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**Volume Fifteen
Number One**

Windsdale, Ill.

January, 1912

First Impressions of Mexico—By the Editor



NATURE IN HER WILDEST MOOD LOCKED IN THE ICY EMBRACE OF WINTER.
Snapshots of the ravine just west of the Hinsdale Sanitarium. Heavy fall.

THE LIFE BOAT

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Volume XV.

HINSDALE, ILL.

:: JANUARY, 1912

Number 1

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

David Paulson, M. D.,

Pres. Anti-Cigarette League of America.

WHEN I was a student in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College I performed an experiment that vividly impressed upon my mind the naked fact that nicotine is a deadly poison. A large healthy cat had become such a nuisance that it was decided to kill it. This I proceeded to do by the following method: I soaked enough tobacco in water to make an ordinary cigarette. Then I injected under the cat's skin a hypodermic syringe full of this tobacco juice. In a few minutes the cat began to quiver, then tremble, then it had cramps and in less than twenty minutes died in violent convulsions.

I take no pride in relating this experiment for I know a shorter as well as a more merciful way of ending that cat's life. But what distresses me now is the fact that thousands of young boys are repeating that same experiment on themselves with as certain though less immediate results, and only a few people seem to be particularly concerned about this awful "slaughter of the innocents" that is taking place right before their very eyes.

I will now briefly relate how the burden of this terrible curse was rolled upon my heart. God used a never-to-be-forgotten incident to burn into my soul the tremendous importance of this cigarette evil. An old lady with a faded red shawl thrown over her stooping shoulders came into my

office and asked if I could see her boy. Two strong men then brought before me a wild-eyed insane youth of seventeen years. The mother wanted to know if the boy could recover. After investigating his case I was compelled to say to her that the outlook was hopeless and she might as well send him to the lunatic asylum. She broke down and sobbed as though her heart would break. I asked her what had brought this terrible condition upon her son, and she said, "Oh, it was cigarettes. He began to smoke more and more until he used fifty a day and then his mind gave way." That day I became thoroughly enlisted in the anti-cigarette war.

Thousands of public school and Sabbath-school teachers and other workers for boys will read this article. To such I now wish to offer a few practical heart to heart suggestions regarding what I have found to be the most successful method of presenting the cigarette evil so that it will stick and secure *decisive* results.

First of all ask God to thoroughly saturate your soul with the importance of what you have to say. Children are quick to detect pretense and can smell a soulless talk with surprising accuracy. Next, do not *overdo* the matter. Here is where so many social purity as well as anti-cigarette workers fail. Boys are naturally adventuresome. Picture a thing as extremely dangerous and

the heroic element in a certain type of boys will be aroused to brave it, just as certain boys of a generation ago wanted to go out west to shoot Indians merely because it was *dangerous*. So emphasize the *weakness* of the tobacco habit rather than its dangers.

Making the Hero an Object of Pity.

When I talk on the cigarette evil in the Chicago public schools I ask how many of the children know of some poor crippled



The boy who has lost a leg stands a better chance of filling a responsible position later in life than the one who has ruined his brains by smoking cigarettes.

boy whose leg was cut off in a street car accident. I then impress upon them that such a boy if he has brains and character may yet fill a position of trust and usefulness in the world but the boy who begins

to smoke cigarettes early enough can never be of any use in this world and unless he repents there will be no place for him in the next. To try to put knowledge into his brain is as hopeless a task as it is to fill a basket with water.

Then and there the cigarette-smoking boy for the first time in his life is viewed as an object of pity instead of the brave hero that he has been regarded by the small boy who has thus far reluctantly been carrying out his mother's instructions to leave cigarettes alone.

I ask for a show of hands of those who have learned to swim. I then tell them that the cigarette habit pulls one under in life's struggle just as half a dozen bricks hung about their neck would pull them under water when they go in swimming.

I sometimes ask them what they would think if they should find a boy vigorously rubbing sand into his eyes. Invariably some child responds that they would think he was crazy. Then I ask them if it is more foolish to rub sand in the eyes than it is to rub poison into the brain, and they generally see the point.

I say to them, "Suppose I should give one of these boys my watch and presently you see him pouring tar into its works, would you think he had much sense?" Then I say a word or two about this wonderful mechanism, the human body, and tell them how much more wicked and senseless it is to defile it by such a filthy habit.

Destroys on the Instalment Plan.

I occasionally ask the children how many of them have noticed how a cat kills a mouse a little at a time, crushing its teeth into the poor thing's body, then letting it limp away a short distance, then springing upon it and crushing it some more. I tell them that the cigarette kills the boy in the same way, or, in other words, on the instalment plan, just as some people buy furniture.

I assure them that I can pick out a cigarette slave almost as far as I can see him, for no one can smoke cigarettes any length of time before he begins to have the devil's trade mark stamped on him.

Space forbids me to mention any more of



SIX OF CHICAGO'S TOUGHS.

The devil, through cigarettes and bad associates, has placed his trade mark on these boys early in life.

a series of similar telling illustrations that I give them rather than presenting logical arguments. I do not hesitate to tell these children that we only pass over this road *once* and that when we reach the end of the journey if the Master can not truthfully say to us, "Well done," our life has been a hopeless failure.

A Simple But Sure Cure.

I then turn my attention for a moment to the poor cigarette slave to assure him he may become delivered from his cruel bondage by living *exclusively* on a fruit diet for several days, eating all he wishes of it three or four times a day, drinking plenty of

water, and availing himself of a sweat bath or two if convenient. I tell him I know from personal experience that God is on the side of the fellow that is trying to do right—that he may look to Him for special help and he will be astonished how easily he will slip out from under this habit.

Now in conclusion I want to say a few words to grown people who use tobacco. I have seen a father teach his boy to pray, to ride a bicycle, and how to spell, but I never yet have seen a sensible, respectable man teach his boy to smoke. That is the best argument I know against tobacco using. If a man really *believed* tobacco was

good for him he would want his wife, or his sister, or his mother and his child to share with him in this blessing.

The Real Truth About Tobacco.

Tobacco does give a certain amount of *unearned* felicity just as alcohol or as morphin does, but it charges a terrific toll in the way of high blood pressure, injury to the nervous system, digestive organs and more or less impairment of the whole man. Every man who is a tobacco user sacrifices some of the *best* that is in him, spiritually, mentally and physically, if he worships at this altar. The intolerable craving for the after dinner cigar is largely produced by the juicy beefsteak, highly spiced food or tea and coffee that compose the meal. Hence he who wants to be delivered from the tobacco habit should religiously avoid, for a time at least, such articles of food as create a necessity for tobacco.

But some will ask, "Is it worse for a child to smoke a cigarette than it is for a man to smoke a cigar?" Yes, for three reasons. First, a man may safely tolerate a quarter of a grain of morphin, while we dare not give a child more than a sixteenth of a grain. The child's nervous system is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of such narcotic drugs as nicotin and morphin and hence an introduction to either of them early in life spells almost certain nervous or mental disaster later in life. Second, the loosely packed cigarette does not permit the nicotin to condense to the same extent as when it is drawn through a pipe or cigar, hence the smoker gets the full benefit of this virulent poison. Third, the oxidation of the cigarette paper produces a deadly poison which is only second in its effect to that of nicotin itself.

(Those who desire full instruction regarding the Anti-Cigarette crusade can obtain the same by addressing, enclosing stamp, Lucy Page Gaston, Supt. Anti-Cigarette League of America, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago.)

ONCE HOPELESS, NOW SEES A BRIGHT FUTURE.

(From an inmate of the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary, written to Mrs. M. C. Jackson.)

"I have six years to serve here yet, but I want to make them years of usefulness, forming habits that will be beneficial to me

in the future. Looking up with an eye of hope, I press forward to a bright and happy future, and I intend to prove to the world that although a man has been confined behind prison bars he still can make good.

"There was a time in my life when I had given up hope and thought there was no one who cared. You said your aim was to have me become a Christian. With a strong resolution and God's help I intend to fulfill your wish and show you that your interest and confidence in me are not in vain.

"I am glad that at last I have found one who lends me encouragement for a better and brighter future. The failings of the past confront me and by bitter experience I have learned my lesson, which will be beneficial to me as long as I live. I push on to victory."

WHAT AN ACCIDENTAL READING DID FOR HIM.

(From the Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary.)

"If I were to repay the spiritual value THE LIFE BOAT has been to me, I am afraid I never would be wealthy enough to make up for all I have gained. I have but nine months more to do here for though my sentence was nine and one-half years, my good time allowance will permit my release shortly after six years.

"I intend to follow the righteous path hereafter and by honest industry and determination to do right I hope to expiate the past. All this, praise God, was made possible by the accidental reading of the first LIFE BOAT that fell into my hands. The probabilities are that were it not for this LIFE BOAT I would not now be planning the foundations of a better future. You must be blessed and happy in the realization of the good influence this little pamphlet is bringing to many for as it has helped me it has doubtless helped and will continue to help other unfortunates who as yet live, move and have their being in the darkness of either skepticism or ignorance.

"I continue my Bible study for I have reached the stage where I in truth really 'search the scriptures' instead of merely reading them as formerly."

SERVING LIFE SENTENCE, YET OF
GOOD COURAGE.

(From the Leavenworth, Kan., Penitentiary.)

"I thank you for your kindness in sending me THE LIFE BOAT. It is passed on and on until it is worn out and my friends often ask me when it will come again. I am glad to say that your work and THE LIFE BOAT are well liked here by many. The prayer meeting Sunday mornings here is progressing nicely and the membership is growing. I have not been able to attend for five weeks and prospects are not very good for me to attend for several more on account of being in the hospital. My health is very poor, but I thank God that with my soul it is well. If I can't enjoy going to meeting my heart is there. I do love to live right and serve God and do His will.

