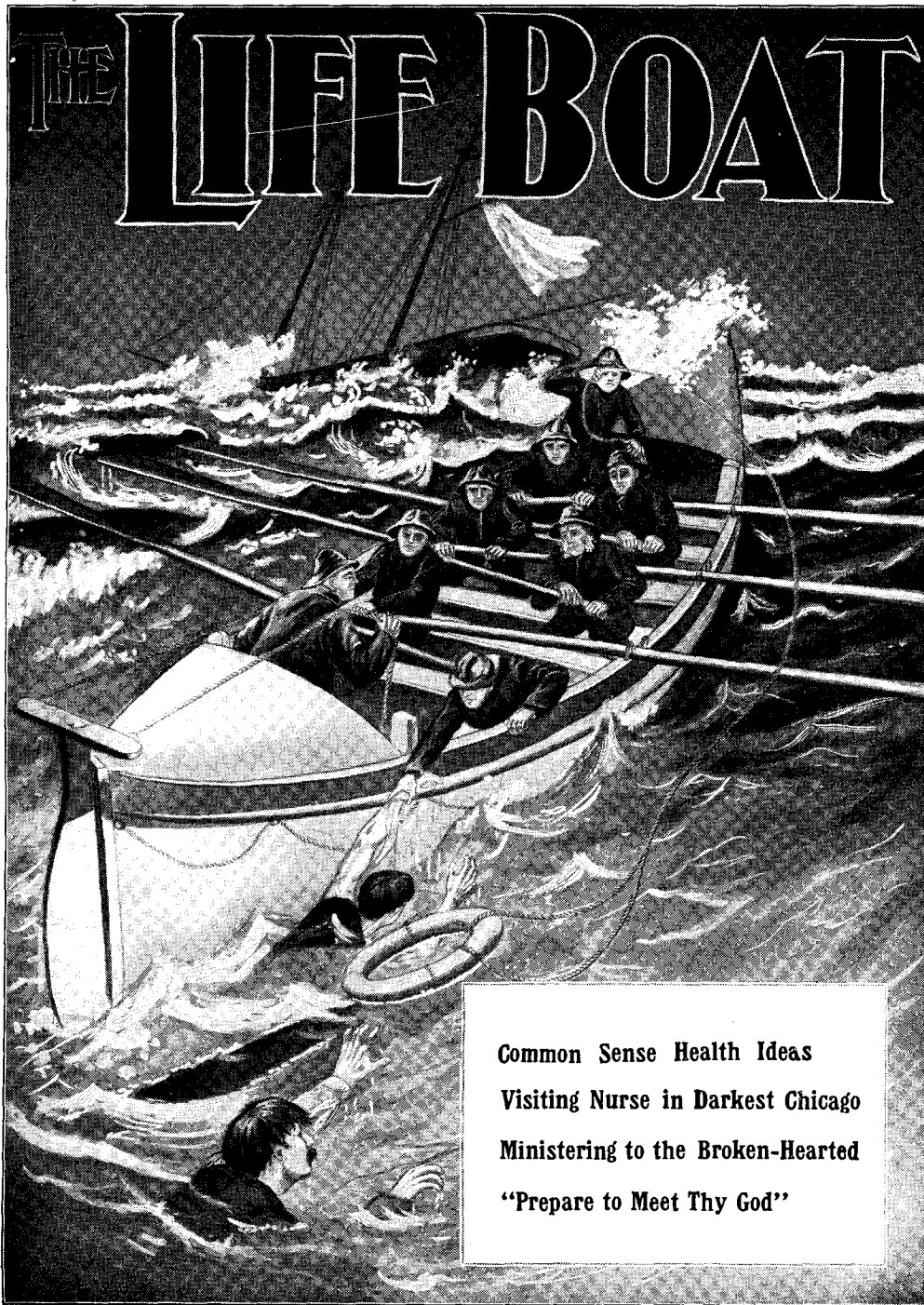


"I Will Make a Man More Precious Than Fine Gold."

50 Cents a Year

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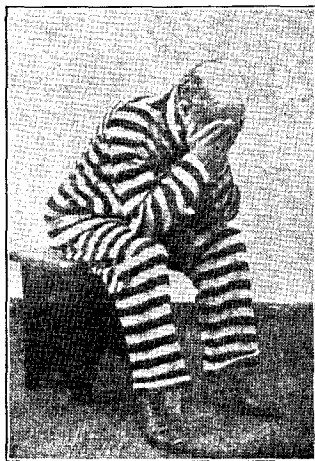
Volume Fourteen
Number Three

Windsor, Ill.

March, 1911

Five Dollars Will Send 150 May Life Boats to Your State Prison.

How Much Are You Interested in the Man Behind the Bars?



The letters from prisoners in this number of *The Life Boat* are a few of the many that have been received by the editor or some of his associates during the last few weeks. It is impossible to read these letters taken at random without any special effort at selection, and not become convinced that there is a terribly needy mission field inside of prison walls that the Christian people of America have scarcely come in touch with.

Only recently a man completed a twenty-year sentence in Joliet prison for stealing a twenty-five-cent mouth organ. In an adjoining state a man served several years in state prison for carrying off a watermelon when he was drunk, and the man who sold him liquor was licensed by the state to sell it. When sober he was an honest and hardworking carpenter. Such cases are by no means isolated ones. The worst rogues are not in prison at all; they are outside endeavoring to buy up our legislatures, bribing juries and aldermen, etc.

There are plenty of desperate criminals in prison, but even the most hardened men have a right to have the gospel. It is not enough for us to say they have had a chance. We have had a chance. We were brought up in Christian homes. We have the memory of a father's and mother's prayers, embraces, love and entreaties. Many of these most hardened men never had either. They were cast out into the world and the devil's church seemed to have a more wide open door for them than any other church, and they drifted down just as easily as water runs down the hill.

We shall issue another special prisoners' number of *The Life Boat* in May. We shall endeavor, as far as the money that comes in will permit, to send it to the entire prison population of this country. How much will you invest in this enterprise? The generosity of our friends has made this thing possible for the last twelve years. Will you help make it possible again this year? Five dollars will send one hundred and fifty copies.



**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 XV

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MARCH, 1911

Number 3

Common Sense Health Ideas

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

IT USED to be hard for me to understand why a hard-headed farmer who had so much common sense that he rarely lost five dollars in a horse trade, would permit almost any medical faker to palm off on him electric belts, magnetic insoles, and a host of similar useless therapeutic truck. For there has been enough money invested in this way by people who were sensible in all other things, to build a good portion of the Panama Canal.

But the real reason is beginning to dawn on me. In order to have intelligent sense we must know correct principles. The average farmer was trained from his childhood to know what constitutes a good horse. But nobody trained him, either in childhood or in later years, regarding the fundamental principles of health and healing.

NO PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN GOD AND THE DEVIL.

There are many who believe that God has their case in hand during health, but they think that the devil is managing their physical condition for them as soon as they are sick; and that is why we hear so much about the devil being cast out of the sick room. But the devil had his part in the program

much earlier. He led the man to violate some health principle, to transgress some physical law; for the devil is nearly as anxious to persuade man to violate health laws as he is spiritual laws, so that man may suffer the penalty which God has ordained for its transgression.

For example: the devil might tempt me to put my hand on a hot stove; but it is a part of God's plan that if I do so I must reap a blister, and pain is thrown in for good measure. Nearly everybody regards pain as an enemy; but instead of that it is nature's voice of warning. If it were not for pain multitudes would destroy themselves who are not doing so at present.

Do not forget it is this same Captain who steers the ship in the storm as in the calm. And what we call sickness is really nature at work endeavoring to save us from the result of our own transgression. Suppose a man accidentally swallows a dose of poison; in a few minutes he will be seized with a fit of vomiting, which is nature's effort to expel the poison. Some one observing the man in this condition would naturally say, "How sick this man is!" But that is nature's effort to save the man's life; and instead of

smothering the symptoms we should co-operate with nature in her healing efforts.

Health and happiness result from obedience to God's laws. Misery and unhappiness result from disobedience.

Modern research has shown that when the temperature of the body is raised several degrees the ability of the body to burn up poison is correspondingly increased. Those who sleep in stuffy bedrooms all winter, who breathe foul air during the daytime, and who partake liberally of animal food and saturate themselves with strong tea and coffee and in addition use a more or less liberal allowance of greasy or fried articles of diet, are literally accumulating so much poison in their system that it often exceeds the body's daily capacity to burn up and eliminate.

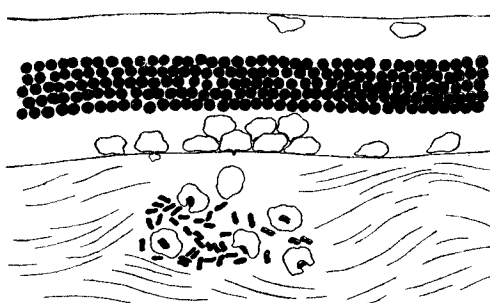
Then nature organizes a special effort in the way of a spring house cleaning, which we call "spring fever." There is loss of appetite, there is an increase of temperature, there is an enforced rest cure, and then she bravely resumes the same old unnatural and unhealthy bondage of wrong habits.

CO-OPERATION WITH NATURE THE MASTER
WORD.

In the days of our grandparents the doctor bled the fever patient. He gave him drugs that so crippled the bodily forces that they were unable to develop a rise of temperature. He shut the windows for fear that the fresh air would injure him. When the patient was thirsty he forbade water. Instead of that he prescribed brandy, which helped the sick man in just the same way that coal oil would help to put out a fire. In other words, he worked squarely against the healing efforts of nature, and whenever the patient recovered it was in spite of the doctor, rather than because of what he did.

Dr. Budine in Rush Medical College gave two rabbits pneumonia. Then he administered alcohol to one of them. In a few days the rabbit that received the alcohol died, while the other rabbit recovered. He found that the white blood cells in the rabbit which recovered were full of pneumonia germs. They had simply captured the pneumonia germs and thus saved the life

of the rabbit. He then examined a drop of blood from the rabbit that died. He found that the white blood cells had not eaten up the germs, hence the pneumonia germs had killed the rabbit. The alcohol which had made the rabbit drunk had evidently



There is only one white blood cell to four or five hundred of the red. They float near the walls of the blood vessel and have the remarkable power of putting themselves through the blood vessel and working themselves next to disease germs and absorb them, as is illustrated in the above picture.

also made the white blood cells so drunk that they could not smell the pneumonia germs. One can not avoid the unpleasant conclusion that plenty of pneumonia patients have died just as this poor rabbit did, because of the alcohol they received.

