and ridiculed the name of Jesus Christ.

"I was brought up in the Methodist church and went to Sunday school and prayer meeting. I had so much churchgoing when I was young that I made up my mind when I grew up I would have my own way; I would go to the theater and the saloon; and I wandered far away from Christian influences.

"When I left the city of Rochester, N. Y., I left a good Christian wife, father and mother. I went to Buffalo and got among evil companions. From there I went to Mil-

waukee by boat and was there two days so drunk that I did not know anything. I traveled back and forth from one city to another all the time so drunk with liquor that I knew nothing. I met a friend of mine who was traveling for a wholesale liquor house and spent a week with him dead drunk all the time; in fact, I have been drunk every night since then until I came in here last night.

"I was intending to end it all last night. On the street I saw two men passing by and I followed them down to this mission. I was blue and discouraged and under the influence of liquor. I had gone from place to place. That is what the devil does for you, he chases you from town to town and you are all the time craving something you know not what. That has been my experience. When I came into this mission last night a Christian man came up to me and shook hands with me and I found Jesus here last night. I thank God tonight that He ever called me.

"Boys, you can go to the moving picture shows, the theaters and the gambling dens and sporting houses, but I want to tell you there is nothing in it all; but when you come to Christ He gives you peace, something that this world has not got. If you haven't Jesus Christ in your life it is a failure."

WHAT ONE PERSON'S INFLUENCE DID.

A prisoner in the Southern Illinois Penitentiary writes the following to Mrs. Abrams:

"It has been my desire to write you for several months but when writing day would come I could not keep from writing to another Christian worker with whom I have been corresponding during the last twenty-six months. This worker has done more for me than my own sisters and brothers. She has been the means of my stopping chewing tobacco, she has changed me from a flesh eater to a vegetarian, she has taught me to quit drinking tea and coffee. Through her influence I have accepted the Gospel truth.

"I have just finished reading the piece in THE LIFE BOAT about your conversion while on your way to the theater. Did your husband get saved afterward? If not, please tell him that I, a prisoner, plead with him in the name of Jesus Christ to give his heart to God right now. I am not an angel, but, 'This poor

man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' Ps. 34:6.

"My determination is to 'press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus' (Phil. 3:14), and 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' Phil. 4:13. 'Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' 1 Cor. 10:12. I have read the Bible through once and the New Testament three times."

KEPT IT GOING TILL IT FELL TO PIECES.

An inmate of the Michigan Reformatory, Ionia, Mich., writes:

"I just received the September LIFE BOAT and it is full of soul-saving material, one of the best I ever read. We have not enough to go around. The last number I kept going among the inmates until it fell to pieces. This September number is already on its mission.

"I hear men say, 'THE LIFE BOAT people tell the truth. Everybody should get wise and shun sin. The writers speak out so everybody can understand. It is a paper that we want.' It appeals to people behind the bars because they believe it their friend.

"A prisoner was asked the other day if he would become a Christian. He replied, 'No, I do not believe in such nonsense.' He was asked if he prayed. 'No, I don't. I did pray when I was little. My parents taught me to pray, but I know better now, for it never did me any good.'

"I said, 'Why, man, you say it never did you any good?' 'Yes, I do say that.' Then I said to him, 'When you were a little praying boy, how often did you get in trouble?' He replied, 'No trouble that I know of.' 'But,' I said, 'if you had continued your prayers, do you really believe you would be here in prison for attempting to commit murder?' 'Oh, I don't care to talk religion. I am just as good as those men who profess religion and if there is dancing and music and lively singing in hell, I want to go there,' was his answer.

"Pray for this poor man. God is good. The sun shines for him every day. That Christ that saves men, women and children can clean up this hardened prisoner. Jesus saves all. Oh, that every man would believe

himself a sinner and that there is no other name but Christ given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved.

"Three months ago a man left here determined to live a pure, holy life. He went home. His wife was not there. She had made up her mind that he was not a fit man to live with, so she concluded that the best thing for her happiness was to disappear. However, the neighbors soon saw a change in the man. He attended church—no more profanity; in many ways they noticed that he was earnestly struggling to straighten up his past life. His wife was notified that her husband was no longer a drunken brute, but a sober, industrious Christian husband and father. She returned to him happy and thanking God that the clouds had lifted, and today there is sunshine in that home.

"By the way, I shall be released about the 22d of May, 1910, after doing nearly eight years. I expect to enter into active Christian work. I have prayed much and feel that the Lord calls for some special work. I am now preparing plans for this particular work. I shall have splendid opportunities to push the sales of *THE LIFE BOAT* magazine here in Michigan."

THE WORKINGMEN'S HOME FARM.

E. B. VAN DORN,

Supt. Life Boat Mission and Workingmen's Home Farm, 471 State St., Chicago.

We are glad to report progress in the work at the Home Farm. At present there are two men there and they appreciate their opportunity. There is much to do before the winter is over in rearranging the buildings and preparing for the next season's work.

This is one of the best efforts we have ever put forth for our erring brothers. There are many who could succeed in overcoming their evil habits if they could get away from their surroundings for a short time, where they could have simple, healthful food, good air and water, proper rest and enough work to keep them occupied, and above all a good Christian influence around them.

We could make good use of men's underwear and overcoats, anything men could wear. Such clothing should be sent clean, mended, and freight prepaid to E. B. Van Dorn, Mis-

sion Farm, La Grange, Ill., R. F. D. No. 2. We also need bedding, sheets, pillow slips, quilts and towels.

We are not able to take more men at a time than we have at present, but will do all we can as God provides the means to properly care for those who need our help. We hope to get things in good shape this fall and winter so there will be a good crop for the next season. With the Lord's blessing this farm will prove a blessing to many more in the future than it has in the past. The first year we conducted this farm forty-eight people spent on an average of two weeks each under these natural surroundings and many times since they have expressed the joy and blessing they received while with us.

