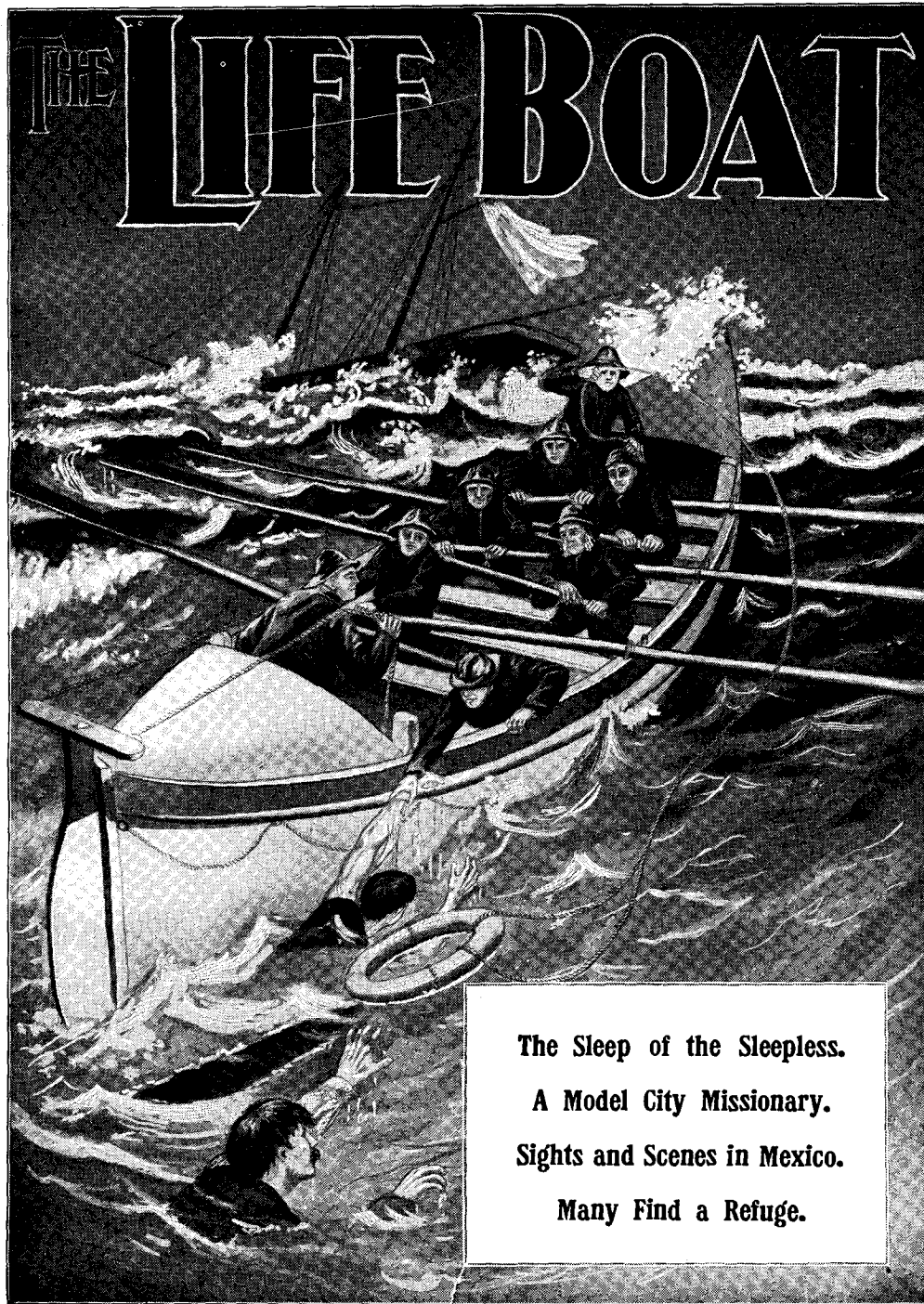


Next Month Special Prisoners' Number

50 Cents a Year

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**Volume Fifteen
Number Four**

Winsdale, Ill.

April, 1912

Will You Help Us Send the May Life Boat to Your State Prison?

A decorative border with floral and vine motifs surrounds the text. It consists of four corner pieces and four side pieces, all featuring intricate designs of leaves and flowers.

Signals on Life's Track

PEARL WAGGONER.

'Twas at a railway junction, 'neath a city's thoroughfare:
As far almost as eye could reach, tracks, tracks were everywhere.
Said one who watched the trains go by, then vanish in the night,
"With all this medley here of rails, how can they know the right?"