The intelligent physician today recognizes that the healing is within the man and not in the medicine bottle or in the external application. He endeavors to determine what nature is trying to do for the sick man and instead of opposing nature he co-operates. If the bodily reaction becomes too severe for the patient's best interests he restrains it a little, just as the careful driver holds in a pair of frisky horses. If the healing efforts of the body have become sluggish, as is frequently the case in chronic disease, then the intelligent physician in a wise and efficient manner endeavors to arouse the healing forces of the body, just as the sensible driver occasionally must encourage the horse.

The doctor may do any one of three different things. He may work in harmony with nature, preferably using natural remedies, or he may work squarely against nature, as the doctor of a generation ago frequently did. Or he may do absolutely nothing—such as having the patient swal-

low bread pills, prescribe a magnetic belt or something equally harmless and useless, which is not nearly so serious a matter as doing something that is wrong.

A CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCE.

Trained nurses had not been discovered when I was a boy. We took turns in sitting up at night with our sick friends. There was a young man who had a terrible attack of cholera morbus. Some death-dealing germs were making a virulent poison in his alimentary canal. The body was endeavoring to clear the poison out so as to save his life and it was absorbing the fluid from his very blood to assist it in doing it. The doctor did not appreciate this fact so he gave orders for the patient to have brandy every two hours and not to be given a drop of water.

When it came my turn to sit up with him I figured inasmuch as I had done a hard day's work that I could watch him just as well lying down on the floor. But directly I fell asleep. The patient in his delirium had been calling for water. Finally he rose, went to the old well, and with the super-human strength that his delirium imparted, pulled up with the old windlass a keg of water and drank half a pitcher full. His delirium vanished. He returned and told me what he had done.

I was frightened nearly to death. I slept no more that night. The next morning when the doctor came I confessed to him; and I will never forget the look he gave me when he said, "The patient will die, and you have killed him." But the patient did not die, and I now feel certain that it was that half pitcher of water that saved his life.

A REMEDY FOR EVERY DISEASE.

When you bought your clock from the jeweler he furnished you a key to wind it up when it ran down. It would be a grievous oversight if, after the Creator had made such a marvelous machine as the human body, He had not provided the necessary keys to wind it up with when it ran down prematurely. While we have not yet found all these keys the tendency of modern medical science is to believe that there is a natural remedy for every disease.

Formerly the death rate from typhoid fever was frightful. Then Dr. Brand was permitted to try to introduce baths into the German military hospitals. After he had treated eight thousand cases of typhoid fever with a death rate of only about two in a hundred, he demonstrated that hydrotherapy was the right key for typhoid fever. And so step by step the correct remedies have been gradually evolved. And more than likely before this old world comes to an end God will lead men to discover the proper remedy for every disease that the human flesh is heir to.

DRUGS CHARGE A HIGH RATE OF INTEREST.

Very often most effective results can be obtained by drugs, but generally speaking they charge a high rate of interest for the good they do, and the longer they are used the higher the rate of interest.

Here is a patient with a pain in his knee. Let him take a liberal dose of some pain killer. Do not suppose for a moment that this medicine goes directly to the knee and hushes up those nerves. It is absorbed into the blood and goes to every part of the body. It deadens the liver, stomach and brain just as much as it does those nerves that are shrieking out their pain in the knee, and the congestion which probably causes the pain is still there.

On the other hand, take a fomentation cloth, wring it out of hot water, and wrap it around the knee, and ten chances to one the pain will cease almost instantly because the congestion has been relieved; and other parts of the body have not been charged such a high tribute to secure the result. Furthermore, after a drug has done its work it is a tax on the eliminating organs.

So it is safe to assert that generally speaking God's remedies are the simple agencies of nature that neither tax nor debilitate the system, and when intelligently used it is possible to secure the most phenomenal results from the intelligent use of fresh air, water in its various forms, scientific dietetics, properly adjusted periods of rest, carefully supervised exercises, in-

cluding massage and passive movements, and, above all things, that good old-fashioned remedy—prayer, trust in God and confidence in His healing power, which is really back of it all. For every genuine remedy is merely a healing agent in His hands. (Ps. 103:3).

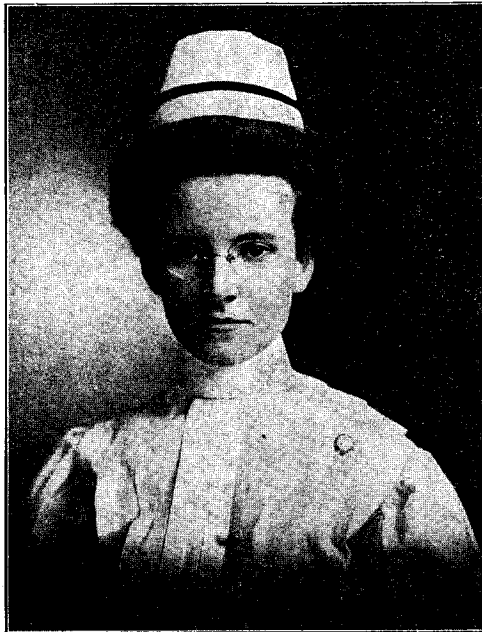
THE PATH OF THE NEGLECTED.

EVA L. BORDEN.

Bed No. 1 in the men's medical ward of the Cook County Hospital was vacant.

Already the deft hands of the skilled nurses were getting it ready for another patient, while its recent occupant walked out of the great doors of the institution and gazed about him.

A sudden blast of chill wind made him



Miss Borden.

shiver and draw his threadbare coat tighter across his chest. Truly, this was a cold reception from a colder world to accord to one who had been fighting with death.

Surely he must get shelter some place. But where? Almost longingly he looked back at the immense red brick building he

had just left, but well he knew it could not help him.

For days he had been one of the seventeen hundred pain-racked sufferers under its roof, but now he was discharged as able to care for himself and no longer in need of medical attention.

With a grim smile he reflected on how he had successfully cheated the Demonstrators' Company out of another subject for the dissecting table, and with these cheerful thoughts he limped toward the street.

Regretfully he paid a nickel out of his last dollar in order to get a ride downtown, for he must get downtown to get work, though in his weakened condition he felt unequal to any task, be it ever so light.

Leaving the car on Clark street, he turned north, hoping to find some one or something to help him.

What he did find was the tempting "free lunch" sign in front of the "Log Cabin" saloon. Then he realized that it was getting late and he was growing hungry.

Knowing full well that in order to partake of the alluring pickled pigs' feet and "hot dogs" he must purchase a drink, he stepped up to the bar and ordered a drink of whisky.

As he raised the glass to his lips he hesitated an instant. Was it the voice of his good angel, or the memory of a mother's prayer that whispered "Danger"?

But the combination of the whisky and the free lunch was too tempting, and the day was lost. The old demon rose within him, and when a few hours later he was kicked into the street with blood-shot eyes and benumbed senses, respected, well-fed, warmly clad citizens murmured: "How disgusting! The police station is the proper place for bums and vagrants."

But what about the man who sold him the drink and the men who voted for license? Does it mean nothing to them that they have started another soul on the road to perdition?

NO FRIENDLY HAND TO STOP HER.

In a far-off western town a young woman walked slowly down the street, clasping the hand of a little fair-haired child.

Glancing neither to the right nor to the left, she felt rather than saw the curious gaze directed toward her from behind curtained windows. A wave of bitterness swept over her.

She was but a child in years, and the thought of passing through life friendless and deserted by the man who lacked the moral courage to stand by her while she suffered for his sins almost overwhelmed her.

That night the little one slept unguarded in his crib, while a woman with the face of a child took the midnight train for Chicago. No friendly hand was stretched out to help her. The Christian community in which she lived felt that she had disgraced them, and, of course, none of the good sisters could associate with one so depraved. But the brilliantly lighted resort on Armour avenue beckoned her to enter its portals, where she could at least have human companionship.

Chicago's red-light district always extends a welcome to the sinful souls cast out of Christian communities.

And when some weeks later a city missionary called upon this girl and tried to win her back to the faith of purity and truth it was too late. Time had hardened her heart and seared her conscience as with an iron.

Another misspent life was added to the list, all because some good woman out west forgot that she was her sister's keeper.

Over on Michigan avenue handsome automobiles pass and repass. And tomorrow the newspapers will announce how the owner of one of these most elegant machines has donated several hundred dollars to charity.

And the world will never know that this large-hearted man is the owner of the palace of sin on Armour avenue or that the gift to charity is "blood money," the price of a young girl's soul.

"LEAVE ME ALONE, NOBODY CARES."

The superintendent did not think to ask the dilapidated specimen of boyhood into the hall where the Sunday school was being held. He took it for granted that if a boy

wanted to attend such a service he would do so.

Besides, he was such an unpromising combination of rags and dirt that it scarcely seemed worth while. But the boy did not observe that he was being overlooked, for he never had been an object of special notice. With a shiftless father and a drunken mother, life had never been very attractive. The greatest diversion he enjoyed was the playing of craps out of sight of the much-dreaded "cop."

Sometimes during an exciting game he and his cronies would have a little stack of pennies piled on the walk. Suddenly one of the boys would call out: "The cop's comin'." If they wished to play on unmolested they would take to their heels, scattering in several directions, while the officer would calmly stoop, gather up the pennies, and, leaving the dice untouched, walk sedately away and forget to come back though the game continued until midnight. Thus the boys received elementary lessons in graft. But this particular afternoon another officer was on the beat, and when the boys ran Jim was easily collared. By a dexterous twist he managed to wrench himself loose. As he sneaked to the squalid rooms he called home he heard his parents engaged in a drunken quarrel. Evidently that was no place for him, yet where could he go and keep away from that dreaded "cop"? An untrained imagination pictured terrible scenes of long years in the chain gang, or worse.

Life held absolutely no outlook for him, and while walking about aimlessly the powers of darkness led his feet toward the restless waters of the lake.

Some time later his ragged coat was found on the shore, in the pocket of which, written on a cigarette paper, was scrawled these words: "Leave me alone. Nobody cares. Jim."

One good, true friend would have saved this boy's life. Members of various churches lived in his neighborhood. Yet when it comes to the matter of suicides and the making of criminals, who is to blame?

Some day the judgment will set and the books be opened.

Among the Homeless, the Unlovely and Discouraged

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,

Matron, Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

THE young woman I wrote about last month, whom we found lying sick with typhoid fever in a very poor room and got into a nearby hospital, is very much improved in health. She told me in the carriage the day I took her to the hospital, "Oh, if I had only prayed before! I thought I had no friend, but now I believe Jesus is my Friend."