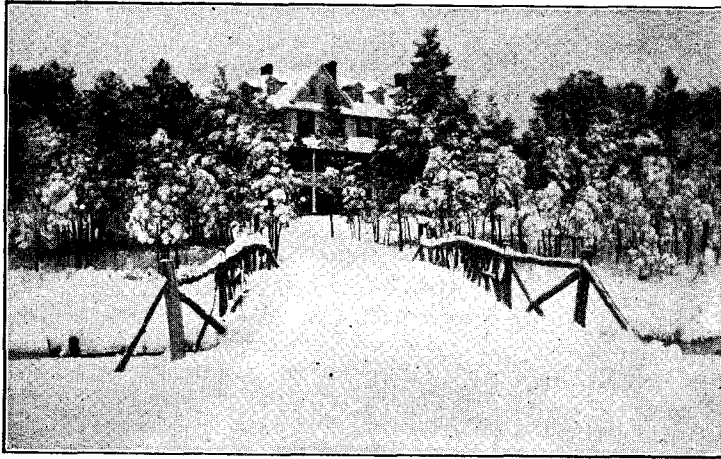
We trust the readers of *THE LIFE BOAT* will be interested in helping us to get this work under way. In the early spring we want to set out some small fruit, strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, grapes, and some fruit trees. If anyone feels impressed to help us with any of these enterprises we will very much appreciate it. Flower bulbs or seeds with directions for planting can be used to make the grounds beautiful. The Lord has called us to this work and we are taking hold of it with all our heart and we pray God's blessing and your co-operation. Any particulars may be obtained from the superintendent.

THE KESWICK COLONY OF MERCY.

[We are glad to give our readers a glimpse of the work of the Keswick Colony of Mercy at Whiting, N. J., written by a convert at the Colony.—Ed.]

The Keswick Colony of Mercy near Whiting, N. J., has for more than eleven years been an oasis in the desert of sin and intemperance, sheltering many a forlorn wanderer from the allurements of the city and leading him to a useful and steadfast life.

There are men scattered all over the country today holding good positions and in touch with business, industrial and professional activities who owe their deliverance to the influence of Keswick. Some of the men are holding up the standard of the Cross in the city and preaching the Gospel. One of the number is now secretary for Evangelist Sunday in the northwest, another is superintendent of the Rescue Mission, Reading, Pa., and a



Winter Scene at Keswick Colony.

member of the International Association of that city. Scores of others who came to the colony hopeless, homeless and apparently useless are living monuments of God's saving grace today.

The idea was conceived in answer to prayer by Mr. Raws, its present superintendent and founder, while in charge of the Whosoever Mission and Rescue Home in Germantown, Pa., which he also established. Mr. Raws lamented the fact that the men were exposed to untold temptations in the city before they had fully regained nerve force and mental vigor. He recognized the necessity of seclusion from these distracting and nerve racking influences which hinder and defeat the work of the Holy Spirit, hence, Keswick colony is the promised land in the wilderness spoken of in Jer. 9:2, for the disobedient who have wandered from the path of righteousness.

Keswick covers a vast region of woodland situated in the heart of the New Jersey forest. The air is redolent with the nerve-bracing odor of stately pines and cedars and the location is beautiful.

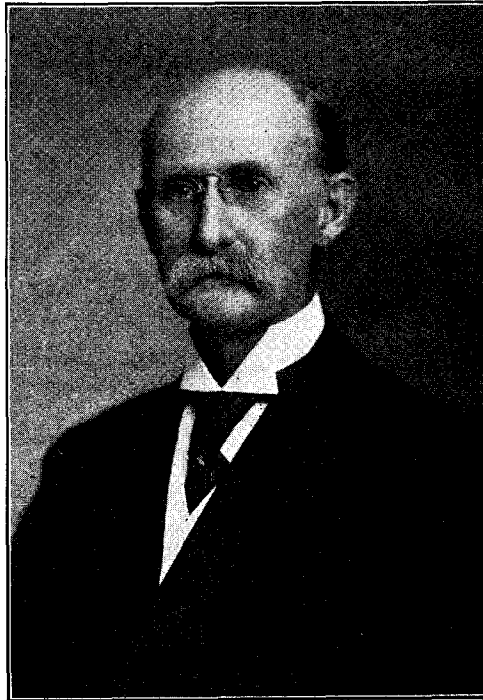
Overlooking the lake from Barachah, the executive building and home of the superintendent's family, the evergreen of the forest is captivating to the eye. The extremes of temperature are rare at Keswick. The sandy soil absorbs the moisture while sea breezes clear the air of miasma.

Nesting along the shores of the placid lake

are the Bethesda and other cottages for housing the men, also the chapel, saw mill, etc. Keswick is an industrial community. There is no class of distinction and every man works for the common weal. The sound of the woodmen out in the forest stillness impresses the fact that the colony is a commonwealth of thrift and enterprise, the central thought of which is the love of Jesus Christ

and His infinite power to save and keep.

Keswick colony is a nucleus for the accomplishment of greater possibilities with the cooperation of Christian business men. Capital is needed to increase its industries. There are excellent grounds for large chicken and duck



Mr. Wm. Raws, the Founder of Keswick.

plants; the sand is especially adapted for the manufacture of limesand, brick and cement blocks. There is also need for agricultural implements for cleaning the land and cultivating the soil that it may be more productive.

Keswick is easily reached by rail. It is only sixty-five miles from New York and forty-five miles from Philadelphia. This sylvan retreat offers rest for body, mind and soul away from the noise, strife and sinful environment of the city.

Barachah has all the modern conveniences for the accommodation of tired and worn-out Christian workers in search of relaxation. It would be an inspiration for evangelists and ministers of the gospel to make a pilgrimage to this mecca in the woods, and a benediction and encouragement to the colonists.