"We may be shut up behind strong bars, but they can not keep God out. I love to have a lot of friends and I have found what I believe to be the best way to make friends inside or out, to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. If any one does you a mean trick return it with a favor and kind words and it will hurt him more than

harsh words and ill treatment and will make you feel better. I am not the least bit discouraged because I am sick and in prison with a life sentence, because I know

God is with me and He has promised to not put any more on us than we can bear. So let us hope for a bright future and forget the past."

Known to the Father

PEARL WAGGONER

Whether through wilderness, whether through valley,
Whether on mountain-peak high and alone,
Lieth the path, yet 'tis known to the Father,
Who seeth its end and keeps watch o'er His own.

"Where is it leading?"—Why ask since HE knoweth?
"Why should it be?"—HE goeth before,
Knoweth each step, and the strength HE bestoweth
Needed for each; then what need to ask more?

Nothing can be hid is known to His wisdom;
Nothing can pain but is felt by His heart;
Wonderful love, with our lives interwoven,
Knowing our weakness and bearing a part!

Wonderful thought, that the Father regards us
E'en as the apple, He saith, of His eye!
Can that be pain which such love then is sharing?
Can that be trial which brings him so nigh?

Though we know not what the future is holding—
See scarce the outline through shadows so dim,
Can we not patiently wait its unfolding,
Trustfully leaving the choice unto Him?

Not for the year that's ahead must we answer,
Not for a day must we furnish the strength:
Moment by moment He giveth as needed;
"Moment by moment" will reach home at length

Whether on mountain-peak then or in valley,
Whether of joy or of sorrow He send,
All will be well, with our hand in the Father's:
He will both love and will guide to the end.

A Letter Brightens
and Cheers.(From an inmate of
the Columbus, Ohio,
Penitentiary.)

"I received the paper you sent and am receiving some very instructive and interesting reading matter from some of the LIFE BOAT workers. I appreciate their kindness in sending them and intend to show my appreciation by applying myself to the teaching set forth in the papers.

"I just received a nice letter from Nebraska which has helped me considerably. You can never imagine how a letter brightens and cheers one behind these gray walls. I am still trusting in a higher power for help, and find it a pleasure in serving God. Oh, for a future of serv-

ice in His name! May God keep me in health to live to see the outside and to help some one, is my prayer. Pray for me, that I may have my wish gratified."

Where The Gospel Can Do Its Best

Ella Camp Russell,

Soonan, Korea

[This article from the pen of Mrs. Dr. Russell gives a glimpse of some of the pleasures that missionaries find in loving service for their brown-skinned neighbors. No one can read this article without being deeply touched. The readers of THE LIFE BOAT will be interested to know that the workers of the Hinsdale Sanitarium raised a large donation to help Dr. and Mrs. Russell equip treatment rooms and a dispensary in Korea.—Ed.]

It is just three years ago today that I left my father's house to come to Korea; the time has gone so quickly that it seems scarcely months. We seem to be blended into the lives of these people and suffer and rejoice as they suffer and rejoice. It encourages us to see them coming up, step by step.

I shall endeavor to tell you some of my personal every-day experiences as they will show that heights and depths of joy, woe, suffering and despair in every phase are as familiar to these hearts as our own, and the similarity is what makes us feel akin to all mankind.

I have taken a little Korean girl whose parents were heathen, while she wished to become a Christian. She has been with me now over two years and has developed into a beautiful young woman with a splendid Christian character. But it is not of her I wish to write, although I could tell you much about her. She asked me to go and see her mother one evening, as she was ill. I went down the narrow, crooked street between closely packed native huts, and stepped across the sewer ditch into the doorway of the home of little Toncele.

The room had no window and was only eight by eight feet large. The mother sat upon a very dirty floor and her unkempt hair and unwashed face and frightfully dirty garments would have been about the only things that would have impressed me two years ago; but now I was impressed deeply by what she told me. How I wish you could have heard in the beautiful tongue of this land the words of this dear mother. She said:

"Lady, I have had eleven children; they are now all dead but the little one I have given you. She is my baby. I was forty-

seven when she was born. Oh, how I loved this child. Because I loved her and wanted to keep her I would not allow her to be sold as I had her older sisters. Her sisters are now all gone and I cry when I think of their sad lives. How anxious I was for my baby until you took her. Now I can die. We have no near relatives, but I know the Jesus-believing people are good. I am glad my child is a Christian."

This woman's oldest daughter I knew before her death. Her husband was a drunkard who beat her. She was a pretty, bright little woman about twenty-five years old, with a little baby boy that she loved passionately. She had several attacks of gall stone colic. The doctor treated her once during a severe spell. Being in great pain and unable to wait upon her husband he beat her, whereupon she ended her life by jumping into a well.

Her little baby was then eight months old, such a sweet fat child. How my heart aches whenever I see the now little pinched thing. It is still living; although over two years old, it is just beginning to walk. The father, angered at its crying one day, threw it against a beam in the house, breaking its tiny arm. I do think the hardest thing to witness in China is the suffering of helpless women and innocent children.

There are nine little girls that come to my house every day. I let them do house work, care for my baby, wash and iron their little ragged clothes, and try to teach them to be clean. I do not know how many little scabby heads I have cleaned, but oh, what a satisfaction to see a row of dear little girls, all clean, with smooth hair, studying the Ten Commandments. How they love to study the Bible!

During this warm weather the scrubbing

has been a pleasure rather than a task, as I take them out across the rice and millet fields to a brook. Just imagine the scene. While I am employed some girl has taken my baby out into the water where he is enjoying himself immensely. These children nearly all come from heathen, devil-worshipping homes. I send them to school, give them books, and if necessary and I can afford it, clothes.



FOUR KOREAN GIRLS WHO ARE LEARNING TO LOVE JESUS.

I will send you a picture of four of them. The tallest one is the one I have adopted. She is fourteen. Her name is Toncele. The next is Sin Tuckie, the next Nu Toncele, the next I have named Maverick, because I picked her up like a wandering calf. She is so cute. You might know from the way she looks that she lisps. The last time we went to the brook to bathe, she said to me, "Lady, I am sorry for my mother. She is crazy." Upon investigation I found the mother was indeed crazy—many times violently so. She has three little boys, one of them scarcely two years old, and this little girl of nine. With them lives an old grandmother who sells whisky. The father is dead. They will gladly give me the little girl and I want her, but it costs a lot where one tries to help so many.

I am hoping to interest some of my

friends at home in this work for the helpless little ones. How I wish some one would send me scraps of cloth. A yard and a half of calico makes a jacket; an old waist or skirt can be made over. Wrap up your discarded clothing and mail it to me, and please put a piece of soap in each package so this part of the world can shine from the polished surfaces of little brown skins. Do you know of some invalid who would be well if she had something more interesting to think about than her stomach, who would support a girl in school? Just put me in touch with her. Pray for us and the children.

TRYING TO CONTROL HIS TEMPER.

(From the Illinois State Reformatory.)

"I am, and have been for seven years, an inmate of the Illinois state reformatory. Through the influence of various religious books, principally *THE LIFE BOAT*, for I have read every one that I could get my hands on, I have been brought to a realization of what crime really is. Before, I thought that my wrong doing was merely the outlet of boyish love of sport. I am thankful that there are such people as you who believe in trying to help one back to the right road instead of pushing one deeper into the dark recesses of the road to damnation.

"As I sit in this dreary cell this afternoon and think back over my past life I am glad, very glad, that God stayed my hand in various fits of anger. Had He not been guiding me I would not be here seeing the error of my ways. I am very high strung and when aroused I am not aware of what I am doing; but I am trying to get the control of my temper. I begin to realize that my coming here is a blessing, and I think that when I get out I will be able to keep on the right side by God's help.

"I have no friends or relatives to whom I can write. If some one would care to correspond with me I shall be glad to have them write to me. I feel that if I had some one with whom I could correspond freely I would be happy in this dreary prison. There is nothing so cheering as to have some one whom we can call friend. A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Choose You This Day Whom Ye Will Serve

Mary W. Paulson, M. D.

M OSES, the great leader of the children of Israel, who had opportunities greater than any other man living in his age and who has been an inspiration to people in all ages since his time, chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." Heb. 11:25, 26. Joseph also chose to be, as it were, a castaway for the time being so that he might have an opportunity to deliver the people of Israel, and the Lord gave it to him.

Today we see plenty of examples of men and women who have done great things for God who at some time in their life were compelled to make a choice as to whom they would serve. And also in contrast to these we see people who were given natural ability but who chose to use their abilities in the service of the evil one and who as a consequence have lost eternal life and at the same time made a shipwreck of the present life.

Recently we felt impressed with the importance of making right choices, by the contents of a letter which we received, a portion of which I now quote:

"I thought I was trusting in the Lord. If I only had had some one to guide me right that evening, if I only had prayed the Lord's prayer, 'Lead me not into temptation,' I might have been saved the anguish and despair I am now undergoing."

This girl, an orphan, was given the choice of following her own convictions of what she knew to be true, or of a home and nice clothes. She chose the latter, and said, "I got my home and nice clothes but had to lead the life of a dog." The particular day of her fall she had been sworn at in her home all day long and became angry about it and so was easily tempted to do wrong. She writes:

"For four months now I have suffered physically and mentally. I want to be saved and live a Christian life, but I had

given up myself for lost when a lady in the south sent me a LIFE BOAT. I believe the Lord sent it. Please write and tell me I am not lost. I blame myself for my fall because I know I ought not to have given up the truth for comfort."

