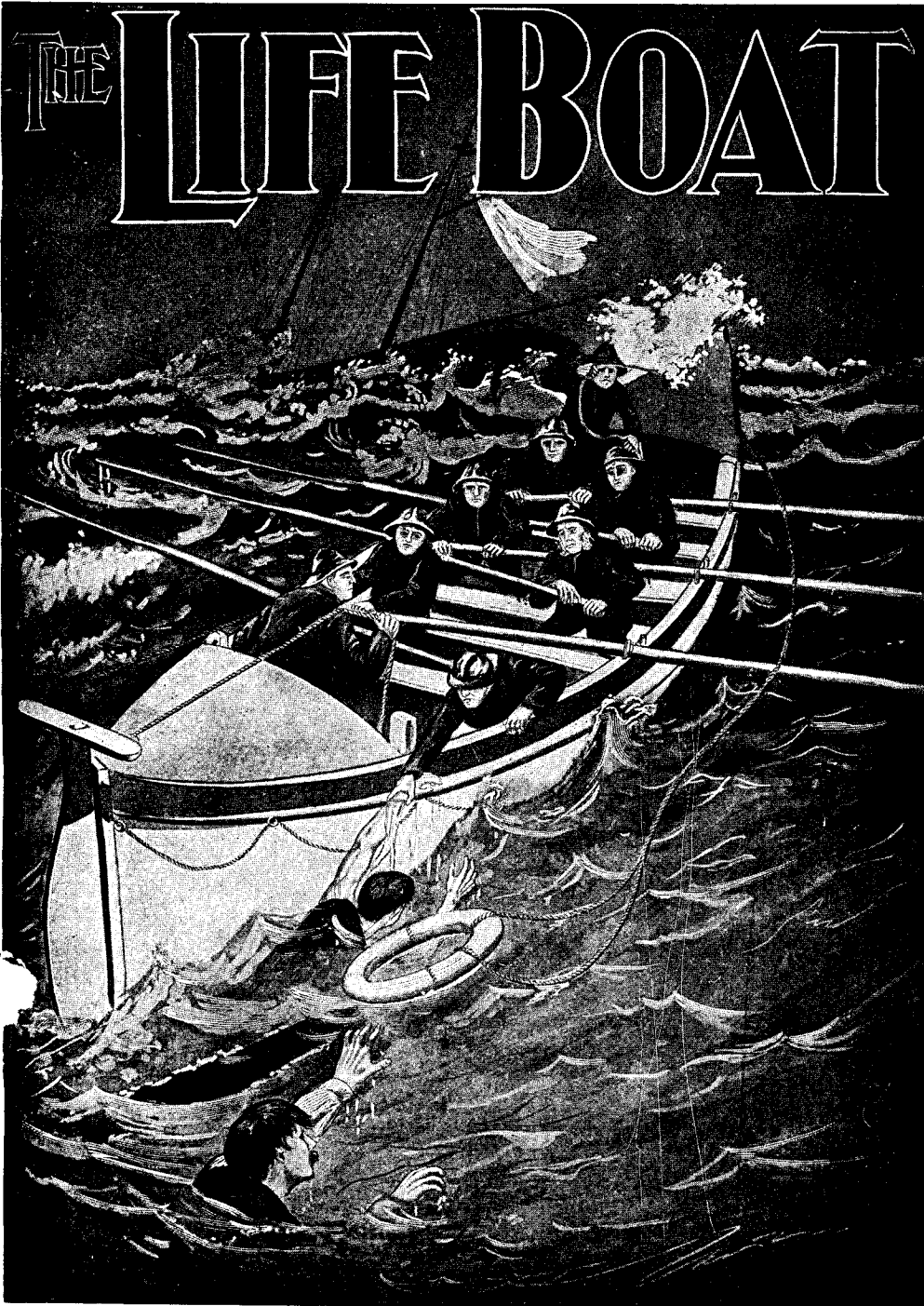


A Merry Christmas to You

50 Cents a Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Single Copies, 5 Cents



“Pastor Hsi’s Conversion” for Two Subscriptions

Volume Twelve
Number Twelve

Uinsdale, Ill.

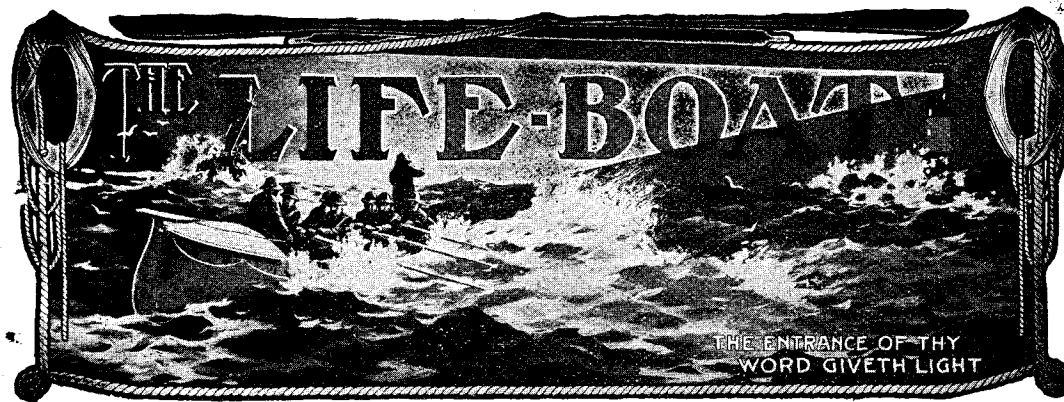
December, 1909

Christian Workers’ Convention, Dec. 28-Jan. 5



THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM

The Christian Workers' Convention will be held in this building December 28, 1909, to January 5, 1910



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

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

Volume XII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: DECEMBER, 1909

Number 12

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Long ago, one stilly night,
Shepherds heard a sweet refrain
Through the domes of heaven swelling,
Nearer coming, gladly telling,
Christ on earth had come to reign.

Through the ages e'en till now,
Lo, the echo soundeth still;
In our ears e'en yet 'tis ringing,
And we hear the angels' singing,
"Peace on earth, to men good will."

Ever nearer, deeper yet,
Grows the echo, full and strong:
Of God's will it is the voicing,
And our hearts are set rejoicing
By the hearing of that song.

Peace on earth! What else could be
Where the Lord had come to stay?
As He then on earth was living,
Joy and peace to mankind giving,
So He dwells with us today.

Peace on earth! How sweet the sound
As it reaches us again!
In the words are gladness, healing;
List once more the chorus pealing,—
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Let us open wide our hearts
At this gladsome Christmastide,
That this peace, our bosoms filling,
All unrest, all soul storms stilling,
May throughout the year abide.

**THE MYSTERY OF HEALTH AND
HEALING.**

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Dick Lane apparently had a mania for stealing. He began in his childhood and became so notorious a character that his photograph adorned almost every rogues' gallery in the land. He spent more than twenty years in different State prisons. I heard him say one day that he even found ways of stealing when he was in Jackson prison; that he was so lazy that he went for days in the dark dungeon in the Joliet prison on water and a little piece of bread rather than to work.

Yet a change came into this man's life. He became honest, respected and trusted by such a man as Mr. Kohlsaas of the *Chicago Record Herald*, in whose employ he worked in a responsible capacity for years; and now when past seventy he is spending his entire time in most successful evangelistic work.

Such a transformation is the greatest miracle that I know of. The next most wonderful thing is the physical change that takes place in the poor, wretched invalid whose face seems marked for the tomb, when a little later on one sees a new luster in the eye and a new vigor in the nerve tone, new elasticity in the muscle, and the face lit up with the glow of health.

As a physician, again and again I stand

as it were with bared head, with almost awe, and behold this mighty miracle of returning health. And my Bible declares that they both are gifts from the same divine hand. "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Ps. 103:3.

As a matter of fact the doctor can no more heal the human body from disease than the soul winner can save the outcast sinner from sinning. Both are only co-workers with the mighty Healer and Saviour. They can create favorable conditions, they can point the way, just as the farmer can pull weeds and cultivate corn, but a greater power than His must *grow* the corn.

One reason why people praise God so little is because they have so little appreciation of God's hand in some of these so-called ordinary affairs of life. The psalmist said, "I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well." Ps. 139:14.

We are not only fearfully and wonderfully made but we are fearfully and wonderfully kept alive from day to day, and this becomes especially true in the restoration of the invalid to health.

When I had scarlet fever I asked my father why it was when I could not keep in health when I was well, I ever could get well again when I was sick. He told me not to ask foolish questions. I also asked the doctor why all the children in the neighborhood did not get scarlet fever when I got the fever. He told me I was not old enough to understand. As a matter of fact God had not permitted enough light to shine upon these two questions to make it possible to get anything like a satisfactory answer.

But the last few years modern science has run up the curtain and let light shine on some of these questions that have puzzled humanity in all ages, so that now we are more nearly prepared to answer them than ever before in human history.

NOT A MATTER OF LUCK AND CHANCE.

To most people this question of health and sickness, disease and healing, seems like a matter of luck, hit and miss and all chaos. But in reality there is an unerring law back

of it all, although it sometimes seems as if one man could violate nature's laws and not suffer the consequences, while another man, upon the least exposure is stricken down with disease. Nature does not seem fair to this man.

Suppose here is a man who has plenty of money on deposit in the bank: he goes down and draws fifty dollars and his check is honored. Here is another man who has only ten dollars in the bank and he tries to draw twenty-five and he can't get it. The same bank, the same kind of men, but one has more capital to draw on than the other.

Likewise here is a man who inherits almost as much physical capital from his parents as Rockefeller's son will inherit money, so that it is almost impossible for him to squander it in one lifetime; while here is another man who inherits but little physical capital. If he is at the same time a physical spendthrift he will soon be an invalid and will be looking up some sanitarium or health resort where he can replenish some of his lost physical surplus.

THE DEVIL'S STUMBLING BLOCK.

In almost every neighborhood there is some tough old sinner who can use tobacco, who can drink liquor, who can violate almost every written and unwritten law of nature and yet does not seem to break down. Such a man is the devil's stumbling block to all the young people in the neighborhood, for they are led to imagine that there is no advantage in religiously obeying nature's laws. The purpose of this article is to explain something concerning this physical capital that makes one man able to resist so much more exposure than another.