Then, glancing t'ward the tower-house man,—“A master mind it takes,”
The answer came, “to guard against confusion and mistakes;
He knows each line and can direct with sure, unerring ease,—
Familiar with them all as is a player with his keys.”

It fell as benediction on a heart which lo, for days
Felt plunged in darkness and to whom life seemed a puzzling
maze;
Ah, yes! there's still a Master Mind in Heav'n's watch-tower
above,
Who guides amid earth's tangled tracks in wisdom and in love.

His hand is on the switchboard; if the signals read: “Straight
on,”
'Tis well; and not a road there is but Christ before has gone.
Or if a turn is shown 'gainst which our human wills would cry,
Then that alone the way can be where peace and safety lie.

And if some signal comes not though to finite mind it seems
'Twould be the best and lead toward the land of cherished dreams,
Yet wait for it, nor run before, nor think He has forgot;
He knows the ending from the start, and guides each human lot.

Or if our train but slowly moves, or, sidetracked, standeth still,
While some flash by,—yet each one has a purpose to fulfil.
What good would be the railway, what its use to man, unless
Some trains should run besides the through, or thundering
express?

He does not leave us all alone our future way to choose;
He knows the dark and devious tracks our minds would oft
confuse.
But if we follow all the way the guidings of His hand
We'll safely reach our journey's end,—fair Canaan's promised
land.

Oh, for a singleness of heart, and for a seeing eye
Each sign He sends us to discern, and pass no signal by!
Oh, for a faith to trust Him, be the signals what they may,—
To trust His wisdom as supreme, and trusting, to obey.

THE LIFE BOAT

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

50 cents a year

Ten cents a copy

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Volume XV.

HINSDALE, ILL.

:: APRIL, 1912

Number 4

The Sleep of the Sleepless

David Paulson, M. D.

MODERN civilization is developing an alarming number of people who are almost entire strangers to the luxury of sound and refreshing sleep. The amount of sleeping powders and other nerve-quieting remedies that are sold is enormous and is rapidly increasing year by year. All drug sleep is, however, a wretched substitute for the real article. Sleep-producing remedies induce a stupor by a species of intoxication. That is why the insomnia patient so frequently remarks after such a sleep, "I feel as if I had been on a drunken spree."

Thirty centuries ago the Scriptures declared that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet," and today it is precisely the sedentary man, or he who earns his bread by the sweat of his *brain* instead of his brow, that is a candidate for insomnia. This only confirms the inspired declaration that "the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." Eccl. 5:12. And this applies equally well to the entire stress and strain of our modern business system.

A recent editorial on this subject in the *New York Medical Record* gives the following additional common causes for the prevailing sleeplessness:

"Perhaps the second most efficient reason why we sleep so little is the general use of gray-matter stimulants—coffee, tea, cocoa, tobacco, alcohol, all or one or more in a day. Largely because at times they have enjoyed

good sleep immediately after taking these, many unmedical persons are firmly convinced that they are not kept awake by these stimulants, when, in reality, as a rule they are. Of course, at times one may sleep in spite of these, for reasons that no one can as yet explain. As it is, throngs of sedentary people are kept from feeling normally sleepy at the proper time by these stimulants.

"A third reason obviously is the evening-entertainment habit, despite the necessity of early rising for work. How numerous are the theater-mad and the opera-mad and the bridge-mad in our day and generation needs no emphasis, and they unduly waste the sleep-time."

Our city population who must continually endure the clanging of the street car, the "honk" of the auto, the rattling of the heavy truck, and a thousand other artificial sounds, scarcely knows what a quiet sleep is except when a night is spent in the country with some friends.

In addition to these ordinary causes may be mentioned the uncertainty of business affairs, the remorse of a guilty conscience and the despair of one who is not at peace with God.

How to Coax Sleep.

It has been said that you may lead a horse to water, but you can not make him drink; so you may go to bed and close your eyes, but you can not force yourself to sleep. From a somewhat extensive experience in dealing with

nervous patients the majority of whom were more or less sleepless, I offer the following practical suggestions:

