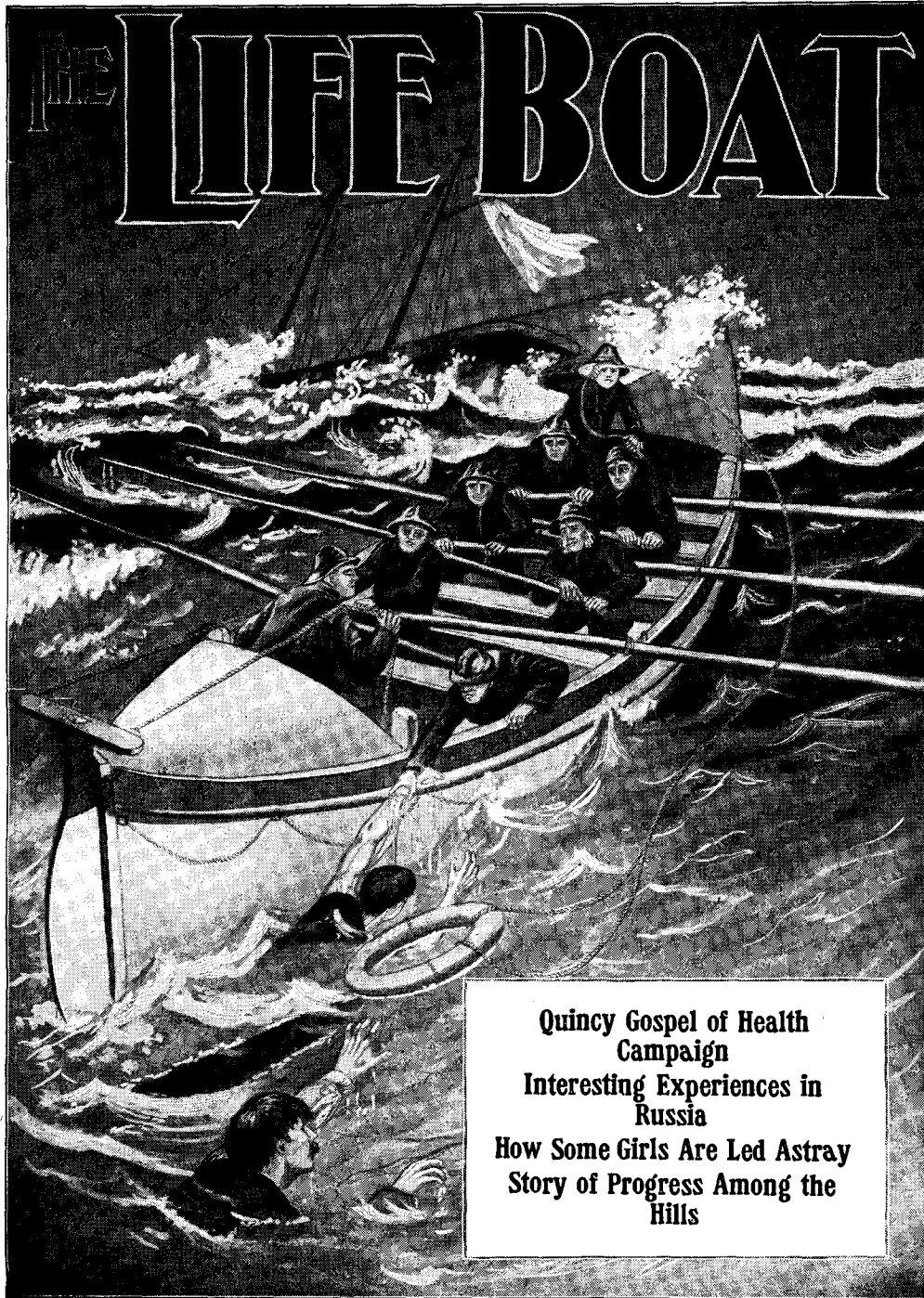


"Sow Beside All Waters."—Isa. 32:20

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**Quincy Gospel of Health
Campaign
Interesting Experiences in
Russia
How Some Girls Are Led Astray
Story of Progress Among the
Hills**

Volume Fourteen
Number Ten

Windsdale, Ill.

October, 1911

"The Mighty Struggle for Health."—By the Editor



The Front Lawn of the Hinsdale Sanitarium, One of the Most Beautiful Spots in the Vicinity of Chicago.

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HINSDALE, ILL. :: OCTOBER, 1911

Number 10

The Mighty Struggle for Health

Dr. David Paulson

Did you ever puzzle your head trying to get some satisfactory answer to the following questions: Why doesn't everybody become sick when a terrible epidemic is raging in the community? And of those who do contract the disease why do some die while others recover? Why is it that some who are comparatively careful about their health are semi-invalids, while others who are evidently very careless possess fairly good health? In the providence of God recent research now enables us to furnish at least a partial answer to each of these questions.

Every one remembers when the Japs undertook to capture Port Arthur they found it so strongly fortified that it required nearly six months of persistent bombardment before the last of these military defenses gave way and the city fell into their hands.

In a similar way every healthy person possesses a number of active bodily defenses which must be demoralized or crippled by persistent wrong habits before it is possible for that individual to contract any serious disease. We may catch some sickness by accident but generally for months and years we ourselves have been paving the way for it. The wet feet, getting caught in the rain, becoming chilled after some vigorous exercise, sitting in a draft, in each case was only the last straw that broke the camel's back.

THE BEST AIR PURIFIER EVER MADE.

Walking down State street, Chicago, or the crowded thoroughfare of any large city on

a windy day, every breath of air contains tubercular bacilli, pneumonia germs, and very often the microbes of influenza and other respiratory diseases. Yet when this same air is exhaled it is entirely free from germs. In other words, it has been sterilized by passing through the nasal passages, down the bronchial tubes, and into the minute air cells of the lungs. Modern research has demonstrated that the *healthy* mucus covering the mucous membrane contains something that destroys germs, just as carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury might.

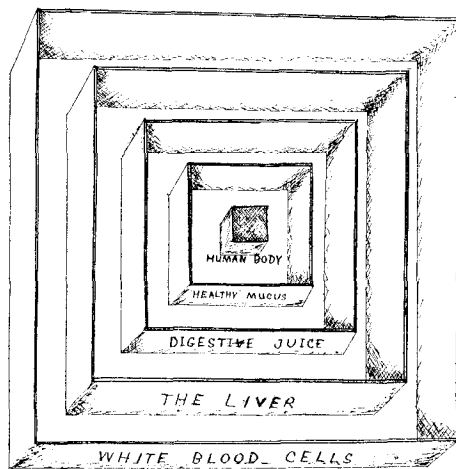
So it is an accurate truth that one has to *cultivate* sickness before he can contract these various diseases, for healthy mucus can *only* be made from healthy blood, and unhealthy mucus instead of killing germs actually supplies a favorable culture medium in which germs may flourish abundantly, produce poisons, and bring forth a harvest of sickness and death.

One of the most certain ways of producing not only unhealthy blood but also an unhealthy mucous membrane is to poultice the lungs sixteen times a minute with impure air. If you can not open your bedroom windows smash them; and if your sleeping room does not have enough windows send for a man to come with an ax to chop another opening, while you forget to fit a window into it. A better as well as more heroic plan is to screen your veranda and fit it up for an outdoor bedroom. You will save in doctor's

bills during the first year ten times more than it cost you, and you will wonder how you ever could have been so stupid as to spend a third of your time year after year in a stuffy and ill-ventilated bedroom.

WHY A DOG NEVER HAS PTOMAIN POISONING.

A French investigator fed a dog rotten meat. A few hours later he killed the dog, opened up its stomach, and found the meat had been thoroughly disinfected. Human beings can rarely compete successfully with the dog in this respect; hence when contaminated and tainted meat is eaten they often die from ptomain poisoning,—because we do not possess equally vigorous gastric juice.



A DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE WALLS OF DEFENSE AGAINST DISEASE IN THE HUMAN BODY.

Nevertheless the healthy gastric juice does destroy germs. That explains why people can eat store cheese with safety although it is ordinarily richly laden with germs. It also explains why those who have perfect digestion rarely contract typhoid fever from drinking contaminated water.

AN INSIDE FOOD INSPECTOR.

The liver is nature's next most important fortification. It is a fearful and wonderful organ; it works overtime doing us good for it has many important duties besides making

bile. It is the gateway between digestion and the real man, for nearly everything that is absorbed from the digestive canal passes through the liver before it reaches the blood. Here it is sorted over and the poisons are either neutralized, destroyed, or stored up.

A French scientist injected some nicotine into the portal vein going to the liver. In examining the blood as it left the liver he found that a large proportion of the poison had been destroyed in passing through the liver. That is why a man can use tobacco year after year without losing his life.

The terrific illness resulting from the first effort to smoke is an accurate revelation of its deathly effects. "Getting used to it" is simply when the liver and other protective agencies in the body have become aroused to destroy the poison, and then the tobacco user confidently imagines it has ceased to do him harm. By and by the liver becomes worn out coping with this enemy and allows it to pass through into the blood. Then tobacco begins to "hang on the breath," showing that the lungs are now trying to eliminate the poison from the system. But that kind of a liver is also allowing other poisons to escape into the blood, and that man's days are numbered unless he speedily reforms, and even then he must go through life with a crippled liver.

LIBERTY FROM POISON SLAVERY.

While I was a student in Bellevue Hospital, New York, I performed a cruel experiment which I am by no means proud of. There was an old cat that used to sing a nerve-racking solo regularly at midnight hours. I determined that under the circumstances he should be sacrificed to a higher mission. So I caught him, tied him securely to a box, took the amount of tobacco necessary to make a cigarette, soaked it in water, filled a physician's hypodermic syringe with this tobacco juice and injected it under the cat's skin. In a few minutes he began to tremble, then to shake violently. Then he had spasms and convulsions, and he died just twenty minutes after the injection had been made.