Meetings are held daily in the chapel. It is interesting to study the faces of the men beaming with hopeful anticipation as they wend their way in response to the chapel bell. The day begins with prayer at Bethesda, then at noonday the colonists repair to the chapel and thank God for deliverance. In the evening evangelistic services are held, led either by the superintendent or his wife, assisted by his son and daughter who are gifted cornetists, and many are the praises to God wafted in the forest solitude.

Superintendent Raws was an artist living in Germantown, Pa. He was brought up in a Christian home with refinement but drink wrecked his life. More than twenty-three years ago he was converted to God and ever since has devoted his life in helping fallen humanity. God has blessed his efforts. Letters received from former colonists attest this fact and many return on a visit to the hallowed spot where they were released from the bondage of sin and drink. Plans are in abeyance for many improvements, and the united prayers of Christians are requested that means may be provided and the way opened for enlarged facilities for greater usefulness.

SEIZING THE PRESENT OPPORTUNITY BY ITS HORNS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

I have had a few experiences that have taught me something of the wonderful possibilities of making use of *present* opportunities. For every such opportunity that God has helped me to see and make use of I fear I have missed a hundred, but I will relate a few of my experiences with a prayer in my heart that God will use them to lead others to watch and pray more earnestly how to pick opportunities just when they are ripe.

One of my patients was very ill. It soon became evident to me that he did not have long to live. One evening just as I was going to teach a class the impression came to me that I ought to go up and talk to that man about his soul's salvation. But a second thought came to me that if I did I should be late to my class, so I about made up my mind to see him afterwards.

But the idea seemed to haunt me to go at once, so I went to his room, called his wife out and asked her if her husband was a Christian. She said, "No, that is just what I have been worrying over; I have got hold of the Lord but he has never learned how."

So with a prayer in my heart I went in to his bedside and asked him if he did not want the Lord to save his soul. He said, "Yes," but he did not know how.

In a few simple words I assured him God did not have anything against him; all he had to do was to accept His free salvation. I asked him for permission to pray for him and when I ended he said "Amen" most earnestly. I saw a new light in that dying man's eyes. I asked him if his faith had grasped the Lord's promises. He said, "Yes."

I hurried away to teach my class and returned an hour later. The man was unconscious. I remained at his bedside until two o'clock, when he died. During all those hours there was not a moment when he was con-

The Life Boat Mission is located at 471 State street, one-half block south of Polk street. Open every night of the year. When in Chicago you are earnestly invited to spend an evening at the mission.

scious. When he died his poor wife shrieked out to me, "Oh, if you had only talked to my husband before; I am afraid he did not die a saved man." How glad I was that I could assure her that the Lord had accepted him. Suppose I had put off talking to him when the Lord impressed me to do so; that woman's words would have haunted me every waking moment.

Some years ago I was going out to Missouri to fill a lecture engagement. All at once it occurred to me that I had done no business for my Master on that long journey, in fact I had been preparing for my lecture rather than watching for any present opportunities—a mistake that we too often make. I bowed my head on the back of the seat in front of me and asked the Lord if He had any work for me to do to show it to me.

Just as I raised my head a splendid appearing man walked down the aisle, looked at the vacant seat at my side, asked if it was occupied, and sat down. After he had finished reading his newspaper, with a prayer in my heart I laid a LIFE BOAT on his lap, suggesting that perhaps he would find something in it that would be interesting to him.

Directly he said to me, "I think you are just the man I have been wanting to meet. I am president of the ——— school for girls (a well-known educational institution); I have been wanting to get a nurse to come out there and put our whole cookery system, etc., on a better basis. Could you send me such a woman?" I assured him that I could, and arrangements were made then and there, and presently he reached the station where he had to get off.

I sent him a nurse who was a good cook. She had great opportunities, and when she had to come home arrangements were made for another one to take her place.

Her skillful treatment saved the lives of one or two members of the faculty who came down with pneumonia. The president wrote me at the end of the year that it was certainly providential he met me on the train that day. He little knew that if it had not been for the prayer I should probably have missed recognizing that providence.

One day Dr. Sadler and myself were on a Michigan Central train. We embraced the

opportunity to have a good Bible study between us. Pretty soon a splendid looking business man who I afterwards learned was a Chicago board of trade man, whom I had observed walking up and down the aisle as I had supposed to get exercise, leaned over and said to us, "Are you Christians?" We assured him that we were. "Well," he said, "I am in *deep* trouble," and his breast began to heave and it was with the greatest difficulty that he restrained himself from breaking down entirely. I asked him what was the matter. He said, "Yesterday I bade my wife good-bye in Kalamazoo. As I went down the walk from the front door she waved good-bye to me so sweetly, and this morning I got this telegram," which was to the effect that she had received a stroke of apoplexy and was not expected to live. "Oh," he said, "I had never expected this."

I learned that neither he nor his wife were Christians. He said they used to have prayers when they first got married but business cares had crowded it all out. He was completely crushed. Not having anything better to lean on he had already taken several drinks to support him. How tame is mere human sympathy at such an hour! How glad we were that we could point him to God's promises and to divine support! The man drank it in like a dry hillside drinks in rain. Pretty soon the conductor shouted out "Kalamazoo." The man shook our hands and thanked us for the help we had extended to him.

I could not help but think, suppose we had been playing checkers or reading the comic page of some Sunday newspaper; the probabilities are we should not have had the chance to pour a little of the healing balm of the gospel into that crushed soul.

"Opportunities do not come with their values stamped upon them. A day dawns quite like other days, and a single hour quite like other hours, but in that day and that hour the chance of a life-time faces us."

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—Abraham Lincoln.

TWO KINDS OF FISHING, OR PERSONAL WORK.

REV. CAPT. N. KINGSBURY.
Santa Ana, Cal.