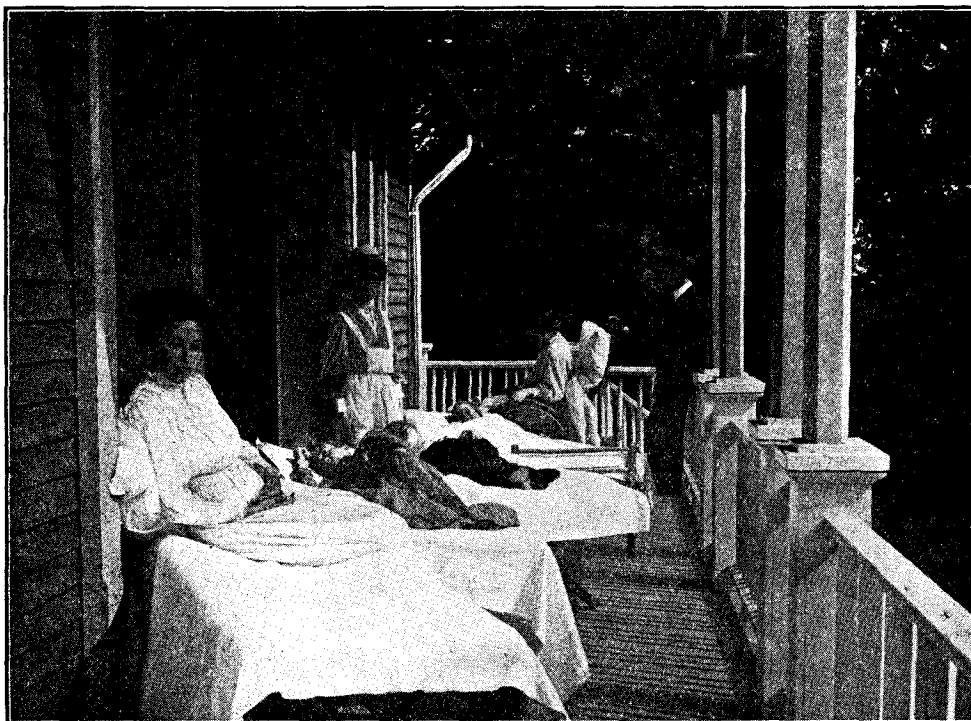
1. DON'T WORRY because you can not sleep. Some remarkable experiments made by Edison in his electrical laboratory show that very little sleep suffices for a time, provided the waking hours are not spent in worry; remember, just lying in bed and enjoying the rest is a fair substitute for refreshing sleep.

2. All means that tend to relieve the congested brain are sleep producers; for instance, a short warm bath just before retiring which

3. The drinking of a cupful of hot water or hot milk is a trusty sheet anchor for many a sleepless patient.

4. Moving the bed out on the veranda not only tends to induce sound sleep, but to improve the general health as well. Extensive experience has convinced me that the "sleep-outs" actually require less sleep than the "sleep-ins."

5. Avoid as far as possible all exciting work, reading or games in the evening. Some moderate but agreeable physical exercise is the ideal thing if nothing else is available. A



"MOVING THE BED OUT ON THE VERANDA TENDS TO INDUCE SOUND SLEEP."

draws the blood into the skin. Sometimes a long *lukewarm bath* is even more soothing. A fairly good substitute is a warm foot bath, or even a hot-water bag or hot brick to the feet or the spine after going to bed. Raising the head end of the bed by putting a couple of bricks under it works like magic in some cases. Occasionally wrapping the head in a light towel wrung out of cold water will also encourage sleep.

pleasant walk can be indulged in often with the most happy results.

6. Sleeplessness is sometimes merely a bad habit which can be broken most successfully by some decided change like a brief visit to agreeable friends, a week's camping out, a little trip to the sea shore or mountains. When planned sensibly such an outing can easily be taken without any great outlay of either time or money, while the benefit to be derived from

it generally far exceeds the actual expense.

7. Sleeplessness is sometimes caused by a heavy heart instead of a congested brain. Such cases require intelligent spiritual treatment rather than the most expert physical remedies.

The assurance of sins forgiven, the knowledge that divine grace not only can but will restore fully "the years that the locust hath eaten" (Joel 2:25), that the domestic sorrow or other heartaches when committed to the great Burden Bearer, will actually in His hands be transformed into a sweet blessing instead of a grievous curse—such assurance I can say from abundant personal observation will enable many a poor nerve-racked, sleepless sufferer to exclaim, "Thou hast put gladness into my heart. . . . I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Ps. 4:7, 8.

FOUND FRIENDS AFTER ALL HAD DESERTED HIM.

(From the Colorado State Prison.)

"THE LIFE BOAT's mission to this prison has not been in vain. I am always glad to see it come, and I see also that it is doing good work in other prisons. When I look back on my past it reminds me of that passage of scripture that says, 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' Prov. 16:25.

"It is not because I did not have a chance to hear the truth, for I had many, and also heard some good men speak on the subjects of the Bible. But like the king said to Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,' so I kept putting it off till a more convenient season. I am thankful to God today that He caught me before I plunged headlong down to eternal ruin.

"I blame no one but myself. If I had asked God years ago to forgive me and strengthen me I would not be where I am today. When I leave I realize that there will be a harder battle for me to fight than I have had to fight here. God has been good to me in raising up friends after I thought all had deserted me.