I then and there became convinced that what could kill a large cat in twenty minutes could not possibly be good for a small boy; and as president of the Anti-Cigarette League

of America providence has given me a wide opportunity to enlist multitudes in the great modern crusade against the cigarette and the entire tobacco curse.

If you who are reading these lines are a tobacco-user remember it can not *possibly* do you any good; it is bound to do you some harm, and it may be doing you a great deal of *unconscious* harm. Tell the good Lord that if He will help you to overcome the habit you will dedicate that sum of money to some worthy cause. For a few days live exclusively on a fruit diet, eating it three or four times a day; drink abundance of water; if convenient take one or two sweat baths, and in two or three days you will be entirely delivered from this galling bondage and will be astonished how easily you were set free.

The liver is also overtaxed by the eating of fried foods, flesh food, by destroying the caffeine in tea and coffee, coping with mustard and pepper and other fiery spices, and above all things being compelled to struggle against poisonous alcoholic liquors.

SOME REMARKABLE INSIDE INFORMATION.

The blood is our most remarkable bodily defense. We now have amazing confirmation of the truthfulness of the scriptural declaration that the blood is the life. The account of the researches and discoveries of Metchnikoff, the present head of the Pasteur Institute, on this subject, reads like a romance.

Everybody knows that the red blood cells carry the oxygen from the lungs to the tissues. But the white blood cells, which exist in much smaller number—only about one to four or five hundred of the red—have a vastly different mission to perform. They are the builders and repairers of the body. When some part is injured they are the "wrecking crew" that immediately apply themselves to replace and to rebuild the destroyed tissue.

But they are not only "hewers of wood and carriers of water." They are also the "standing army of the interior"; for even more wonderful than the preceding, when disease germs invade some part of the body these white blood cells work their way through the blood vessel wall, just as you might put a handkerchief through a keyhole. When you see them under the microscope they appear just like

little lumps of jelly; yet by some mysterious process they move over next to the microbe, folding themselves around it like a housewife works raisins into the dough. And then these leucocytes, as they are called, actually digest these germs just as we digest the potatoes we ate for dinner.

All this is neither theory nor guess work. If one captures a frog and slips its foot under the eye piece of the microscope, then focuses carefully on the web between its toes, this marvelous exhibition arranged by divine wisdom can be seen plainly by the human eye.

How does that little insignificant lump of jelly have sense enough to work its way through a blood vessel wall, move over without feet or ordinary means of locomotion, capture the germ and digest it? Roger, a notable European scientist, explained it by saying that it was "guided by an unknown Intelligence." And yet the fool saith in his heart, "There is no God."

A STARTLING TEMPERANCE LESSON.

A few years ago Dr. Budine, a Chicago pathologist, inoculated two rabbits with pneumonia, and then he administered alcohol to one of them. That used to be the orthodox treatment for pneumonia. This rabbit died; the other one which had not received alcohol recovered. When a drop of its blood was put under the microscope it was found that the white blood cells had eaten up the pneumonia germs.

A drop of blood was then taken from the rabbit that had died and they found that the white blood cells had scarcely destroyed any pneumonia germs. Evidently the alcohol that had made the rabbit drunk had also made these white blood cells so drunk that they could not smell the germs; or the alcohol had blinded their eyes so they could not see the microbes. One can not help but wonder how many pneumonia patients have been carried to their graves by the mistaken notion that alcohol would save their lives instead of co-operating with the germs to destroy them.

Several years ago my wife went down to New York to visit some of the hospitals. When she inquired for the pneumonia ward in the Presbyterian Hospital she was shown

up on the flat roof, and there she found the patients snugly wrapped up, breathing in the pure air of heaven and making remarkable recoveries. I read a report from this hospital of fifty-six consecutive cases of pneumonia without a death, treated in this manner without any drugs. Hydrotherapy and the fresh air treatment combined saves the lives of nearly all the pneumonia patients, instead of the former death rate of one-third to one-half under the old methods.

Do not overlook this practical point: that the alcohol that tends to destroy the pneumonia patient, when used in health is certain to pave the way for pneumonia by crippling the bodily defenses against disease. That is why surgeons dread to perform surgical operations on alcohol users, for they know they can not depend upon the active co-operation of the white blood cells to repair the damage their knife has wrought and to destroy any germs which may have been accidentally introduced during the operation.

Where the old-time doctor frequently worked against nature's curative efforts, the modern doctor recognizes that God has put the healing power within the man, and when it has been overwhelmed by wrong habits he must reform the patient and must see to it that his remedial measures are co-operating with nature's curative efforts.

WHAT THOSE ENLARGED KERNELS MEAN.

Those who have been unfortunate enough to have a felon on some finger will remember that there speedily developed a number of enlarged kernels at the elbow and the armpit. These were enlarged lymphatic glands, which ordinarily are too small to be readily felt. A goodly proportion of the white blood cells

are manufactured in these lymphatic glands. The entrance of these virulent germs that were producing their death-dealing work in the felon called for an increase in the standing army. Millions of white blood cells were manufactured at a moment's notice and were drawn into the struggle to destroy the germs and repair the damage.

Under ordinary circumstances they will be successful in a few days' time and the felon will be only a memory. If they are already crippled by prevailing dietetic errors, habitual breathing of impure air, and the numerous other health-destroying habits that accompany modern civilization, they may be unable to cope with the invaders; blood poisoning may set in and life be destroyed in a few days.

So in matters of health it is pre-eminently in times of peace we must prepare for war. The man who boasts about his apparent good health and ridicules all health ideas and then when disaster finally overtakes him attributes his sickness to a mysterious dispensation of providence, has in reality been defying providence for years, and is only exhibiting his ignorance and foolishness rather than sense and wisdom.

After persistent violation of nature's laws when the body begins to shriek out its protest against the outrages that have been heaped upon it it is possible to smother its warning voice by swallowing pain killers or taking poisonous tonics or resorting to other artificial expedients. But instead there should be earnest and vigorous reformation by adopting correct habits of life, not forgetting to ask God for increased light and wisdom to co-operate with the healing influences that He Himself has placed in our bodies.

BRIGHT THINGS AND BRIGHTER.

Pearl Waggoner.

Bright are the dancing sunbeams
Over the sun-kissed bay,
Bright is the light that greets our sight
At noon on summer day.
But fairer light and brighter,
Yea, bright beyond compare,
Is that which fills the life and heart
When Christ is reigning there.

Great is the power, and mighty,
Hidden within the deep,—
Hidden in dashing water-fall
Or waves that roar and leap.
But greater than all other
Is God's almighty power,
Which those who ask Him may receive
In each temptation's hour.

Sure is the deep-set instinct
Guiding the bird in flight
Over the plain, or trackless main,
Or up to azure height.
But surer is God's promise,
And, though the way be dim,
More great the assurance of the soul
That puts its trust in Him.

Bright is the cheering beacon
Reaching the ship at night,
Showing the way with guiding ray
To harbor-home and light.
But cheer and hope still brighter
Within God's Word are given,
To light the traveler on life's sea
And guide to home and heaven.

Interesting Experiences in Russia

A. G. Daniells

Washington, D. C.

[A. G. Daniells recently visited the Hinsdale sanitarium. Knowing that he had just returned from a visit to Russia we invited him to give a talk to the patients and workers concerning his experience. His remarks gave such an illuminating glimpse of some of the conditions existing there that we take pleasure in passing some of them on to our readers.—ED.]

Never in the history of the church has there been such a great effort put forth by all Christian churches in behalf of foreign missions as is being carried on at the present time. Every land in the world has been explored, every heathen nation has been found and tonight is receiving the gospel from consecrated missionaries.

I am sure I can not say anything to you regarding foreign mission fields that will be of more interest than to give a little account of a recent visit I have made to such lands as Russia, Turkey, Hungary, Austria, Bulgaria. Of course the people there would not count them as mission fields, but we who have the simple gospel of Jesus Christ surely feel that they are mission fields and that the people are in need of the gospel as we understand it.

When our missionaries first entered Russia, about twenty-five years ago, they were promptly arrested and put into jail for teaching something contrary to the Greek church, the state church. They were kept in this Russian prison forty days and then were providentially released instead of being sent to Siberia; but they were instructed to leave the country and never return.

They left the country, but they have returned many times since, and one of them is now the superintendent of the whole Siberian field stretching from the line that separates Asia from Europe clear across to the Pacific ocean. The other one who was in prison is superintendent of our whole European field and frequently goes back to Russia.

During these twenty-five years we have been endeavoring to carry on our work in that country. First we sent literature over, and then we sent again our missionaries, and we have succeeded in planting our work in that great empire so that we have now four thousand believers in Russia. We have a printing headquarters and have organized mission fields. We

have ministers, Bible workers, and house to house visitors; and as many of our believers are native Russians who can not be sent out of the country under any of the laws now prevailing, we feel that we are permanently planted there.

When I was in Europe this time I had a great desire to visit Russia, as I had never been there. I was notified the first thing I would have to do would be to secure a passport. I could not get into Russia without that document. So I went to our American consul in Sweden and secured it, went to the Russian consul and had it viséed, and then started.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

When our boat reached Russia and I went ashore an official stood at the bottom of the gang plank and demanded my passport. He put his stamp on it and handed it back. I went on and was met by a Christian brother, who took me to a hotel. When I signed the register the clerk of the hotel asked for my passport. Before I went my friends had told me I must take great care of my passport, that I must always carry it in my inside pocket next to my heart. So when this clerk asked for my passport, I thought he wanted to look at it, but he took and kept it, and I was sent off to my room.

The next morning a policeman called to look over the register. He demanded my passport, and the clerk handed it over to him. He took it down and registered it on the police books. That was the first time I ever got down on the police books in my life. He wrote down my age, height, color of my hair and eyes, and even general shape of my face. I asked a friend, "What is that for?" He said, "You will understand that better when you want to leave."

Now that was what was done with my passport and with me in every city where I slept. That is the law of Russia, that every person

who enters Russia must have his record entered in the police books of every city where he spends a night, so that the government will be able to trace that man every day that he is in Russia; so the police will have practically their hands on every stranger in the empire every day.