Many others are giving up obedience to the truth, or adherence to correct principles, for that which seems pleasing to them. The sin may seem small to you, but it is nevertheless leading you on a dangerous path which will bring results that you hardly expect. If in your daily experience you are asked to choose between pleasure and principle and what you know to be right, it is safe to choose the latter.

It sometimes may take faith and courage, as it would have done on the part of this girl. She would have had no home apparently to have gone to. But now when it seems to her her life is ruined and she needs sadly a home or refuge to go to the Lord sent her THE LIFE BOAT showing her where she could get a home. Could not the same good God have found a home for her in the first place if she had decided to follow truth instead of comfort and pleasure? I believe He could and would have done so. How much different would have been her life! How much less the sorrow and anguish! But God can work good out of even this experience and will undoubtedly do it for this girl. However, the scars are still left. If we could each appreciate how much importance is attached to the choice we are making today in our daily life and what a different future we would have if we made the right choice, I am sure it would be easier for many to make this right choice, even though for the time being it seems to be difficult and hard.

We are serving a God who says He "is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." Jude 24. If, however, you have chosen the wrong path and find yourself in deep sorrow and trouble the Lord says of all such that they

"because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses. He sent His word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions." Ps. 107: 17-20.

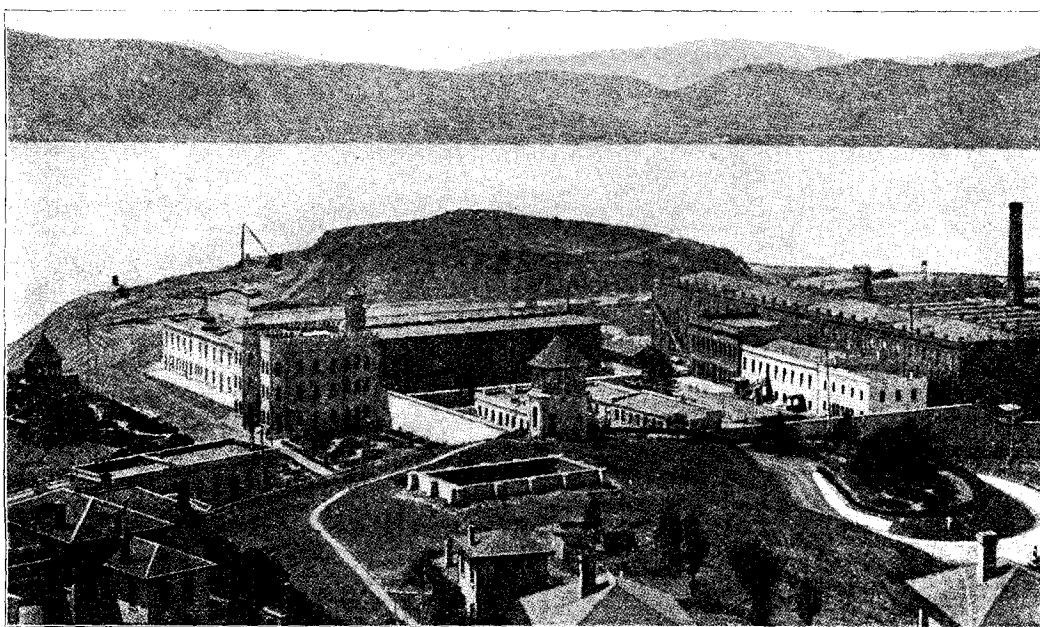
God is ready to do that for you and will do it if you give Him a chance.

A PRISONER'S REASONS FOR BEING THANKFUL.

In May, this year, we shall issue another special prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT.

in Jesus and in my Bible; second, in having you and Mrs. Jackson of College View, Neb., as friends who have done so much for me; then in having mastered a trade while here which will be a great benefit to me after my discharge from here. I am thankful for having first seen your LIFE BOAT, which was the cause of making a man of me. Don't you think that is enough to be thankful for in one year? Your kind letters and papers now and then are enough to be thankful for.

"You can't imagine what that first number of THE LIFE BOAT eighteen months ago has done for me. The chances are that there are a good many others who must



A SURVEY OF THE SAN QUENTIN PRISON, CALIFORNIA.

Will you help us send the Special Prisoners' LIFE BOAT to the men behind these walls in May?

This letter from an inmate of the Clinton prison, Dannemora, N. Y., gives a glimpse of the reception this magazine has among prisoners all over the country:

"Another Thanksgiving has rolled around, raising the question what we are thankful for. Am I thankful for anything during the past year? Well, I guess in the first place I am thankful to have found a friend

enjoy getting THE LIFE BOAT for in my opinion it is a winner of souls."

A stone may lie hid in the richest earth forever and not grow an inch, but give a seed a handful of poor soil in a crevice and it will push up to the sun. It is not our opportunities, but ourselves, that decide whether we shall grow or not.

My First Impressions of Old Mexico

David Paulson, M. D.

FOR years I have desired to visit this foreign land at our very doors, but only now has Providence opened the way.

A broken coupling near Springfield, Ill., so delayed our train that I had to spend a day in St. Louis. During the World's Fair we maintained a Life Boat Home in this city and the Lord blessed the efforts of the faithful workers who so freely gave their services in rescue work during the great moral crisis which the city passed through at that time.

The time is now ripe for the establishment of a live city mission to give a brief course of medical missionary training to those who will dedicate their lives to the saving of souls in this great center.

There is also a wonderful opportunity for the establishment of a missionary sanitarium in the suburbs of St. Louis. The time can not be far distant when God by His providence will bring all this about and

much more. While most of us can do nothing worth while from a human standpoint to accomplish this we can at least pray, and that is doing *something*. More wonderful things than that have been brought about by prayer. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man *avaieth much*" (James 5:16), or "exerts a mighty influence," as another translation expresses it. If you are an entire stranger to that kind of a prayer experience you have not yet gotten all that is coming to you in the Christian life.

On the Mexican Border.

A broken engine delayed us over night at Laredo, Texas, which is just across the border from Mexico. The town is the most thoroughly Spanish city I have ever visited in the United States. Cigarette-smoking United States soldiers however, were painfully in evidence on every hand.

Soon after entering Mexico I began to



Dr. Paulson Standing Near a Mexican Hut of the Poorer Classes. These Rude Homes Are Found Everywhere in Mexico.



WASH DAY IN MEXICO.

The Women Do the Family Washing on Stones Near a Stream of Water.

notice little windowless huts which at first I took to be second class chicken coops or donkey shacks; but lo, as we came directly in front of them human beings appeared at the little openings that served as doors—the women and children in many instances entirely barefooted, although the weather was by no means warm. The faces of the men seemed stoical, but I was profoundly impressed with the open, frank, yet somewhat pathetic faces of the women and children.

As a child, I lived with my parents in a little dug-out on the plains. I shared liberally in all the ordinary trials and privations incident to poverty-stricken pioneer frontier life, hence I readily took a sympathetic interest in the lives of these people. But what a contrast in every other particular! Each morning my father would gather the entire family together and read to us a portion of God's Word. Then we would kneel down and each one, from the oldest to the youngest, would pray to God. When Sabbath came, even in the early days of

frontier life, when there were no Sabbath-schools or church services, the day was spent at home in an earnest, devotional manner.

Today as I look back on that humble home, dug out of the hillside, with the sod of earth for shingles, struggling at times for even the barest necessities of life, I would not exchange the sacred memories of the prayers and religious devotion for the finest mansion on earth if it was destitute of these.

The religion of these poor Mexicans seems to be largely a matter of form and ceremony. I saw one woman crawling on her knees a long distance to church while others were spreading blankets on the ground for her. Behind her crawled her maid with an infant in her arms. The purpose of this I was told was to do penance and to improve her standing with God.

Primitive Conditions.

In Mexico one is constantly seeing things that remind him of the dim and shadowy past. The farmer tills his field with a wooden plow with only one handle to it,

in no wise different as far as I know from the one Elisha used more than thirty centuries ago when Elijah met him and gave him his prophetic call. To the first one of this kind which I saw was hitched an ox and an heifer. Instead of pulling the plow with an ordinary yoke such as we have become accustomed to seeing the yoke was strapped just in front of the horns.

I asked some one if these Mexicans did not know that an ox could pull twice as



A TYPICAL MEXICAN PLOW OUTFIT.
Notice the Yoke Is on the Horns. The Ox Goad Is Stuck in the Ground Near By.

much from his shoulders as he could from his horns. The answer was that their forefathers had done it in this way, so they could see no reason for changing, and a thousand lectures on the subject probably would never change their minds.

But the actual demonstrations of up-to-date methods of wide-awake Americans who are crowding into Mexico are changing things. This shows that example and practice are better than precept. It is the same in bringing the gospel to these people. It is not enough to merely preach it but it must be *lived*. A number of missionaries have come to Mexico to merely preach the gospel, then they became discouraged with their meager results. At the same time, becoming dazzled and intoxicated with the commercial opportunities that the country affords, they have practically abandoned soul-saving for money-getting.

One of my friends who is endowed with a burning love for human souls like his

Master has gone about among these humble Mexicans and shared his little earnings to relieve their necessities. The love of Christ that constrains him is contagious. These natives catch it from him and he has had marvelous success in his work.

The poorer people are practically barefooted the entire year, but they invariably wear a blanket over their shoulders with which they keep their chin and mouth covered. They do this to ward off pneumonia, which is very frequent and very deadly in Mexico. It never seems to occur to them that one is much more likely to contract pneumonia from cold feet than from cold shoulders.