I called on her the other day and asked her if she was ready to come to our Life Boat home. I thought how much that must mean to her who had wandered so far away from home and friends and found herself practically an outcast in this great city. A smile lit up her face and she said, "Yes, I will be so glad to come." She is now with us and is getting along nicely. I believe she is genuinely converted. About two weeks ago we had a good meeting in the jail. One man called me to him and asked if we had a testament of St. John that he could have. He said, "My wife is a Christian woman," and then he broke down and cried. He said, "I have never paid any attention to religion: I have been most miserable, but now I feel I have settled it for myself." I asked if I could see his wife. He said, "Yes, if you do not take any curious people with you," and he gave me her address.

I went, and we certainly had a very precious time together. She had been unaccustomed to the ways of the world; she thought she could not go to see him—had never been in a police court and thought her picture might be taken and published in the newspapers. She thought she ought to give him up, but did not want to. She said he was such a good man, never drank, etc., and she loved him. I said, "Well, you are not going to give him up, are you?" She said she thought she ought to. I told her what might come from his giving up hope, and told her what he had said to me,

and she said, "Perhaps that is the way the Lord is going to work for him." She is very grateful.

Then I met a lady in the jail. During our service one of the workers came to me and said, "There is a wonderful woman back in one of the cells. She does not condemn anybody but herself." The woman said, "I have been roughly handled, and it is all my own fault. I was drinking." We were able to help this woman out and to-day she is working and doing nicely.

A week ago I received a telephone message from a gentleman saying their little baby had died. His wife was almost crazy, she felt so badly. He asked me to call on them. She was feeling so badly when I went, and I thought at the time, we have nothing to say to that kind of people unless we can bring them something from God's Word. She said, "Mrs. Swanson, I can't pray; I feel hard toward God." I saw a Bible lying on the couch and picked it up. She said, "That Bible has been lying on the shelf a long while and I just got it down and dusted it off to see the record of the baby's birth." I took it and read to her 1 Thess. 4:13-18. While I was reading, every little while I would look up at her and I noticed she was listening. She said, "Mrs. Swanson, will you mark that?" I did so, and as she sat there I read to her more promises about the dead. She said, "My husband wanted you to stay until he came," so I waited. She told the husband when he came something about the texts I had been reading and he said, "Oh, there is hope in that, isn't there?" They wanted me to come back, and said they wanted to know more about the Bible.

One of our workers, while selling this magazine, found a woman in a saloon very much under the influence of liquor and brought her to our home. She had been



View of Chicago Life Boat Home and adjoining grounds where health, temperance and evangelistic tent meetings were conducted last summer.

drinking for a number of days and was in a very bad condition. Our workers took her in hand, gave her treatment, got her sobered up and put her to bed.

The next morning she was much better. In a few days we sent her back to her home in the suburbs very much improved and she said that with God's help she would endeavor to keep from drinking. We have received a couple of letters from her since. She says she will never forget what was done for her.

We feel we want to do something for every one that comes in—a little seed sown here and there. "Pointing the lost to Jesus, the way,"—that is what we want to do. During the last month we have found employment for eleven young women and we have been able to help quite a number physically.

There is a verse or two that expresses the way I want to feel toward the work the Lord has given me to do. "So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." Luke 17:10.

And Acts 4:20: "We can not but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

ONE WHO NEEDS OUR PRAYERS.

(From the Indiana State Prison.)

"Of the thirty-four years of my life seventeen have been spent in prison and reformatories. I have resolved for the first time in my life to start the new year with an honest endeavor to overcome some of my bad habits, and I sincerely hope and,—I was going to say pray, but you know what the Bible says about the prayers of the wicked—I sincerely hope I will be man enough to make good.

"The Life Boat people have been highly recommended to me as friends to the friendless and to all who are down and who honestly want to make their future clean, honest and upright. Such is my desire and aim. I write you this letter feeling certain I will receive encouragement and good advice.

"My desire is to associate with Christian people in the future and shun the under world in every way, shape and form."

The Visiting Nurse in Darkest Chicago

MRS. LOUISE PETERSON

[My sister Louise, who has had considerable experience in visiting nurses' work among Chicago's needy poor, has again taken up the work in connection with the Life Boat home. She takes with her each day some young woman from the six months' medical missionary school, and is also giving experience to the students of the Hinsdale sanitarium training school for nurses, who spend one month in this work during their three-year course.—Ed.]

I SURELY love the visiting nurses' work in Chicago as well as I ever did, and think the people are just as poor and needy as they were when I was in the work ten years ago. I am going to tell you about a few of the people that I visited last week and I know your hearts will be touched by their needs.

A DESTITUTE OLD LADY.

I went to see a little old lady living in a back room. We knocked on the door. At first she did not know if she wanted to let us in; and when we got in we found she had shaking palsy. She was dressed as well as she could be in her poor circumstances. Her name had been given us by a patient who had known her in her better days. Her money had been invested by a brother and she had lost all, and she has now for some time earned her living by caring for a bed-ridden lady. We found out she did not have enough clothing to keep her warm, and not much food. One morning I ran up there and she was eating her breakfast, which consisted of dry toast and water. She wanted me to eat with her—and she found a banana, which she offered me. I sat down and talked some of the promises over to her, how God would never leave us nor forsake us, and she said, "That is all good, but when you don't know where your next meal is coming from, it is kind of hard."

I quoted the text, where it says, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Ps. 37:25.

That night when I got home I told my neighbor about this old lady, but did not ask her to do anything. The next morning she came over with a basket full of enough things to keep the woman for a week. I

took it up to her room. You ought to have seen the look on her face. I think she thought the Lord really was remembering her.

She said, "I can't thank you enough, but send my love to the dear woman who sent it for me." She said, "You are God's blessing to me." And that is the very thing I want to be, not to win them to myself but I do want to win them to God.

I showed her The Life Boat. She said, "I have not the ten cents," and I said, "You can keep it anyway." "Well," she said, "I will read it and keep it very clean and give it back to you." She seems to have a good trust in God, and that is all she has to trust for she has no relatives and is not strong.

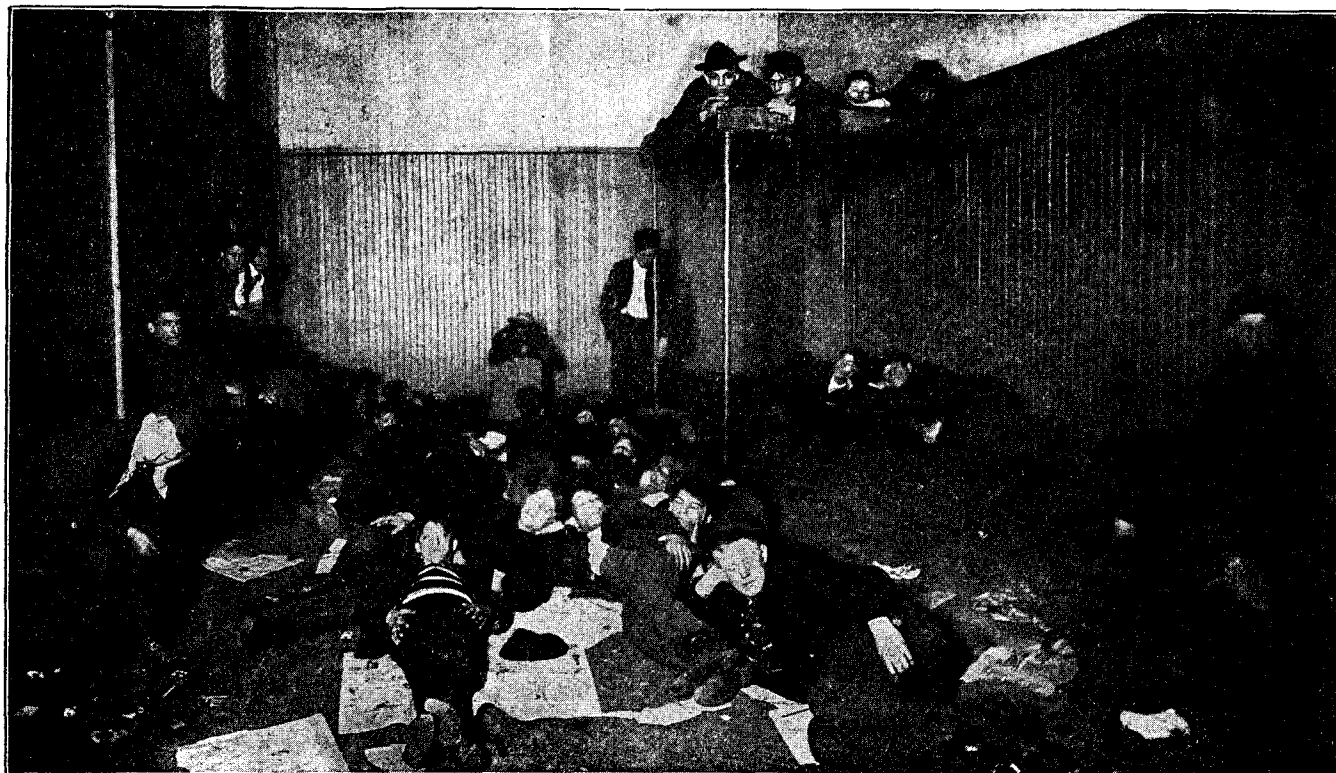
She said, "Do you suppose there is anything I can do to earn one meal a day?" I am hoping somewhere there may be some help for the old woman.

LEFT ALONE TO CARE FOR HER CHILDREN.

Last Thursday we went down to a very poor district. There we found a nice little woman whose husband had left her a year and a half ago, who had been sent to Texas by a doctor for tuberculosis, and since then he has never written to her or sent her any money. He is now well and strong, working for a firm, but is untrue to her. She had some scraps she was looking over to see if she could make a dress out of them, and then piece the rest into a quilt. We asked if there was anything we could do for her.

"Well," she said, "I have sewed my clothes up for the children; they all have a change, but I have none."

We talked with her and left her a Life Boat and said we would be back again. She has one boy of seventeen working for a



A nursery of crime in Chicago's slum district, where homeless boys sleep. Notice that newspapers serve as mattresses.

few dollars a week, and that is her sole income.

FIVE LITTLE CHILDREN AND MOTHER DYING.

We called on an Italian widow in poor circumstances, and she asked us to come again. We left a Life Boat there and hope it will do some good.

Then we were led to a little upstairs room in the back where lay a sick little woman in bed. The air in the room was stale, and there were five little children on the floor. I said to the husband, "How can you get along?" "Well," he said, "we get along all right." I asked about the children. "Oh, they are all right." He is home two hours

a day; and there they sat all huddled on the floor, and cold. They did not look very "all right" to me. I do not expect next Tuesday, when we promised to be back, that the little mother will be alive.