When I got down to Odessa down on the Black Sea I decided to cross the sea to Constantinople. Then I was told that I must go to the governor of Odessa, a Russian official, and have my passport viséed by him—that is, have him sign it up giving me good character, and secure permission to leave. Now suppose I had done anything in Russia that was not right or suppose that in any city something had occurred that involved me; my name and full particulars would be telegraphed to the officials at all the borders of all Russia, and when I came to pass out they would demand my passport; and when I handed that over they would have me, because that passport would give the whole story, and I would be placed under arrest.

WHAT IT MEANS TO PREACH IN RUSSIA.

For instance, the law in Russia prohibits any foreigner preaching a sermon in Russia without obtaining a written permission from the minister of the interior of Russia; and even then some government officer must be present and listen to the address.

Now it takes from three to twelve and eighteen months to secure such a permission. You can't get that in a day. Russians do not do business that way. It may be they will want to look up the speaker's history and pedigree and religious teachings, and all that.

Now suppose the government had been able to show I had violated this law, and a noise had been made about it—that fact would have been telegraphed to the officials at the borders and I would have been in for it.

This is a pretty serious thing, as I will show you. The law of Russia as I have said requires a policeman or official to be present at every religious service outside of the state church. There is but one church known to all Russia and that is the Greek church. If we had a gathering like this one there would be an officer present to hear all that was said and to report anything he thought was out of place to the authorities, so they could either expel

me or arrest me without any further ceremony.

So Christian companies sometimes arrange at every service for a door keeper to stand by the door. If he hears anybody he can peek out, and if it is an officer he can nod to the speaker, who could change his subject to something not of religious character, or could discontinue the meeting.

It was a holiday the day I was leaving Russia and the governor had gone out, and I was told I could not leave without having my passport fixed. So I went over to the American consul and told him that I had come to him for a certificate of good character. He said, "That is a thing I do not often give. That leaves me liable for all the hotel bills you have not paid and all the depredations you have committed." I told him I was very sorry, but I had been good and he would not have any trouble. He asked what I was and I said an S. D. A. preacher. He said, "My grandfather was a member of that church, and he was the happiest Christian I ever saw." So we had a good talk about it. He told me how when his grandfather went to their gospel tent he did not believe in God or the Bible, and used profane language and tobacco, but from that meeting he stopped swearing and became a good man, and he said, "Mr. Daniells, I will give you a good character." So he wrote me one that brought me my passport in ten minutes, and I was ready to leave.

It is very annoying and strange to an American who enjoys such liberty to be watched and dogged every step of the way and be restricted from preaching and teaching what you believe to be right. While one is in Russia he is thankful every night nothing has happened during the day.

IN PRISON FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

In St. Petersburg I went out to a prison filled with criminals and prisoners, in which two of our church members were serving a seven-year sentence for the crime of obeying the Bible as they understood it.

And when I got down to Kief I found one of our Russian ministers was in prison. I went to his wife and told her how I sympathized with her, and when I saw the tears come in her eyes I told her I must see her husband some way. I wanted just to look at him and have him see me. "Well," she said, "You can't

get in the prison, but I can arrange so you can see him. His cell opens out on one of the main streets and he can look out. I have the privilege of visiting him this afternoon." And *twenty feet* was the closest she had ever been permitted to get to him. She said, "I will go and tell him you are here and he can look out of the window and you can smile at him as you go by."

So I went up by the prison and when I got opposite his cell I saw his pale face there against the prison bars. I raised my hat to him and was so glad that I could do just that much.

A STRIKING ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Then his wife came along and as she got to the door one of the higher officers of the prison came out of the little door that is in the great big door, and he knew her. She got right hold of him and said, "Now look here, I want you to do me a favor. One of our ministers is here from America and wants to speak to my husband, and can't you let him?"

"Oh, no!"—very sternly—"I can't do that."

"But you can do it; please do it for me."

"Well," he said, "I know you pray, and if you have prayed to your God to get in that prison *you can get in*. I will go and ask the governor."

Then she came and motioned to us. We went down to the door, and in about fifteen minutes this man came back and said the governor was considering it. Such a thing had never been done for any of our people. Finally he came back again and said the governor was still considering, and then the fourth time, in an hour that was, he opened the door and said, "The governor says you may come in." Oh, I was glad for that.

So five or six of us went in; this minister's wife, Eld. Perk, the local pastor, Eld. Boettcher, my travelling companion, and myself. We were taken up the stairs to a room where sat four or five prison officials. They looked us up and down, and one man took us out of there into another place.

Our guard left us and nothing happened, and it began to be a question whether that was going to be a permanent affair or not. We could not tell anything that had been said or what they meant. But while we stood there thinking what was going to be done we sup-

posed they would take us way down there to his cell and let us look through those bars and talk to him, and we did not know why they did not take us on. But after a bit we saw a door open over at the end (the room we were in was like a hall), and in came our brother minister. They had brought him from his cell to our room.

They let him come in, and when he saw his wife and his pastor and Eld. Boettcher and myself that man could hardly keep his feet on that floor. He just came running to us like a lion let out of his cage. He threw his arms around us and kissed us. Then he began to talk with us. First he wanted to know about the cause of Christ; what was it doing, how was it going there in Russia, and in America and other countries?

A GLIMPSE OF PRISON CONDITIONS.

Well, we wanted to know how it was going *with him* and in the prison, but in all our conversation he never uttered one word of complaint but showed the greatest courage and good cheer I could ever imagine a man could show. And it was not pleasant, for when we asked him about his prison cell he said it was eighteen by twenty. We asked about the inmates and he said he had *forty-five* in that cell. They would lie right on the stone floor and had to lie head and feet, just like you see sardines packed in a can. In the morning when they got up he said they would just brush the vermin off from them as you brush dust off if you lie down in the middle of the road. The fare was sour bread and coffee. They make the bread sour—they have a taste for that, but it is terrible to an American. That is his life and that was his future, and that was the way he was getting on.

Now he was a man of fair education, a good Christian man, a man who would not walk out of that prison until his day was come even if the doors were opened—until he was dismissed honorably. The governor had notified him they would remit six months for his good behavior. He was a Christian in the prison and preached to those men with him. Some were criminals of the deepest dye, and he prayed with them. Those officers knew he was a good man, for they left him alone with us and let us talk freely with him as long as we

wanted to. He will be out of that prison I believe the 31st day of this month.

What is he in there for? He obtained permission from the governor to hold religious services in Kief, and as the people came he talked to them of a personal Saviour who was able to save them from sin, who was able to sustain them in trials, who was a living Saviour in heaven and would be their personal friend.

Now that is a thing no Russian church member knows anything about. No member of the Greek church knows anything about Christ being a *personal* Saviour. He is a historical Christ to them and they are not taught a heart religion at all. It is form and ceremony.

Well, the people came and then told their neighbors, and the priests of the Greek church said, "This won't do; we must stop that." And when they could not keep those people from coming they trumped up a charge and accused him and swore in the court before the judge that he had talked against the Greek church.

That is a terrible thing, isn't it—to say that there is something you do not believe in the teaching of the Greek church? But they swore falsely, for we do not say that; we know it is a matter of imprisonment and it would do no special good to say it. Well, when the priests had testified this, this man said to the judge, "I have witnesses here, men and women who were at that meeting, and I want them to tell you what I said." "Why," he said. "What is that for?" "Well, that is my witness." "Well, we do not want any more; haven't these men witnessed? What these men have said is enough. I sentence you to two years' imprisonment." That does not allow a man to present facts so he was put in prison on false testimony and on such flimsy charges.

(To be concluded)

The income of the heart depends on its outgo.

NO MOTHER NOW.

(From an inmate of the Indiana State Prison.)

"I will take this opportunity in addressing you feeling that right now is a critical period in my life, where if some friend would stand by me in my hour of need, it would help me so much and draw my mind from the sad picture that is continually before me. In the midst of my great sorrow I come to you for sympathy, for I am passing through one of the hardest trials that come to us in this life.

"On the 8th day of last April I lost the best, closest and dearest friend I had in this world. My dear mother, whom I had not seen for several years, was suddenly called away, and I did not see her before she was laid to rest.

"Dear friend, can you not imagine the sorrow and agony that surrounds my lonely heart? No one who has never experienced a like shock can imagine the feeling I had. As I go about my work I am continually living over that death-bed scene and sometimes it seems like my heart will burst. But our heavenly Father has promised to be with us in our trials, and were it not for the hope of the grand reunion in the sweet by and by we would certainly be miserable. He who has promised to hear and answer prayers will remember the countless prayers that mother has offered for her children. I have no mother now,—she has gone and left me; but it gives me pleasure to think that some day we will meet never to part again. I have other relatives but they don't seem to love me, so I am left practically alone in this world with no one to love or care for me.

"It's a great joy and happiness to me to receive letters from any one outside; so if you desire to give me a few words of encouragement you are at liberty to do so, and I extend heartfelt thanks to you for doing so."



The Quincy Gospel of Health Campaign

Dr. Mary Paulson

About a week ago four of our medical missionary nurses accompanied me to Quincy, Ill., for a two weeks' gospel and health field campaign. We earnestly prayed that God would direct us, and He has certainly gone before us and prepared the way. As we go from house to house we find people who need help either in a physical or spiritual way. One morning we found a lady in her home who was extremely nervous. Upon close inquiry we found it was due to troubles and perplexities which had entered into her life and she

had not learned the secret of casting all her cares upon Him who careth for us.

We were extremely glad of the privilege we had of reminding her of the true way out of her difficulty and showing her how to yoke herself up with Christ in such a way that He could fulfil His promise to her—"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you . . . for My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Before leaving that house we knelt down



GROUP OF WORKERS AS THEY WERE LEAVING FOR QUINCY, ILL.

Clary Wermblad Zada Hibben Dr. Mary Paulson Clara Meister Marie Arntzen

with her in her parlor and asked God to bring that peace into her heart and that love which suffereth long and is kind. She was so grateful that we had called.