Donkey Transportation.

If one sees a burro somewhere out in the country he may be reasonably sure that a man is near by. On the other hand, if one sees a man away from one of the cities he may be quite certain that a burro is not



A MEXICAN BURRO ALMOST HIDDEN UNDER A LOAD OF STRAW.

far away. The two are almost inseparable. Almost everything is transported on the backs of these little sure-footed animals. They will carry enormous loads of the cut rock from the quarries, sugar from the plantations, ore from the mines, household furniture, etc. It is not uncommon to see a woman riding a donkey, with a baby in front of her, two large baskets of vegetables on each side of the animal, with an immense bundle strapped on behind. How the little beast can carry such a load seems incomprehensible to me.

Wheat is threshed not by a machine or

even the flail of our fore-fathers. It is merely spread out on a threshing-floor and mules are driven back and forth over it until they have finally stamped out the wheat; which recalls the Bible method and the verse which admonishes not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out corn or grain.

Mexico's Curse and the Remedy.

The curse of this country is, first, the bondage of religious superstition instead of the glorious liberty of the gospel.

Second, intemperance and cigarette smoking, which are producing physical demoralization.

Third, slavish adherence to the customs and methods of the past.

In my next article I will endeavor to give the readers of THE LIFE BOAT a glimpse of what God is doing in this country for this people. The waters are certainly troubled. It is the golden opportunity to step in. The Mexican revolution is over. The government is in the hands of men who will evidently put no obstacles in the way of the most aggressive missionary work.

Practical medical missionaries are needed who have a genuine love for human souls and who will use their medical knowledge as an adjunct to soul-winning work. A medical missionary training center should be established in Mexico to train missionary nurses and other workers for the *nineteen* Spanish-speaking nations of the world, representing sixty million of people. Whoever undertakes to establish and maintain such an institution will find that the devil will do his best to hinder it and to ravel it out after it is begun. But I firmly believe that God will yet use human agents to do this, and I ask the earnest prayers of all of our readers in behalf of this needy missionary field located right at our very doors.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1912.

Five Life Boats to one address for only \$1.75. Just the thing to hand out to your friends.

IT MADE HIM PAUSE AND PONDER.

(From the Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary.)

"THE LIFE BOAT is fine. I get the greatest amount not only of pleasure, but also of benefit in reading this little magazine. I have often thought that in this age of printer's ink a lot of blessings and knowledge of the true life can be received which in older ages could not have been. THE LIFE BOAT and kindred publications have surely accomplished a wealth of good in thus spreading the tidings of the love of God and the peace found in it. It was a copy of THE LIFE BOAT that made me pause and ponder. I can't get away from it. That this little pamphlet contains that which may lead the prodigal home, the sinner to repentance, is a wonderful fact to me.

"The Bible I still read and study and it is ever a source of constant guidance and comfort. I have come to know more about the Bible in my prison cell than when I was free. Prison, of course, has its drawbacks, but there are things I've learned that it was worth coming to prison to learn. The Book of God may have always been a closed one to me had I continued at liberty and in the life I led while at liberty. And so, while a prison experience has its many sorrows, there is a joy that sometimes tempers these sorrows, and I am grateful that I have found this joy."

GOT A BLESSING BY GIVING.

"I write you a few lines to tell you I am very glad to send you five dollars for the girls' rescue home. This was made possible by my daughter, who is a teacher. When she sent her last remittance home she said, 'Mamma, send five dollars to the girls' rescue home.' I think God must have put it in her heart to do so, as I did not know she was interested. I hope it does your people as much good as it makes us happy to send it."

Do not wait for great opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great.

Scatter your flowers as you go, for you will never go over the same road again.

Are Modern Civilization and Religion Failures?

A. C. Gaylord,

Hinsdale Ill.

THE pastor of the City Temple, London, speaking in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium in Chicago, is reported as saying: "This generation, with all its wonderful social, commercial and scientific advancement, is a failure because religion has been forgotten in the great rush toward big accomplishments.

"As surely as we are gathered together in this hall, a great social revolution is coming. Society must be reconstructed. This revolution is only history repeating itself. Before the fall of Rome there were the same problems that now confront us. * * * They had conflicts between capital and labor, they had their commercial warfare, they had their class distinction, and they wavered in their religion as a climax to their other faults, then Rome fell.

"Religion no longer sways the world. The church no longer is a mighty factor in the life of the people. It has failed to exercise the influence on the common consciousness that it once did. Why with all our advance in other ways are we degenerating religiously?"

These are remarkable utterances and the question pertinent to the hour. The candid observer will admit that the problems mentioned do exist.

Has the world witnessed a more shocking exhibition of the conflict between capital and labor than the series of dastardly deeds which culminated in the wrecking of the *Times* building and the death of the score of innocent victims? Has history recorded a commercial warfare more heartless in its destruction of the weak, or more gigantic in its scope, than is carried on by some of the combines of the present time?

Could Roman civilization boast of six thousand multi-millionaires, abounding in luxury and power, while ten million people suffered the pangs of poverty?

Quoting from a popular magazine, "What is the meaning to the rich—what to the poor?

"To the rich this enormous wealth means magnificent palaces, gorgeous wardrobes, rare and precious jewelry; it means monkey and baboon dinners at which money flows as freely as water, at which terrapin is daintily eaten from silver canoes with golden spoons, and trust stocks are lavishly distributed as souvenirs of the occasion.

"It means a life where real values are lost and where money is god. To the poor, poverty means foul hovels reeking—ah, too often—with vermin and disease, filthy rags as substitutes for clothing, a life of forced ignorance, of stunted body, mind, and soul, an existence of sickness, crime and death.

"Wealth and poverty, millionaires and beggars, castles and caves, luxury and squalor, painted parasites on the boulevards and painted poverty among the red lights. This is but a suggestion of the social abyss, of the social wrongs which must be righted."

For these conditions there is a cause. The Word of God declares it: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

This condition will surely bring the climax in modern Rome. The statement that "religion no longer sways the world—the church is no longer a mighty factor in the life of the people," clearly indicates a denying of the power of religion. The power

of the Christian religion is faith in a Redeemer. The angels announced His coming in the words, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Luke 2: 10, 11. And again, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." For, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

The great apostle to the Gentiles could say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

This message has always had power to convert, to save, to sway individuals and nations. It has been the theme of all great soul winners the world over. It was the religion preached with power from the pulpit of London's city temple by Dr. Campbell's predecessor, who declared that when any other plan of salvation was proclaimed in that place "Ichabod" would be written over the portal of its doors.

Paul warns against any other teaching: "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel * * * let him be accursed." But Dr. Campbell and many

others are preaching another gospel—a "new theology"—which makes man his own saviour. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." Jer. 13:23.

Are the popular preachers catering to the demands of the world as expressed in Isa. 30: 10, 11: "Which say to the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits: Get you out of the way, turn aside out of the path, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us?"

The conditions which Dr. Campbell deplores today are but the legitimate fruit of the carnal heart which is only enmity against God, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

The remedy for this present condition of society is found in Isa. 1:18-20: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land: but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

A Refuge for Broken Hearts and Lives

Mrs. Hannah L. Swanson,

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

GOD has helped me to soothe a number of broken hearts the past month. One little woman who is trying to support herself and two children worried for fear she could not pay her rent, and said she could not sleep. I told her not to worry; I would see that her rent was paid. She usually makes enough to pay her expenses, but her work was a little slack this month. As she has not called on me thus far, she probably has raised sufficient to pay her rent.

Just the other night a woman with her little fourteen months' old baby came to us from the county hospital in a very pitiful

condition. It seems while she was in the hospital her husband moved, taking all their household goods, and, leaving no address, she could not find him. We sent her out to the home in Hinsdale. In the meantime we are trying to locate her husband.

A young woman from a distant state came to the city to get work. She tried but was unsuccessful. Her money was all gone and she had just one nickel when she came to our place, asking if we would let her stay until she could hear from her folks. She seemed to appreciate the home

so much; she said it was so restful. Chicago is a cold place when you are without money or friends. Her money came finally and she went back to her relatives. I was glad that we could help this young woman at this time.

We have been instrumental in having quite a number released from jail the past month. We bathe them and clean them up; without holy love, we could not do it. So far all but one have proved faithful.

A few weeks ago I met a man in jail who said he was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted. The next morning I received a letter from him, extracts from which are given below:

"Dear Friend: I want to tell you the good news. You know you said yesterday that if I was innocent God would not let me be punished. Well, I was released today. As I told you, I had prayed for release from the terrible black stain upon my name, and shall continue to pray. My release proves God's knowledge of my innocence, regardless of what the world may think, and now by His help I shall try to prove to the world my innocence. I can never feel sufficiently grateful to you for what you have done for me, and I shall forever regard you as a friend in the truest and most Christ-like sense. Assuring you of my heartfelt gratitude toward God and yourself, I remain sincerely yours."

All are not bad who are behind the prison bars. They need sympathetic helpfulness. Is it any wonder we hear Jesus say: "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me"? This man's wife and I have thoroughly investigated his case and find he has been more sinned against than sinning. We have been assured by the head police officials that he will have their protection.

I must tell you about two young women we are interested in. Both are educated. One is a graduate of the Chicago University, the other, a younger one, about twenty-two, has been in bed eight months. She imagines she has an incurable disease. We have been treating her for some time. We hope to be able to help her, but she ought to be taken away from her home into new surroundings. Her mother is poor and can

not afford to send her away. The other is able to be around, but is melancholy and is in a very sad condition. These girls ought to be helped, but for lack of means we can not do any more for them than we are doing. I believe under proper care they might be restored to perfect health. Perhaps some one will read this who can afford to help send them to a sanitarium.