Then we went down to see another woman. She needed clothing. And I think most of all what these people need is the love of God, if we only could bring it to them. How good it would be if we could do like Peter did with that man: just take them by the grace of God and lift them up. I pray earnestly that God will help me in this work, and I need your prayers to help me do the work.

A Double Bondage and How Some Are Set Free

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

I WISH I could picture to you the conditions under which we work for God in the Harrison street police station on Sunday mornings. We kneel in prayer near the sergeant's desk, with possibly half a dozen big policemen standing near; possibly one or two men having just been brought in under arrest and are being searched. Yet we kneel around our little folding organ and ask God to help us, and God does help us to give something to these people behind the bars. I realize every Sunday morning the importance of having a personal connection with God in order to accomplish anything.

Today we found a beautiful young woman behind the bars. She had a good home of her own in the east and a loving husband but sin had led her to turn her back on it all and come to Chicago. She soon found the haunts of shame and began her evil career. Her husband, filled with a genuine love for her welfare, had followed her and found her just as she was about to be arrested. He tried to save her from the awful disgrace by taking her part and he, too, was brought in and locked up behind the bars. We were rejoiced to see this young woman at the close of our services boldly

stand up for Jesus, and, with tears of grief streaming down her face, urge the other young woman in the cell with her to do the same. Her husband also confessed Christ.

I met one girl in court on Monday morning. I did not remember speaking with her at our service on Sunday, but as I happened to sit next to her in the court room I opened up conversation with her. I soon discovered that she had been justly imprisoned, and I told her of Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

She said, "Yes, I heard you people downstairs yesterday, and I have your Life Boat down in my stocking. Now I would not have kept it if I had not been determined to get some good out of this. I am going to carry your magazine away with me and read it and live by it."

We do not know how many carry away our literature in their stockings or in their pockets, but we do know that the seed is sown and that God will take care of the reaping.

Sometimes we find those who will actually curse us, sometimes they throw things at us, sometimes they shower us with water from their cups; but as a rule before we

leave them their hearts are softened and we see the tears streaming down their faces as they raise their hands for prayer and kneel with us.

I know the Spirit of God can reach the hardest sinner and God can save the ones that are down the lowest if they will only return to Him.

This work in the Harrison police station has prompted others all over the country to do a similar work. Poor men and women who are down and out have been helped up and are today leading exemplary Christian lives as a result of this work and through its influence.

FOUND OUT WHY LIFE WAS A FAILURE.

(From a Prisoner in Columbus, Ohio.)

"I received your answer to my letter and I thank you for being permitted to correspond with you. I have come to realize that my past life has been a mistake through the lack of the love of Jesus Christ in my heart, and I am going to endeavor to trust in Him from now on. I have tried in my own strength to be better but have failed.

"I, like countless thousands, had placed my life upon the altar of worldly pleasure and am now reaping the consequences. Through my desire for evil doing I sacrificed home, loved ones, and the respect of the community.

"I can truthfully say from bitter experience, it does not pay. What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses

his soul? May I become a channel of blessing and a help to others is my wish. An interest in your prayers is earnestly solicited."

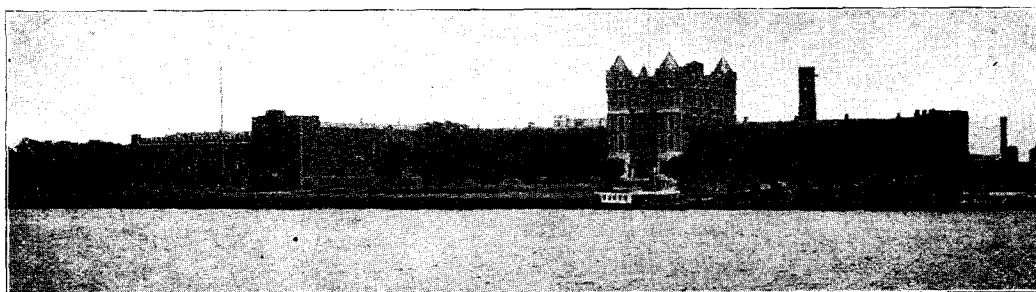
FOUND MORE PEACE IN A FEW WEEKS THAN WHOLE LIFE OF DISSIPATION.

(From an inmate of the Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary.)

"Your welcome letter received and with it the October number of THE LIFE BOAT, for which I am beginning to have such an affection that I even read the advertisements. One can not help being impressed at the vast amount of good being accomplished by yourself and associates. I have not gotten over my astonishment when I think of how a stray copy of THE LIFE BOAT, which I accidentally got hold of, should be the lever that would start me on a far different and happier path than heretofore I have trodden.

"I am still searching the good Book and the wealth of wisdom contained in its pages is ever a solace to me. And the peace that comes when I read some passage that particularly seems to fit my personal case causes me to appreciate what I have missed by wantonly ignoring the Book for so long. I am now reading the Psalms of David, those passionate poems of praise and prayer, and they strongly affect me.

"I have also secured from the prison library a 'Life of Christ,' so you see I am well supplying myself with the literature that will help and instruct me. And I may say here



THE BLACKWELLS ISLAND PENITENTIARY.

Will you help us in May to send the Special Prisoners' Life Boat to the hundreds of unfortunates hid away behind prison bars? Five dollars will send one hundred and fifty copies to any prison you designate.

that since I have so employed myself I have found more peace of mind and happiness in these few short weeks since I have switched into the Good Road than I have gained in all the years of reckless dissipation I have indulged in under the foolish delusion that I was 'enjoying life.'

"The last three numbers of your LIFE BOAT are still going the rounds among the men in shop and cell, and judging how your good little journal made me pause, and ponder, I am gladly certain that it will get others to thinking of the unworthy past and its cost; of how little they have gained and how much they have lost. As a regenerating force THE LIFE BOAT may be the agent to accomplish this end, for let them but *think*, and their folly will become plain to them; for so it was with me."

SOMETHING NEW EVERY NIGHT.

(From an Inmate of the New York State Prison.)

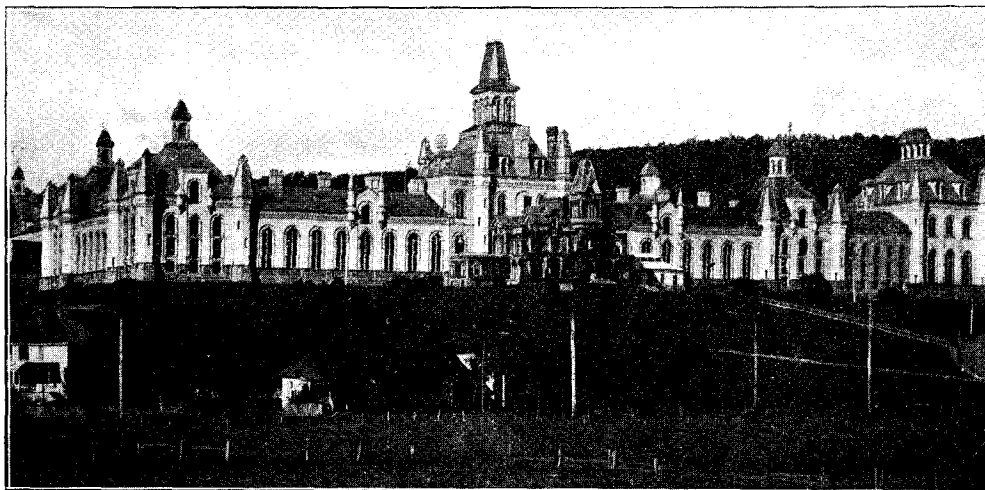
"Your letter received and THE LIFE BOAT and Testament of St. John. The pocket Testament is convenient in size and I find several opportunities to read it in the shop during the day at odd intervals, and so the Word of God goes with me all the time

and I endeavor to go with the Word of God all the time, too.

"The dear old LIFE BOAT, as usual, contains so much that is helpful and blessed, and I pray earnestly that the good God will ever bless your many efforts.

"My Bible reading advances nicely. I can not realize how any one could so long reject, as I have, this source of blessing and peace untold. Every night I pick up the Book and can always find something to cheer me, some message that seems a personal one to me. The peace and comfort it brings makes my past neglect of it seem astonishing. I pray that the many footsteps faltering on the downward path may be led through the spiritual light of the Word to the road that leads upward.

"I know from experience that the devious ways of the transgressor soon make one footsore and weary; and if the wayfarers on the same could be aware of the green pastures and still waters and the soothing sense of balm and security one feels while traveling this road, I can not help but think that there are many burdened souls who would gladly change their route. I can not express in words the joy I feel in having made this decision, and I bless THE LIFE BOAT for having shown me the way."



THE ELMIRA, N. Y., PRISON.

Have you ever stopped to think of the aching hearts behind these walls? Will you help us send them the Gospel? In May we shall issue a Special Prisoners' Life Boat. Send us five dollars and we will send one hundred and fifty copies to your State Prison.

Ministering to the Broken-Hearted

EVA L. BORDEN,

Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

WE HAVE a good many visitors down at the rescue home; they go around the building and up in the attic and down in the laundry and see everything, and they say, "Oh, this is such a beautiful work; oh, I would just love to do this kind of work that you are doing." One day we had such a visitor who spent the afternoon with us; in the evening when we had our vesper service I asked if she would pray with us and she said oh, no, she could not do that. She could do the work, but she could not pray. But there in the rescue home we have to mend broken lives, and the only thing that can do that is the power of God.

One day we had some visitors at the home. They were much interested in all they saw, and as they were about to leave one of them turned towards us and said, "We thank you for showing us through the saddest place in the world."

To be sure, many are the sad hearts that enter our doors, seeking a shelter, but few, very few, go out into the world again with the same burden of sin with which they came.

The sad experience which brings them to us often changes a wild, careless girl into a thoughtful, steady woman, and many, in fact, nearly all of our girls have made good after leaving the home.

We have a large family at present—nearly twenty, besides six or seven babies, and several children. I find the children's department is not the least in the institution. We have no play room; they play all over the house, so they keep one person reasonably busy and all of us half-way busy.

When Mrs. Swanson came out from Chicago the other day I took her up to see the last new baby. It sounded like pandemonium in one of the rooms and we found two of the children on the bed turning somersaults. Not long after that we went downstairs and found little Helen calmly



Little Helen, the Sunshine of the Home.

sitting in the middle of the parlor table chewing burnt matches.