Then in another home the lady of the house was more anxious for physical advice. We have also been asked to talk to the girls of the W. C. T. U. along gospel of health lines. We thank God for the chance to sow the seed; the watering of it must be in His hands. The nurses who are with me have each written something regarding their experiences:

Brought Cheer to an Invalid.

I have personally felt very near to the Lord during this field campaign trip. I have come in contact with several very interesting cases. One especially interested me. I felt impressed to visit a house some distance away from the street we had in view, and as I came to the door I saw a woman lying in bed. I inquired if she was sick, and was informed that she had been for three years. The tears came into her eyes as we talked, and I feel my short heart to heart visit with her gave her renewed courage and faith in God. I also had the pleasure of demonstrating a few helpful ways of treating herself so as to help her gain in strength. We are endeavoring to come in contact with just such people as need help and also our prayers.

It is a great blessing for us all to engage in the service of the Lord. He has a small part for each one of us to do in His great vineyard.

—MARIE ARNTZEN.

Finds Interest Everywhere.

I have enjoyed my stay at Quincy very much. I don't think that I have ever met with people that have been more interested in our work than the people at Quincy.

Our daily prayer before we start out is that the Lord will go before us and prepare the hearts of the people; and we can truly say that our prayers have been answered. Especially the Life Boat Rescue Home work has created an unusual interest among the people here. In many of the homes that I visited they bought a paper on account of the interest they felt in this work.

—CLAY WERMBLAD.

Helpful Ministry in the Home.

In one home where I had sold **THE LIFE**

BOAT I was impressed before I left to ask the lady if all was well. She was very busy ironing, but her heart was full as she told me of the sickness that they had had in their home. One son, the eldest child, had not fully recovered from typhoid fever. It seemed to have settled in his right limb, and he had remarked that morning to his mother how much worse it felt; still he must go to work and help make a living.

The mother already knew that heat relieved pain, for one night not long ago she worked over him a whole night, putting fomentations on the best she knew how, and burning her hands from the hot water in wringing them out. I had the privilege of telling her what material to use for fomentations and showing how to wring them out without burning her hands, and how to apply them by placing inside of a dry woolen cloth so as not to burn the patient.

She was very grateful. She told me that she did not expect her son ever to do another good day's work again. How my heart went out to God in prayer that He would soon help us to establish the Good Samaritan Inn so that we would have a place to treat just such laboring people who have but little means.

—ZADA HIBBEN.

People Eager for Health Instruction.

The Lord has been very near to us while here at Quincy doing house to house work, and has given us many rich experiences, some of which I will relate.

One lady just put her head out of the door enough to see me, and thinking I was an agent said, "Nothing for me today." But I tried to speak to her something about our work, and when she heard me mention something on the health question she said, "Oh, does **THE LIFE BOAT** speak of that?" And then she wanted a paper at once and also wanted more reading matter.

Another place where I entered, the lady had fallen and injured her arm so severely that she will not be able to use it for some time. She said to me, "I am so glad you came, for I am not able to do anything, and by having this to read the time will go by so much more rapidly."

Another lady whom I canvassed told me of all the sickness and trouble they had in their

family, and I then had the opportunity of giving her a little instruction in simple treatments. She was very much surprised when I taught her how to apply fomentations and how to wring the cloths from hot water. She wants me to write to her and give more instruction along these lines.

I feel that even in a place like this the Lord has many honest souls. The harvest is indeed ripe, but the laborers are few.—CLARA MEISTER.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM.

CLARA B. DAVIS.

Feeling that the hour had come when a decided missionary campaign must be inaugurated for definite work, we as a band of young people organized so that through united effort this might be accomplished.

In this lies a two-fold blessing. Not only are others helped but by ministering in a Christ-like manner to their needs we receive added strength and blessing.

Our society is divided into four bands or departments: The house to house band, the Bible-reading band, the literature band and the band for personal work. The work of the different bands is so closely related that one opens the door for the other. For instance, in the house to house work one is able to minister to the sick by giving treatments and preparing simple wholesome food. In this way an interest is aroused and as added light is sought there is an opportunity for the Bible-reading band to step in and minister to their spiritual needs.

In the Bible-reading band are six or seven

who make it a study how to give to others the truths so dear to them. Mrs. Gaylord, who has been a Bible worker for some time and to whom God has given special talent for this line of work expects to take these young people and teach them by actual experience how to give a Bible reading intelligently.

The work of the literature band is sending out our periodicals. The results of the work done in this way may not be realized at once but we have the assurance that God's word will not return unto Him void. As these papers go out it is with an earnest prayer that they shall fulfil their mission, and we leave the rest with God.

Lastly is the band engaged in doing personal work—helping the discouraged ones and those who have grown cold and indifferent. It is not every one that is willing to undertake this work. A preacher may stand before a large audience and exhort them to put away sin and accept Christ, and yet not be *able or know how* to go to a person alone and talk with him regarding his spiritual welfare. However if one is consecrated he is a channel through which God can work, and greater results may be realized than through years of preaching without the Spirit of God.

The work is already onward. A splendid spirit pervades the entire sanitarium family, and the majority of the workers are taking an active part in this forward movement. Dr. Mary Paulson, who is the leader of our society, is now in Quincy, Ill., with four of the workers on a two week's campaign, doing gospel house to house work and selling our magazine. They already report wonderful experiences and we feel sure that God will crown their efforts with success.

A NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH LEAFLET.

Two of the most instructive health articles by the editor, entitled "Scientific Hydrotherapy" and "Sensible Dietetics," have recently been published in a small booklet of twenty-four pages.

It is envelope size, just the right thing to slip in with the letter you write to your friend. It is printed on superfine stock, illustrated, and every sentence contains choice health instruction.

Send for a goodly number and distribute them. Fifteen will be mailed for twenty-five cents, or fifty for fifty cents. Order now.

The Story of Progress Among the Hills of Tennessee

Caroline Louise Clough

At last the needs of the poor whites among the Southern Hills have come to be a live question. Such a man as William Goodell Frost has done more than any other man to make this possible.

The educational work for the mountain whites that is carried on in Berea College today is a telling object lesson of what can be done for these people. Other large-hearted educational men have entered other parts of that field and are quietly working away, buried, as it were, among the people they have gone to help. Among these are Professors E. A. Sutherland and P. T. Magan, who entered Tennessee seven years ago.

They bought a farm about ten miles from Nashville, put up a few small, simple buildings and opened up a school. They asked consecrated young people from the North to come to their school and receive a training that would fit them to go

out in the hill country and open up schools of their own. Now they have twenty-seven such schools scattered throughout the southern states. Once a year the teachers of these schools are called together in a convention where they exchange ideas and plan for better work. It was our privilege to attend the recent convention held August 24-29 at Madison, Tenn. An account of this meeting will be given elsewhere in this number but we want here to tell our

readers of the work that is actually being accomplished for the poor people of the hill districts.

Four years ago a bright, promising young man left a good position as superintendent of schools in an eastern town and came to the hills of Tennessee, and there on the top of a rocky ridge some distance above the surrounding country he has planted an educational movement that is far-reaching in its results.

The people of these districts are poor, living in small log houses with very few of the comforts of life as we have them here. The tobacco that they raise not only demoralizes

physically the one who raises it but also demoralizes the land on which it is grown, by speedily taking from the soil important elements of nutrition. And the hogs, that feed everywhere in the roads and doorways, transmit to the human body when they are eaten



A DOUBLE CURSE TO THE SOUTH.

The Tobacco Industry Is Not Only a Curse to the People Who Use It, But It Is Also a Curse to the Land on Which It Grows.

the poisons which are often present in their flesh.

These people are splendid folks but have not had proper opportunities. They are ready and waiting to be taught and this young man has undertaken to teach them.

In visiting this interesting community we had to climb up a steep rocky road. As we reached the top of the hill we passed a neat little cottage freshly painted and surrounded with flowers and foliage. It looked so differ-

ent from the huts we saw below in the valley that we thought this was occupied by one of Professor Alden's co-workers, for he has succeeded in gathering about him a community of five families of missionaries besides his own. We were surprised, however, to learn that a native of the community lived here and that the house had been built by Mr. Ashton, who is associated with Professor Alden and who has built no less than twenty houses for people of that community.

The old home on the school farm was a wonder. Good taste and ingenuity had trans-

home had carried water up this steep hillside through a dense forest and thick underbrush. Now, with a few cents' worth of wire and a couple pulleys the water is brought to their door yard by simply turning a crank. This device alone has been the marvel of the neighborhood.

We are told that "actions speak louder than words," so these people need only to see the object lesson and then they go to their homes and improve their own premises.

We found school in session in the little school building a few rods away. Here



PROFESSOR ALDEN AND HIS SCHOOL.

formed a little old wooden house with a separate kitchen into one large house that was fixed up like a dream inside. As we passed through, a genial faced woman appeared in the doorway and was introduced to us as the one who had done all the fixing. But she said: "Oh, gunny sacks and whitewash make no fixing." Then we discovered that the walls were pasted over with gunny sacks and papered with whitewash.

The only water supply for this home was a small spring some distance down the hill. For fifty years the women who had lived in this

were fifty-two children and young people gathered to receive an education. They were dressed neatly, with clean faces and hair nicely combed. No cigarette fiends could be detected among them, but Professor Alden said that several were suffering with the hook-worm disease.

A room in Professor Alden's own home had been fitted up for the primary division, with rough boards for desks and seats, and common window shades for blackboards. Mrs. Alden was their teacher. Some of these little tots are so eager for an education that they



LITTLE EDDIE WHO COMES TO SCHOOL ON HIS PONY EVERY DAY.

walk six miles a day to get it. One little fellow came from the valley below every day on his pony.

To illustrate their appreciation of what is done for them: One little girl, a new student in the school, came every day with a badly torn dress. This worried another little girl who had learned better than to wear

ragged clothes and so one day she brought a piece of flour sack and some thread and a needle and got the little girl to one side and patched her dress for her.