I will begin with some very simple illustrations. Nearly everyone has tried to peel an orange with his teeth and found how bitter the rind was. That bitter was put there to discourage the parasites from eating up the sweet inside the orange. Incidentally, dear reader, do not forget that every sweet thing that comes to you in life has a bitter rind over it. You need courage enough to work your way through the bitter covering or you will never have the sweet. Some people spend all their lives working in the bitter and they never get to the sweet. For them

this is a dreary world. Someone has said, "This is a sad world to a sad man." The psalmist said, "The earth is *full* of the goodness of the Lord." If you have not discovered that fact ask God to help you to do so.

Here is a baby insists on sucking his thumb. The wise mother dips the baby's thumb in quinine solution or some other bitter substance and that persuades the baby not to suck its thumb.

Well, just as the bitter is in the orange rind or on the baby's thumb, so God has put a number of things in the normal human body which prevent the germs from destroying it.

OUR FORTIFICATIONS AGAINST DISEASE.

You all remember before the Japs compelled Port Arthur to surrender they had to batter down one wall of defense after another. Exactly in the same way, before disease can get a foothold within us we by our wrong habits destroy one after another of these bodily defenses.

Go out in a crowded street on a windy autumn day and the air you breathe in contains tubercular and possibly pneumonia germs. Yet when you exhale that breath the next moment it is sterile. The germs have been killed. Why? Because the healthy mucus in the nose, throat and lungs contains a substance that destroys germs. It is only after the blood becomes deteriorated so that healthy mucus cannot be made from it that the germs can get a foothold and begin to start mischief in the lungs.

Some of you know that it is safer to drink water containing typhoid fever germs after meal than on a fasting stomach. This is because the healthy gastric juice has ability to destroy microbes. A French experimenter fed a dog some rotten meat. An hour later he killed the dog, opened its stomach and found that the decomposed meat had been disinfected by the dog's gastric juice. To a much more limited extent the human gastric juice possesses the same power.

THE LIVER ONE OF MAN'S BEST FRIENDS.

The liver is the third line of defense. Experiments have shown that if nicotine, the poison of tobacco, is injected into the vein

leading to the liver, nearly half of it will be destroyed in passing through the liver.

The first time a man attempts to smoke tobacco he is made deathly sick but in a few days he gets used to it. What does that really mean? It means that his liver makes additional exertions to destroy a part of this poison and helps save his life; but by and by the tobacco will hang on the breath of the old physical sinner hours after he has smoked, and that means his liver is not destroying it as faithfully as it used to. That suggests also that it is not destroying other poisons, and such a man, unless he reforms his ways, is already speaking for his coffin.

I advised such a man once that he must give up the use of tobacco. He said he thought so much of it he did not see how he could. I told him that if he was out at sea and the ship was sinking he would not hesitate to throw his trunk overboard even if it contained his wife's photograph, to help lighten the boat. "Oh," he said, "if it came to that I would throw my wife overboard."

THROWING HIS WIFE OVERBOARD.

That reminds me of a man and his invalid wife and sick child who got on the train at the same depot I did and took a seat just behind me. After a few minutes he said, "I am going into the smoker to have a smoke." His wife said, "I wish you would stay here and help me take care of the baby." "Oh," he said, "I can't do it; I must have a smoke." And he did not return until we reached the end of the journey. That man is already throwing his wife overboard.

The next line of defense is the white blood cells. There is only one of them to about four hundred of the red, but they represent what the good citizens do compared to the indifferent people in every community. Someone has said that there are twenty leaners to every one who lifts. You who read these lines, are you a lifter of life's burdens or are you leaning on someone else who has to carry yours as well as his own?

THE STANDING ARMY.

When microbes get into the body the white blood cells seem to smell them and they somehow work themselves right through the blood-vessel wall, pretty much as one might

put a handkerchief through a keyhole; and yet they leave no hole behind. They evidently put up the bars after them.

These white blood cells then proceed in some way to work their way over to the germs and then fold themselves around the germs much as one might fold a handkerchief over a frog or some other similar creature. The next thing the germ is inside of the white blood cell. What happens to it? Just what happens to potatoes in your stomach. The white blood cells digest the germs. Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute has discovered there is a digestive juice inside these white blood cells similar to intestinal juice. One day I looked through a microscope and counted twenty-eight germs in one white blood cell—a pretty good sized lunch.

These blood cells are just little lumps of jelly; they have no feet, they have no eyes, they have no mouth, and yet they accomplish these wonderful things. How do they get through the blood-vessel walls? No one knows. One day a friend of mine was giving a talk to an infidel society and when opportunity was given for questions one of them piped up, "How do you explain that absurd story about Christ going through a door when it was shut?" My friend asked the infidel to explain how a white blood cell could get through a blood-vessel wall without any door at all and leave no hole at all. The infidel could not explain this so my friend did not have to explain the other.

How do the white blood cells know how to find the germs? I cannot help but believe that same Hand that keeps the stars in their courses throughout the ceaseless years is the Hand that directs these white blood cells in their quest after germs to save the life of the individual. And that makes it easier for me to appreciate that "if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" And why should it be hard for me to believe that He can direct me to go out and find some soul who has fallen by the wayside and who needs my help?

WHY THE RABBIT DIED.

Several years ago Dr. Budine of Rush

Medical College made a wonderfully interesting experiment: he inoculated two rabbits with pneumonia germs. Both contracted the disease. Then he gave one of them alcohol, which by the way used to be the orthodox treatment for pneumonia and I am sorry to say has not altogether gone out of fashion yet in some quarters. That rabbit died; the one that received no alcohol recovered. He then took a drop of blood out of the rabbit that lived and he found its white blood cells were full of pneumonia germs. He took a drop of blood out of the rabbit that died and found the white blood cells had not eaten up the pneumonia germs. Why? Probably the same alcohol that had made the rabbit drunk had made the white blood cells drunk so they could not smell the germs. That gives a little glimpse of why the most intelligent physicians have discontinued the use of alcohol in the sick room.

That reminds me of an experience I had when a mere boy. One of my friends had a terrible attack of cholera morbus, some vicious germs were making a horrible poison in his alimentary canal, and water was being drawn from the very blood and poured into his intestines to help to wash the poisons away. But the doctor forbade him to have any water and gave him brandy every two hours.

Trained nurses were unknown in those days so we took turns at "sitting up" with the patient. When it came my turn I was bright enough to figure out that I could lie down on the floor just as well as I could sit up, and still watch the patient. The patient in his delirium was calling for water.

Directly, in spite of myself, I fell asleep. The patient got up, went out to the old well pulled up by the windlass half a keg of water, and drank nearly a pitcher full. Then he came back in and he was no longer delirious. He awakened me and told me what he had done. I was frightened almost to death. I did not sleep any more that night.

The next morning I confessed my negligence to the doctor. I shall never forget the look he gave me when he said, "The man will die and *you* have killed him." But the man did not die, and as I now know it was that water that saved his life.

(Continued next month.)

TWO KINDS OF FISHING, OR PERSONAL WORK.

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

On the fruit ranch I met a young man who when I addressed him, seemed very indifferent and said, "Being a Christian is too slow for me." I told him of Jesus' love, of the strong claims He had upon him, and how he ought to yield himself. I brought to him sweet, powerful John 3:16. Ah, that came home to his heart! He went away, but soon he came back. Every line of his face said, "Let me hear some more." At last came an acknowledgment of his interest and the confession that he had a praying mother, an earnest Christian woman. Then I piled on the Scripture, and as he went away left him with the Spirit. Today I am thinking of him as coming under the blood.

A CITY PARK.

What a place for the deep water fisher of men! To get close to individuals, in the midst of a city park, and in a city loaded down with saloons, is indeed like launching out into the deep. Here it is that often an earnest, loving soul winner will meet with the readiest response to his appeals. Here one will come face to face with the atheist, infidel, skeptic, gambler, drunkard, and men in the depths of sin and iniquity. Some of these men know there is a hell, believe there is one, for have they not a little hell in their own hearts? Has not the whisky made a little hell of their own homes? I have sat beside these men and seen the great beads of sweat roll off their faces because of the fierce, wild, furious craving for drink that raged within. Oh, how I have pitied them! How gladly would I have carried each in my arms and dropped each at Jesus' feet if I could!

I want to go back to the fruit ranch. There among the employes was an old Chinaman—face all covered with deep pock marks from smallpox. I thought that was one of the worst faces I ever saw. One day I said, "John, do you know the Lord Jesus?" My, how the old face lit up! Transformed? Yes, all that; then, as if the change in his

face was not evidence enough, the old voice rang out, "Yes, sir, and likee Him you know. I got salvation you know, seven years ago you know, got it here in my heart."

I have found numbers of people who have taken card number two, referred to in my article of last month, which if lived up to, will mean much to the individual, to the church, and to the community.

A goodly number have signed card number three—the personal worker's card. A beautiful young woman said with much confidence and some pride, "Yes, sir, I am a church worker."

"Ever tried to lead a soul to Jesus?"

Then a flushed face, a bowed head and a faltering "No, sir." This is a test, when only a few, not one-tenth, can look the questioner in the face and humbly respond, "Yes, sir, I am trying to do personal work, trying to 'win one.'"

Dare you risk living careless and indifferent longer? I challenge you, I beg you and entreat you to go down at Jesus' feet and in tears and ashes repent of your guilty indifference. Ask for the anointing for soul-winning service and begin today this glorious work for souls and for Jesus. Ah, the blessedness of it! The joy of it! The rewards! Dan. 12:3.

WORN OUT BEFORE WE GET THROUGH WITH IT.

"I have been reading THE LIFE BOAT now for one year and am always longing for the next number, and the last is always the best. Indeed, I do not see how I could get along without it, and when I have read it I give it to my next neighbor and the next and next, so about five or six read the same paper. It is all worn out before we all get through with it, and they all like it so much. I hope to be able to get some subscribers for that dear paper. I do love to read it and am so glad to see you prospering in doing God's work.

"Please find enclosed one dollar and fifty cents, for which please send me five numbers of THE LIFE BOAT for one year. I am glad to have this privilege to spread the good news of our Saviour. God bless your noble efforts, and all the people at Hinsdale."