The Lord is supplying our needs. We received several bushels of apples from a friend down in Illinois, and several squash, potatoes, vegetables and apples from a friend in Ohio, which was a great help to us. Our coal bills will be our biggest expense, as a kind friend is paying our rent. Do not forget us.

Personally, I have a sincere desire to live very close to the Lord, for "if we care not for the secret of His presence what cares He for all our boasted service?" It is us He wants, and it is only this kind of service that will stand the test of the judgment.

BETTER THAN A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

MRS. BELLE KERSHAW,
528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

One Sunday before Thanksgiving when I visited the Harrison street police station I met a man who had a sick wife and three little children. He asked me if I would call on his wife and I did so. I found her real ill, and, with the three children, she lived in one bare little room. I talked with her and before leaving we had prayer together. She felt very grateful and said she knew that God had sent me to her for I had comforted her.

After leaving I remembered I had promised another man with whom I had prayed in jail that I would call upon his mother, so I went to see her. I found her living upstairs in a small dreary room. I asked her if she had a son, Walter. She said, "Yes." She had been down to the jail to see him in the afternoon so knew I was coming; as he had told her. She had no light except from a dingy lamp which fluttered in the darkness. I called again to see

her and found her without any fire or fuel and in need of shoes. I had only a little change with me but gave her seventy-five cents and shall take her a pair of shoes.

On Thanksgiving Day I had a number of invitations out for dinner but I felt that I must stay at home and write to some prisoners. In the afternoon I called on some families to see if they had anything to eat. I found that some church societies had looked after them and they were well supplied for the time being. I received more blessing out of what I did than if I had gone out to dinner myself.

Last Sunday morning I met another man in the prison who was educated. He wept like a child and it seemed as though his heart would break. I talked with him. He said he knew this trouble would break up his family and his home; but I told him no doubt the Lord had permitted it to come into his life that he might think upon Him. I looked up his references and found he was above reproach and those whom he had worked for would trust him in every way. He was sentenced to the Bridewell for thirty days, but by earnest efforts on the part of several interested ones he was released for the sake of his wife and baby.

Another man who could not speak English said he had come to this country and could get no work. In his despair he took a revolver and attempted to take his life but failed to do so. I met his wife in the court the other day and learned that they had four hundred dollars when they arrived here, but it had been all used while he was trying to find work. She had no money, but through the kindness of her nephew who was there a lawyer was employed and the man was released on probation.

I have had many blessed experiences selling the LIFE BOAT magazine in the many different places that I have gone. While out the other night I went into a café and when I presented the paper one man said, "Come on boys, this paper is all right and this lady is doing a good work." He happened to be an official and not only bought a paper himself but persuaded the other men to do so.

Another evening while I was down on

Wabash avenue, I saw a place that said "Café" and I went in to sell my papers. The first sight frightened me and I was about to go away when a colored man who was standing at the entrance told me to go in, that I would be treated like a lady. I went in and every one was perfectly lovely to me. It seemed the way was opened that night for the work to be done there.

Is there anything so grand as to know our Father in heaven helps us to do the things He wants done when we are in harmony with His will? "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Ps. 32:8. What a precious promise! I wonder how many of us realize what it is to be guided by our Father. I know that when I fully surrender all to my Saviour before starting out for the day I can see His loving hand in every thing I do or say. He leads me where He would have me go. I want to live each day so that the Lord will make me see through His eyes, to see as He sees, that I may be able to do the things He wants done.

RELIEVING THE SUFFERING AND HELPING THE NEEDY.

GERTRUDE SUTTON.

[Miss Sutton, one of the junior nurses of the Hinsdale sanitarium, has donated one month of her time in visiting the sick poor in Chicago. The account of her experiences will be of interest to all.—Ed.]

I am very thankful for the privilege of spending a few weeks in the Master's work in the large city of Chicago. It is very difficult to reach the people. Their intense passion for money-getting, luxury and extravagance, is a force that is turning the minds of people from life's true purpose. Many are so absorbed in worldly treasures that they have no interest in our heavenly Father or His claims and the needs of their fellow men.

I have been working mostly among the sick poor. One family I am visiting live in a dingy foul basement under a large flat building. They have three small rooms with only two basement windows to let in the fresh air and sunshine, and these are fastened down so they can not be opened.

A father, mother and four children live here. They all have throat trouble, caused from so much coal smoke. The mother and father are very poorly. The father is crippled with rheumatism so that he is scarcely able to do any work. We are fortunate in having Mr. Hart, a graduate nurse, with us and he is treating this man daily. I am doing all I can for the mother and children, giving them treatments, clothes and food.

We do not always see results from our efforts, but we are told to "sow beside all waters." The following incident shows what whisky has done for one home. The man and woman were happily married. She is a graduate nurse from one of the Chicago hospitals, and her husband a business man. Everything ran along beautifully until she began drinking. Trouble began then and her husband followed her example. Then she had to board her three-months-old child and go out to work for her living. But she could not let drink alone, so lost her position. The little child was taken sick and the mother became despondent and drank to brace up her spirits.

Then came trouble with the landlady over the sick baby, and her drunken condition. One night she rushed out into the street with the sick baby in her arms. She went to a near-by house and left the child, promising to be back in twenty minutes with food and clothing for the infant. But she failed to return and the woman with whom the child was left took it to the police station. The child was sent to the foundlings' home.

The mother went for the baby's supplies, but stopped at several saloons for more drink. She became so intoxicated that she forgot her errand, and leaving her baby carriage in front of a grocery store she staggered on down the street.

The next morning we found her in the police station. We felt that we could do something for her. She was all broken up over her condition. She did not know where her baby was, or what to do. She promised to let the drink alone if we would help her. The judge gave her over to us. We went to the foundlings' home and got

her baby and took them both to our rescue home at Hinsdale.

She gave us her address and Mrs. Swanson and I went to get her possessions. After finding her landlady we learned that we must hunt the baby carriage because all the baby's clothes were in it. So we tramped on in the rain for a mile and a half, stopping at every grocery store and saloon on the way in search of the baby carriage.

At last we returned with it to the landlady, who then refused to let us have anything except a few baby clothes because the board bill was not paid.

The mother stayed at our home for about a week and then she was determined to come back to the city and to her old associates. I called for her a few days ago and the landlady told me she had forgotten her promise. She was out so I did not get to see her. Although she has gone back to her old haunt yet we know that the seeds of truth planted in her heart will not be in vain.

A few weeks ago one of our workers met a woman on the street car who told her about her sick boy. I was given the address and called on her. I found the young man in a very bad condition and much in need of medical attention, his mother being unable to give him proper care because she had to go and work by the day. She is ambitious and her little home is clean and tidy under the circumstances.

My heart went out to that mother, as I thought how much it would mean to that home if that young man, who is only eighteen years old, could be restored to health. I was able to get him into the sanitarium for two or three weeks' treatment, but it will take a much longer time to cure him.

Is there not some one who will help this young man to regain his health, so that he can care for himself and his mother? Read this article and pray over it, and if you feel impressed to help this young man, send the money, designating what you want it used for, to Mr. A. C. Gaylord, business manager, or the writer, Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

FROM A STUDENT IN THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSIONARY SCHOOL.

MRS. N. H. RICHMOND.

528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

It is my privilege to attend the City Medical Missionary Training School at the Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-third place, Chicago. The class numbers twenty-six and all are very much interested in their work. None stay away from the class unless they are obliged to do so. Most of them are training for better service for the Master; and surely we need to fit ourselves that we may render the very best service.

The forces of evil are gathering their vast army for the last great conflict which will soon burst upon this world, and the last struggle between right and wrong will soon be over. The battle that has been waged between good and evil for nearly six thousand years will soon end. On which side will you stand? All will have to be on one side or the other, there is no half way place for any of us.

I see Satan marshaling his forces and hear the rumbling of his chariot wheels and it makes me feel I must buckle on the whole armor and stand with my face to the foe, for there is no armor for the back. If we are to stand for the right we must be just as well equipped as possible. Satan leaves nothing undone that can be done to entrap souls, so we must be just as zealous to *save* souls.

This class fills a long felt need. We get in six months' time practically the best things in a three-year nurses' course, also six months of Bible study and experience in giving Bible readings that will fit us in a short time to be good workers to do better work in both of these lines. It qualifies mothers to do better work in their homes and among their neighbors. The teachers are earnest consecrated servants of God.

If any one reads these lines who has been longing for a better preparation for the Master's service, I would advise you to take this course and you will get what you have wanted. The whole class are well satisfied and God is blessing us all. For myself, I am determined to improve this opportunity to prepare myself as well as I can for the work that lies before me if faithful to God. Not far in the future these opportunities will all be over and the "Well done," be said to some and "Depart, I never knew you" to others. May God help us to be faithful is the prayer of one of this class.

A WIDOW'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

[We cull the following interesting experience from a letter recently received, which is only another illustration of God's care for the widows and fatherless. Why not ask God to use you to help answer some poor widow's prayer? You can do it.]

"Last Friday I received a telephone call to come to the home of a poor widow with six children.

She implored me to come if possible at once as her oldest child had broken her arm and they were destitute. I had to tell her it was impossible for me to come then, but that I would come the next day. She failed to find any one that day to help her.

"The next day when we went there she said that in her destitute condition she prayed to God that He would help her. Her coal was all gone and every coal dealer had refused her more as she had no money to pay for it. As she was through praying there was a knock at the door and a lady stood there who said, 'I see you have a room for rent and I came to see it.' She rented the room, paid in advance, and this money was used to get coal. When she told us this she said, 'No one can tell me there is not power in prayer, because I have tested it so many times.'