The fact that the dress was dark and the patch was light seemed to make but little difference to her. She knew that it needed to be patched and she did it. "Because," she said, "these people have done something for me and I thought I would do something for somebody else." This little incident came to the ears of a member of the State Educational Society of Tennessee, who has subsequently taken a deep interest in the work of this community, and Professor Alden has been asked to become a member of this society and has opportunity to lecture for them. He also holds farmers' meetings for his neighbors. The community has improved fifty per cent and land has doubled in value.

This field provides a wonderful opportunity for Christian farmers to settle and by their lives and daily conduct with the people be an inspiration to them to bring them to higher ideals. One farmer, who came from South Dakota, said he would not sell his experience for a thousand dollars. He said "it would do the northern people good and they would get their selfishness shook out of them."

In the next number of *THE LIFE BOAT* we shall continue this story, telling of some other centers among the hills that were visited.

How Shall They Know Except One Teach Them?

A. W. Spaulding
Naples, N. C.

I should like to take you on a little trip around the country, and let you see conditions as they are in this southern field. Just over the hill from us is a windowless, mud-daubed log cabin, twelve by fourteen feet, filled at one end with two beds, and at the other with the wide fireplace, over which the cooking is done. Take dinner with me there, and you will see the iron pot swung over the fire with a mixture of cowpeas, hog-meat and lard. This is the main dish. To support it the bake-kettle is brought out, a few coals raked out on the hearth, upon which the bake-

kettle is set; then the woman brings in her hands two cakes of corn-meal dough (meal, water, and salt), throws them into the pan, covers it up, and heaps coals over it, and soon dinner is ready. Possibly, as a luxury, you are offered coffee, or sorghum, and more often milk.

In this little cabin there are four children, though in many such there are six or more. There is no privacy, unless it be behind the wide-open door. Under the cabin the chickens sleep; six feet away is the pig-sty, for it does not pay to walk too far to throw the

slops. There are no outbuildings, except a pole shed for the cow and mule. The children are thinly clothed usually. At one such neighbor's, where I called to invite them to our Thanksgiving social, the mother said, "We'd be right glad to come, but my little children haint got no shoes yit," and it was cold. They crowded in behind her as she opened the door—all except one bare-footed, pinch-faced little fellow, who was out bravely chopping at some poles for the fire.

Where this conversation took place, my wife had been to attend the new-born baby. The little thing caught cold in a week or so; they doped it, and then sent for Mrs. Spaulding. She and the girls stayed there several nights, and treated it; but in their absence there were plenty of old women to recommend everything for the cure of the baby. "Just stuff it," said one; "stuff it with a spoon; 'taint no matter what ye stuff it with; that's the way to cure them fits." Mrs. Spaulding saved it from one dollar bottle of dope, and brought it out of spasms with a warm bath. She recommended the warm baths, and they were grateful. But in her absence do you think they would bathe it? No, not they. The husband wouldn't hear of it. What do you think they did to cure the baby?

For ten days they did not send for the teacher for fear she would treat it some more; and she, busied with the work of the school, could not get away except on emergency call; besides, the baby was reported to be doing well. But they followed a famous prescription, which is reputed to have saved the life of many a child here in the mountains. They took the little two-weeks'-old baby, turned it on its stomach, pinched up a

thumb-and-fingerful of skin, jabbed it with a penknife, and squeezed out a little blood. When the first operation did not have the desired effect of curing pneumonia, they did it a second time, and then a third time. It had cured little Ted Myers of colic one time; why shouldn't it cure pneumonia? The little baby died.

I have given you but a little picture. It is true that there is another side. Many of our neighbors are of a higher type, neat and orderly in their persons and premises. We have some of as fine culture as any of our friends in the North, finer perhaps. But here is a great field of needs, reaching to our very doors, and farther back in the mountains it is worse. We have done what we could, or what we thought we could; but we need some nurses to help us. We should have now one or two visiting nurses, who can lead out our students in helping the people, and who can instruct the people privately, and perhaps later in groups. If we could have a nurse to start, or rather develop and systematize this work, we would make strenuous efforts to get a modern treatment-room.

A new gospel of health booklet by Dr. David Paulson, showing how to use simple remedies in the cure of disease, and how to eat sanely and scientifically, has just come from the press. Fifteen copies will be sent for twenty-five cents, or fifty for fifty cents. Can be enclosed in an ordinary envelope when you write to your friends. Get some.

A WONDERFUL BOOK GIVEN AWAY.

We are pleased to announce that we are again able to furnish that thrilling missionary book, "A Retrospect," by J. Hudson Taylor of the China Inland Mission, as a premium for only one new subscription.

We have sent out nearly three thousand of these books, and six months ago were compelled to announce that the edition was exhausted. We have never seen so satisfactory a premium.

If you already have one of these books get a new subscription and then give the book to some young person who needs to have the missionary fire stir his soul.

The Burning Message of Today*

Dr. David Paulson

I am not here to tell you about the difficulties in the city problem,—that is what the ten spies did. If you want to get thoroughly informed on that get your information first hand.

First of all I want to call your attention to the fact that attacks on the city problem have been in epochs. Even in God's work there are cycles. A quarter of a century ago we started city missions. They were opened up all over this country. In Detroit there were twenty-five workers connected with the mission. A great work was accomplished but that reached its end as a great campaign.

Following this was a new epoch—a special effort to reach the downcast, the downtrodden, and to reach into the highways and byways of the large cities. God's providence in a special manner led out in it. The general lines of work carried on were endorsed by high heaven. Consecrated young people came to Chicago. There never was such a self-sacrificing work done as was done in Chicago at that time. The influence of it spread over the whole world. It was a spiritual and physical work and God in a very special manner witnessed to it. Souls were reclaimed. New inspirations came into our lives. Then we began to reach the end of that.

By the way, when we reached the end of the first epoch a lot of people said it never should have been done. You might just as well say that we ought to have no winter because we reached the end of it. God requires all things to revolve. (Eecl. 1:9, Spurrell's version.) God's work is a series of cycles.

What was the next great epoch that was engaging the attention of our people? It was the foreign missionary movement. In the last ten years the flower of our young people have gone to foreign lands. Our life blood has been shed in other fields and God has blessed it.

Now the hour has struck when the city problem demands our attention. We are in

danger of being like the man riding backwards who never sees a thing until it is past. It is a splendid thing to have your face toward the rising sun and see the first beams of the new day.

We have no business to simply go and give people baths and fix up their stomachs and livers. There has got to be a startling message go to the people. We are living in the last days and this old world is soon to close its history.

A city worker is sent of God just as John the Baptist was. There are others hidden away that have had a divine call and are waiting for a human call. Four-fifths of the work done in the city will not need to cost anything except life blood and consecration. By neglecting daily opportunities they become fruitless and barren. There were four hundred nickel theaters started in Chicago in the last five years; every one of these is the devil's.

The next great missionaries that go to foreign countries will be those that are trained in our large cities, where they can labor among the people they expect to help. Then they will not be like the woman who was training for missionary work in Africa and who would not sit down beside a black person in New York City for love or money.

We must join to this city work a "back to the country" movement. I believe that the time will come when farmers will write to us and say: "You can send some one out to me and I will give him employment on my farm, and if he beats me I will do it anyway." Some of us in the city often get beat out of our eyes in trying to help these people.

The time has come to train workers in a short time for work in the cities. In Chicago we give the essential part of a three-years' nurses' course in six months. We teach them how to care for the sick so that in this way they can support themselves while doing gospel work. If Paul had had such a chance he would have gone into that work instead of

*Report of talk given at the Self-Supporting Workers' Convention at Madison, Tenn., Aug. 29, 1911.

sewing tents. We are training up a new type of Bible-working nurses. When you and I are through with all our work we will not feel we have done anything. But the Lord does not expect us to convert the whole world.

Christ in sending out the twelve said that they would not go over all cities of Israel until the Son of Man be come (Matt. 10:23). We have got to be much in prayer and the Spirit of God will say, "Run to this young man!" "Go here or go there!" The more we ring up Central the more confident we can be of being in the right way.

THE GOSPEL IN NASHVILLE.*

C. N. MARTIN.

Nashville, Tenn.

A wealthy woman in California, Mrs. Winchester, wife of the man who made the Winchester fire arms, has a beautiful home, but is a Spiritualist, and the spirits have told her that if she stopped building she would die. So she hires carpenters by the year to build up buildings on her grounds and then tear them down and build again until the lumber is worn out.

There is a good lesson in that for us. We are in danger of dying spiritually if we do not go on with this work which the Lord has called us to do.

During the last three months we have been conducting a course for city workers in Nashville. The greatest difficulty I have found is to get the right kind of workers. A mission ought not to be a reformatory for people who believe this world is one great holiday. We tried to keep the Bible rolling in on those people in the hope that the Word of God would do something for them. Every day we had a Bible study at seven o'clock in the morning in connection with our worship. After that they did their domestic work and at eleven o'clock our class met.

We prepared during the day a list of about thirty texts. There was a connection in all these texts but we gave them on the board without any thought of arrangement. The next day we took them up in class and we

*Said at the Self-Supporting Workers' Convention, Madison, Tenn.

had our workers give a reading on that subject.

Today has given me a larger vision of our work. I can see much more can be accomplished than we ever dreamed of. If we could get a band of people to come together and study the Bible and then go out and make practical demonstrations of that thing it seems to me that we could stir the city. We need helpers. We have a number of families interested now and the entire community are our friends.

THE SELF-SUPPORTING WORKER'S CONVENTION.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

The third annual convention of self-supporting workers was held at Madison, Tenn., Aug. 24-29, 1911. It was attended by workers from the schools in the hill districts and also by self-supporting city missionaries. Some of the leading citizens of Tennessee were present.