We most sincerely commend to all of our readers the following earnest words from a practical soul winner. Personally we have been deeply impressed with their great importance.—Ed.

The fishing scene which took place on the shores of Lake Galilee, as depicted in Luke 5:1-12, is most interesting. It is also most fruitful in lessons to those who would "catch men." Matthew 4:10 places the whole matter clearly,—the presence of the Master, the voice of the Master, the words, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

The after experience of these men is all aglow with the glory of the calling, "fishers of men." They paid the price and became worthy fishermen, following in the steps of the Master Fisherman or soul winner, the Lord Jesus Himself. Obedience is the price. It ought to be easy for any child of God to meet this condition,—a two-part transaction; on our part "to follow," on the part of our Lord "to make." "I will make you fishers of men."

FISHING FOR MEN ALONG THE SHORES.

One trouble with individual Christians lies in the fact that all have been content to fish for souls close in shore. I mean by that we have not ventured out beyond the shallow waters. These fishermen of Galilee had toiled all night and met with utter failure,—not a single fish taken. When Jesus appeared on the scene His command was, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets." This direction was followed and a tremendous draught of fish was taken.

Now along-the-shore sort of fishing may be easy,—the preacher preaching, or the Sabbath school teacher teaching the lesson of the home and perhaps drawing comparisons and inferences, but oftentimes failing to make *direct* appeals to unconverted pupils to come to Jesus. Pastor and people strive to make the church services attractive and all that, but few enter upon a *business-like effort* to win souls to Christ. *Fishing along shore is the order of the day to a large extent.*

DEEP WATER FISHING.

The writer has been trying to do what may be called deep water fishing for souls. I started out with God's Word in one pocket,—that is the essential thing; the Spirit chooses the Word above all else. In another pocket I had a package of cards which I felt to be as good as any. I will reproduce them here.

CARD NO. ONE.

MY CONFESSION.

I believe that "God so loved the world, That He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I believe that "Jesus loved me, and gave Himself for me."

I will earnestly try to love and trust Him who died to save me.

Looking to God for help and strength, I accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and will strive to do that which is well pleasing in His sight.

Date.....

Name.....

Residence.....

CARD NO. TWO.

Will you make this your daily prayer until the answer comes?

"O Lord, revive Thy work, and begin in me. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done within me. In Jesus' Name."

Make these promises your plea: Isa. 57:15; 1 John 1:9.

Certain results: Ps. 51:10-15; Hos. 14:4-8.

Daily tonic: Isa. 40:29-31.

"Get right with God."

"Be filled with the Spirit."

Begin to do your part today.

CARD NO. THREE.

SOUL WINNER'S PLEDGE.

I am resolved that by the Grace of God I will win one soul to Jesus. That I will make an earnest, loving, patient, persistent endeavor to win another, and another. That so long as I live I will do personal work for my Lord and Mas-

ter. That so far as within me lies, no one shall be able to say, "No man cared for my soul."

CARD NO. FOUR.

I promise by the help of God, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors and beverages, and try to win one other to abstain.

I also had pledges against cigarettes and tobacco along with the above.

A GOOD BAIT FOR THE HOOK.

I made it *my business* to open up the subject of personal salvation whenever the way seemed open. I found that in soliciting subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT from house to house offered an open door of approach to many a heart. In a goodly number of cases after a season of quiet conversation and a plain presentation of the matter of salvation as set forth in God's blessed Word, persons were moved, were ready to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and not a few have signed card number one. Such precious interviews I love to close with prayer.

In one instance a mother with tears flowing down her cheeks and a flock of little tots about her, took this step deliberately. A young man after a thirty-minute talk and the presentation of God's claims upon the soul with God's demand, "Son, give Me thine heart," yielded himself in a complete surrender.

A mother and daughter, evidently much moved, admitted their need of the sinner's Saviour, and with apparent earnest purpose and gladness of heart yielded to the Lord Jesus, signed card number one, and began a new life. A man of stalwart frame and strong will, but, sad to tell, a slave to the drink habit, was deeply stirred and with a strong, hearty clasp of the hand expressed an earnest desire for a further conference over this momentous matter. A young mother was startled and surprised beyond measure by the question, "Do you know the Lord Jesus?" Then she was glad to listen and grateful for the help offered and given.

OUT ON A FRUIT RANCH.

Betaking myself to one of these ranches, I sought out the ranks of the pickers. One man

seemed quite troubled over something. He came to me to know the time of day and I said to him,

"My friend, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly you may."

"Do you know the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour?" The man though surprised was ready for such a question. Underneath all was a restless, uneasy heart and troubled mind. This man confessed that years ago he had had a bright experience and made a beginning, but for lack of proper instruction and help he lost all interest. He said, "I have sinned." Then with a long deep breath came the question,

"Can God forgive a fellow's sins? Will He forgive them sure?"

"Yes, yes, 1 John 1:9 is the thing for you: 'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' See, it is yours to confess, His to forgive and cleanse."

"What will He do with the sins?"

"I will remember them no more against you forever." "I will remove your transgressions as far from Me as the east is from the west."

"I wronged a man in a money matter."

"Go and make restitution."

"I'll do that."

Then he told how he had got "a little full," as he expressed it, and in that condition had sold what he had no right to sell. Ah, how many, many poor souls get into trouble in this way,—trapped, snared, bound, overcome, oftentimes utterly wrecked! Well, the last word from this man as he started away was, "I am going to get right, I am going to make restitution."

Next day out in the shade of the fruit trees I came face to face with a ruddy-checked, bright-eyed boy of ten, a worker. I asked him what would he do if he lived to become a man. He could not tell. Did he attend Sunday school? "No, sir." Never had been to Sunday school in his life. Had no one ever talked to him about these things before? "No, sir, never." Alas, alas, parents, Christian employers,—many church people, good men, good women, are *thinking more* of a big fruit crop, of a big bank account than they are of their boys and girls—neglected material! Good material for good men and

noble women, but left to grow much as noxious weeds grow. Nobody warns, nobody wins them to better things, and who will pay the bill? Who will be responsible for the outcome?