A NEW GROUP OF RECRUITS FOR THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY SERVICE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

On the evening of November 4th, the opening exercises were held for the new nurses' class of the Hinsdale Sanitarium. This also marked the opening of the new spacious parlor in the large addition to the institution, just completed.

Dr. Paulson expressed his gratitude at seeing gathered together so large a company of nurses who were already in training and also a class of nine substantial Christian young people who have presented themselves for training.

He ran to his master shouting, "Massa, massa, that mule done gone and eaten up the place he'm goin' to!" He drew the lesson that a great many people are both eating and drinking up their destiny, which is heaven.

"Our nurses must get hold of correct principles, like Daniel who was a great man because he was a health reformer. It made no difference to Daniel whether he was in Jerusalem or in Babylon, to him the principles were the same and he stood firm for them. He kept his stomach sweet and so it was easier for him not to get sour on his neighbor.

"When Daniel got worried about his neighbor's faults he went and had a prayer meet-



Some Members of the New Fall Nurses' Class.

Prof. C. T. Everson, for seven years a missionary to Rome, spoke of the greater importance of dedicating lives over the dedication of buildings. He exhorted the students to get a good grip on heaven and right principles. There are a great many people embarking on the sea for glory that will never get there because they have lost track of right principles.

He then told of a colored man who discovered that the mule that they were about to ship to a certain point had eaten up its tag.

ing alone with the Lord, confessed his *own* sins and *then* the sins of his neighbors. That is a good prescription for us when we get worried about our neighbors; empty it out on the Lord and we will never have any trouble, but if we begin to empty it out on our neighbors then our troubles will begin.

"I do not know of any mention in the Bible of one sin that Daniel ever committed. He was a great health reformer and I believe that had something to do with it. That man Daniel never got to be an old fogy. When

he was eighty years old he was right up to date.

"A doctor over in Rome said he would like to have some of our nurses over there. I asked him why he could not train some himself. He said he could teach them science but he could not put conscience into them. It takes the Lord Jesus Christ to put in conscience.

"A nurse's career is the greatest calling in the world because it is the calling of service. Our lives are thrown away unless we do something for Christ. It is a wonderful thing to lead a soul to Christ. That is the greatest mission of the nurse."

Mrs. Dr. Paulson then gave the new students a hearty welcome, not only to our institution, but to our family and to the greatest of all callings; also to our hardships and trials, through which, however, will come some of the greatest blessings. She told them to remember that they were not only here for training but for service, not at some future time, but right now.

An inspiring original poem was read by Miss Pearl Waggoner, then the members of the new class were made acquainted with the family. Those who have already enrolled in this class are: Miss Lelia and Olive Stevenson and Miss Helvig Olson from Michigan, Mary Leonard Smith, Duncan Purdon and Miss Lillian Courtney from Illinois, Elma Jeffries from Wisconsin, Miss Myrtle Langley from Tennessee, and Bryson Hancock from Texas. We bespeak for these students a useful and successful career in this, the most noble of all professions.

WHAT IS NEEDED IN THE TIME OF THE END.

ELDER O. A. OLSEN.

It has fallen to our lot to live in the most interesting period of the world's history, a time when the world is filled with wickedness, terrible wickedness. It is a time when true, genuine faith is greatly lacking. It is a time when there is much outward show but little real, genuine power.

Paul speaks thus of these last days:

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be

lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." 2 Tim. 3: 1-5.

He recounts some nineteen sins without *one good quality*. That is the situation, and here we are placed in the midst of all this, but the Lord has a purpose in placing us here, and that is that we may be a light in the darkness and a blessing in the midst of trouble. God has called us to be His salvation to the ends of the earth.

The gospel of Jesus Christ has in it everything that belongs to godliness. It includes diet reform, temperance reform, and every other reform pertaining to physical and moral righteousness.

The gospel is the only panacea that meets every difficulty, that meets every condition, every situation, every trouble, every sorrow. Now it is a wonderful blessing to be entrusted with such a gospel and yet it is a wonderful responsibility. Shall we hide this gospel under a bushel or place it under a bed? "Ye are the light of the world. Let your light *so shine* before men," that they may see your profession? No. "That they may see *your good works*." Then they will sing glory to our Father in heaven. That is what we want them to sing.

What the world needs today is a *living* Christ. There is no personal Christ upon the earth as there was nineteen hundred years ago; still we must have a presentation of the living Christ. How shall it be done? *In the person of His true followers.*

When Christ went away He turned His work right over to His true followers. "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." The very glory that He had He turns right over to His followers.

That touches my heart. What more could a Saviour do? His own mission, His own work, and the very glory through which that mission was endowed by the Father in Christ Jesus. Then what is called forth in us? It is the Christ life, it is the Christ mission, it is

Christ going about doing good; Christ made flesh. That is what there is for us and that is what the world needs today.

There are hungering and thirsting souls that are fainting because they are not led to green fields and living waters. They are anxiously waiting for somebody to point them to something better. They go here and go there and to the other place but do not find it. Their souls are not satisfied.

May God help you and me to find them and bring them to the light that they are so anxiously waiting for. There are souls scattered all over that need to be shown the way. That is why the Lord is delaying His coming. He is waiting and bearing with all the misery in the world to save those whose hearts are longing for Him.

There are those about us with broken hearts, crushed in spirit because of sin, wickedness and misery, and the Lord has given us just the medicine that will help them. He has placed it in our hands to pass out to them.

That statement concerning Christ is so comprehensive: "He went about doing good." What enabled Him to do that? He was united with the power of the Holy Ghost. That is the uniting that *we need* to get.

We may go and talk with souls and present to them the beautiful doctrines of the Bible, but if our work is not mellowed by the tender, mellowing Spirit of God it will amount to but little. That is the spirit we want.

That life that is imbued by the spirit of the Master will be a simple life, a humble life, a sincere life, with none of the *outward* show that the world makes so much of. That is what we see in Christ.

There is such a blessing in that life, there is such a peace in it, there is such a comfort in it, there is such a rest in it. It makes the machinery run so easy. It is the grating that wears the machine. When the grains of sand are all taken out then it runs easy. Our hearts should be in tune with Christ and in tune with these principles. I thank God for the privilege of this wonderful service with Him.

The greatest confidence we can possess is the confidence that God has great purposes with us.

HOW I BECAME INTERESTED IN THE RESCUE HOME.

MRS. L. A. WADE.

[At the first annual meeting of the Life Boat Rescue Home Association Mrs. Wade, the housekeeper, gave a talk which contains so much of human interest that we reproduce it here for the benefit of our readers.—Ed.]

About two years ago while in the employ of the sanitarium I was invited by Mrs. Clough to go in company with others to visit the rescue home and to give a short talk upon some Bible subject that might be of profit to the inmates. Previous to this I had known very little about the Home and of rescue work in general, but stimulated by a desire to share in what seemed to be the common interest of my fellow laborers, mingled with a large per cent of curiosity, I readily accepted the invitation and on the following Sabbath went with them to the Home.

Mrs. Swanson was absent that day. Mrs. Clough seemed very much burdened over the cramped and inconvenient quarters they then occupied, which were not only a constant menace to the sanitary economy of the Home but also required the untiring vigilance of the matron, Mrs. Swanson. Her valuable services were being thus diverted and absorbed and she thereby was handicapped and unable to respond to and welcome many other needy ones who were constantly appealing for help.

In her talk to those assembled in the little parlor Mrs. Clough made an earnest appeal to those present to take hold with her and make a united effort to raise some money to improve the Home conditions. In closing she asked all to make it a special subject of prayer that God would send means to help make the much needed improvements.

As far as I have been able to learn this beautiful Home we now occupy is but the substantial outgrowth or development of the embryo thought or faith germ which had its origin by divine behest in the hearts of the few devoted workers who at that time were pioneering this branch of rescue work which the Home represents.

MY MIND SEEMED A BLANK.

I knew I was expected to follow with

some remarks, but as I still felt that same stoical indifference toward the cause she had been vindicating and as she had consumed more time than had been allotted to her I quickly grasped the latter as an opportunity to excuse myself. But to my dismay she replied, "Go on, Mrs. Wade, use all the time you need." I made the attempt, trying hard to recall some of the nice things I had fixed up to say but they had vanished, my mind seemed a blank. I could not even think of some texts or promises from the Bible to help me out.

sions on which I did not enjoy being in harmony with popular sentiment.

Mrs. Clough then offered an earnest, heartfelt petition to God for help in regard to the matter that seemed to rest so heavily upon her sympathetic heart. Again I tried to feel an interest in the theme under consideration. I said a prayer but the heavens seemed brass over my head.

Tonight, as that experience comes vividly before my mind it seems to me to be a duplicate of the real sentiment embodied in that prayer in Luke 18:11, 12. But all the



A Group of the Babies at Present in the Home.

I stammered over a few words and ended by saying that Mrs. Clough had given such a fine talk that it seemed useless for me to attempt to add anything; and as I sat down I felt most embarrassingly conscious that I had in that last remark voiced the sentiment of all present. That was one of the occa-

while I did not realize my criminal indifference to the implied command to be my brother's keeper, until later on when I had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the work. Then it was that I found comfort and could more fully understand the significance of that most memorable prayer,

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." How wonderful is the forbearance of a loving Saviour!

My experience at that meeting which I have told to you is of priceless value to me. I could not understand it then, but now, because of it, I can understand how most people, through ignorance, bow at the shrine of public sentiment and condemn the unfortunate and consign them to a living death.

I hardly know who is most in need of pity, the condemned or the accuser; each appeals to me as worthy of consideration. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

God is no respecter of persons. If all could more fully realize the depths of divine charity and pardoning love toward each individual and would extend sympathy and a helping hand to the fallen, with a "Go, and sin no more," results might be achieved which could be accomplished in no other way so effectually.

THE LAST VESTIGE OF CENSURE IS GONE.

Since I have been connected with the Home and have known more about the temptations, the environments and the peculiar and varied circumstances which have had their bearing in bringing about the fatal downfall of these unfortunate ones, the last vestige of censure is gone from my heart; there is only left loving pity and an earnest desire to point them to a loving Saviour who alone is able to comfort them.