SPECIAL 1912 OFFER

**Five Life Boats
to one address**

FOR ONLY \$1.75

"When we first found this family, over two years ago, they had no furniture whatever. The father having died before the last child was born, they left the mining town, where he had been a miner, and came here thinking they could make their way better. They brought their humble possessions in satchels, and I never have seen such destitution anywhere. They are now being

helped; while the mother is doing all that she can for her flock, her strength is not sufficient for the task and here is where we should go to minister in His stead. Paul says, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' James 1:27."

Found Her Missing Daughter

Mrs. Elsie D. Whisler,

The Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

THERE have been several changes in the Home during the past month. Some of the girls have gone out from the Home to face the world and support themselves and their little ones. We feel sure they have gone from us with higher aims and nobler purposes in life than when they

At present the family consists of ten girls and six babies.

While we are helping them physically we have many opportunities to work for the salvation of their souls. We do not always see the results of our efforts but it is our duty to "sow beside all waters," and we know the harvest is sure.

Quite a number of the girls are becoming interested in the study of the Bible and some show evidences of a change of heart.

One girl's mother said to me, "I know my daughter is getting just what she needs—lessons that will be a lifelong benefit to her. I can see a wonderful improvement in her just in one month's stay in the Home."

Another mother who came here and found her missing daughter clasped my hand and said, "Oh, you have cared for my girl, I can never thank you enough. God will reward you." She took the girl home with her and is helping to care for the little baby.

I think so many times if every girl could go through the Home and see and realize the heartaches and sorrow we meet every day they would spare their mothers as well as themselves many a heartache.

The girls were glad for the *Youth's Instructors* that have been sent. They have been read with much interest and profit. When you are sending out your Christmas presents do not forget the rescue home. We are very much in need of some hot



ONE OF THE HOME BABIES.

came to us. While these leave us others come in and take their places in the Home. Thus our family is constantly changing.

water bottles and as the house is filling up we are getting short of pillows. There are four rooms without them. Then we shall need more money for coal and to pay our grocery bill. Remember Christ has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."

A WORD PICTURE FOR GIRLS.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

For the benefit of the careless girl who might chance to read these lines,—the girl who is determined to have a good time regardless of the consequences,—I want to paint you a word-picture of a scene which I beheld last Sunday morning in the Harrison street police station. I shall never forget it.

A poor, lonely outcast girl lying on the stone floor of a dingy cell was a scene which spoke volumes to me. She was once her mother's pride and joy, and as she grew up into womanhood that mother no doubt was just as anxious for her daughter to make a success in life as any other mother could be. But what a change a few short years can make!

The girl, not more than twenty-five years of age, was lying there with nothing but a grimy blanket between her and the stone floor; her face, dirty though it was, bore many traces of sin and dissipation; her hair was matted with filth and vermin; her filthy clothing scarcely covered her poor emaciated form.

As we stepped up to the cell and expressed our heartfelt sympathy and our desire to do something for the women within, this young woman opened her eyes and peered at us from the darkness. That look seemed to come from the depths of an underworld. She asked for our prayers and there in front of the bars we knelt and prayed for her.

Girls, if you are tempted to go wrong just think of this picture and of what it is possible for the devil to make of you. Sin is sin no matter where found. This is a picture of sin in full bloom. You and I may have that plant growing in our lives which if not rooted out by the power of Jesus Christ will continue to grow until it buds and blossoms in us.

Remember God's Word says, "The curse causeless shall not come." Prov. 26:2. And also, "Every word of God is pure: He is a *shield* unto them that put their trust in him." Prov. 30:5.

I would be glad to correspond with any young woman who is in need of help, who is sorry for the past and would like to get started right for the future. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

IT CHEERS HIM UP.

(From an inmate of the Illinois State Reformatory.)

"I received your letter and was glad to hear from you and to know that you are willing to write me or have some one do so. The time seems so long when a man is always looking for a letter, but when he gets one it seems to cheer him up and to make him believe some one is thinking of his welfare in here.

"When I leave this institution it is my intention to live a straight and clean life, and there is only one way to do that, as you know. That is to trust in our Maker to help us. This is the first crime that I have committed in my life, and it is going to be my lesson for the future years."

FINDS IT MOST INTERESTING.

(From the Eastern State Penitentiary.)

"I have been reading your magazine for some time and I find it the most interesting of the magazines that I have read since I came to prison. I would like to read it oftener but I can only get it when the chaplain brings it around. I never read any kind of books until I came to prison, but since I have been here I have learned how good it is to read God's words, for His love is sweet. I must say it was God that taught me how to pray, for He gave me light when all the world looked dark and life seemed no longer worth living."

When schools and Sabbath-schools are neglected, reform schools for blasted lives become well attended; and where children's bad habits are not broken early in life their parents' hearts are broken late in life.

The Story of Progress Among the Hills of Tennessee

Mrs. C. N. Martin,

Bon Aqua, Tenn.

[For several months Mrs. Clough has been running a series of articles under the above caption. This month we publish an account of one of the many self-supporting hill schools that were not visited by Mrs. Clough while in attendance at the self-supporting workers' convention at Madison, Tenn., in August last. The story of self-sacrifice and noble devotion portrayed will be an inspiration to our readers, and we trust will lead some to heed the call of God to place their lives on the altar of service for God and humanity.—Ed.]

OUR school is located about thirty miles west from Nashville, in the corner of three counties. Some of the people here are intelligent and want to be progressive, but the most of them are just as they were fifty or seventy-five years ago. Many of the houses are without even a window in them, or with just one or two small ones. This isn't so much on account of poverty—they simply know no better. They are content to live so.

Both men and women go barefoot in summer and nearly all, even the children, use snuff and tobacco. The country has many little stores, and in them are kept patent medicines, which the people take like they take their food.

The need of some one to tell them a better way, to draw them back from the gulf into which they are plunging, is very great. We need men and women who have a knowledge of God's saving truths to live among the people. Christian families should move into these communities; then the conditions would be different.

Winning the Hearts of the Young Folks.

We came here nearly two years ago and opened up a small school. The attendance was from two to six, most of the time only two, my own children. The next winter no effort was made for an outside attendance, and none came. I determined that I would conduct a school, but we do not always know the ways of the Lord. I had my school just nicely started, when the whooping cough broke out in it and I had to close for a time. Conducting a school is not by any means the only edu-

cational line in this work. While the school itself has not been much of a factor, yet we have carried on other lines of work that have more far-reaching effects than the school could have had. We refer to a work we have done among the young people.

A lady here, the wife of one of the most prominent men of the neighborhood, came to me and asked: "Mrs. Martin, can't you do something for our children? The only places they have to go is to church once a month and barn dances." I didn't know what a barn dance was, but I found out. I told her I would try. Our first effort was a Fourth of July entertainment. We put up a platform and seats in our grove; also two large swings, and prepared an impromptu program. Not many came, but enough to have a good time and get a taste of something different. Would you believe it, scarcely one had ever seen a swing before! They were afraid to get in it; but after they got started, how they did enjoy themselves!

Then, again, near New Year's I got the young people together and proposed an entertainment. They were all willing, but did not know what I meant. None had ever taken part in one or even seen one. We planned on several dialogues, recitations, music, etc. After the news got out—and it didn't take long—several of the girls came for miles and wanted to take part. There was no need of urging them; the trouble was they all wanted to be in everything. They made me think of a lot of half-starved children. I drilled and practiced with them. I

had the boys put up a platform in the public school house. We bought curtains and planned to have it all fixed up nice, when some drunken fellows went in and tore the platform all out and strung it over the hillside.

The boys gathered it up again, and we went on as though nothing had happened. The program lasted about three hours and was all good. I was as proud of the young people as they were of themselves. They are just as bright as any of our own, and many have talents lying latent that will some day be used to God's glory.

As soon as it was over, that very evening, they came to me and said, "Oh, Mrs. Martin, can't we have another one right away?" I told them I would see about it. Since then we have had several, and the young people have learned how to enjoy themselves in a pleasant, wholesome way.

Ignorant of the Bible.

I can't conceive of children in heathenism knowing much less about the Bible and its simplest stories than do the children here, and older ones, too, for that matter. I saw the need for a Sunday school when I first came here, but didn't think it wise to start one at first. I can now see the wisdom of that. There has never been a Sunday school in the neighborhood. At last, with the help of a Methodist lady and a Baptist lady I organized the Sunday school. I cannot go into details, but it has prospered. We have an attendance of from forty to fifty. We are taking our lessons from the Bible, beginning with creation. We make books each quarter, and in them the teachers place outline, memory verses, etc., with pictures illustrating the lessons.

We have a plan of having a children's day at the end of each quarter. We had such a one last month that was a credit to any school. The children were well trained. I am now planning, when I get time, to open up a temperance work here; just how, I don't know, but I do know it is sorely needed, and God will bless.

Self-Sacrificing Ministry.

I have mentioned some of the ways in which we have tried to meet the people and get in touch with them. There are many

other little things, such as visiting the sick, giving treatments, etc., that we have had opportunity to do.

A family living a few miles away were stricken down with typhoid fever. The father and one daughter were sick with it, and the mother gave birth to a little one in the midst of their trouble. They could get no one to stay with them. I, with my oldest daughter, Ruth, went to see them. When I saw the situation I was troubled I saw, too, an opening to reach the people in a way we had never had opportunity to before. My daughter is anxious to be a nurse and devote her life to the work, so I told her that here was an opportunity to commence. She was willing.