(To be continued.)

Workers all over the land are meeting with marvelous success in selling The Life Boat. Send for a dollar's worth at agents' rates and try it in your community or write for special terms in quantities.

GET ON THE LADDER IN TIME TO BE SAVED.

C. T. EVERSON,
3722 Irving Park Blvd., Chicago.

A great many people have doubt and questions about the Bible that they have difficulty in solving, and for that reason they are not willing to believe in anything and they let the chance of salvation slip.

Now everyone realizes that he is a sinner,—that does not have to be proved to him. Sin is a fact. Suppose that a great house is on fire and we see a man leaning out of the third-story window. When the fire engines come on the spot they run their ladder up to the window where the man is and a fireman goes up and says, "Come down, my friend, we want to save you." "Well," he says, "I am not responsible for this fire. I do not see why I need to do anything. I have not put this building on fire." And so he starts to arguing with the fireman and wants to know all the ins and outs of the fire. The fireman says, "This is no time to argue about this question. You just come down on the solid ground and get saved."

Well, now, that is the way with salvation. We are *lost* and we *know it* and the great fires of the last days will be burning up the whole world before long. Perhaps you don't know all about Adam and about the origin of sin and a great many other questions in the Bible, but that makes no difference, the Lord has put down a ladder from heaven to *save you* out of the great conflagration; and this ladder is Jesus Christ.

We read in John 2, the last verse, that the angels shall ascend and descend upon the Son of man, so He is the ladder.

When the Lord gets you saved, over on the other shore He will take you aside and explain a good many of these questions that are troubling you at the present time. There is no need to stand and argue now just on the eve of the great conflagration that is about to take place; what you need now is to *get on the ladder and get saved.*

HAS NOBODY TO WRITE TO HER.

The following letter is from a woman prisoner in the Kansas State Penitentiary. It was written to Dr. Lena Sadler after reading her article in the September number of this magazine. We trust that our readers will pray that this woman may some day "become a true and helpful Christian."

"While sitting alone in my lonely cell I was reading in THE LIFE BOAT a few of your words concerning early days in the rescue work, and I thought I would write to you as I have no one in the outside world with whom to correspond. I feel so miserable when everybody here receives letters and papers and I not even the blot of a pen or scratch of a pencil. I corresponded with a friend at 100 Thirty-sixth street, Chicago, but I can not hear from her any more, I do not know why; but I pray for her just the same. If you are acquainted with her please give her my love and best regards.

"I have so long to stay in here. I have been here two years and have eight yet, but by the help of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ I will be a free woman again. I receive THE LIFE BOAT from Dr. Paulson. I have no way in which I can pay for it only by sending a piece of fancy work and letting you sell it for me, and send me THE LIFE BOAT in return. I get it now until this coming January. May God bless you. Pray for me. Pray that I may become a true and helpful Christian for the Master."

Do not forget that our special offer of five Life Boats to one address for an entire year for a dollar and a half still holds good. Why not avail yourself of it? Have a few Life Boats handy in your pocket and hand to your neighbors and friends. They will appreciate them and some will read them with the deepest interest who perhaps would not look at a tract.

ENCOURAGING LETTERS FROM DIFFERENT PRISONS.

An inmate of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary writes:

"Your last letter gave me some new thoughts about the future and somehow I have felt much different. I fear that because of my utter loneliness I was becoming indifferent as to my future life after leaving here. I am so cut off from all my relatives and friends that I at times think that it is no use. But of late the words have come to me, 'Strengthen the things that remain,' and somehow I feel that I have got a new grip."

A prisoner in the United States Penitentiary writes:

"I am in prison, but today I am looking to God to bless those who are on the outside that they may not sin and be placed in here. But I must say that I would rather be in prison with my soul saved by the love of God than to be a sinner on the outside. Thank God for His blessed love to me. May the Lord bless everyone who loves the little book called THE LIFE BOAT. It has guided me on my way. It shows me how to live and how I must live. Will you please send me a little pocket Bible, just a small one that I can keep the rest of my life? May God bless you all."

An inmate of the Illinois State Reformatory writes:

"I have carefully read your article in THE LIFE BOAT magazine where you are willing to get anyone who is lonely and friendless in touch with a friend that will adhere closer than a brother. And now as I am lonely and friendless, too, and have no one to write to, it would be a great pleasure to me if you would do me this favor. Since I have been confined in this institution I have read no other magazine that has given me a deeper faith in God than THE LIFE BOAT, although I have had but one copy, but I am in hopes that I will get to see more of them before long.

"When I was out in the outside world I don't believe there was a worse sinner on earth than I—smoke and drink was nothing at all of what I done.

"I would often say to myself, there is no

use trying to better my life for I have gone too far to make anything out of myself; but since I have been here I have changed my mind and I think the three years I have spent here have been the best in my life, and all of this I owe to THE LIFE BOAT, for in it I saw how others who had been in my condition were saved and put on the right road again.

"My experience has taught me that the greatest sinner can be cleansed and freed from his sins if he will but call upon the Lord for forgiveness.

"Every morning I say my prayers as soon as I get out of bed and when I am ready to retire I say my evening prayers, also before and after meals and the Lord's prayer daily."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Mrs. R. M. Ross, 209 South Center street, Bloomington, Ill., has lost track of her son, Fred Arthur Ross, who was in the State of Washington one year ago when last heard from. At that time Mrs. Ross was living in Muskegon, Mich., but has since been traveling considerable through the States of Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, and she fears that letters were not forwarded if sent. If this LIFE BOAT happens to fall into the hands of Fred Arthur Ross or anyone who may know of his whereabouts, kindly write Mrs. Ross at once, thus relieving her of anxiety.