The girls do all the work of the home, not only to reduce expenses as low as possible, but also for their own good. One assists with the cooking, another helps with the nursery, one washes dishes, and so on through the entire work of the building. The girls change work every two weeks, giving each one an equal experience in each department.

Each one cares for her own baby under the direction of a competent nurse. The

mothers usually keep their infants, but this spring we have two or three dear little ones wild crowd attending high school, went out to parties unchaperoned, and only too late



A few of the older babies now in the Home.

for adoption, and would be glad to find good Christian homes for them.

It is not an easy matter for a mother to give away her baby, and these girls have the same feelings as any other mother, but sometimes it seems to be the only thing to do; and we can never realize the pain and heartache it costs.

Our girls are not of the low, coarse type, but quite the opposite. They come from all ranks of life and have various professions. Most of the girls are here because they have gotten a wrong idea of life, and it is our desire to bring them into harmony and send them out into the world with a new outlook; and I am sure they will get something into their lives here, and the results be as lasting as eternity.

One girl is an only daughter and the idol of her parents, but she got in with a rather

realized that she had wandered too far from the good and pure. With tear-dimmed eyes and breaking hearts her parents brought her to us and now we are trying to show her a better way to live. As I write this I can hear her singing in the parlor:

"Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done.
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one, no, not one."

Every heart has its own story. The Lord is helping us and some day we will understand what must be learned through suffering. Truly this work of reconstructing lives is worth while.

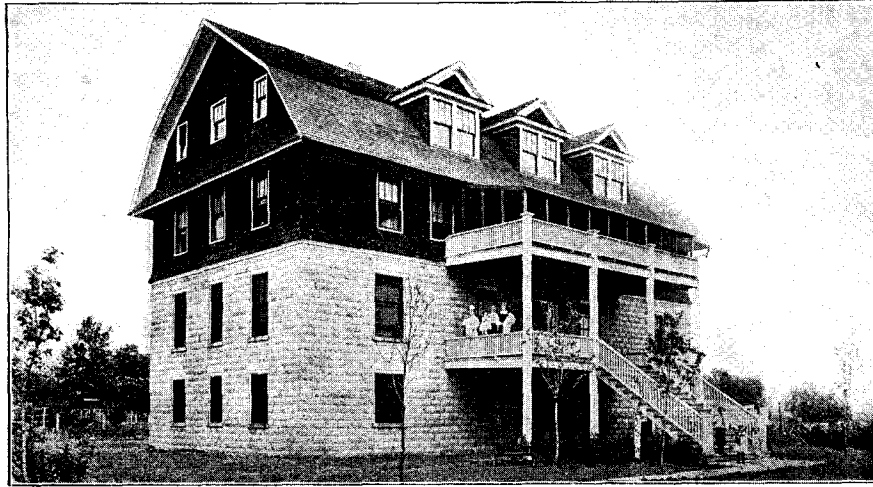
TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE

We will be glad to correspond with any girl who is in need of a Christian friend. We have seen many a broken-hearted young woman get a new start in life and many a life saved. Write to Dr. Mary W. Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

HOW YOU MAY HELP THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME.

This home for unfortunate girls has been founded and paid for through the generosity of interested friends. It has no endowment, no regular income except through voluntary contributions.

Home, where she could find Christian help. It was three days before her case was decided and she was set free. During that time she remained in the dark basement cell, with nothing but a plank for a bed, rather than accept the assistance of unprincipled friends. When set at liberty she found her way at once to the home, where she has been ever since.—Ed.]



The Life Boat Rescue Home.

You can help this worthy enterprise by sending a donation, whether large or small; by sending a certain amount, say one dollar, each month; by remembering it in your will.

For those who desire to remember this institution in their wills we give herewith a proper legal form for a bequest:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Rescue Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum ofdollars to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Life Boat Rescue Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation."

APPRECIATES TIMELY ASSISTANCE.

* * *

[The following is from a capable, intelligent young woman who was found behind the bars in the Harrison street police station one Sunday morning some weeks ago. She was invited to come to the Chicago Life Boat

Some time ago I was in very serious trouble, mostly my own fault. Chance (or shall I say, God?) sent me help in the form of Mrs. Swanson. I was absolutely without a friend. Those I thought would give me a little assistance were either far away or did not respond to my appeal. Mrs. Swanson invited me to come to the home, which offer I gladly accepted.

I have traveled in many lands and at one time myself was associated with a mission home in the east end of London, England, and I can honestly and truthfully say that I have never in all my wanderings met with such genuine practical and unassuming Christianity. It really makes me want to say, as King Agrippa of old, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

I have had several talks with Pastor Serns, the evangelist here, and his knowledge of the Bible is most profound and shows him to be a veritable servant of God. He has almost convinced me on many

points of Bible truth, so I do not think it will be very long before I declare myself a Bible Christian; but I want to be absolutely sure.

To the people who read *The Life Boat* I want to say that the whole work of the mission home is really a work of love by those in charge. Their faith in God is wonderful to behold. They certainly believe in the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." Sometimes I know funds get very low but still their sublime faith pulls them through and God answers

their prayers. Their unfailing courtesy and gentleness has been and still is a great source of wonder to me, and I hope that in time to come I can be a little like them. This is the first time in my experience that I ever looked up to others as examples, and I do these people with some little envy too. It leads me to believe that walking and talking with Christ is a reality.

I am seriously thinking of taking up some part of mission work connected with the home, and trust that I may be made worthy. So, good friends, pray for me.

"Prepare to Meet Thy God"

Are You Ready?

M. H. SERNS,

Bible Instructor, Training School for Bible-Working Nurses.

528¹/₂ Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

THIS appeal is especially applicable to us in our day, for we must soon meet our Redeemer. In my last article we learned that our generation will live till Christ shall appear in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. It is therefore high time for us to "prepare" to meet Him in peace.

Let us study briefly the necessary preparation needed in order to meet Him. We read in Heb. 12:29: "Our God is a consuming fire," and in Ps. 97:2-5: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne. A fire goeth before Him, and burneth up His enemies round about. His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled. The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth."

This clearly reveals the fate of the sinner and sin. It is very evident that the sinner out of Christ can not meet God in peace. Reader, where do you stand? Settle quickly before it will be too late.

Now you may ask the question, What is necessary in order to meet Him in peace? Read Ps. 15:1-3: "Lord, who shall abide in

Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor."

God is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." The hope of the Christian is found in the life beyond. He recognizes that he is only a pilgrim and a stranger on earth, and so is preparing for a better country, even an heavenly. For he sees that the end is near, when the heavens shall declare His righteousness when it is rolled back as a scroll.

Are you ready for that scene? You know full well the result of sin, then why continue in it? If the sinner continues in the forbidden paths there is one prayer he will make and it is this—saying to the rocks and mountains, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." Rev. 6:16.

The good Book says, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn

THE LIFE BOAT.

from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Eze. 33:11.

Now do not think that we can cling to one known sin and expect to meet Jesus in peace. "One sin persistently cherished will eventually neutralize all the powers of the gospel." Then we would conclude that those who meet Him in peace will have come to the place where they would rather die than commit a known sin. "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Heb. 12:4.

Just a brief glimpse has been given of the preparation needed before meeting God. Our Father's love for us is so great that He sends us tokens of His soon coming, the darkening of the sun and moon and the falling of the stars, that we may know that He is near, even at the doors. Judgments are in the land—storms, tempests, whirlwinds and earthquakes in divers places. These are telling that the nations are filling up their cup of iniquity, which means that God will soon appear to pour out His vengeance upon those who refuse to do His bidding.

In Phil. 4:13 we read, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." Phil. 2:13.

"The soul that is yielded to Christ becomes His own fortress, which He holds in a revolted world, and He intends that no authority shall be known in it but His own. A soul thus kept in possession by the heavenly agencies is impregnable to the assaults of Satan.

"But unless we do yield ourselves to the control of Christ we shall be dominated by the wicked one. We must inevitably be under the control of the one or the other of the two great powers that are contending for the supremacy of the world. It is not necessary for us deliberately to choose the service of the kingdom of darkness in order to come under its dominion. We have only to neglect to ally ourselves with the kingdom of light."

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee." Job 22:21.

This Side Jordan

(Num. 32:1-6.)

PEARL WAGGONER.

Are you camping this side Jordan,
Well content and satisfied,
Caring not to make the effort
E'er to gain the other side?
Do the "cattle ground" and pastures
And the pleasures close at hand
Blind your vision to the glories
Of fair Canaan's promised land?

With the present country's riches
Have you so become enthused
That, when call is made for warriors,
You would ask to be excused?
Do your present-day surroundings
Fill your heart's most deep desire?
Do you never long for something
Farther on? for something higher?

Never would you hold the present
In so close regard and fond
Could you once but catch a vision
Of the glories just beyond:
Joy which beggars all description,
Beauties, too, beyond compare,
Fadefless summer, wealth and gladness—
All are waiting over there.

Will it not be worth the struggle
Such a wondrous land to gain,
Where the dwellers all are happy,
Never visited by pain?
Where all sin and death are over,—
Deepest longings all fulfilled,—
Where the joys are like a river
And the storms of earth are stilled?

Would you sell your future welfare
And a home in Paradise,
Counting them not worth the making
Of a paltry sacrifice?
Future life and rich possessions,
Now unseen, yet real and sure,
Would you miss for this world's treasures,
Which at best not long endure?

Though the foes we meet be mighty,
Yet the goal is worth the cost;
And the One who goes before us
Never has a battle lost.
Able are we to possess it,—
Onward, then, at His command!
Even now we're on the borders
Of fair Canaan's promised land.

**"FROM ONE FOR WHOM THE SUN
DOES NOT SHINE."**

The following letter from a prisoner in Allentown, Pa., was written to Miss Pearl Waggoner:

"About a week ago a fellow prisoner handed me several old copies of the Life Boat magazine. The fellow that gave them to me asked me today how I liked them and I told him that it was the most interesting of the magazines that I had read since I came here. I read them over and over before I passed them along.

"It made me feel very good to find that there are more people than I thought there were who will not trample on weaker fellow human beings who have fallen by the wayside in life's rugged pathway. There are so very few people who care to do what the following little poem tells people to do:

'Give your sunshine to the fallen.
Oh, they need the tenderest care;
Though you see not their temptations
They must meet them everywhere.
Oft a word, a smile, a handclasp,
Gives the needed strength and cheer,
Helps them in the bitter conflict
When the tempter lingers near.'

"I do not believe anybody but a prisoner can realize how true those words are. Only a prisoner, the man who has lost all, can realize and know how much a kind word, a smile or a handclasp can mean. I have come in touch with our loving, suffering Saviour since I am here. I am so grateful to the woman that showed me the way. I always feel I must tell everybody about her. She is one of God's noble workers. She comes here every Sunday with some sweet message or promise of God, and she always has a kind word and smile and handclasp for all the boys. She has many friends among the boys here, who are as grateful as I am for the sunshine she has brought into our lives, when all the world looked dark and life seemed hardly worth the while.