The day she went there the father died and another daughter came down with the fever. Ruth stayed there two months, and during that time the mother was sick in bed for weeks. A son was taken with the fever and in the midst of it all they took the whooping cough. Ruth was the only one to care for the whole family, and she cared for them night and day. Although young and inexperienced, the doctor said he never saw any one outside of a hospital trained nurse do as well.

When she had been there two months she was taken with the fever. I brought her home, and she has been sick now a little over three weeks, and is almost well. She was taken very bad, but I used the water treatments altogether, and only the first week did her fever run high.

I am telling you this to show you how the Lord worked. My school was broken up and I felt our work was now spoiled for the winter, but this medical missionary work has brought us into favorable notice with the people for miles around. Many remarked when they heard that Ruth was down with the fever that outside of their own families they knew of no one for whom they were so sorry as for Ruth.

When any of our family go to town people come and ask how Ruth is. A mail carrier living about ten miles away told a storekeeper that people who weren't good to a girl that would do what Ruth did ought to be run out of the country.

This shows the people appreciate such self-sacrificing work. I believe if we could open a little sanitarium here it would be a means of reaching the people. I have been burdened for this for years, but could see no opening until now. I believe there is a chance here now if we could get hold of a consecrated nurse, preferably a man and his wife, who would be satisfied to do such self-supporting work.

I feel sure we could secure a piece of property and the money could be raised from other fields where we have labored in the past. I believe sanitariums are born, not made.

Altogether this is a good work and I feel very happy in it.

God has said, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." While the day now is hard and the prospect forbidding, God will give grace and strength in proportion.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

W. C. WALLACE.

This question was once asked: How can you prove that the Bible is not all theory? The answer is: In my room with the door shut and the window of my soul open toward heaven. If you have not tried it do so and convince yourself.

Prayer is the key in the hand of faith that unlocks heaven's store-house of boundless resources and brings the blessing down.

As prayer meeting is the thermometer of the church, so is private prayer the thermometer of our spiritual life; the whole rises correspondingly high as the individuals rise themselves.

Prayer is the channel of communication by which we converse with the Infinite One—not that God does not know what we need, but that we may believe, thus shutting away temptation and enveloping us in an atmosphere of grace.

Prayer was the secret of Daniel's life. He went into his room, kneeled down and prayed aloud three times a day, with his windows open toward Jerusalem. And the record says, "An excellent spirit was in him."

Nathaniel was praying under the fig tree when Philip called him, of whom the Sa-

viour said, "An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

All the good things of a lifetime may not be remembered in the hour of temptation. By constant contact with evil, all the grace of God may seem departed when temptation presses the soul. Then it is that we can go to our Father which is in secret, away from every human influence, and talk to Him as to a friend. Jesus lives; He is in heaven, and knows our every care. Cast your burden at His feet in secret prayer.

Often we do not know what to pray for. Then pray for the Holy Spirit. God is more willing to give this to us than parents are to give good gifts to their children. This will inspire us to ask for that which our Father in heaven knows we need, and thus we have assurance that it will be given and so it is received. This is the cleansing that begins on the inside, and cleanses the outside as well.

Keep the window of your soul open toward "Jerusalem which is above." Thus being drawn nearer to God day by day we become like Him. Let Christ's pure life cover the past, enter into partnership with Him and let Him walk life's pathway by your side. When you do not feel like praying go often and tap that great fountain that is always within your reach that will water your thirsty soul.

Those who get the victory over every known sin and live on this earth without a Mediator, will know what it is to drink at the fountain of prayer—to be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Jesus came from heaven and the principles which He taught represent the wisdom of heaven to restore the image of God in man. He spent much time in prayer. All the channels open to Him, He freely offers to us. By thus being surrounded with an atmosphere of heaven we invite the presence of holy angels from the courts above.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH TRACT.

The new gospel of health booklet, by Dr. David Paulson, showing how to use simple remedies in the care of disease and how to eat sanely and scientifically is meeting with

appreciation in many quarters. The following culled from a recent letter received from Bloomington, Ill., is only a fair sample of the good this booklet is doing:

"I wish to thank you for the tract we received on 'Sensible Dietetics in Healing the Sick.'

"The many good ideas in the lecture 'Healing the Sick,' I have also endeavored to use; so much so that my noon lunch has taken on a radical change. Cake and frosted cookies now form no part of it and have been replaced by nuts and raisins or fruit. I am surprised that I do not even care to drink with my meals.

"'Sane and Scientific Eating' appeals to any one of average intelligence. We have all been guilty. 'Eating Half as Much and

Chewing Twice as Long' is not patented by Fletcher. 'The Well Balanced Dietary' was exceedingly interesting to me. I have passed the pamphlet around among my friends who in turn have found it very interesting and helpful."

Fifteen copies will be sent for twenty-five cents, or fifty for fifty cents. It can be enclosed in an ordinary envelope when you write to your friends. Send for some.

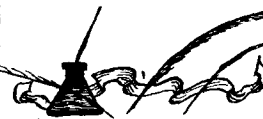
Do not brood over the past or dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

Make every occasion a great occasion, for you can not tell when somebody may be taking your measure for a larger place.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



OUR SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1912.

All other magazines in the Life Boat class, on account of the increased cost of material have been compelled to advance their price. At our present price The Life Boat is published at a loss and it must be only a question of time when the Life Boat subscription price must be advanced to one dollar a year.

Meanwhile for the present we will continue to accept subscriptions at fifty cents a year, and in addition, to encourage our readers to use it in place of tracts, to lend or give it to their neighbors or those whom they incidentally come in contact with, we will send five Life Boats to the same address during the entire year for only \$1.75. Take advantage of this special offer. You will never have reason to regret it either in time or eternity.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

The devil has made New Year resolutions a joke, and that is a good reason why every child of God should *garrison* his soul with the highest resolutions. We should deliberately place ourselves on the Lord's side and *resolutely* resolve to walk in the way of His guidance.

There is nothing that the devil dreads so much as a resolute, determined man. For God has promised to give unto such a man according to his faith not only strength to carry out his resolutions but increased wisdom for his daily work, even as He did Daniel and his companions.

The devil frightens many a weak-kneed Christian out of such a blessed experience by telling him that he can not keep his resolutions. The same childish argument would prevent a man from pledging his love and devotion to his wife at the marriage altar. It would keep us from a thousand and one blessed experiences in life.

God knows our weaknesses and He has made full provision to help us recover ourselves when we do break our resolutions. "Although the righteous *should fall* seven times, yet doth he *rise up* again." Prov. 24:16, Spurrel's translation.

So do not hesitate to prayerfully make

noble resolutions. If the enemy should succeed in an unguarded moment to shatter that resolution do with it what the potter did with the clay that was marred in his hands. He picked up the same clay and made of it again another vessel that seemed good to him (Jer. 18:4). At the same time say to Satan, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, *I shall arise*; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Micah 7:8.

A SPECIAL PRISONERS' NUMBER AGAIN.

The time is drawing near when we must remember the prisoners in a definite way. In May we shall issue our thirteenth annual prisoners' number. Each year, with the help of our friends, we are able to issue this special number and send it free to all the leading prisons in America. One has but to read the many letters from prisoners published in this number to realize that THE LIFE BOAT is a friend of the man behind the bars.

The prisoner is our neighbor and needs our prayers and our encouragement just as much as the young boy or girl growing up in our own homes. Many of them never had any home influence, any mother's prayers, any father's counsel. Others, we are sorry to say, have actually been trained by their own parents to steal and lie. Yet they are souls for whom Christ died, and as long as we know that God is looking down from the heights of his sanctuary to hear the groan of the prisoner (Ps. 102:19, 20), ought we not to take an interest in at least sending the printed gospel to visit them?

If the Lord impresses you to help make this possible, we should be glad to receive your contribution.

HATE SIN BUT LOVE THE SINNER.

It always pains me to hear good temperance people condemn the saloon keeper instead of denouncing his business. Every Christian should and must *hate* the liquor traffic with an undying hatred. At the same time, they must and should *love* the saloon keeper with an undying love, for he is their

erring brother whom they should seek to bring to Christ, and that can be done only by love, and not by hatred, condemnation and denunciation.

The scribes and Pharisees loved sin for they were constantly indulging in it themselves, but they shunned, disliked and even hated the publicans and sinners.

No one ever walked this earth who hated sin so intensely as the Man of sorrows, but He loved sinners so strongly that He sat down to eat with them. Everywhere He went the spell of that divine love drew the roughest and the toughest of humanity to Him as much as it did the most cultured classes.

Just to the extent our souls become permeated and saturated with that same love shall we see the same result in our work for humanity. If you are teaching others to avoid sinners instead of avoiding their sins, if you are condemning men instead of their wrong, you belong to the church of the scribes and Pharisees, no matter how good and regular you think your standing is in some other church. And unless you give the Lord a chance to save you from your sins and to impart to you a genuine love for sinners you will not only continue to be a member of the Pharisees' church here below but will be destroyed with the Pharisees in the end. For while there are plenty of Pharisees in the church here below there will not be a single one in the church over yonder.

THE HINSDALE HOLIDAY CONVENTION.

Just as this LIFE BOAT goes to its readers the mid-winter convention at Hinsdale will begin. The first meeting will be held Tuesday evening, Dec. 26, and the convention will close Saturday Dec. 30.

Eld. O. A. Olsen will act as chairman. Eld. G. B. Starr of Boston, Mass., a man of vast experience in gospel medical missionary work who with his wife conducted a successful Bible training school in Chicago some years ago, will be present. Eld. G. E. Langdon of Chicago; Prof. P. T. Magan, of Nashville, Tenn; Eld. G. W. Shone from South Africa, and others, will

be present and will take part in the meetings.