And as I glance in retrospection to that first experience in the Home meeting I can well understand how to sympathize with the hundreds, yes, thousands of good people whose hearts would be melted to sympathy if they could only know what we know, could see as we do and could listen to the pitiful appeals from sorrowful, repentant young girls. These girls have been beguiled into a night of gloom into which not a ray of light can penetrate except through the channel of a sympathizing heart who with hopeful cheer can point them to Him with whom is no darkness at all, even Him who has said, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." I long to have every Christian heart know how to sympathize with and help those who are hopeless

and disheartened because of sins committed in a thoughtless moment. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Ps. 126:5.

The girls themselves are not the only ones who suffer for their mistakes. Often as I walk down these long white-walled halls, there comes to my mind this old war lyric:

"Into a ward of the white-washed walls
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonet, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day."

"Somebody's darling!" Oh, yes, those brave boys in blue laid down their lives to save their country's flag. And the nation has awarded to their sorrowing fathers and mothers who so unselfishly sacrificed their sons to save "the home of the brave," every token of justly earned sympathy and expression of appreciation possible.

Once a year we decorate the graves of our fallen heroes until the air is pregnant with the fragrance from opening bud and fair-hued flower. Buoyed up by the tribute of love and sympathy extended to them, these lonely parents have been helped to bear with fortitude their otherwise overwhelming grief.

As I walk down the hall of our Home to consign to some mother's sad-faced darling a ward of the white-washed walls and beside that bleeding, disappointed heart once as pure and as spotless as the white-decked bed before which on bended knee I commit her to the care of Him who alone can comfort her, in my mind the verse goes on, "Somebody's darling, so young," and so fair.

Oh, shall we not send the basket of flowers away on down the line of fathers and mothers who once reigned as kings and queens in their home circle but have been robbed of their heart's treasure while their mute lips are sealed as a target for the tongue of slander and reproach?

I say, why not pass the garland of flowers along down the line to brighten the sorrows of fathers and mothers who mourn over an army defeated in the moral battle of life, far outnumbering that of the federal hosts over whose heads floated the flag whose "torn folds rose and fell on the royal breeze that loved it well."

THE DAILY PROGRAM IN THE HOME.

I must forbear talking longer on this line as I want to tell you something about our

work in the Home and how we keep our house in order.

At 6 a. m. the rising bell is rung. All dress quickly. One of the number previously delegated to prepare the breakfast goes to the kitchen in company with one of the younger girls whose duty it is to see that the dining room is in order and to assist in the preparation of foods. Others sweep and put their respective rooms in order, leaving the beds turned open to air in the fresh breezes wafted in from the open windows, which are seldom closed night or day.

At the ringing of the second bell at 7 a. m., which is a signal for morning worship, all repair at once to the spacious parlor to enjoy a short song service and Bible reading conducted by the matron, in which all take part, and at the close of which prayer is offered.

At 7:30 a. m., the breakfast bell calls all to the dining room where a simple meal of fruits and grains, milk, etc., is awaiting them. They respond promptly and at a given signal from the one in charge, with bowed heads and uplifted hearts a word of thanksgiving and prayer ascends to Him who so bountifully supplies all our needs. The first girl who finishes her breakfast hastens to relieve the one who is in charge of the nursery, for whom a warm breakfast has been reserved.

Shortly after 8 a. m., breakfast being over, all go to at once commence the work that has previously been assigned to them according to their ability and fitness. The work is principally the same as that in any large, well regulated household. For example, one or two of the girls will sweep and tidy the halls, another will do the work in parlor and office, while others take the bathrooms, laundry, dining room, kitchen, etc., all doing their allotted part cheerfully and harmoniously without a conflicting jar or a word of discontent.

The one who assists in the cooking of the dinner is usually released from duty after breakfast until it is time to start the dinner going. Then under the direction of more matured ability she takes the heft of the labor involved in the preparation of the most important meal of the day.

At 1:45 p. m. the welcome sound of the bell reaches the ears of the hungry listeners, who, having finished their allotted tasks have been enjoying a little season to rest and fondle their little ones.

After dinner four of the girls who have done some of the lighter work during the forepart of the day wash the dishes and finish up the dining room and kitchen work. The time in the afternoon is spent in making and repairing clothes, giving the babies an airing out of doors, etc.

At 5:45 p. m. a simple luncheon consisting of hot cereal coffee and dry breakfast toast is provided for the few who desire it. At 6 p. m. the bell rings for evening worship and again at 8:30 as a signal for all to repair to their respective sleeping apartments. At 9 p. m. the silence bell is rung, after which all are expected to have the lights turned out as soon as convenient.

In closing I will say that I sincerely desire that the experience I have related to you tonight may be blessed of God to the end that your pathway leading to fields of service for the Master may shine just a little brighter.

THE RESCUE HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.
Matron.

An interesting and lengthy article written by Mrs. Wade may be found on page 360. My purpose is to bring before the readers of



THE LIFE BOAT the needs of the Home. We are just entering upon a new year, November the first being the end of our past fiscal year. Up to that time we were comparatively out of debt. Since then we have had quite a lot of plumbing work

done. Our coal bill will average about thirty

dollars per month. We have a large family to feed, and it will cost us from \$195 to \$200 per month to cover expenses.

Perhaps some may read this who cannot afford to send money but could send fruit, potatoes, etc. Some of our Michigan or Ohio friends might send us some of the apples that possibly might spoil if they kept them all. Those who cannot send anything can pray that God might impress those who can do their part.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE RESCUE HOME ASSOCIATION.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

It was with hearts full of gratitude that the workers of the Hinsdale Sanitarium and Rescue Home met in the beautiful parlor of the new Rescue Home on the evening of November 9th, to hold the first annual meeting of the Life Boat Rescue Home Association. Like Samuel of old, we felt like setting up our Ebenezer stone, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

As we looked at that family of some twenty-two people and nine babies sheltered in the Home and thought of the experience of each one, our hearts rejoiced that such a work was ever established.

Here was one school girl who had been allowed to go out nights and have a good time, as she thought—now a mother, and only seventeen years of age! Here are two others from the old country, one who was engaged to be married and was betrayed, the other who could not speak a word of English and was given a drug and shamefully abused.

Others are there from good homes, well educated, and yet sin has entrapped them. One poor little child who was left an orphan and came to the city to seek work drifted into bad company, and finally gave up her position and abandoned herself to a life of sin. She was soon caught and dragged into the police station, where we found her on a Sunday morning recently. She has now found full forgiveness in Christ and is rejoicing in her new-found home and Saviour.

Our hearts were softened as Dr. Paulson told of the history of the Life Boat Rescue Home movement and how God had in such

a marvelous manner directed in the building up of this new institution.

The treasurer's report showed that over ten thousand dollars' donations had been used in the building, beside several hundred dollars' worth of cement and other material, making the entire cost with the furnishings some thirteen thousand five hundred dollars. The regular monthly expenses which must be met all through the winter months amount to about two hundred dollars.

The matron's report, showing that nearly every girl who has been in the Home during the past year is doing well and is in correspondence with the matron, was an encouraging item. Of the twenty-five received at the Home the previous year, nineteen are known to be doing well.

As we think of this ever-increasing army of young women who are being lifted up and started in the right way, we praise God for the privilege of service in such a good cause. We trust our friends will remember the needs of the Home during the coming winter.

After a beautiful report from the house-keeper, Mrs. Wade, all joined in a season of prayer for the blessing of God on the Home in the future as it has been in the past.

TO ANY GIRL IN TROUBLE.

We have been able to help hundreds of girls who have been in trouble and did not know to whom to look for help. Write to us and we will be glad to advise you. Do not lose hope, for God will take care of you and He wants you to trust Him. Address, Mrs. David Paulson, M. D., Hinsdale, Ill.

HOW THE LORD SENT A DONATION TO THE HOME.

"I had been trying to think in what way I could help the Rescue Home and I took it to my Father in prayer and told Him all about it. I told Him that the silver and gold are His and the cattle upon a thousand hills are His, and if it was His will that I should help then give me the means. The same day a friend paid me fifty cents she had owed me for quite a while, and she bought a chicken. I will add some egg money to make the dollar. As my Father gives me the means I will do what I can in my feeble way to help others."

A CHEERING TESTIMONY FROM BEHIND THE BARS.

The following testimony for Christ comes from the confines of the Washington State Penitentiary. It is an abstract of a letter written to a worker in California:

"I want to say that I have surrendered my life and all else that I possess in this world for time and eternity into the hands of Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' and I am exercised daily to have a conscience void of offense toward God and man; and God is keeping me in perfect peace according to His promise.

"I know from a personal experience that God's promises never fail if we render obedience to His Word. So whatever my lot in life may be, whether in prison or out of prison, I know I am the Lord's and He is mine, and His will is the supreme law of my life. I study His Word every day that I may know more of His will and may serve Him more acceptably.

"It is a great comfort to one in my situation to know there are those whose goodness of heart and sympathy induce them to reach out and try to help the unfortunate."

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

LENNA F. COOPER.

PLANNING A PROPER DIETARY.

In arranging an ideal dietary for any individual the age should be considered. A child is more active than an adult and is building his body house, so he should have food which is richer in protein.

An ideal breakfast consists of foods that are easily prepared and quickly digested. No one cares to rise in the middle of the night in the early morning hours to cook a breakfast when it is not necessary. One-half to three-fourths of an hour should be sufficient time to get an ordinary breakfast.

It should be simple. The individual has been resting during the night. That is the time when foods taken the previous day are assimilated, so the food we eat today is a part of us tomorrow. This work is carried on more actively during the night when the body is resting than any other time. That is why a person on rising in the morning is in

the condition to do the very best work of the whole day. If one has any brain work to do the morning hours should be selected for it. Our best efforts should be put forth in the morning.

When your energy is used for one purpose it cannot be put forth in another direction. If you have only ten dollars and you spend eight dollars of that for some foolish purpose you only have two dollars left with which to buy the necessaries of life. So with our energy, if we expend it foolishly we will not have any energy left for the purpose for which we most need it. If we expend our digestive energy for foods that are unnecessarily difficult of digestion then we have no energy left to digest the foods which we actually need.

SIMPLICITY THE MASTER WORD.

The simpler foods are the most easily digested. It is the complicated mixtures that we should avoid. If there is one fault above another in the ordinary dietary it is eating too many kinds at one meal. The strongest nations are those that live upon two or three kinds of food at a time. All of these things should be taken into consideration in preparing a breakfast menu, or any other meal for that matter.