Encourage children to take up the sale of The Life Boat. Send us the names and addresses of some bright boys and girls in your neighborhood whom you believe could be interested in selling this magazine and we will write them our agents' terms and other information. Children in all parts of the land have made splendid success as Life Boat agents. They have not only earned something from the commission on their sales, but they have laid the foundation for future missionary usefulness.

Any girl who is in trouble or who is discouraged will do well to correspond with Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

HOW WILL YOU SPEND THANKSGIVING DAY?

Thanksgiving day has almost entirely lost its original significance. It has largely come to be a day of riotous feasting with scarcely a thought of thankfulness to the Creator for His many bounties.

Many do not know that the best way to secure a thrill of satisfaction in their own souls is to honestly endeavor to make someone else happy, and that plan works just as well every day in November as on Thanksgiving day. Let it begin in the home, and let it extend to the neighborhood and the regions beyond. Remember particularly the widows and the orphans, the sick and the oppressed, who have but little reason to be genuinely thankful. If you begin that program this month you will want to keep it up the next month.

A MID-WINTER MEDICAL MISSIONARY EVANGELISTIC INSTITUTE.

Plans are being laid for a very important gathering at the Hinsdale Sanitarium during the latter part of the holiday week for those who are especially interested in bringing Bible truths to their fellow men in gospel medical missionary evangelistic lines.

This institute will begin Wednesday evening, Dec. 29, lasting over until Monday, Jan. 2, enabling all to take advantage of the holiday railroad rates.

There will be a careful, prayerful consideration of live, vital topics that concern active missionary effort, such as: The Gospel for soul and body, the organization of home and neighborhood medical missionary efforts, how to interest children and young people in medical missionary work, the significance of some of the thrilling events that are taking place in the world at the present time, how to introduce the Gospel of health into the public schools, our attitude and relation to the widespread temperance movement.

A splendid opportunity will be afforded to

become personally acquainted with the work that is carried on at the Rescue Home, the Hinsdale Sanitarium, the Good Samaritan Inn, The Life Boat Mission, the prison work in Chicago and other lines of city mission work.

Entertainment will be furnished free at the Hinsdale Sanitarium. Board will be furnished on the European plan at actual cost. More detailed information will be given in the next number of THE LIFE BOAT. We will be glad to correspond with those who are planning to attend.

GYPSY SMITH IN CHICAGO.

Gypsy Smith, the well-known evangelist, has been spending the entire month of October in Chicago. The meetings were held in the great armory building seating eight thousand people. On the opening night it was estimated that sixteen thousand people were unable to gain entrance.

On the previous evening Mr. Smith met the hundreds who had volunteered to assist as personal workers, ushers, etc. We were present and jotted down some of the suggestive words that he spoke to these workers. He told the ushers that they needed to keep their heads cool and their hearts aflame, be on the look-out for the wounded bird.

To the personal workers he said, "When you go into the inquiry room after meeting to labor for those who have come forward take only one case at a time. If you work with two or three you will do them all good but rarely will any one be brought to Christ. Do not be in a hurry. Better deal with one person if it takes a week than talk with twenty and bring none of them to Christ.

"You have no right to tell anyone that if he believes this or that verse in the Bible then he is a Christian. It is not our business to determine when anyone is a Christian, the Holy Spirit will give the individual the witness of that in his own soul. Do thorough work. Do not build a mud hut when you have an opportunity to build a palace. If you

are passing as a personal worker and are not right with God yourself you will only insult and mock God's Spirit.

"I shall say some things you will not like to hear but you will come back the next night and hear some more like it because you will know in your hearts it is the truth. I shall stand here as a spiritual surgeon wielding God's sword, probing with God's lance. And when some of these patients have been operated upon by that Word then I shall hand them over to you spiritual nurses to cleanse their wounds with the washing of the Word, then apply a bandage of God's promises; but be sure you do not apply the bandage until you have cleansed their wounds thoroughly.

"It is a beautiful sight to stand on a mountain peak some bright summer morning and catch the first gleams of the sun rising in its splendor, but it is a still more beautiful sight to see the sunlight of God's presence break over a human soul for the first time. You can do nothing for human souls unless you have resolved to spend and be spent in the service of God."

GOSPEL OF HEALTH INSTITUTES.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium has arranged to hold a series of three-day institutes in the churches of northern Illinois during the next two months. Home schools of nursing will be conducted giving demonstrations on how to relieve pain without drugs, first aid to the injured, Nature's tonics, how to cure a cold the first day, securing deliverance from sleepless nights, treatment of simple fevers, how to make every home a sanitarium, etc.

The different phases of hygienic living will be discussed by several workers. Such topics as Fresh air as a healing agent, The chewing reform, Scientific eating, An ideal breakfast, A model dinner, A simple luncheon, A model tray for the sick, etc., will be presented.

Importance will be given to the possibilities before us in good Samaritan work, Personal soul-winning and friendly visitation work, Why rescue work is necessary.

The closing session of the institute will be a Gospel of Health and Temperance mass meeting at which the fascinating story will be told of how the body defends itself against disease.

The workers will endeavor to hold an institute at any point where their traveling expenses can be assured.

A GOOD OFFER ON A 160-ACRE FARM IN INDIANA.

The Good Samaritan Inn, or sanitarium for those in moderate circumstances, at Hinsdale, Ill., was closed when cold weather set in because it had no heating plant. We have been praying God to send in some way the money for one so that the Good Samaritan Inn may be reopened this winter and continue to be a blessing to the sick poor.