"I can see now that this happened all for the best; even though the experience may be severe and bitter I can't help seeing now that it was but one of God's ways of bringing a lost sheep back to the fold. I can see now that if God had not given me this trial I would have drifted through a useless life

without ever knowing the real meaning of joy, peace, happiness and life.

"One poem in THE LIFE BOAT, that I liked so much, was in April '09 number: 'The Mission Lighthouse.'

'No darkness is there half so great, as that
that's caused by sin,
No tempest half so rude as where despair has
entered in;
And where is light more needed than where
deepest shadows fall,
Or life-boat safety but amid the fiercest storm
of all?'

"Also the words in another verse:
'For in the city's crowded streets, where sin's
dark billows roll,
Drifts many a ruined, shipwrecked life, and
many a storm-tossed soul.'

"How those words bring back my life, after I had gone to a big city and started to drift; and oh, how I wish that I could have seen a lighthouse like you talk about in your poem, so that I might have found a refuge while drifting about in the stormy sea of life, so that I would not have drifted on and over the precipice to 'this.' It would have saved a fond mother's heart from nearly breaking.

"You can believe me, the only regret I have for coming here is on account of the pain and sorrow it is causing to my dearest and most loving friend, mother. During the long silent nights when I think of her, that's the time I suffer.

"Oh, how I long for the time to come when I can have the chance to stop other lost ones from drifting, before they drift over the precipice, to that vale of sighs and tears, 'the prison.' I could tell them how I traveled on the same road they are traveling on, and where it led me.

"This downfall is only a stepping stone to a higher and better and worthier life in the years to come. Thank God for creating tender, kind and sympathetic hearts in at least some men and women. If it were not for hearts like that the sun would indeed be extinguished for those that make a misstep and fall.

"I was twenty years old when I was sentenced to five years in this place (first offense). I started to work when I was eight years old and worked in one place till I was sixteen. By studying while working I managed to get a fair education. When I was sixteen I thought the city was the place

of opportunities for a young man, so I bade good-bye to home and friends and left to seek my fortune in the city. I still loved my mother dearly through it all, and she had such big hopes for me I could not go back and disappoint her so I just kept on drifting; and finally in an insane, desperate attempt to get on my feet, without realizing the big mistake, I committed the crime for which I am now paying so dearly—burglary.

"I believe you can understand how easy it is for a boy from the country to take the first step down, when he is alone, without friends in a big city. I got so lonely I was glad to take anybody for a friend that would talk to me. I can see now they were the wrong kind of friends to have.

"When reading this, just remember it was written by a young man whose heart has been made tender by sorrows. THE LIFE BOAT is the only magazine I ever saw that cared to stand by the people who are down and out, the men and boys and women and girls for whom the sun does not shine. God bless you and God bless the Life Boat people, is the earnest prayer of a boy behind the bars."

A BROKEN LIFE AND THREE BROKEN HEARTS.

REV. CAPT. KINGSBURY.
Santa Ana, Cal.

The boy was born in an elegant home surrounded by the many rare things that wealth prompts liberal hearts to buy. The loving ministrations of a proud father and mother were his. The baby boy grew with the years into boyhood, youth and young manhood, and had all the blessings belonging to a Christian home,—fathers and mother's advice, care and prayers, and an older sister as companion.

One day as the little family circle were gathered about the well-spread table, father, mother, sister all talked of the coming departure of their boy,—he must have a college education,—nothing else would do; and the boy is eager for it. So it is decided that the study shall begin this coming autumn.

The day dawns all too soon when this boy shall leave home for a long season. As he sets out for the scene of his studies, father goes with him and sees that all is satisfactor-

ily arranged, then returns home. Our boy now settles down to work and right hard does he study, and for father's sake and mother's sake and sister's sake and for his own credit he desires to win highest honors. The months come and go, years pass, and soon our boy is to graduate. The evidences are the best, that with the final days will come victories, and our boy will be crowned with highest honors. Father and mother and sister must come down and see him graduate. When the boy stands upon the platform the hearts of the father, mother and sister quicken and glow with loving pride, and when the young man takes his seat the people rise en masse and pour forth a volume of applause that makes the arches of the great building ring gloriously.

Many a hand clasps the hand of this young man who seems born to be a king among men, whose rare gifts place him in the forefront among his fellows. Mother's kiss and father's benediction and sister's fond words are given and they depart for home while the son remains for a few days the guest of some city college boys.

One night after the return of the boy to his home, about the midnight hour the mother was awakened out of sleep by an unusual disturbance at the front door. She woke her husband and together they hastened to the door to learn the cause of all the cursing, and noise and confusion. As the door opened what a revelation came to that father and mother as they gazed into the face of their only begotten son, and he, maudlin drunk, was defiling the atmosphere with vile curses and drunken speech.

No pen can describe the horror that filled the minds and hearts of those parents as the awful fact dawned upon them, that their son, so talented, so noble, so honored, had come home to his mother's house and heart drunk, drunk! The son falls at their feet in helplessness while the broken-hearted father and mother lift him and carry him to his room and lay him upon his bed. What a sorry sight!

Now the fight begins between parents and friends and the whisky devil and evil influences, for the salvation of the only son. Prayers, loving entreaties, anxious, faithful care, all fail. The boy is a bond slave to the whisky appetite.

After two years of battling the father, a wealthy manufacturer, goes from saloon to saloon all over the city, and begs of the men who run them, and at great cost binds these men not to sell to his darling boy. Each saloonist had a price, save one. All agreed to the proposition of the heart-broken father, save one. He railed about personal liberty, and he would not sell his right to self whisky to any man at any price.

So it came about that the poor deluded boy gave his patronage to this son of "Personal Liberty." Oh, what an example of that sort of liberty!—the kind of liberty that makes one man the bond slave of one of the devils own. Each day the poor, misguided boy found his way to the den, the man-trap of this advocate of "Personal Liberty." Each day he imbibed freely of the liquors sold him, until health and strength bade farewell to the reeling, maudlin sot. One day, not having strength enough to walk across the street to the bar-room of his friend (the devoted son of liberty), he got down on face and hands and undertook to crawl over, and expired amid the dust and dirt of the street of his own native town. Thus ended the career of this noble scion of noble parentage.

Of the dark, dreary funeral hour I need not speak. Of the tears that flowed I need not tell you, dear reader. Of the awful woe that filled the hearts of friends, school-mates, companions of youth and young manhood, I can only give you a hint, and must hasten to the end of this pitiful tale.

Before six months had passed away, a silver haired mother was laid at rest beside a drunkard's grave. An appropriate inscription for her tombstone would be, "Died of a Broken Heart." Right soon another new-made grave;—the sister too died of a broken heart. In less than two years the father was laid in a grave beside his own dear ones. Disease? No. Sickness? No. Accident? No. Just died of a broken heart. That's all. Who cares? Make way for the saloon! On the monument bearing the family name, and erected over this family burial spot, "The fruit of the saloon traffic," would be a suitable inscription to place thereon.

Go on, brothers, with your reform work; vote out the saloon, but let me tell you that

so long as the human heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," so long "by hook or by crook," men will have liquor. Go deeper down than this. Unless you go to him with the Bread of Life, unless you bring him with you to the feet of Jesus, it will be a hopeless task.

When each individual church member sees it in this light and goes after the man who runs the saloon, as a lost soul, and the poor slave to appetite too, then will God in the glorious might of His power and in the glorious power of His might redeem men from the curse of appetite, and the nation from the curse of the saloon.

KING ALCOHOL.

WM. W. WORSTER, M. D.

College View, Neb.

King Alcohol, King Alcohol,
We will this day thy record call.
Thou art with murder, theft and crime
And many other sins of thine
Called to bear witness here today
Of all thou mayest have to say.
The witnesses, both young and old,
Have many stories of thee told;
How thou didst greatly them deceive
By promising they should receive
Great pleasure, comfort and delight
And to employ thy sovereign might
To give them honor, wealth and fame
And victory in life's great game.
But thou thy promise hast forgot,
For they have yet received them not
But shamefully thou hast deceived,
And from thy hand they have received
Great sorrow, failure and disgrace
Until thou oughtest hide thy face.

And now King Alcohol replied:
"My deeds are greatly magnified,
And you concessions must allow;
For I have bathed the fevered brow
And strengthened many a failing one
When his life work was nearly done.
I give protection from the cold
As you have heard it often told.
I greatly stimulate the trade
Wherever I am sold or made.
In science, too, I greatly aid;
Much fuel also I have made.
So you must now my deeds o'erlook
That are recorded in your book."

And now the judge his answer gave,
And spoke thus: "Thee I cannot save.
So thou must now this country leave,
My boys no longer to deceive.
Although thou hast some good deeds done,
The loss of only one man's son
Will all thy good at once offset
And cause us them to soon forget.
The sentence stands as first I gave
Because my boys I want to save."

"THE LIFE BOAT certainly gets better with every issue. I sometimes wonder what the next one can contain to be better than this one."

THE EVILS OF THE CIGARETTE AS OBSERVED BY A SCHOOL BOY.

THOMAS REID,
Elkhart, Indiana.

The cigarette kills the user before his time. The cigarette contains five deadly poisons in large quantities, namely, acrolein, prussic acid, pyridin basis, carbon oxide or monoxide gas and nicotin, besides many others in small quantities. These poisons destroy the white corpuscles in the blood. These corpuscles are supposed to surround any disease germs which may enter the blood and destroy them, thereby assisting the body to ward off any disease.

A doctor once took some tobacco, put it in water and allowed it to stand awhile, after which they injected some of the water under the skin of a cat. The cat died a short time later.

There are two sides to the use of tobacco as well as to most other things. The user may have a right to ruin his own body and life, but other persons who come in contact with him must be considered. A doctor was once called in to attend a baby who was supposed to have lung fever but he found that its lungs were diseased from the tobacco smoke in the air, where its father had been smoking. Smoking is almost always offensive to ladies, while it raises a cloud or curtain before the brain of the user. So they do not realize how offensive they are to other people.

When you see a boy or a man smoking tell him of his fault. He may not thank you then but if he takes your advice and stops smoking he is sure to do so in after life.

THE RICE CURE.

DR. DAVID PAULSON.

Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, the noted New York skin specialist, has recently called the attention of the medical profession to the very surprising results that he has obtained in eczema and other severe inflammatory skin troubles by restricting the patient absolutely to a rice, bread, butter and water diet for five days.