The partially pre-digested foods require less tax on the digestive system. For this reason fruits should be used abundantly, and cereals come next provided they are properly cooked. For the sake of economy in labor and also in digestive energy the already cooked cereals such as toasted corn and rice flakes and similarly prepared breakfast foods, which can be re-toasted in a hot oven just before serving, are preferable.

Vegetables should not play a very important part in the breakfast menu and if used at all the potato is best. This can be prepared in a variety of ways. I will give here the recipe for potato croquettes, which are very palatable.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

- 2 cups of hot riced potatoes.
- 2 level tablespoons of butter.
- ½ teaspoon of salt.
- ½ teaspoon of celery salt.
- ½ teaspoon grated onion.
- 1 egg yolk.

Boil or steam the potatoes and while hot

put through a vegetable press or ricer. When they first come from the press they are quite fluffy and look like rice. Next add to the hot riced potatoes the salt, celery salt, grated onion and butter. Have ready the beaten yolk to which has been added a tablespoon of cold water, and a dish of bread crumbs prepared by drying in the oven some stale bread and then rolling it with the rolling pin on the board. This can be prepared and kept in cans ready for use.

In shaping the croquettes first take a spoonful of the mixture and roll it in the bread crumbs, then with the hands make it into any shape desired; you can roll it out into rolls or form into balls or pyramids. When shaped dip into the egg then again into the bread crumbs. Place in an oiled baking dish and set in a hot oven. You will find that a small paint brush is a most convenient thing for oiling pans.

STOCK FEEDING VS. CHILD FEEDING.

The preparation of food for the family is one thing that the house-wife and mother should give considerable intelligent thought. When she considers that the health and efficiency of the family depend on her then she can realize her great responsibility. Herbert Spencer in speaking of the father says that almost any country gentleman will be able to tell you very definitely just what kind of food to feed any of his stock, what foods are fattening, etc., and then he asks the question how many fathers ever visit the nursery and give any thought to what is fed the children.

If a proper dietary is so necessary for his stock then it is of greater importance to human beings. So every mother should make herself just as familiar with the preparation of food and just what kind of food ought to be prepared for the family

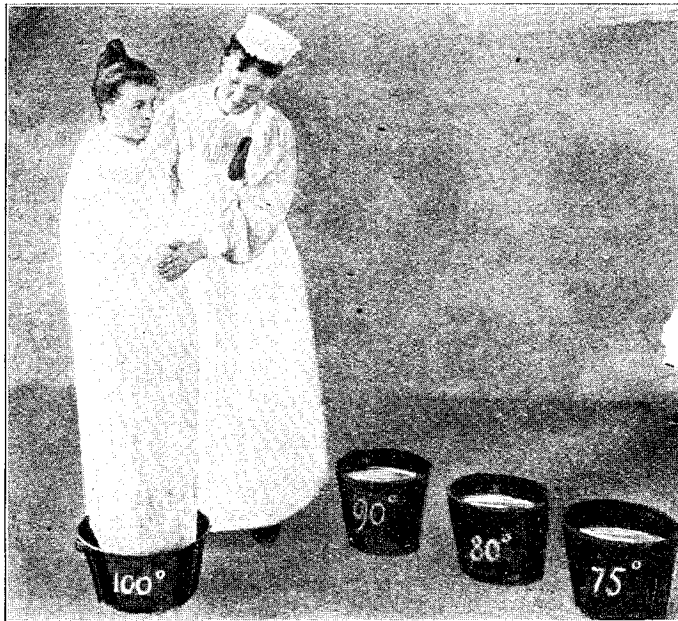
as every stock man should to know just what kind of food he is to feed his stock.

USING NATURE'S TONICS.

MARY WILD PAULSON, M. D.
SEA BATHS AT HOME.

Many people go to the ocean to get a tonic, obtained from bathing in the salt water, when they could get a salt ocean bath at home by taking a salt glow; in fact, it is better than bathing in the ocean, because it gives more friction to the skin. After taking salt glows for a little time the skin becomes very soft and smooth and the scales disappear. You can take this treatment in your own bath tub or in an ordinary old-fashioned wash tub.

The first thing to do is to give the patient a hot foot bath. Take a bowl of medium coarse salt (the kind the farmers use to feed the cattle is better) and moisten it with water. Place one foot of the patient on the edge of the tub and rub the foot and limb vigorously with the salt. If the reaction is normal the skin will be a pink glow. Proceed from the limbs to the arms, then apply to the chest and back at the same time and to the hips last.



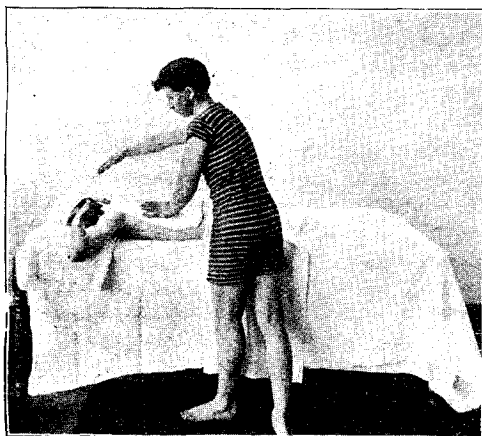
Giving a Pail Pour.

You should have ready previously two pails of water, one with water as hot as the patient can stand it, the other with cold water. Pour first the warm water quickly over the patient, followed immediately by the cold water. Then wrap the individual in a sheet just as quickly as possible and rub until thoroughly dry.

This treatment is a great deal better for children than to take them to a doctor every few weeks for a tonic. I do not know of anything more pernicious than to start a child out in life with the medicine habit. The best doctors in this country today will not do it. It is really putting a mortgage on a child's life that it will have a hard time to pay off when it gets older.

For a child or an adult who has colds all the time, or even a weak stomach, this treatment is worth a thousand times more than any drug that can be taken.

Some people think they must rub oil on the skin after such a treatment, but it is not necessary; the patient is prepared for the outdoor air because he has had his circulation increased, but if one should take some hot treatment not followed by cold then it is important to use the oil.



The Cold Towel Rub.

In giving the cold towel rub begin with the arms by wrapping in a large hand towel wrung out of ice-cold water. Put the towel on quickly and then apply friction. Proceed with the chest and abdomen, limbs and back. When a

person feels languid after a tonic of this kind it is because the reaction is too great and the blood vessels do not contract with the skin. For such it would be better to take the milder tonics at first, at least until more accustomed to the cold.

If we could afford it, we would write a personal letter to every subscriber, calling attention to our special two new subscription premium offer found on page 373. Read it and do something.

INCIDENTS AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

JOHN R. WALKER,
Hinsdale, Ill.

There are about forty thousand men on the streets of Chicago today who are out of employment and do not know where they are going to sleep tonight. They have no friends. They left money, home and friends to serve the devil. Some of these men come into the mission and get converted and they take Isa. 1:18 and believe it. The only difference between those men and me before my conversion is that they had gotten a little further down in sin than I had.

When those men get converted they tell about it. They are good talkers. They have been through an experience. They found out that God is the only remedy for the sufferings of the people. It is God's business to give and our business to take. Those men make mistakes but they are just as ready to get up again and go on as any of us.

Every night at the mission meeting the power of God is there to save those who are deep down in sin. The other evening a man came down from Evanston. He was a Sunday School worker. I shook hands with him and said, "Why are you down here?" He replied, "I am down here to find the man that God cannot save." I said, "My brother, you are looking in the wrong place. God can save every man here."

An Irish boy came into the mission one night and said he had lost his position through drink and was down and out. He was led to Christ that night and after the meeting he said, "This religion is good, I feel good, but will it get me money and something to eat?" I said, "Yes, it will." The next day

he got a good position in an office that any one of us would be glad to hold.

Another man could not get a position without five hundred dollars bonds. He pointed his hand toward heaven and said, "God is the only bondsman I have." The merchant replied, "All right. We will take you in. You are the only one here who has God for his bondsman."

There is a Pullman car conductor comes to the mission who was converted from a life of gambling and is now saving souls at both ends of the line and all the way between. Some of these railroad men have formed a prayer band that no power on earth can break. All the Christian railroad men have joined. Any one of them that gets a porter interested in his soul's salvation notifies all the praying men along the line, and they pray for him. You have no idea of the good that comes from this work.

A man came to the mission too intoxicated to come in. I helped him in and sat him in a chair. I talked to him about God's promises and he dropped down on his knees and such a prayer as he offered I never heard. When he got up he was sober enough to sit down straight.

That is something I cannot understand, how an intoxicated man can get down and pray and when he gets up he is sober.

Another man came along to the mission. He said he had a good Christian wife. He was under the influence of liquor and had just seven dollars left. A bluer man I never saw. He had a revolver and was going to end his life. He found Christ and two days later he landed a position and now he is straight and sober and is sending money home to his wife and children.

A woman came into the mission about a week ago. She had been drinking and was a drug fiend. She was converted and then brought her husband to the meeting and he was converted.

There is a wonderful work being done at the mission for this class of people and as they are converted and I see the change that comes into their hearts and lives, I wonder if God has worked as great a change in my life in the same length of time. It is God's

plan that we keep growing, that we make definite advancement every day.

SOME IMMEDIATE ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Supt. Life Boat Mission, 471 State St., Chicago.

We are glad to let the readers of THE LIFE BOAT know how we are getting along. The attendance during October has been very good, 1,137 having attended the Mission. Three hundred and seven attended our Bible class, 364 gave their testimony for what God had done for them, 119 requested prayer, 69 received a bed for the night, and 84 received food to eat.



There is scarcely a day but someone relates some wonderful experience of how God has dealt with them. One of the boys told of asking the Lord for a position and how in a day or two he secured a night job. After three weeks he asked the Lord for a day job and the next day his employer came and asked him if he would like to go to another job where he could get the same pay and one day off per week. This was an immediate answer to prayer.

Another man was a backslider and came back to God, and for two weeks he has lived a happy life. The Lord loves the fallen but not their sin. His hand is stretched out still. He is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger forever. His Spirit will not always strive with man. "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

One young man who had been away from home a number of years was persuaded to spend the evening with us. He had been careless regarding those he had left behind, and it had been many months since they had heard of him. We have a motto on the wall, "WRITE TO MOTHER." He could not help but see it, and with what he heard and saw he was led to give his heart to the Lord. Nearly every

night now he is at the Mission, to tell what the Lord has done for him, and to help every other person he can. He wrote to the loved ones at home and told them what God had done for him and asked their forgiveness for his neglect.