Such subjects as the following will be considered carefully:

"City Missionary Work, Both Old and New Methods," "Combination of the Health and Ministerial Work," "The Foreign Population of Our Large Cities and the Need of Workers and Their Development," "Inoculating Communities with Health Principles," "Organizing the Laity for Definite Work," "Health and Evangelical Tours," "Self-Supporting Mission Work," "How the Workers Should Care for Their Health," and "How Our Institutions Can Co-operate with City Mission Work."

It is hoped that this gathering will be of real spiritual uplift to the workers who participate. There will be no business to transact. The time will be given over exclusively to the study of God's Word and the discussions of such topics as have been mentioned. A forty-five minute devotional service will be held each morning at 6:45. The forenoon session will continue from ten to twelve o'clock with ten minutes intermission. The afternoon session will continue from ten to twelve o'clock with ten minutes intermission. The afternoon session will continue from two-thirty until four-forty. Service in the evening will be held at seven-fifteen.

Christian workers and medical missionary workers who can do so are invited to attend. Interesting reports of this meeting will appear in later numbers of THE LIFE BOAT.

WILL YOU GET THIS HABIT?

The last generation was a tract-reading age, but ours is a magazine-reading generation. There are enough exceptions so that the tracts can still be used. But if you want to be sure the literature will be read hand the man a magazine instead of a tract, and if you use THE LIFE BOAT you can be almost certain every time that it will be read.

Whenever I travel I carry a few additional LIFE BOAT with me and then I ask God at the beginning of the journey to give me some favorable opportunities to put

them in the hands of others. By following this plan I have had some of the most blessed experiences of my life.

To make it possible for all of our readers to do likewise we have decided to offer five LIFE BOATS to the same address for \$1.75. THE LIFE BOAT is now published at a loss at fifty cents a year. It is really a one-dollar magazine. Thus far we have refrained from advancing its price, while other magazines on account of increased cost of production have been forced to increase their price. Yet to encourage our readers everywhere to use this soul-winning magazine as a missionary agency we have decided to make this unparalleled offer of five LIFE BOATS for only \$1.75.

Will you invest that sum so that during the year 1912 you may have each month something to lend to your friends or give to strangers with whom you are brought in contact? If you do this prayerfully, you will be almost certain to have an additional star in your crown in the next world. Can you afford to risk a dollar and seventy-five cents to win a soul to Christ?

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.

HERE AND THERE.

Dr. David Paulson left Thanksgiving morning for Mexico where he will spend some time visiting his brother and studying conditions in Mexico.

The convention during the holidays will be held at the Hinsdale Sanitarium, December 26-30. This will be an especially helpful occasion.

Miss Elma Jeffries, Hinsdale sanitarium nurse, is now spending a month at the Life Boat Rescue Home assisting in the nursing at the Home.

Prof. M. B. Van Kirk of the Graysville, Tenn., Academy, recently visited Hinsdale.

Dr. A. J. Sanderson of Berkeley, Cal., stopped at Hinsdale recently while on a trip to the east.

Mrs. A. S. Steele, founder of the Children's Orphan Home at Chattanooga, Tenn., is spending a few days at the sanitarium and is suffering from a fracture of the left arm.

Miss Gertrude Sutton, one of the Hinsdale sanitarium nurses, spent the last month in Chicago in visiting nurses' work.

M. M. Martinson, M. D., of Huntsville, Ala., who is taking some post graduate work in Chicago, made a visit to Hinsdale recently.

Dr. D. C. Ross, superintendent of the Fort Worth, Texas, sanitarium, visited Hinsdale recently.

About four thousand copies of the December number of THE LIFE BOAT were sold in Chicago last month.

The helpers' morning worship at the Hinsdale Sanitarium is conducted entirely by the workers themselves, a committee of three being appointed every two weeks to be responsible for the same. This gives the workers experience in conducting devotional service and also an object in Bible study.

Mr. Chas. Franz, from Cuba, visited Hinsdale recently. One year ago Mr. Franz and his wife went to Cuba to establish a self-supporting educational work. They are now negotiating for an eighty-acre farm on which to locate an industrial school for young Cubans. They have a number of students already waiting for the school to open.

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.

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

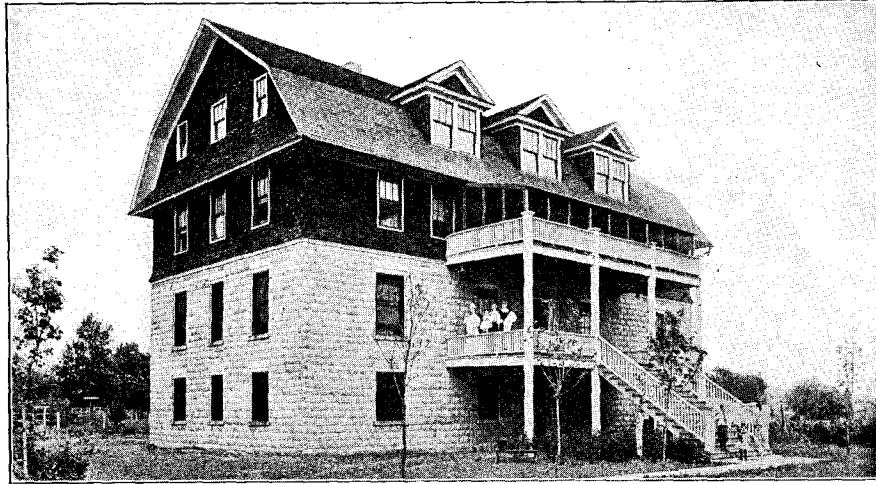
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We desire advertisements from both large and small dealers of articles that we can recommend to our subscribers. THE LIFE BOAT has an unusually large circulation among the best class of people. Full information concerning circulation, etc., given on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

THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



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During the past year upwards of half a hundred girls have been sheltered in this home. They have been carried through the saddest chapter in their lives. More than half these girls do not have a dollar, but they are received just the same.

The institution has no endowment and beyond the mere pittance that some of the girls are able to pay, it is entirely dependent upon the generosity of those who become interested in its work.

Address for further information

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OR

Are you interested in placing a part or all of your property so that you can receive a permanent annuity or income on it while you live?

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."

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.

A PRISONER HELPS TO PAINT RESCUE HOME.

(From a prisoner in the Philadelphia Penitentiary.)

"Please take two dollars of my money for helping to paint the inside of the Rescue Home. I asked some other prisoners if they wished to help. Indeed, they wished to, but they are too poor.

"My subscription to THE LIFE BOAT is paid until May, 1912."

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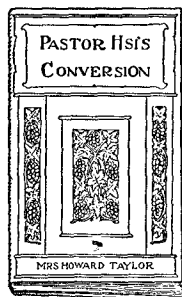
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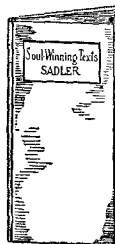
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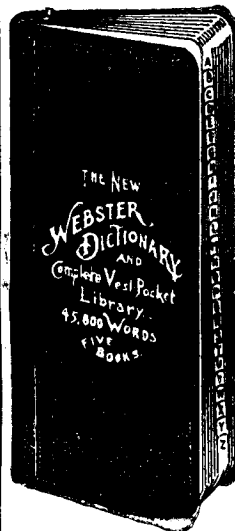
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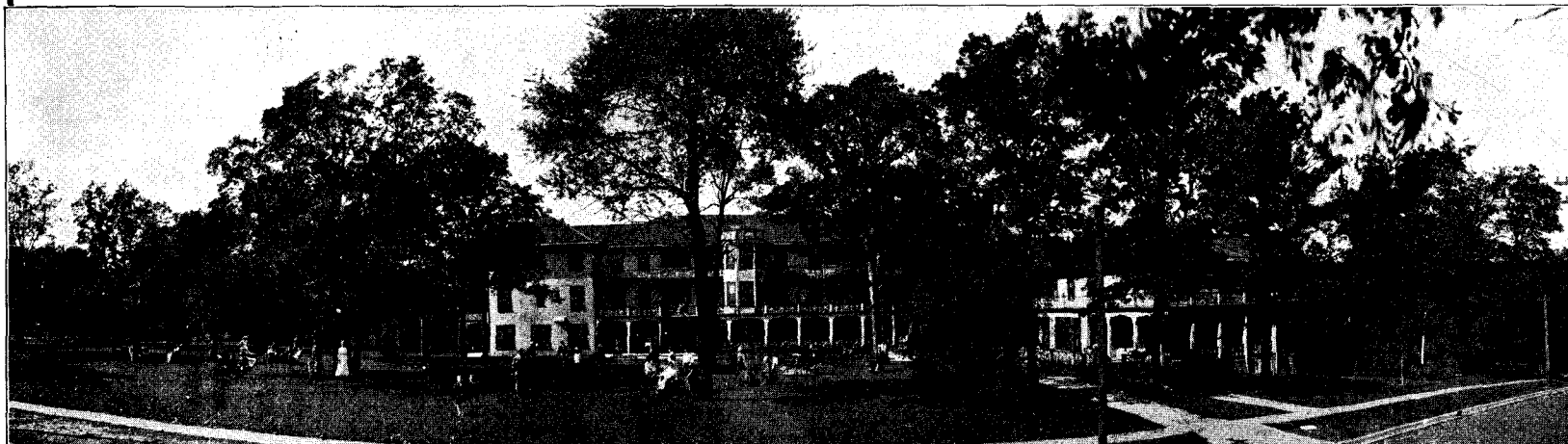
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