On neighborhood day Prof. Morgan of the State Agriculture Experimental Station told of the importance of educating farmers to bring wealth out of the soil. To illustrate the general feeling toward the agricultural work he told the story of a little boy with bright eyes who followed him one day to the Court House, where he was going to attend a farmers' institute. He said he had a roll of charts in his hand and evidently the little fellow wanted to see what was in that roll, so, as soon as he reached the Court House, he opened it. In the meantime he quizzed the little fellow.

"Where do you live?"

"I live out here a little ways."

"Are you going to school?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to make of yourself—doctor, preacher, farmer?"

"No, I'm not going to be a farmer."

"Why?"

"Because I want an education."

To him the idea of educating the hand to work in the soil and educating the brain of the farmer, was unheard of.

An effort is made to encourage northern farmers to settle in the south, and such men

as Prof. Morgan and some members of the Tennessee State Legislature extended a cordial welcome to any such who were thinking of coming to Tennessee.

On hill school day nearly all of the twenty-seven hill schools in the rural districts reported, either through some representative who was in attendance or by written report. These twenty-seven schools throughout the south have been started as a direct result of the work of the Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute at Madison. Prof. E. A. Sutherland and P. T. Magan have labored untiringly for seven years to plant the seed of education in the rural districts of the south.

City day of the convention was an interesting one. Pastor C. N. Martin, who is building up a school for city workers in Nashville, was present. Also Pastor C. F. McVagh, the president of the Southern Union Conference, took part in the talks and discussions. Dr. Paulson spoke earnestly and enthusiastically on the importance of working for the masses of the cities. He spoke of God's work as a series of cycles and that the time had come now for the gospel to be carried to the cities. He urged the importance of inaugurating a definite campaign for Nashville. An effort was made to combine the work for the city of Nashville with the rural work which is carried on from Madison. A committee was appointed representing the various interests in and around Nashville to plan for aggressive work.

Among the things suggested to be worked up was a short course for city workers where they could be taught not only the Bible but the foundation principles of health reform and how to care for the sick. Then it was suggested that a café be opened up where hygienic food could be served, thus giving those workers an opportunity to support themselves by waiting on table and doing other work in connection with the café. The workers in the school at Madison and in the Nashville sanitarium agreed to join hands with the city workers and make this work a success. The importance of prayer was emphasized. This conference proved to be a spiritual uplift to those in attendance and it was voted to have another similar conference next year.

FROM CHICAGO HEADQUARTERS.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

Since writing my last letter I have had a two weeks' vacation. I have come back expecting, with God's help, to put my very best in the work.



Some one asked me the other day what kind of people we had in the home. I said, "Oh, a mixed multitude," but we are all one big family. A number of nationalities are represented: Irish, Scotch, German, Swedish, Italian, Danish, and, of course, American. The words of this song are a reality to us:

"The poor we gather in,
The outcasts raise from sin,
And labor souls to win,
Working with Thee."

The head of one our colleges not far from Chicago met one of our workers on the train and asked her if she was a Christian worker. He said there was a lady on the train he would like her to meet. In conversation with her she learned she was a teacher who had been in the hospital for some time and was now absolutely penniless and knew of no place to go to sleep that night. She was brought to the home,—a neat, sweet-faced woman, well dressed. She said, "Your home is the only one of its kind in the city. Oh, you are doing the work Christ would have you do."

Later she told me that had she known we took in all kinds of women who were needy and wanted help she never would have come. But she saw things differently before she left and knelt in prayer with one less fortunate

than she, and said she got a blessing out of it. She was with us just one week, then a friend of hers bought a ticket and sent her west to friends. She said she had not been able to wash her clothes for weeks and she had no money to pay for laundering them. I need not tell you her clothes were all clean when she left us.

Our medical missionary training class will soon finish their course and a new one begin. We hope to have a large class this winter. In a letter I read today one of the prospective students says that a friend and herself are fasting and praying in regard to taking up the work here. That means consecration.

We could use some apples and potatoes. Fruit of any kind would be acceptable. We also need towels and sheets; if any one would feel impressed to send a donation with which to get them we would be thankful.

Do not forget to pray for us. The winter will soon be upon us. Our coal bill is about seventy-five dollars per month during the winter, but the Lord thus far has supplied all our needs.

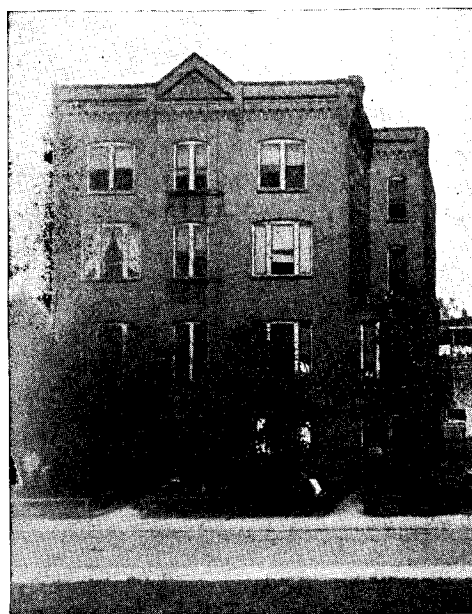
Just now we have some very needy women in the home. One of them I knew years ago under much different conditions. We all need to see Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

THE LAST CALL FOR THE NEW CITY WORKERS' CLASS.

A year ago there was organized in Chicago a Bible Working Nurses' Training course. The plan was to teach the most essential things in a nurses' course and to impart the most important instruction of a Bible workers' training and accomplish both in six months' time. We have succeeded beyond our fondest expectations.

Last April another class was organized and completed the first course of training. They have been already able to accomplish much for the Master in this great city. Their training in the essentials of a nurse's course enables them to help many of the poor and suffering who are not able to avail themselves of the services of a regular trained nurse. At the same time they have scattered gospel literature and carried the message of spiritual healing to many weary and bruised hearts.

Last April another class was organized and during the hot summer months they have shown the greatest interest and enthusiasm in their lessons and the opportunities that they have enjoyed. They have nearly completed their course of training and October ten the third class for this unique training will be organized.



CHICAGO LIFE BOAT HOME, ALSO THE HOME OF THE BIBLE-WORKING NURSES' SCHOOL.

We have received applications from distant parts of the country. One young woman will come all the way from Panama. No charge is made for tuition. The expense for room and board in the new Life Boat Home in Chicago where the classes are held is only three dollars a week, which barely covers actual cost. The student succeeds easily in earning this amount from the sale of gospel magazines so that she can be self-supporting not only during this training but afterwards.

If you have heard the call of our large cities and God is moving upon your heart even at this eleventh hour to enter this class of training, write *immediately* to either the Bible instructor, Eld. M. H. Serns, 528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago, or to Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.



A HAPPY BUNCH OF YOUNGSTERS, ALL OF WHOM GOT THEIR START IN LIFE AT THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME. IT PAYS TO HELP THESE LITTLE ONES GET STARTED RIGHT.

How Some Girls Are Led Astray

Mrs. Alice Hathaway

Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

It has been a month since the last LIFE BOAT started on its soul-saving mission. The time has brought both joys and sorrows to our dear rescue home. God has seen fit to take from this world of sin and sorrow one of our little ones, our sweet little Alice, four months old, whom we had learned to love so much. But we feel that God knows best. Although there was a good home and kind hearts open ready to receive little Alice, yet as I knelt beside the little cold form with the poor sorrowing mother and asked our Father to help each one of us to trust Him and say in all things, "Thy will be done," the poor mother said she felt reconciled.

Since my last article five girls have come to find refuge, sympathy and help in our home, and there have arrived four new babies—just as sweet, just as innocent, and just as helpless as *your own* darling baby, dear mother.

What can we do for these poor mothers and their little ones? Very few have means to pay their way, while nearly all have very little or nothing to help themselves with. They *must* be cared for, clothed and fed, and above all pointed to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. We who are engaged in this work find many things that give us much encouragement and great satisfaction, and what joy it will be to hear spoken the "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."

You may ask, how came these girls to need such a place? I have heard the remark that anything was good enough for them. But stop and think, dear friend; you and I or any of us are but sinners redeemed, and the same Jesus that died to redeem us died to redeem them. The same Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

I think I will tell you the story of one poor girl. Her mother died when she was quite a small child. Her father was a drinking man, and after her mother's death there was

not much love at home. She grew to womanhood and was very pretty and winning. A young man professed to have fallen in love with her and succeeded in winning her young, pure and trusting heart completely. She said she was very happy with him.

He proposed marriage and she accepted him. She said never was there a more happy girl, and never woman loved and trusted a man more. He would talk of their future home and happiness and she said it was heaven to her. Soon he began to make improper suggestions, which she would not consider at all. He then told her that they were married, that marriages were contracted in heaven, and that as soon as they had spoken their vows to one another it was recorded in heaven as a marriage, the ceremony only showing to the world that they were married.

He said all couples did as he had proposed as soon as they were betrothed and that she did not love and trust him and he would leave her and go away broken-hearted. The poor girl said she was frantic and yielded. She urged him to have the ceremony performed. He put her off from time to time, and when it was known that she was a subject for a place like our home he left her and went, she did not know where.

She was about to commit suicide when one of our LIFE BOAT magazines came to her, and she left home and friends in the night, without their knowing it, and came to us. She is bearing the blame alone and in silence, only as she confided her story to me; and I give it to you that you may know and not *judge* our faltering sisters with an unrighteous judgment, if inclined to do so.

There are many other cases just as pitiful. And now, dear Christian friends, I ask you to remember us at the throne of grace; and if any have a desire to help along this work I will tell how you may do so. Our home has no endowment; we are depending upon the Lord, and He uses human instrumentalities. We are very much in need of money to keep our bills paid. Winter is coming and

we need clothing for both girls and babies. We are badly in need of small blankets for baby cribs. We need a small cloth sack for the nursery in order to keep things neat and tidy as they should be kept. We need rubber water bottles for the sick rooms.