After two or three days of this diet the change that is produced in the patients is

sometimes astonishing. Dr. Bulkley also forbids the patient to use coffee, tea and chocolate.

It is well for our readers to be informed that living almost exclusively on rice for a few days is equally beneficial in some forms of sick headache, hyperacidity of the stomach, autointoxication, and other digestive and nutritional disorders.

It may be eaten in the ordinary cooked form with a little cream added or it may be made into cream rice pudding, or better still, the toasted rice flakes which are now on the market, or toasted rice biscuits and butter.

Stewed prunes or any other sub-acid fruits, raw or cooked, can be used very advantageously at the same time. After a few days the diet may be extended, but it is well to continue for some time to make a liberal use of rice in the daily dietary.

"SAVE YOURSELVES FROM THIS UN-TOWARD GENERATION."

MRS. A. C. GAYLORD.

Hinsdale, Ill.

The prevailing sin of Peter's time was unbelief in Christ, who had come in fulfillment of prophecy. They knew Him as the son of Mary and Joseph, and as a child He grew in favor with man. They doubtless referred to Him as a model youth, as a good example to the young people of His day.

They were acquainted with His superior workmanship as He toiled day by day at the carpenter's trade. They marked His noble traits of character, His extraordinary knowledge of the scriptures.

They witnessed His baptism and saw Him glorified. They heard the voice from heaven proclaim, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

They were present when He performed His many miracles, and witnessed that God was approving of Him by the miracles and wonders and signs which He did through Him. But they only marveled at these things and went their way.

They beheld the power attending His preaching. They followed Him through three and one-half years of ministry such

as was sufficient to have convinced the most skeptical of His divine origin, but they failed to discern the signs of the time. And when, at the close of His ministry, in that wonderful prayer of submission to His Father's will, God answered Him in audible tones, they "that stood by and heard it, said that it thundered."

Their ears were so dull of hearing they could not discern between the voice of God and some common noise, and two days later they cried out, "Away with Him!" "Let Him be crucified!"

They well knew the fact of His resurrection, and had heard the strange story of His ascension. In brief they were familiar with the details of His earthly career. Many times they had been so overawed by some remarkable demonstration of His power that they were led to exclaim, "When Christ cometh, will He do more miracles than these which this man hath done?" John 7:31.

But they were blinded and misled by the false reasoning of the priests and rabbis upon whom they depended for instruction and guidance in religious life. Had they in sincerity studied the Word of God for themselves, comparing written prophecy with the facts characterizing the life of Christ, they would have known the time of their visitation and the things that belonged to their peace. But following as they did the traditions of men instead of the Word of God, the stone which was set at naught of the builders was likewise rejected by the masses.

But on the day of Pentecost Peter boldly proclaims the Man of Nazareth to be both Lord and Christ and appeals to them to repent of their sins and seek pardon through that Name and thus save themselves from that "untoward generation" (Acts 2:40)—that generation upon whom such great light had shone and whose unbelief was so appalling that Christ said it would be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon and Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for them (Matt. 15:15; 11:22); and that Nineveh would rise up in judgment and condemn that generation, "because they repent-

ed at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here." Matt. 12:41.

But this is not all. Isaiah declares that this same Jesus would be "a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel, . . . and many among them shall stumble, and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be taken." Isa. 8:14, 15.

We have long marveled at the blindness and unbelief of ancient Israel, the first house; but the clock of time has turned until today modern Israel, the second house, is being brought over the same ground on which ancient Israel fell. The old controversy has been revived and that church which in the past declared her one foundation to be Jesus Christ her Lord is now trying to decide what to do with Jesus which is called the Christ.

After all the evidence that nineteen hundred years have developed in proof of the divinity of the lowly Nazarene, we find modern Israel rejecting the miraculous birth, the vicarious death and triumphant resurrection over which ancient Israel stumbled and fell.

It is being loudly proclaimed from the pulpits of our land today, that Christ was only a man—a perfect example perhaps, but that His death accomplished nothing so far as man is concerned, although the Word of God plainly declares:

That we were all under condemnation of death because of sin (Rom. 5:12); that Christ paid the penalty of a broken law for us (Heb. 10:5-10; 7:26, 27; Gal. 3:13).

That He took our sins upon Him and died for them according to the scriptures (Rom. 4:25; 5:6-10; 1 Cor. 15:3).

That "He was wounded, for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, . . . and with His stripes we are healed." Isa. 53:5.

That without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin (Heb. 9:22), but that His blood has been shed (1 Peter 1:18, 19) and through faith in Him we may be justified (Rom. 5:1).

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4:12.

The natural branch was broken off because of unbelief; we can not be unbelieving and still abide (Rom. 11:17-21).

This appeal of Peter sounds down through the ages to our time. Let us save ourselves from *this* untoward generation by declaring our faith in Him who is mighty to save. instead of a rock of *offence* let us see to it that He is our rock of *defense* from the storms of life.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

We will never stumble over that Stone unless we set it aside. If we give Him his rightful place as headstone of the corner He becomes a sure foundation instead of a stone of stumbling.

How it must grieve Him to see those who call themselves Christians, denying the blood that bought them—that precious blood of Christ by which we are redeemed.

"He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, where-with he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?" Heb. 10:28, 29.

God "is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish;" but if we set aside Him who is the way, the truth and the life, we destroy ourselves. Said Christ: "No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." John 14:6.

Let us by repentance, confession and faith enter in through the door (Christ) and not seek to climb up some other way (John 10:1, 9). May God help us to appreciate the price our salvation has cost and to join with the angels and redeemed saints in that grand chorus of praise and adoration: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." "Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." Rev. 5:12, 9.

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

ANGRY WORDS.

MRS. IDA BROWN.

Angry words in the morning spoil the whole day. This is the experience which many of us can recognize, with lament for days which did not bring their full harvest of accomplishment.

Each day is a new beginning endowed with possibilities of work and pleasure, but strictly limited in its allowance of energy.

Anger is an irritant, a fever. If we begin the day with it the fine flower of our vital strength is exhausted in the effort to get back to serenity and we work all day with the poorer forces of our mind and spirit.

If there were no other argument for peaceful home morning hours this of itself would be worth considering. If the boys or husband rob the mother or housewife of her serenity of soul before they leave for their work they have robbed their home of energy all day.

If children go scolded and angry to school they are in no mood to make the best of their opportunities.

The world wants the best work and will reward nothing less than that. Let us not provoke one another to anger in the hour of beginnings lest we make ourselves responsible for failure.

"Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with song,
To all your neighbors just to do
As you'd have others do to you,—
This for us is the daily key,
'Tis God's own will for you and me."

DOES THIS INTEREST YOU?

A former Life Boat worker, after reading in the January number about the special prisoners' number, which will be issued in May, writes the following from Texas:

"I want to help to put the prisoners' number into the hands of Texas prisoners and I have interested one of our workers to help me raise funds for it. Have you information as to the number of prisoners in Texas, and how many of these can read?

"Texas prisoners are so scattered I hardly know how to reach them all. They are

out on convict farms, in mines, employed in building roads and on other public works.

"About what price can you furnish Life Boats to the prisoners? So we can have some idea of the amount of money needed."

Perhaps there are others who are equally concerned about the inmates of their own state prisons. These men and women should have the gospel brought to them. The prisons of our land are the most neglected missionary fields we have, yet there are many souls behind the bars who are hungering for truth and are worth saving.

Do you not feel impressed to invest in this enterprise? Five dollars will send one hundred and fifty copies to these prisoners, which will be read, no doubt, by six hundred men.

CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR THE POOR.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,
558 Bryant Ave., Chicago.

For a number of years Sister Richmond and I have wanted to get up a dinner for the poor on Christmas day and follow out our Lord's command by so doing. But we were never able to do this until this year when the young people's societies of Brooklyn mission and South Side church and our neighbors and friends helped us.

We went to the superintendent of the school in our neighborhood and told him about our work and what we were doing for girls here in our home and also what we wanted to do for the poor. He was interested and gave us the names and addresses of some poor children in our neighborhood. Sister Wade, Sister Richmond and I visited the homes of the children and invited them to come to the Christmas dinner. I took along with me some copies of the *Youths' Instructor*, *Review and Herald* and *Little Friend*, which we gave away to the children, and had some good talks with the parents.

In one family I visited I found the mother sick and the children half clad; the rooms were cold and the father was out looking for work. My heart was sad as I saw the condition of things and I longed to help them. I prayed with the mother and she prayed, then I asked her if she

would like to have one of our Bible workers give her readings. "Oh, yes," she said, she would be glad to have them come any afternoon. I believe this woman is hungering and thirsting after righteousness. She is an honest soul and I believe will see the light of truth in God's Word and accept it.



Mrs. Abrams.

We fed thirty-two poor children on Christmas day and three of their parents, beside some other poor people of our church, making in all about eighty people. After the dinner our girls sang and recited and Brother Wolfram, who is giving vocal lessons to our girls, favored us with a solo. Elder Bartlett also gave us a talk. He spoke about how our work had grown in one year and how he could see the blessing of the Lord upon it. Then the girls sang a song which their physical culture teacher had taught them. It was the best and happiest Christmas of all my life because we did what Jesus would have us do. True happiness consists in doing, not in what we say. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: for the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Ps. 41:1.

FOUR YEARS WITHOUT A LETTER FROM THE OUTSIDE.

(From an inmate of the Auburn, N. Y., prison.)

"Having accidentally come into possession of your eleventh annual prisoner's number of THE LIFE BOAT, I therein read of your kind invitation offering readers the privilege of corresponding with you. As I take it, this invitation was extended as much to those behind the walls as those on the outside, and being unfortunately one of the former class I take advantage of your kind offer to write.

"For the first four years of my sentence, I was unable to write to any one because I had no one to write to. I have written several letters to my father, but inasmuch as he has refused to answer them, I had to give up writing to him also. He evidently doesn't believe in the fatted calf parable, although I confess I can't exactly blame him, seeing he warned me at the expiration of my first prison term that he would cast me off completely were I ever imprisoned again. So he has made his oath and must keep it. I have made my bed and must lie in it.

"Thus when I read THE LIFE BOAT and your invitation in it, it was to me as a beacon in the valley of despondency. Being penned up as I am it irks me sorely to have all communication with the outer and brighter world cut off, and it is with sincere pleasure that I respond to your invitation and feel it may also be a benefit to me spiritually.

"I have but four years served of a nine year and six months' sentence, and so fervently long for the privilege of writing to some one who is willing to overlook the bar sinister I am living under, and who may think that despite prison walls, bolts and bars, a man may still be a man for all that.