Our streets are full of men and boys who have left home and loved ones and are sinking lower and lower every day, and we are glad to have a place on State street where they can come and hear that Jesus loves them and is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.

During the first week two men and their wives came and professed to give their hearts to God. We trust they will be faithful in the calling whereunto they were called.

We are thankful for those who come to help us from time to time, and for those who contribute to keeping these doors open. We hope you who read this will not forget us during the long winter months, as there are many who need help. Only tonight a young man came in who had sought work all day and found none, who was hungry and had no place to stay. We did all we could for him; and as the winter's cold comes on there will be many more we will have to minister to and thus get a chance to tell them the way of salvation. Your little mite will help, and may the Lord bless you.

TIRED OF A LIFE OF SIN.

A prisoner confined in the Ohio State Penitentiary, in writing to a Christian worker in the West, says:

"Your letter came to me full of good words and cheer. I am pleased that you feel interested in me and hope that I may be able to prove myself worthy of your thought. It is my desire to lead a better life, but I hardly realize nor does it seem possible that the Lord is willing to accept such as I.

"Pray for me that I may be able to see the light and receive forgiveness of the Lord Jesus, who you assure me is ever willing and

waiting for me to come to Him. Oh, if I could only believe and place my trust in Him as you do! I am so tired of this life of wickedness and sin, yet it does not seem possible that there is rest and peace for such as I."

Do you want to read a true story that will grip your heart every minute while you are reading it? Read page 373 to see how you may avail yourself of it.

A FEW WORDS TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.

MINNIE RINGDAHL,
212 Oak St., Chicago.

"I'll have fun while I am young, I am only young once anyway," is the grave assertion of many a youth today. But wait a moment, what kind of fun are you having? Have you a pleasure that is lasting, that gives you real satisfaction, and that will stay by you through life? Or have you some of this light, fluffy substance that looks grand while it lasts but, like soap-bubbles, will soon disappear when you cease to blow it?

DO YOU GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE?

Every sensible man or woman wants the genuine article when purchasing something. We want our money's worth. We do not buy soap-bubbles. But do you know that hundreds of people today are paying a big price for something worth less than soap-bubbles?

Think of the thousands of people who spend their evenings and other spare time at theaters, saloons and dance halls. Think of the great sums of money being spent at such places? What are they getting in return for their money? Something that will help them form better characters, that will make them more

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.

intelligent and advanced, that will make them more fit for the kingdom of God?

Let us find out by asking those who are spending their time and money in this way. Ask someone who is living for what he can get out of this world if he is happy, and if he tells you the truth he will say "No."

He is always looking for something better and thinks he will find it by taking in the latest plays at the theater, playing billiards and pool in the saloons, or attending dance parties Saturday evenings in a place that is perhaps connected with a saloon. He tries in this way to satisfy his longing and thirsting soul, but in vain. He awakes sooner or later to the fact that he has wasted his time, money and health and is deprived of all that was once dear to him.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Let me relate the experience of one who has spent some years of her life in what is called "pleasure," but who is now much happier in her life in Jesus than she ever was while in the world.

She was the eldest child and her parents' joy and sunshine. But as she grew older she was drawn out into worldly company, away from the religious influence of the home, and soon lost the peace she once had in her heart.

She went away from home in spite of her parents' prayers and wishes and crossed the ocean to America, taking up work in one of our largest cities. Here the influences were as bad as those she had just left and she was soon seen in dance halls and other pleasure circles where she tried to become more and more recognized. However, she wrote often to her parents, but her heart ached as she thought of how disobedient she was to them.

A REMINDER OF SWEET CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

In a letter once her father reminded her of a prayer meeting held in her home when she was only a few years old, when she sang a little song of Jesus' love. As she read it her thoughts were carried back home to the time when she was innocent, knew nothing about this wicked world, and had the assurance that Jesus loved her, but now—oh, if she could but believe that He loved her *now!*

A pang went through her heart at the thought of her present condition and a strug-

gle began, a struggle between right and wrong. When she tried to pray the tempter said, "There is no God," but another voice said, "Yes, there is a God and He loves you yet, come."

AWAKENED BY A DREAM.

Then she had a wonderful dream. She was standing on the shore of a great body of water, together with many other people. All were looking eastward, toward heaven, as if in expectation of some great event. Suddenly heaven was opened, and a great host of beautiful beings came sweeping forth, and she heard a voice say, "These are my angels, and you think I do not exist."

Next night she saw the same scene, but the voice said, "Walk in My ways and be perfect."

Now she concluded this dream must have been from God, and that He showed her this in His great love to her. The words, "Who-soever will, let him take of the water of life freely," rang as sweet music in her ears, but she could not fully believe it meant her.

However, she was brought to a test, to show whether she would take her stand for right or wrong. There was to be a ball one evening to which she was invited, but when her friend came to call for her she excused herself and stayed at home.

A STRUGGLE AND A VICTORY.

It was a struggle for her to do so when she thought of what a good time they would have, but she gained the victory over herself and studied her Bible that evening and prayed. Still she had not yielded fully to God, so He in His tender compassion and love showed her two ways, the only two ways in life from which to choose; one was narrow and bright, with a small number of people on it, while the other was broad and dark with great crowds of people on it, among whom she recognized herself.

She now realized her true condition and came to the foot of the cross. She thought she was the greatest sinner that ever walked God's earth, but she received mercy and pardon and experienced such peace and joy as tongue can not express. She was so full of praise and gratitude to God for His loving kindness to her that she felt that the least she could do for Him would be to tell others of what He

had done for her.

So now she does all in her power to save others from the condition she once was in, and her message to all who are yet on the broad, dangerous road to destruction, is, "Turn, turn from your erring way. Yield to the love of Jesus while He still calls you; the time will come when He will not call you, for if you shun His loving invitation now and always in this life you will have no other chance to accept it. He will take your sinful life now and give you in exchange the righteous life of Christ, will give you beautiful garments of righteousness instead of filthy rags. And if you work for Him for the winning of souls you will experience His richest blessing resting over you and will feel the love that doth ever abide in our hearts, which is able to save and to keep until the end."

Do not fail to read our special premium offer for two new subscriptions or one new subscription and renewal of your own subscription or two years' advance subscription for yourself, found on page 373. It will warm your heart if you avail yourself of it.

HOW HE WAS SAVED FROM POISONING A WOMAN.

C. T. EVERSON.

3722 Irving Park Blvd., Chicago.

The infidel does not believe in his theories when one of his loved ones is passing away.

An infidel druggist in London one time passed a street meeting and went away and began to jeer, and said, "These men are all fanatics, there is nothing in religion at all."

After he had gone to bed that night a little girl came to his drug store and rang the bell. He did not like to be disturbed and said in a very crabbed manner as he opened the door, "What do you want?" The little girl said, "Mamma is very sick, and we have to have some medicine right away." He hastened to fill the bottle and the girl went out with it.

Then after he returned to his room he got to thinking of what he had done, went back and looked at the bottle from which he had poured out the medicine and discovered he had put together in his impatient manner a strong poison. He began to get pale as he thought of that poor sick woman dying be-

cause of his carelessness, and he felt every moment that the authorities would come in and take him to prison. He fell down upon the floor, and said, "O God, if you will only help me this time I will never deny your name again."

Then there was a knock, and he thought the authorities were coming after him, but it was the little girl crying bitterly, and she said, "I am so sorry, I fell down and broke the bottle." He gladly filled it again, this time with the right medicine, and from that time became a firm believer in the Lord Jesus Christ and His salvation.

In these last days amid all the skepticism, the old story is true: the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. It does not make any difference whether you believe it or not, just try it and you will find it is so.

Over in London one of the great preachers was just ascending the pulpit one night and someone said to him, "Just tell us tonight, in the simplest terms, why you believe in God." And he did; and afterwards he talked with them in the rear room.

After they had asked him many things he said: "I want to ask you one thing too: Here we have people debauched in the slums and I want to know what you would do with these people that can't help themselves; would you give them your nice sciences, etc?" Well, they said, "I think we will turn them over to you."

Science is all right when you are giving a nice little discourse on a platform, but the Gospel is the power of Jesus Christ unto salvation.

I remember hearing of Ethan Allen, connected with the war of 1812, who gave speeches all over the country and told how he did not believe in God. One time his daughter became sick and she called her father to her side and said, "Papa, you say there is no world after this, nothing to live for; what shall I do? My mother has told me of the Christian religion. I am dying, and am I to believe in God or in nothing at all?" He said, "My child, believe in your mother's religion."

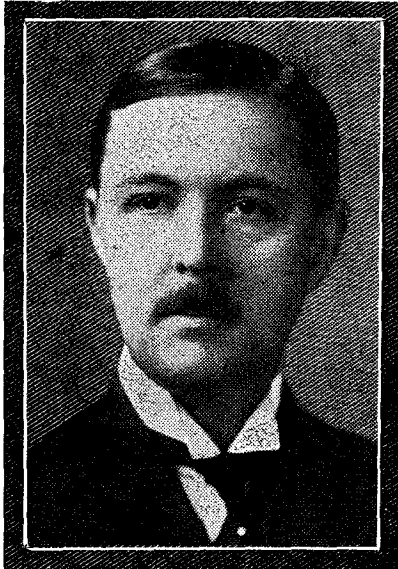
Science is a shifting sand. One man of science comes and passes away and another man comes and passes away, but the Bible

will always stand. You can found your faith upon it and it will stand forever.

Some people say they can't believe in God because they can't understand everything. You have to take it by faith; that is the way with the Word of God. You can taste and *see* that the Lord is good. Jesus is all in all, He is the beginning and the end.

THE WAR ON THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC IN CHICAGO.

Some of the leading people of Chicago, led by Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney, and his associates in office, are waging a war on the white slave trade of



EDWIN W. SIMS,
United States District Attorney.

Chicago, which we trust will put an end to the fearful traffic in innocent, unsuspecting girls. The traffic has grown to such proportions that no young woman is safe in the city of Chicago if unaccompanied by parents or guardians.