In the kitchen we are badly in need of dish wipers and cooking utensils; in the dining room, table linen. Fruit, either fresh or canned, would be received with gladness and thanksgiving. There are so many things needed to make our home what I believe the Lord would be pleased to have it, but I do not want to tire you. I believe that some will think it a privilege to help in this good work and receive the blessing of God and our heart-felt thanks.

A PERSONAL APPEAL.

I am sure no one can read Mrs. Hathaway's touching article concerning the work of the rescue home without being impressed with the genuineness of this labor of love. The other day I took Eld. J. O. Corliss down to visit the Home. He is a man whose hair has grown gray in the service of the Master. He was touched with tears by what he saw. I had Mrs. Hathaway bring all the girls down in the parlor and he talked so sweetly and beautifully out of the fulness of his heart and then committed them all to God.

It was evident that the spirit of God was touching every one of these girls in a most marked manner. He said to me, "This is certainly God's work."

During the past summer very few of the girls have been able to pay anything, but of course the expenses pile up. Will not you who read these lines remember us with a substantial harvest ingathering offering for this needy work? It is entirely a labor of love and work of faith on our part.

Yours in the Master's Work,
DAVID PAULSON.

A NOTICE TO GIRLS.

We shall be glad to correspond with any young woman in need of help. Jesus loves you and we want to be a friend to you. Address, Mrs. C. L. Clough, Hinsdale, Ill.

A VISIT FROM MRS. STEELE.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Mrs. A. S. Steele, the founder of the Chattanooga Home for Colored Children, visited Hinsdale recently and gave another inspiring address. It is an encouraging thing in these times when we meet so many artificial men and women to come in contact with one who has not only been given a life mission by God but who *knows* that she has it.

Amidst difficulties without number, distresses, poverty and trials on every hand, she has struggled on for nearly thirty years and largely by her own efforts and means built up a home for homeless colored children. She says that she is the mother of twelve hundred children; and although many of them are stubborn, mulish, and fickle, yet she has toiled on and seems to be happy in her work.

Since her conversion when a child, when she gave her heart to the Lord for a definite work, she has been honest with the Lord. And while she has gone through many trials and difficulties the Lord has been honest with her. She has not only helped the poor forsaken children who have been brought to her but she has always been willing to help the needy anywhere.

She tells of one young man, a Jew, born in Jerusalem and who had accepted Christ through the efforts of a missionary there. He came to this country and in his efforts to gain an education became sick. When she learned of him she immediately took him to her home and helped him to get well. Now he is preparing himself to go back to Jerusalem as a medical missionary.

A PRISONER'S PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS ON PRAYER.

JOHN H. STEEL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I have been reading the sixth chapter of Matthew to find out how to pray. It says: "When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward."

After recommending going into the closet and shutting the door it concludes with the

promise: "Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him."

Prayer is a great relief to the troubled soul. It is necessary, and obtains the forgiveness of sins.

There is much in how to pray as well as when to pray. I have been in church many a time when the Holy Ghost came down and warmed every heart in answer to the prayers of God's people, and as the people left the meeting house they exclaimed it was good to be there. At that time I did not realize how good it was to be one of God's children. But when I found salvation I learned my Saviour's love. Today I thank my Lord for His Holy Spirit and now I can tell others *how* to pray.

How often have I seen the tears rolling down the cheeks of those engaged in prayer as they felt the blessed influence of the Spirit! And what delight was seen on their faces on account of the feeling that they had been talking to God and He to them! Prayers offered up with faith are indeed a delightful way of enjoying yourself and getting rid of all your troubles. The more people pray the more of happiness they obtain.

It is good to go before your heavenly Father in prayer and ask Him to forgive your many sins and to keep you from committing them again. Always strive to be a wrestling Jacob and do not give up until you receive from above the blessing you ask for. Jacob gained the victory.

Before praying prepare yourself by being ready to receive what you feel so in need of. You may not get it in the way you may wish, but in God's way, which is always the best way. And while praying concentrate your thoughts upon God. The true spirit of prayer is to be humble and deeply in earnest to obtain a blessing and to be thankful after you have been thus blessed. While in prayer do not forget to implore the Holy Spirit to come to your assistance, and at the close of your prayer to ask that it be granted for Christ's sake.

When you feel bowed down with sorrow is the time when you should go to God for help. When you are filled with joy is also one of the times when you should go to God to return thanks for that blessing you have received.

Be brief in your prayers, as a rule; expect them to be answered and throw all your doubts away. Communion with God and your Saviour is always of a delightful character to those who feel the necessity of being often in the Divine Presence and who are anxious to partake of the blessings that are the results of such communion.

SPIRITUAL POVERTY.

Not having such meetings leads to spiritual poverty and an estrangement from the Father. It is prayer that holds you up in the hour of adversity and it is prayer that brings you nearer and nearer to the feet of Christ—the place where you receive forgiveness of your sins and where you get strength to pursue your journey to the better land. Be ever mindful of the source from which you get your supplies, to help you in the future to talk with Jesus and to do what He asks you to do for Him. It is while engaged in earnest prayer that you are given what you so much stand in need of. If we would only practice praying more for help from above what a difference it would make with our condition while traveling through this world of tears!

THE ONLY CONNECTION.

Prayer is the only way with which to connect this world with the next world: it is the only line by which communication can be held with God. It brings down answers to sad hearts and gives to humanity the joy of feeling that there is a God whose ear is ever ready to listen to the cries of His children.

Prayer means going to the throne of grace with all your troubles. It is from heaven that we receive forgiveness of sin and a disposition to do right to our fellow men. Without prayer what a world this would be to most people! Without prayer almost all the poetry of life would be blotted out. Keep up a continual connection with heaven by prayer. Get a knowledge of the better land through the medium of prayer. Be one of those who daily seek divine help to guide them through this

world and to help them to do just what is right. Men and women accustomed to much praying are the best Christians that inhabit this earth.

"Praying makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Praying climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above."

NOTHING COMPARED WITH IT.

An inmate of the Nashville, Tenn., prison, who recently sent a donation of five dollars to the Lord's work, writes us as follows:

"I am in receipt of your kind letter and I can hardly tell how very well pleased I am to receive your encouraging messages. Those who have friends to write to them do not realize how much good they can do by just simply writing a letter. It is a great pleasure to me to receive a letter; it makes me feel as if I am not entirely forsaken, yet I feel my unworthiness of the kindness shown me by any one.

"I left, back in the green fields of England, a home of wealth and a good Christian mother and father. Now they are gone, and what is that home to me? Yet I am glad that mother's prayers are answered and some sweet day I can join them. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'

"In regard to the little offering, I am happy to say it was no sacrifice. But it was a gift sent in Jesus' name for the benefit of your grand and noble efforts to save souls from the mire of sin and shame and reach out a helping hand to fallen humanity. I was once a hopeless sinner and when there was no eye to pity and no hand to help Jesus stretched out His loving arms and lifted me from the miry clay and set my feet on the Rock of Ages.

"Jesus is all the world to me—my life, my joy, my all. He is my strength from day to day and without Him I would fall. When I am sad, I go to Him, and no other can cheer me. I am so glad this evening that I can give testimony of the blessed saving power of Jesus. I desire your prayers and will also pray for you and your labor of love.

"Never have I found anything compared with *THE LIFE BOAT* for fallen humanity. It has spirited me on to greater activity in the Master's work. That and God's Holy Word is my study."

AMONG THE INDIANS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The following is abstracted from a letter written by J. W. Westphal, minister at large in South America, to W. C. White, concerning the medical missionary work of F. A. Stahl and his wife among the Indians of Bolivia. He says:

"A few days ago I received a letter from Brother Stahl that is touching indeed. As he is a nurse, he has taken hold to help the people physically as well as spiritually. Some came a two-days' journey to be treated by him. He was besieged with sufferers to such an extent that he had no time either to eat or sleep.

"One girl, about eighteen years of age, came some distance to receive help from him for a skin disease on her face. She had been to a physician, but he had given her very little attention. The doctors here seldom do give them much attention, because the Indians are so very dirty. When the girl's face was uncovered, even the Indians shrank back in horror. Brother Stahl cleansed her face, using such simple remedies as he had with him, and in two days she went home well.

"The people yield very readily to treatment, and about ninety per cent can be cured. They do not know anything about hygiene, can not even wash themselves; so he instituted evening classes to teach them how to clean up. They were very ready to receive instruction, and apparently to profit. When they wished him to go out to visit the sick, they used the priest's horses, sometimes keeping them several days.

"In connection with this work, he taught them the gospel, and for this too they seemed to be receptive. Fifteen have already been baptized, and thirty others are awaiting baptism. The truth of the gospel appeals to them.

"A sanitarium should be established there at once,—a plain, inexpensive building, but one in which patients can be received and treated. There are certainly great possibilities before us.

"Brother Stahl tells about his obtaining permission to hold open-air meetings for the Indians in La Paz, Bolivia. He went to the *Intendente*, and asked permission. The official

told him that his request could not be allowed. He then gave the official as reference the name of a prominent man in the place, a man whom he had formerly treated, and who was a very good friend. The official promised to see him, but day after day passed, and nothing was done. Finally Brother Stahl went to him again, and told him that he had a perfect right to hold such meetings, and that it was only out of courtesy that he had asked for permission. Then asking Brother Stahl to wait a little, he called in the man whose name was given as reference. The result was that written permission

was given to hold such meetings, with full police protection. This is supposed to be the first instance of such permission being granted to a Protestant. Brother Stahl hopes to see great good result from the meetings.

"There should be a school started at once. We must teach the young men, and develop other teachers and laborers from among them.

"Thus the work in these fields is bidding us go forward. We are of good courage in the Lord. The prospects were never brighter. We ask the prayers, the sympathy, and, so far as they can give it to us, the support of our loyal brethren in the States."

How You May Use Additional Copies of The Life Boat

Occasionally mark one or two stirring articles and mail that copy to some friend, just to warm his heart.

Hand a copy once in a while to the newsboy on the corner whom nobody thinks to speak a kind word to. Notice his appreciative smile next time you meet him.