"I write this as a sort of preliminary to what I trust may continue into further correspondence and if you can spare a word of cheer and hope and good will, samaritanly forward one to me, for in the past I have found that the smiles cast upon those with the smirch of prison upon them were often of the cold and contemptuous variety."

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

The following letter is from a little girl whose mother was once a patient at the Hinsdale Sanitarium. She became interest-

ed in The Life Boat magazine and has secured fifteen subscriptions recently in her home town. She has set a good example for other little girls to follow:

"Please find enclosed seven dollars and fifty cents for fifteen subscriptions for The Life Boat at fifty cents each . . . Please send me as premiums the red letter teachers' Bible for the ten; the fountain pen for three, and 'A Retrospect' for the two.

"I go to school nearly every day. I always rank two or three in my class of seventeen, and I am the youngest in my class. I am in the fifth grade. I just love books. Mamma says 'Yes, much better than work.'"

THE PLEASANTEST GUEST.

"I am writing this to thank you for the book written by J. Hudson Taylor, which I have really wanted for a long time. And THE LIFE BOAT is just one of the pleasantest guests in our home. I wish every family could have it."

A PERSONAL REQUEST.

"Dear LIFE BOAT:

As we are a Junior League, twelve in number beside our leader, and like to read you so much and want you to do missionary work with, we write to ask you how much a club of ten copies would cost us for three months, six months, or for one year. We are all young—not any of us over fourteen years old and the most of us younger, and we want to pay for you ourselves."

Bro. C. P. Whitford, who has labored for many years as a singing evangelist, has just published a new and beautiful song entitled,

THE SEA OF LIFE.

The title page contains Bro. Whitford's portrait, also the words of a new song entitled, "It Was You Who Invited Me Here." The music may be found in Hymns & Tunes, page 1008. The 3d and 4th pages contain a Bible Reading entitled, THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE. 25 cts. will secure the entire set. Remit by post office money order. Address, C. P. WHITFORD, Arch Creek, Dade Co., Fla.

When any of our readers have occasion to pass through Chicago we invite them to visit our city Life Boat headquarters at 528 Thirty-third place. Take the Cottage Grove avenue car on Wabash avenue, going south from the heart of the city. Get off at Thirty-third place, and the institution is within a block.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



AN OPEN DOOR TO MISSIONARY TRAINING.

HAVE you a burning desire imparted to you by God to become a missionary nurse? Send for application blank and full information concerning the three years' nurses' course of training in the Hinsdale Sanitarium. The next course begins in the early summer.

* * *

HAS the missionary call of our large cities reached your ears, and touched your heart? Do you desire a speedy preparation for missionary usefulness so that you may carry into the homes of the people the gospel of peace to the soul and also health-giving advice for the body? Send for information concerning the six months' course for Bible-working nurses given in the Chicago Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-third place, Chicago. The next course begins April 1.

* * *

DO you desire a personal, definite, hand-to-hand experience in rescue work so that you may in the hands of God be used to recall those who have gone astray, and bring them back to the Master's fold? Apply for an opportunity to assist either Miss Borden in the Hinsdale Life Boat Rescue Home or Mrs. Swanson in the Chicago Home.

* * *

DO you desire to secure employment as a worker in the culinary department or at general house work, and at the same time enjoy the unusual opportunities attending live, inspiring Bible classes, and many other similar opportunities afforded in a missionary institution? Apply for a position in some department of the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Make a rush to obtain the last of the Hudson Taylor books. The publishers have informed us that they have only five hundred copies left of this special edition of "Retrospect." When these are exhausted we will no longer be able to continue this special offer.

We have sent out nearly three thousand of these books as premiums. We have received most appreciative and enthusiastic letters.

Get one new subscription for *THE LIFE BOAT* at fifty cents, and secure a copy of this book before the edition is exhausted.

ENERGETIC CHRISTIANITY.

There are many who compliment themselves, even though they do no *active* good, because they are doing nothing that is positively wrong. Such should read thoughtfully the following words:

"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that we have heard, lest haply we drift away from them. How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great a salvation?" Heb. 2:1, 3, R. V.

The apostle Jude exhorted the Christians of his time that they should "*maintain a conflict* for the faith which was once delivered to the saints." Jude 3, Syriac translation.

It is not enough to sit down in a delightful passive attitude. The prophet looked down the ages and saw a people that were neither calling upon God nor *stirring up* themselves to take hold of Him (Isa. 64:7). And Christ Himself said that "the kingdom of heaven is assailed by force, and the violent *seize* it." Matt. 11:12, Syriac translation.

If you have been merely a passive Christian ask the Lord to make you an active

one, and then you will not only be good, but good for something.

A GOOD RULE FOR MEMORIZING THE BIBLE.

Many people have a hard time to commit Bible verses to memory. Some one has suggested this plan: To read a verse that cuts right across one's daily habits, then go out and *practice* that verse; then it is sure to stick in the mind.

PEDDLING GOSSIP.

The one who will finally dwell in God's holy hill will not slander with his tongue, nor take up a reproach against his neighbor (Ps. 15:3, R. V.). How many professed Christian people there are who expect finally to camp on God's holy hill who should be taking note of this fact.

A PROGRESSIVE EXPERIENCE.

Moses had to herd sheep before God could trust him to lead men. Before Paul could say, "I *live* with Christ," he had to say, "I am *crucified* with Christ." Gal. 2:20. Before God can trust Christian people to be the *light* of the world (Matt. 5:14) they have to serve a thoroughgoing apprenticeship being the *salt* of the earth (verse 13).

A lamp can stand on the table and light far and near. In a way it is rather an inspiring experience. The salt has to be right down next to the thing which it is calculated to preserve. It often has to come directly in contact with corruption. There are many Christians who are willing to take a post-graduate course in being the light of the world who are not willing to graduate in the humble school of being the salt of the world.

HIGH AMBITIONS.

"Are you ambitious for education that you may have a name and position in the world? Have you thoughts that you dare not express, that you may one day stand upon the summit of intellectual greatness;

that you may sit in deliberative and legislative councils, and help to enact laws for the nation? There is nothing wrong in these aspirations. You may every one of you make your mark. You should be content with no mean attainments. Aim high and spare no pains to reach the standard.

"Balanced by religious principle you may climb to any height you please."

A NEW TRACT.

The article entitled, "The Healing of the Sick," published in the October LIFE BOAT, has been issued in tract form by request. It is a sixteen-page tract containing six full page illustrations. We will send fifty for twenty-five cents, or twenty for ten cents. Just the thing to hand out to your friends and neighbors. We are continually receiving orders for this little tract and shall be glad to fill them as long as there are any left.

ANOTHER SIX MONTHS' COURSE FOR CITY WORKERS.

April first we shall start another six months' course for city medical missionary workers. Applications are coming in to enter this class. A young man and his wife have arranged to come from Iowa, another young couple from Canada are thinking of coming, others from nearby states are making arrangements to come. We can accommodate about ten more students for this class.

We are taking none into this school excepting those who are whole-hearted missionaries. There is probably not another similar opportunity anywhere in this country. If the Lord impresses you to give your life to this work of self-sacrifice write us immediately for further particulars. Students can easily meet their expenses by selling our ten-cent magazines. Tuition is absolutely free. This school is conducted in connection with the Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago. In writing for information address either Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill., or M. H. Serns, 528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor
N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager

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Single copies, 10 cents.

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

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

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

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

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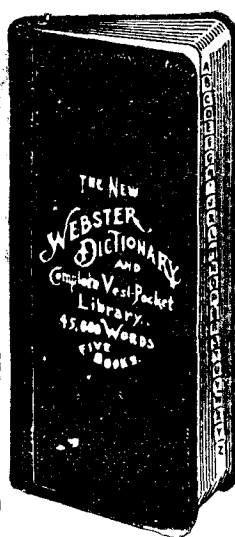
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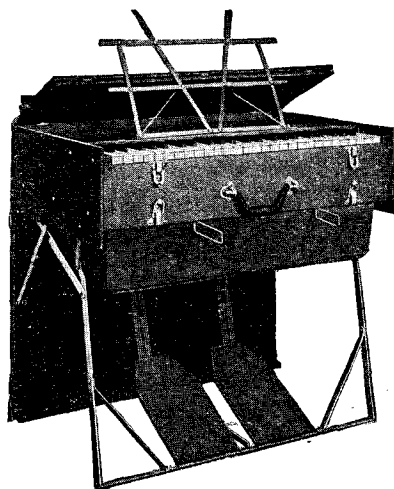
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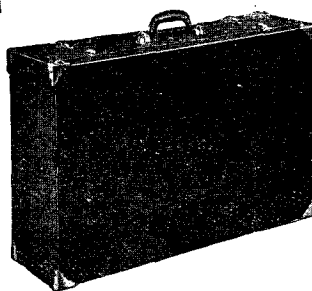
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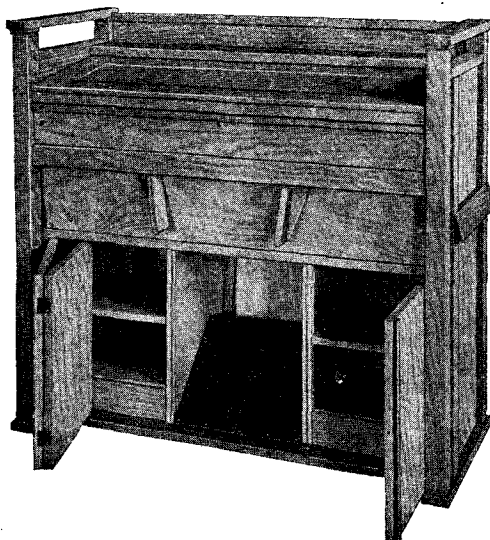
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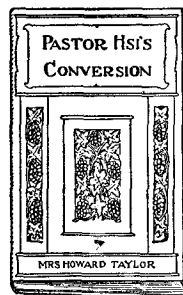
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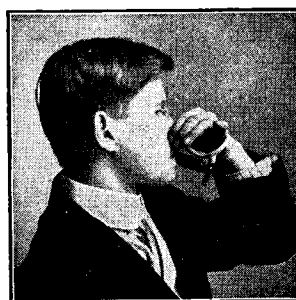
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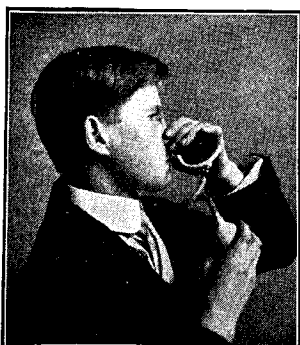
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