The *Chicago Sunday Tribune* of October 17 devotes two full pages to this subject from which we quote the following from Clifford G. Roe, assistant United States District Attorney:

"Actual slavery that deals in human flesh and blood as a marketable commodity exists

in terrible magnitude in the city today. It is slavery, real slavery, that we are fighting. The white slave of Chicago is a slave as much as the negro was before the civil war, and that is the condition of hundreds, yes of thousands, of girls in Chicago at present. One thousand women annually are needed to supply the demand of the city.

"A syndicate for the producing, enslaving and sale of young girls exists in the city. They sell her, when, where and how they please. They own her. Can anything more horrible be imagined?"

"These are the conditions that the present crusade is organized to fight. It will be a long fight and a hard one, but we will have the aid of hundreds of good citizens who will furnish evidence, besides our own corps of secret service men who will work from our office, and the courts will assist us to the limit of their ability.

"The magnitude of this evil, and the realization that the term 'white slavery' actually means flesh and blood slavery of womankind, comes as a shock to the average citizen, but it is this disposition of the public to turn from the subject with disgust that has made it possible for the horrible traffic in woman flesh to exist and to grow and flourish."

One or two instances were given of girls who were literally trapped into lives of sin and held there by the basest brutality.

In writing of the danger to young women that this traffic incurs, he says, "No young girl not absolutely sheltered by home and home influences is safe from them. The shop girl on starvation wages, the factory girl on the same, are their especial victims. Every day these parasites infest the down-town district; during the summer time the amusement park is their stamping ground, and the harvest they reap is plentiful both in numbers and damnation."

Rev. Ernest A. Bell, superintendent of the Midnight Mission, Chicago, writes in the same connection:

"The red light district, like a lake of fire, is constantly engulfing unwary and unprotected girls and boys, along with the willfully depraved. No store on State street is better arranged to attract purchasers than the crim-

A New and Inspiring Premium Offer

We are pleased to announce that we will furnish "Pastor Hsi's (pronounced Shee) Conversion," by Mrs. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission, for only two new subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT. It is a wonderful story.

Pastor Hsi was one of China's great heathen scholars. He passed through the terrible famine of 1878 when human flesh was not only eaten but in some places was even exposed for sale. So terrible were the conditions of need that the people did not dare go beyond their own towns and villages for fear they would be killed and eaten. The terrible, heart-rending story is all in this book.

Then comes the wonderful story of how this scholar Hsi was led to Christ and the marvelous experience that God gave him in giving up opium, to which he was a desperate slave.

The author says: "Acute anguish seemed to rend the body asunder. Water streamed from the eyes and nostrils. For seven days and nights he scarcely tasted food and was quite unable to sleep. Sitting or lying he could get no rest. The agony became almost unbearable and all the while he knew that a few whiffs of the opium pipe would waft him at once into delicious dreams."

The story of how he was delivered is in this book. Once read it will never be forgotten. The secret of this remarkable man's work for Christ lay in the fact that to him the devil was a personal foe, a terrible reality, and the power of Christ an *equally tangible fact*. In the strength then of his new Master he threw down the gauntlet to his old enemy.

This booklet grips you so completely that you are almost compelled to read it through in one sitting. It contains seventy-nine pages beautifully and ornamentally bound.

Just the book for a Christmas present. Go and get two of your friends to subscribe, or get one of your friends to subscribe and send fifty cents to have your own subscription extended one year.

Or if you cannot get any of your friends to subscribe, send us a dollar to have your own subscription extended *two years*.

You cannot read this book without having a new fire come into your soul. Embrace this opportunity for getting this booklet and you will thank us for calling your attention to it.

inal resorts are arranged to attract victims of both sexes.

"It is almost easy to alarm the plain people as to the hideous consequences in the way of diseases that attend the traffic in girls. Fifty thousand dollars in the right hands would make known to our adult citizens that one-fourth of the blind are blind because of the sins of their fathers, that one-fourth of the women undergoing surgical operations suffer thus because of the sins of their husbands, that about one-fourth of the insane would be sane if this pestilent vice were abolished."

To the Bible student this condition of vice and immorality is a fulfilment of prophecy and is an unmistakable sign of the one great event that shall be the culmination of all things—the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

When you have prayed for more light get up and push back the blinds.

CHINA TAKING THE LEAD.

DR. M. C. WILCOX,
Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

[As was mentioned in a previous LIFE BOAT, Dr. Wilcox was formerly president of the Anglo-Chinese college. Some of his books which he has translated into the Chinese are now in official use in the Chinese educational system. He is at present in this country preparing an extensive series of books for the Chinese. We cull the following from a recent talk given at the Hinsdale Sanitarium. A careful reading is bound to produce some serious thinking.—Ed.]

About twenty-four years ago I was up in a region in China newly opened to the gospel, and was holding a quarterly meeting. There was present a young man who in some way had heard the gospel preached and the words had sunk into his heart, the Holy Spirit had taken hold of him, he had listened to the heavenly voice and decided to become a Christian.

Then he went to the chapel without saying

anything to anybody and finally the family began to notice something peculiar about him. They noticed he did not burn incense before the idols and a great many different things he did not do the others had done. They also noticed that he stopped the rough, hard language he had used. He was not using opium and wine. Well, they were attracted by his strange conduct and they said he was crazy; they questioned him and inquired of the neighbors and they said, "Why, we have seen him going up to that Christian chapel."



Dr. Wilcox.

And they pressed him and beat him and he said, "Yes, I am a Christian."

They began to persecute him in every way possible—burned up his Bible and hymn book and all his literature, for he was a well educated young man, and then when it came to the day of worship they would bar the door and would not let him out; but sometimes he would get out somehow and he would be there to chapel or to prayer meeting.

I went and saw the family and told them, "Your son is becoming a Christian, is getting to be a better man. You notice he does not

use opium, does not use bad language and other bad things. Of course he does not burn incense before the idol, but this is not a true god that is protecting and supporting you." Yet they would not listen; the father got up and left and the mother listened with scorn, so I saw it was no use and had to leave.

A couple of months after this, this young man came to me and said, "I want to be baptized today." I said to him, "I am afraid to have you take that step; your folks now accuse you of being unfilial,"—and a breach of filial piety is considered the greatest crime. So I said to him, "I am anxious for you. If you take this step I am afraid they will take your life." "Oh," he said, "I *must* go forward, I can't stand still." He had been received on probation and the probation time had expired and now he said, "I want to join the church, full membership." I said, "I know you have been beaten time and again," and he said, "Oh, no matter, no consequence."

I said, "I would like to have you take off your coat," and there his arms and back and shoulders were blue with the beating he had received. I baptized that young man as he urged it and he continued faithful. He went back to his home and kept right on praying for his people, for his father, mother, brothers and sisters, and when they would beat him he would pray for them, he would not strike back. When he was reviled he would revile not again. Think of that in the case of Jesus—what Peter said. And so it was in the case of this young man.

So the months passed on and I kept inquiring in regard to this case, and told the local pastor he must keep a look-out for this case.

Finally one of this young man's sisters came to the mother and said, "Mother, I believe there is something good in that religion." The mother was angry and said, "You will be bewitched also." "Well," she said, "I heard my brother praying in his room and heard him praying for you and for brother and for me; oh, how he prayed and asked God to bless us and care for us and give us new hearts to love this God; and there must be something good about this."

She said, "Mother, I want to go and hear this gospel myself." The mother flatly refused, but finally said, "Yes, you go along

too, you will be bewitched just the same." So the daughter went,—a girl twelve or fourteen years old, and she heard the gospel and believed and was saved, and she too was persecuted for a while. The daughter yielded first, then another daughter older than this one, and after a while one of the brothers, then the mother, and the father was the last; and it was my privilege to baptize all the family except the father—he did not yield until after I left the district.

As a result of this young man's holding out faithful as he did there is a large school and church in his home town. China is full of villages and that part of China has simply hundreds of thousands of people living up and down that great valley, and there we have a large church, and that family was the first and this young man was the beginning of that. What if he had yielded at that time? Why, Christianity has a hold in there that affects that whole valley, and thousands and thousands of people are affected by the life and heroism of that young man.

I sometimes think a great many of us in America are simply playing at Christianity—just a little surface affair with us. It looks to me that America with all the pleasure seeking, with all the letting down socially in this country, is drifting away from God.

Good women, good men, have got to take a stand for a higher and nobler kind of Christianity or we are going to drift away. I am sometimes afraid we are drifting back to paganism. With all our flying machines we are not flying nearer God. Instead of these things bringing us nearer to God we are drifting, and I sometimes think that the time may come when China will have to be sending missionaries to the United States, when Japan will be sending missionaries over here. It is a strange thing to say but it is what has happened right along in the history of the past. I have been in Palestine and Greece and Asia Minor where the gospel was preached first of all, and in Jerusalem first of all, and why, we have to send folks back there to keep them from going to pieces.

"I have had many things in my hands and lost them all; but whatever I have been able to place in God's hands, I still possess."

FROM A FORMER INMATE OF THE HOME.

The following letter, written to the matron, is from an inmate of the Rescue Home who has now a good position and is trying to live a Christian life:

"It gives me pleasure to write and tell how I appreciate the work you are doing and what the Home has done for me; and I hope that some unfortunate girl may read this and know that she has some friends who will take care of her, and that she may likewise be lifted out of her trouble.

"It is a work worthy of mention and the support of the public, and those who have been in the shelter of this Home or witnessed the poor heartbroken girls despairing of life itself can realize what a wonderful work is being carried on by these 'good Samaritans.'

"Girls are not only helped out of their trouble physically, but are taught the Bible and helped spiritually, which is equally essential, as many of these never heard of Jesus, and are eager to hear the truth and accept Him. Girls are lifted up and brought to a place where they can start life anew with Jesus as well as friends to stand by them, instead of the world to shun and despise them.

"May God's richest blessings rest upon His workers and those benefited by this Home, and give them courage to face the world again and be Christians."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Take care of your leisure and your life will take care of itself.



No man has any better world before him than he is seeking to make about him.

Many think that religion is a matter of notions or emotions instead of motives and motions.

Half of the business of lifting people up is a matter of cheering them up.

It is much better to do a poor thing than to loaf around dreaming of perfection.

When you take up God's load you can trust Him for the steam.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Editorial Department</h2> <p style="margin: 0;">DAVID PAULSON, M. D. EDITOR</p>	
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A FATHER IN ISRAEL HATH FALLEN.