Is there some drunken outcast in your neighborhood? Send him a marked copy of THE LIFE BOAT; **at the same time** send a prayer to God for him. You can't tell what may happen to him.

Put a LIFE BOAT in your pocket when you go to prayer meeting and if it seems to fit in read a short experience of what God is doing for others. It may give the meeting a new turn.

Take a copy along when you are traveling; hand it to the stranger with whom you accidentally become acquainted. As a result you may meet him on the other shore.

Pay for having a copy sent to some prisoner who is without a friend on earth and who really needs the Gospel more than he needs freedom.

Persuade some one to sell this magazine in your home town. He will have a splendid experience and the Gospel will be extended.

Invite some of your friends to subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT. You will do them the same kind of good as if you persuaded them to attend twelve stirring revival meetings. Why not do this?

The milkman and grocery boy and others who come to your door would be delighted to have a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. You must meet them again in Heaven; what have you done for their souls?

You can do one or more of these things without interfering with your daily program. Make up your mind that you will do some of them.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



THE "DEVILISH IMPULSE" A SIGN OF THE LAST DAYS.

The last few weeks the country has been startled by an amazing number of desperate crimes and cold-blooded murders for which no reasonable explanation could be given except that they were manifestations of a devilish instinct that seems to be on the increase.

As a typical example of these may be cited the recent murder of little Annie Lemberger at Madison, Wis. At the trial the murderer said that as he was walking up the street at midnight, when he passed the Lemberger home "some devilish impulse" caused him to step over to the window and lift the little child from her bed immediately on the inside, and then without any possible reason kill the child and throw the body in the lake.

The Bible declares that "in the last days" among other things evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived (2 Tim. 3:1, 14).

When Christ returns to this earth there will be but two classes of people: those who are being controlled by divine impulses and those who are being controlled by devilish impulses. One class will be ready for translation, the other class will be ready for destruction. Which class are you a candidate for?

A MISSIONARY REVIVAL.

God is graciously visiting the headquarters of our Life Boat work. A new spirit and enthusiasm is being awakened regarding the Chicago city work. At this writing a group of workers connected with the Hinsdale sanitarium are in Quincy, Ill., engaged in missionary field work. Brief reports from these workers are given elsewhere.

A missionary revival is in progress in the sanitarium family of workers. The spirit of confession is abroad among the girls in the rescue home. Evidently we are having an awakening from on high. We believe this is

only a few drops of the showers of blessing that will be poured out upon us the coming season.

All summer long we have been earnestly seeking God for a special work of grace in our midst and our prayers are being abundantly answered.

We would advise our readers everywhere to pray for a similar experience and then to do everything in their power to co-operate with God in the answering of their prayers.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN MAINE.

For many years Maine has led the world in prohibition lines, but this year the liquor element invaded the field and determined to break down the strong temperance bulwarks. An effort was made to buy up the newspaper editors and to flood the state with literature to create public sentiment in favor of the saloon.

The champions of the prohibition cause were awake to the situation and gathered their forces to fight this evil. Millions of pages of temperance literature were scattered broadcast throughout the state. Ministers of the gospel went out with the people on Sundays to distribute the papers.

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, president of the National W. C. T. U., has taken an active part in this campaign.

September 11 was election day. At this writing the reports are not all in, but the indications are that the temperance cause has won in Maine.

We are expecting to receive an article from S. N. Haskell who with his workers has labored untiringly to promote the cause of temperance in Maine. The story will be an interesting one. He made an appeal to the Hinsdale sanitarium workers to help pay for temperance literature, and in a few minutes forty dollars were subscribed for this purpose.

DO NOT SLIGHT THE LORD'S PORTION.

In the hurly-burly of present-day life it is an easy matter to drop out the part of the day's program that belongs to the Lord. No day is complete unless some time has been spent in the study of God's Word and in communion with Him.

A young farmer who had just established a home decided to have worship every morning after breakfast. As time went on and his work began to crowd him at both ends of the day, he thought he was too busy to have morning worship. So he hung up a copy of the Lord's prayer on the wall so that he and his family could read it while eating; but that man soon backslid.

No matter how busy the day may be the time is not lost that is spent in seeking God's help. It is like oiling the machinery in the morning before turning on the power. One young man said that when he forgot to pray in the morning everything got "banged up" before ten o'clock. Let us not forget to oil our spiritual machine before starting out our day.

WHY NOT BE YOUR OWN EXECUTOR?

Have you some means to be used in the Master's work after you are dead and gone? Have you observed how frequently relatives or unscrupulous lawyers have succeeded in absolutely defeating the will and intentions of the donor?

There is a better way. Give your property while you are alive, to the work that you desire and receive a fixed income or annuity on the same each year as long as you live. In this way you know that your property will not be frittered away from you so that you will have no support in your old age, and this annuity contract becomes *immediately* effective at your death. No one can change it in any manner.

If you are interested in this matter write us and we will give you further suggestions and information regarding this annuity plan that so many sensible people are adopting.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Lucy Page Gaston, of anti-cigarette fame, was in Hinsdale recently.

Dr. S. C. Dickey and wife, from the Winona Assembly, are spending a few days at Hinsdale.

Pastor J. O. Corliss, of Mountain View, California, was recently a welcome visitor at the Hinsdale sanitarium.

Dr. Geo. Thomason, superintendent of the Capetown, South Africa, sanitarium, has returned to this country and visited Hinsdale recently.

Dr. L. H. Wolfson and family, of Merced, California, have connected with the sanitarium. Dr. Wolfson is already rendering valuable assistance in the medical department.

Dr. Mary Paulson, Miss Marie Arntzen, Miss Clary Wernblad, Zada Hibben and Clara Meister spent a week or so in Quincy, Ill., selling THE LIFE BOAT magazine and visiting the people in their homes.

Pastor A. G. Daniells, who had recently returned from a trip to Russia, visited Hinsdale and gave the sanitarium family a stirring missionary talk on the spread of the gospel in that far-off needy field.

Dr. William S. Sadler, the first editor of the LIFE BOAT magazine, now engaged in medical and health educational work, will leave next week for Europe to avail himself of some of the foreign medical opportunities.

Mr. O. C. Durham and Miss Helen V. Price, the Hinsdale sanitarium nurses who conducted sanitarium bathroom treatments in connection with the Winona Assembly this summer, have completed their work and returned to the sanitarium. They felt well paid for their summer's work. Many people became interested in health principles and expressed their desire to know more about how to care for their health, while some were impressed by the gospel.

WANTED.

To borrow several thousand dollars in sums of \$200 and upwards. Real estate security. Will pay six per cent interest. Address Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Life Boat

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

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago headquarters is 528 Thirty-third place.

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Single copies, 10 cents.

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

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.

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

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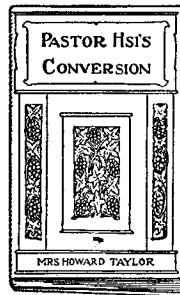
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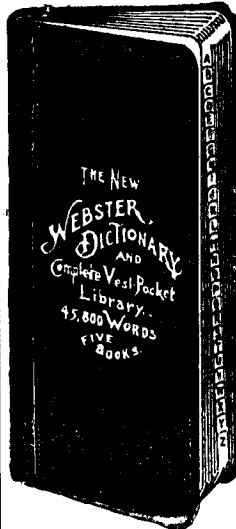
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In either case will you not generously remember the Life Boat Rescue Home? Full information regarding this work will be sent upon request.

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 of..... dollars 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.”

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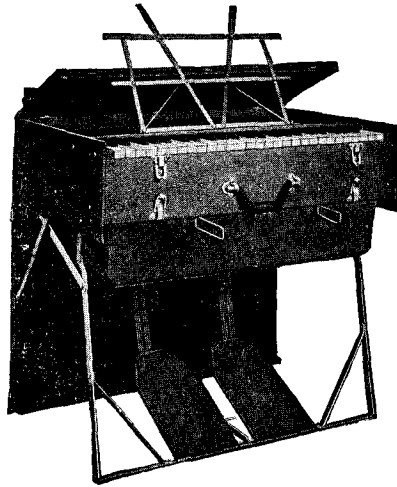
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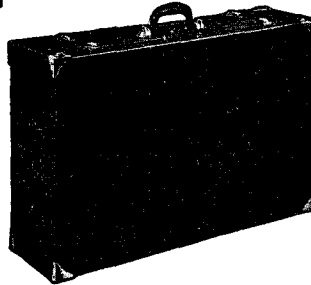
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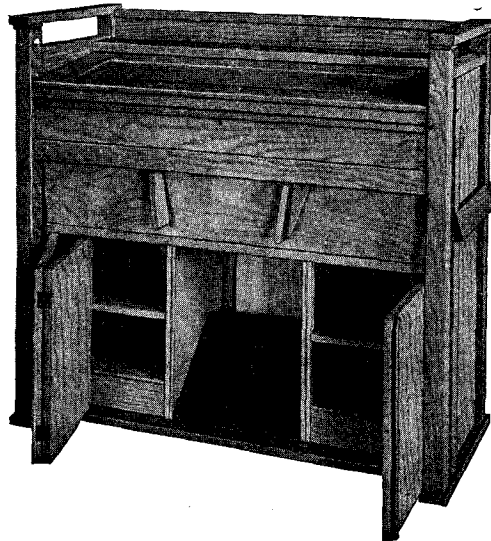
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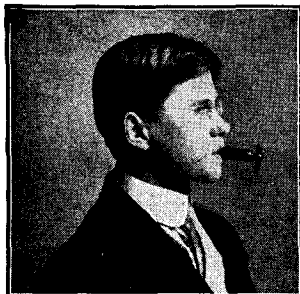
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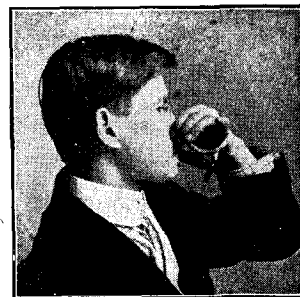
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