Recently some kind friends in Indiana who have observed that we were praying for a heating plant have written us that they have a farm of one hundred and sixty acres for sale, and when sold they will donate the necessary means to install a heating plant in the Good Samaritan Inn. This property contains a good house, barn and other farm buildings, eighty to eighty-five acres under cultivation, fifteen acres in timber, sixty acres in meadow. The land raises the best of crops. Good water. The farm is located near South Bend, three miles from the nearest railway station, has a rural mail delivery. Address THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE LIFE BOAT TO MISSIONARIES.

As far as missionaries in foreign fields have been able to receive THE LIFE BOAT they have written us the most appreciative letters of the inspiration it has been to them in their lonely and arduous work.

It costs additional postage to send THE LIFE BOAT to foreign fields but we will be glad to accept subscriptions for those who want to donate THE LIFE BOAT to foreign missionaries at the regular American rate of fifty cents a year.

Send us the name and address of a foreign missionary you want us to send THE LIFE BOAT to, or send us the fifty cents and we will check one off from our list.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

Miss M. Belle Shryock, who was at one time a visiting nurse in the Chicago Medical

Mission, has been working in connection with a free dispensary in Southern India during the past year. In a recent letter to the editor she writes the following:

"I have been in India almost a year now and like it very much, in fact, I must say I like it better than in the United States. Of course there are lonely times and a longing to see dear friends at home, but when one thinks of the great need of these people they forget everything else but their work.

"I am working in a dispensary in Southern India. The work is very interesting although it is hard at times to diagnose some cases. We really need a good physician here. The nearest good doctor is twenty-one miles away. Since coming here I am extremely thankful for my experience in visiting nurses' work in Chicago.

"I am very anxious to receive THE LIFE BOATS as I always enjoy reading them. I have sold a good many copies. I pray God to bless you in your good work."

SPIRITUAL REMEDIES FOR SOUL DISEASES.

Did you ever see a Christian who had spiritual indigestion? Did you ever see a person suffering with heartache, headache, wounded spirits, blindness, deafness, inflammation, children's disease, etc.? I have seen all these and I pity them. A person who has indigestion is very apt to be crabbed and irritable. This condition is ordinarily brought on by indiscretions in diet, he either eats too much or does not make the proper combinations of food or something of the sort.

The spiritual dyspeptic is also suffering from some form of indigestion. He needs a messenger, as Job says, "If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness." Job 33:23. There is so much work in the world for the spiritual nurse.

Too many Christians get heart failure. They need some heart tonics, or, like David of old, they need to say, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." No one need despair if suffering with a broken heart, for David says, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise," and the "sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."

For blindness we are counseled to anoint our eyes with eye-salve that we may see. (Rev. 3:18.) For deafness the Lord says, "Incline your ear and come unto Me, hear and your soul shall live." Isa. 55:3. None ever *inclined* their ear toward God but what they could hear Him speaking to them. In Rev. 2:29 it says, "He that hath an ear, let him hear."

Then there are so many Christians suffering with spiritual children's diseases. They are so quick to speak a hasty word, ready to fuss with their brother and sister over some little insignificant matter that ought not to be mentioned, make a brother an offender for a word. To such I would quote Paul's words found in 1 Cor. 13:11: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Right here I want to give you a spiritual remedy for all diseases in Ps. 119:165: "Great peace have they which love Thy law; and nothing shall offend them." Show me a Christian who does not get offended and I will show you one that has gotten pretty well along in the Christian way.

When I was young I used to think that the law meant the Ten Commandments and nothing else, but I have come to think that it means that and more than we ordinarily mean by the Ten Commandments. God's law is His way of doing things. If you can find out how God deals with you then nothing will offend you. Offences will come but you will not be offended by them.

A person who wants to be a good soul winner must be a spiritual nurse. He must have some spiritual salve on hand to apply after he probes into the wounds which sin has made, or there will be spiritual inflammation set up. Job says in chapter 22, verse 23, that, "If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up." That is the best way to get rid of all of our diseases.

Ask your neighbors and friends to subscribe for The Life Boat magazine. Lend them a copy and they will want to receive it every month. By so doing you may be the means of accomplishing much good. Thousands of people have had a spiritual uplift from something they have read in its pages.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.

A sister in Wisconsin, in sending one dollar writes the following:

"It is with pleasure I can send you a little donation. I cannot walk one step or sew by hand, but can cut out aprons and make them to sell, doing it all on the machine, one of my girls making the buttonholes. In this way I can keep busy a part of the time. So enclosed you will find one dollar for the Rescue Home, and I would be glad were it more. I received this for an apron made and sent to North Dakota. Hope it helps a little."

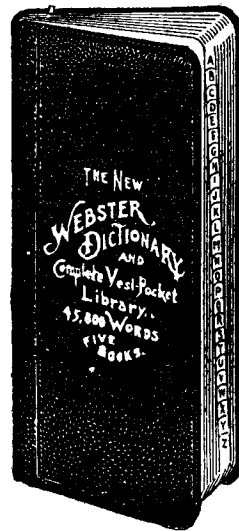
"Soul Winning Texts," by Dr. William S. Sadler, is just the book to help you in your study of the Bible and to prepare you for more effective soul-winning work. This is no ordinary book. You will be pleasantly surprised to find how wonderfully unique and complete it is. It is furnished for only two new subscriptions. Do not fail to get this helpful book.

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Added to the above is found an attachment consisting of a Three Years' Calendar, Perpetual Memorandum and Safety Postage Stamp Holder.

It contains 45,800 words absolutely fully pronounced, all for only two new subscriptions to The Life Boat.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., 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 471 State St.

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Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to Canada and 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.

"WHY I LOVE IT SO WELL."

The following letter was received from a woman prisoner in the Wisconsin State prison:

"I receive THE LIFE BOAT every month and thank you for it. You don't know how it cheers me. I always love to read about the soul-winning work. What a noble work you are doing! That is what I call true religion. I read every bit of them and then have the other girls read them. Then I keep the LIFE BOATS and read them over again and when a new girl comes in I loan them to her. Some of the girls love to read them as much as I do.