We little dreamed when we heard Chas. N. Crittenton's inspiring words to the Hinsdale Sanitarium family a few weeks ago, an abstract of which was published in the last LIFE BOAT, that that was the last time we should ever see him alive.

He then was starting out on a two years' tour of inspection of the various rescue homes that he had helped to establish. Although he was seventy-six years old, he was in good health, full of enthusiasm and zeal for the Master. He contracted pneumonia in San Francisco, and died in a few days.

He was a force for righteousness, a princely man; to know him was to love him. We count it one of the great pleasures of our life to have known intimately this great and good man who devoted not only his wealth, but his time and personal efforts to the uplifting of the fallen. Great will be his reward when the Life-Giver comes.

THE CHRISTIAN WORKERS' CONVENTION.

A preliminary announcement was made last month of a workers' convention to be held in the Hinsdale Sanitarium December 28 to January 5. This will be a most important occasion and topics of the most vital interest will be considered. Eld. O. A. Olsen, a man of wide experience in the promotion of Christian work, will be chairman.

Every morning from 6 to 7:15 there will be devotional services and practical studies. Breakfast will be served at 7:30. From 9:15 to 10:30 studies will be given each day on health principles, the gospel for soul and body. The hour from 10:45 to 12 will be devoted to church and church officers' work. The hour from 12 to 1 will be set aside for personal meditation and devotion either alone or two or more together.

Dinner will be served at 1:30. From 2:30 to 3:45 each day will be conducted studies on medical missionary methods, practical missionary work and vital truths for this time.

The hour from 4 to 5:30 will be given to lessons in simple treatments, teaching the people how to do medical missionary work in their own neighborhoods, and consideration of the temperance question. The studies in the evening hours will be upon the significance of thrilling events in the Eastern Question, the lessons and meanings of earthquakes and other calamities, systematic giving, responsibility of the missionary worker, etc.

Prof. P. T. Magan, Prof. E. A. Sutherland, Wm. Covert, Dr. and Mrs. Paulson, Prof. Everson and many others will lead out in the various discussions. We believe it will be an occasion that will be specially blessed of God.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium will furnish free entertainment. Board will be furnished at cost. It is expected that there will be a large attendance, and those who wish to come should begin to make arrangements at once by correspondence. Address the editor of this magazine.

A SUGGESTION FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." Luke 14: 15.

You who read these lines may not think there is any of that class in your neighborhood, but begin to look around a little and you will probably be surprised at some of the sad cases that exist almost within the shadow of your home. Make this a happy holiday season for them and you will be blessed yourself.

Do not confine your presents merely to those who will be able to give you presents. Find some who are not likely to receive anything and give them some practical and sensible presents. You will get more joy out of it than any Christmas giving you ever had.

Last of all, do not forget the needs of the work represented in the Life Boat Rescue Home. It is a struggle to keep up expenses and to maintain this labor of love. A glimpse of the group of babies shown on another page is in itself a mute appeal.

AN EVENING IN THE GYPSY SMITH MISSION.

We attended an evening in the Gypsy Smith Mission held in the Armory at Thirty-fourth and Wentworth. We arrived a quarter past six. Already a large audience had gathered outside waiting for the doors to open. At 6:30 the doors opened and the great crowd surged in. At seven o'clock, an hour before the time set for the meeting to begin, every one of the eight thousand chairs was filled and the police closed the doors, to comply with the building laws that no one must stand in the aisles.

The choir, composed of a thousand of Chicago's best church singers, under the leadership of Mr. Towner of the Moody Institute, sang most spirited gospel songs. Presently Gypsy Smith came in, remarking that if it had not been for two policemen he could not have gotten in, as four thousand people were clamoring at the doors for admission. Several speakers were sent out to hold an overflow meeting for their benefit.

Gypsy Smith then read in the Acts of the Apostles, or, as he preferred to name them, "The acts of the Holy Spirit through the apostles," the account of Paul, the greatest preacher of the gospel age, speaking to an audience of two—Agrippa and Drusilla. He drew attention to the fact that it was Paul's great opportunity to make himself solid with this governor so he could be liberated. They asked for entertainment, but Paul preached the judgment. They wanted amusement, but instead of that they had temperance proclaimed to them. When Felix motioned him away and said that he would hear him again at a more convenient time, and the prison door at away Paul, the door of opportunity was shut in Felix's heart.

He called attention to the fact of the scripture record that Felix trembled, but Drusilla did not tremble. *She was another man's wife.* Neither did the daughter of Herodius tremble when John was beheaded. Neither did Samson's wife tremble when he was shorn of his strength.

If she could not have helped Felix to get the gospel, she could at least have avoided *hindering him.* If you propose to hinder a human soul from accepting Christ, you had

better be at the bottom of Lake Michigan, and here is the scripture for it: "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Matt. 18: 6. Why did not Felix accept Paul's preaching? Why? Because beside him sat another man's wife.

He made a most impressive appeal to all who wanted to begin to seek Christ, to rise up and go to the inquiry room to be dealt with by Christian workers. Earnest men and women got up, many of them evidently under deep conviction by the Spirit. They were at once led off to the inquiry room by Christian workers to be shown the way more thoroughly.

For those who were afraid to start out for fear they would not hold out, Gypsy Smith said, "One thing is sure: You will *never hold out* if you don't come. Holding out belongs to Jesus, *coming belongs to you.*" I was deeply impressed that an earnest, sincere spirit brooded over this effort, that Gypsy Smith in a humble, earnest way was trying to proclaim the gospel to perishing men and women.

EARTHLY FRIENDS HAD FORSAKEN—
KNOWN ONLY BY A NUMBER.

The following letter was written to Mrs. Leola Stone, Atwater, Cal., by an inmate of the Washington State prison. He writes:

"It is my determination to redeem the false steps I have made. My Bible has been to me a constant source of pleasure, it has dispersed the dark sorrow and let in the sunlight of God's love. There was a time when I believed every earthly friend had forsaken me, and that I was only known by a number—the number on the books of a prison.

"In a cell, shut away from the full light of day, shut away from my fellow men, I was lonely, friendless, forgotten—a young man who was once free as heaven's sunshine, free as the birds whose songs I loved to hear. I remembered my home, my mother, the good-night kisses, then I thought of that beautiful and pathetic hymn, "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" and I resolved that I would flee to the One whom God had appointed to

bring forth the prisoner from the prison-house of sin.

"It is a great consolation to the prisoner to know that there are good people in the world who sympathize with the unfortunate. I am thankful I have found the way to a better life notwithstanding the fact that I am in a State's prison. It is better to find Christ in prison than not to find Him at all, and God is able to forgive us in prison as well as in any other place. I consider it a privilege to stand up for God even within the confining walls of a penitentiary."

"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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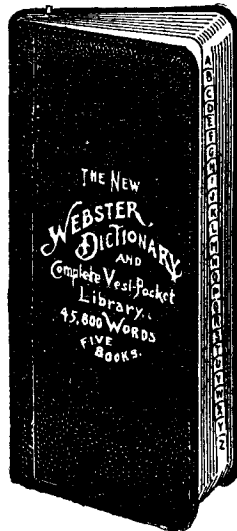
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The Life Boat

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.

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

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

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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.

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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.

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The following lines come to us from a reader in Iowa:

"Enclosed please find fifty cents' worth of stamps to pay for THE LIFE BOAT. My precious mother and I enjoyed reading the little journal more than I can tell; that kind of reading just suited us. The 25th of August she was called away from our little circle. My old father and I are living alone and so lonely, but I find the promise true, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' May the Lord bless the editors and readers of THE LIFE BOAT. It is the best of the kind I ever read."

We still furnish five LIFE BOATS to one ad-

dress for one year for a dollar and a half. Take advantage of this offer and have them to use just the same as you would tracts.

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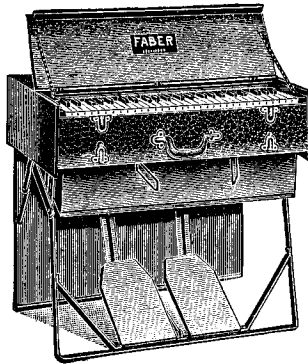
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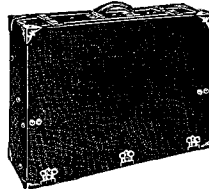
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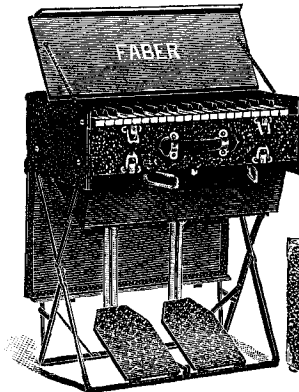
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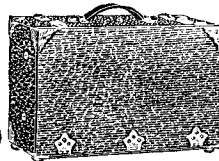
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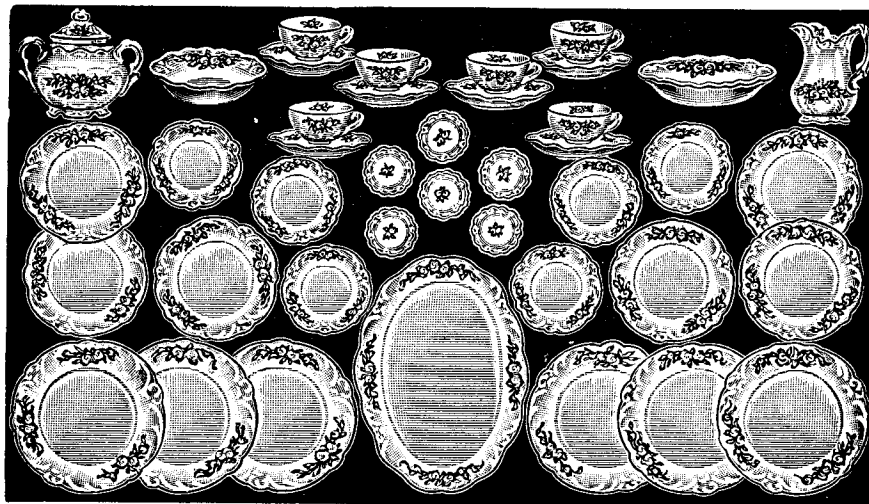
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