"It was the first copy of THE LIFE BOAT I

ever saw that helped me to have faith and trust in our heavenly Father. That is why I love it so well."

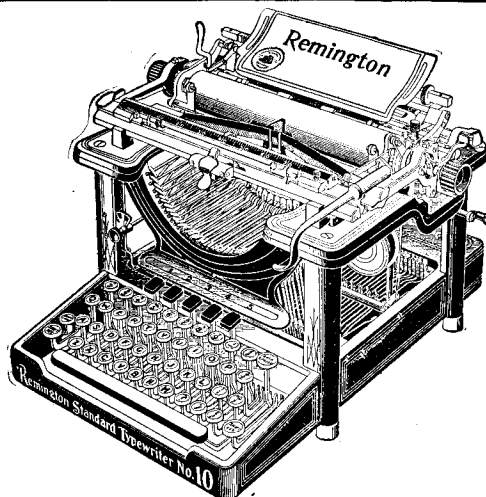
The same frost that wilts the tomato plants turns the maple leaves to gold; so the same trial and trouble that completely wilts one soul will bring the gold out in the character of another.

Special Offer. 5 Beautiful Solos for 35c.

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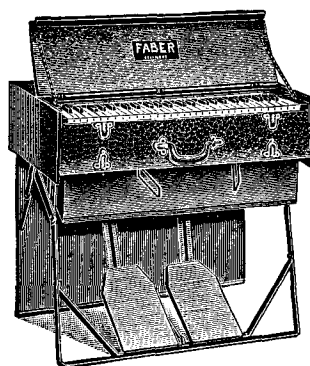
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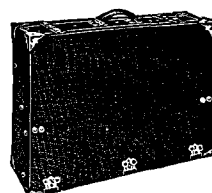
If you feel that the Lord is calling you to dedicate your life to blessing sick humanity, write at once for further particulars. Address

DR. MARY PAULSON, Sec'y, Hinsdale, Ill.

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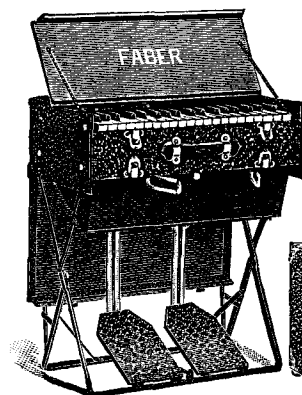
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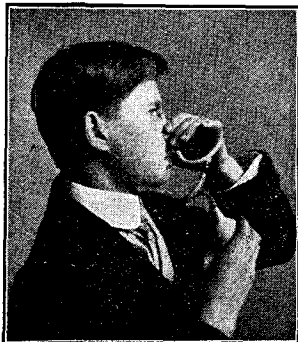
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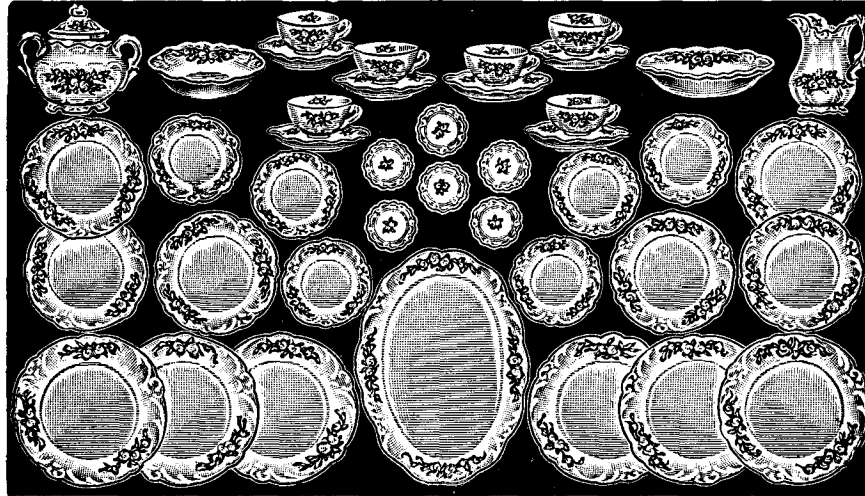
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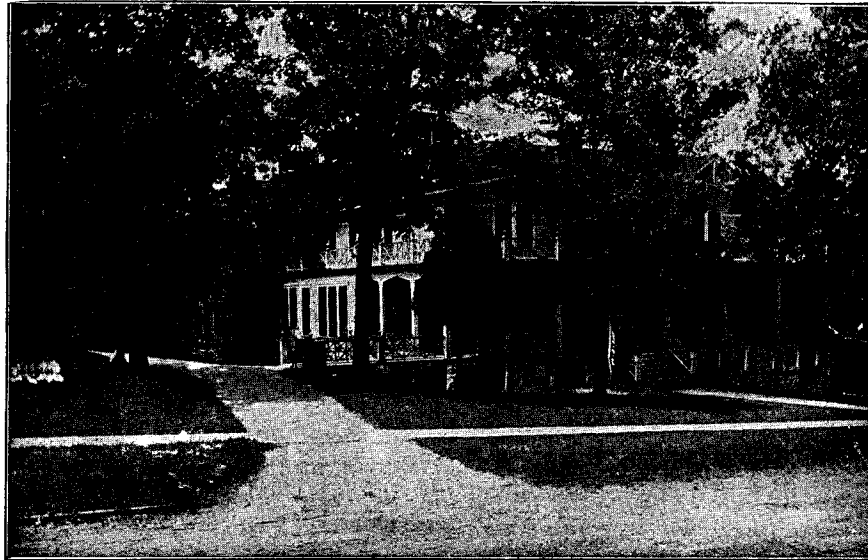
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