"We have a kind-hearted warden and one that will meet a prisoner half way. I came here with a ten to twelve year sentence and was put on the trusty list in less than four

months. I have worked for the deputy warden nearly all the time, and I will be here four years in April. I have not been under a guard since I was made a trusty. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may hold out faithful to the end, for I believe that Jesus is coming again soon.

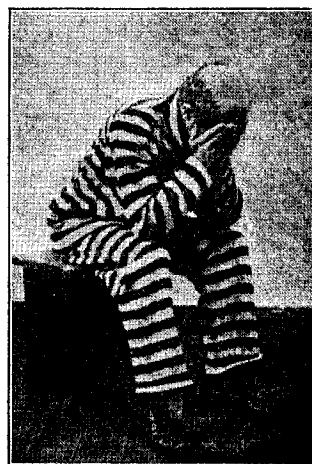
"The darkest night must have a dawning,
The longest lane must have a turning,
And the tide will turn at last."

A GLIMPSE OF THE HEARTACHES BEHIND PRISON BARS.

(From the Connecticut State Prison.)

"I am very glad to hear that somebody on the outside remembers me. In reply to your letter I want to say that I'm really and truly serving my God. I pray every day.

"I may not serve the Master as well as Paul did when he was in prison, but I am



WILL YOU HELP US SHOW AN INTEREST IN THE PRISONER NEXT MONTH?

an old heart-broken man, from both hardship and misery. What brought me here was my trying to take my life to put an end to my misery, but it failed. God's ways are wonderful. Please remember me in your prayers.

"I am a poor man with no money, few friends, and four children who must now shift for themselves. One son, a lovable young man of eighteen years, committed suicide because they told him it was no use to try to do anything for his aged father. Those living have no one to care for them now."

A Model City Missionary*

O. A. Olsen

WE learn concerning Christ (Acts 10:38) that God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power. As the time came for Him to enter upon His mission and go forth before the world to dispense the blessings of the Messiah, the Lord sent Him out with an anointment; there was power. And yet Christ says, "I can of mine own self do nothing." But through the anointing of the Holy Ghost He received power, and what a blessing there was in that life! In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.

We see many things in the life of Christ. He went about doing good and healing all that were possessed of the devil, for God was with Him. Will God be with anybody else? When Christ went away He gave His commission to the disciples, following it up with these words: "And lo, I am with you"—how often? "Alway." How long? "Even unto the end of the world." Thank God for it. This is a very precious promise. Then comes another promise stating "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Jesus went about doing good and ministering to the needs of fallen humanity. During our convention we have been talking about mission work, especially city mission work, and when we look upon the great multitudes in our cities, when we see their situation, when we see the benighted condition of thousands and hundreds of thousands of people, when we see them in utter darkness concerning the great vital question of their souls' salvation, when we see them enduring physical suffering and physical difficulties, suffering with all sorts of maladies, diseases and miseries, I tell you it is a picture that brings out sympathy from any heart that has sympathy.

When Jesus looked upon the multitude His heart was touched with compassion. God give us hearts to be touched with compassion! And our hearts will be touched with compassion when the love of Christ is shed abroad, when the same love takes possession of us that filled

the Father's heart when He gave His only begotten Son, when the love that filled the bosom of Jesus to give Himself a living sacrifice for us, die for us, when that love comes into our hearts and fills our bosoms it will awaken within us the same sympathy and tenderness and feeling and love for the lost that we see exhibited by the blessed Master.

And that is the real missionary spirit. Christ had the real missionary spirit. He was the model missionary. He came all the way from glory; He left a beautiful home; He left marvelous surroundings and conveniences and pleasures to come down to this dark, sinful, miserable world.

He realized what He was to suffer, He understood the whole thing, and yet, understanding and realizing and appreciating it, He threw Himself right into it, with all there was of Him to seek and to save the lost. And for this mission He was anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power. Was that necessary? Could He have carried forward His mission without this anointing? Utterly impossible; He needed it. Then if Christ needed it, don't we also need it?

Now, what really is our mission? Why. I think that many of you, if not all, will answer that our mission is Christ's mission. For Jesus said to the disciples who stood there as representatives of the church, "As My Father hath sent me, even so send I you." And so the apostle says that they are "laborers together with God." Jesus says, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." And we are to work, and we are all engaged in the one work—The Father and the Son and we, and the Holy Spirit's power from the Father is that which will empower us to act our part in this work. I thank God for it. And what are we working for? The same object for which the Father is working—to restore the lost, to seek and to save the lost.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.

*Abstracted from talk given at the Hinsdale Holiday Convention, Dec. 30, 1911.

The Story of Chicago's First Police Matron

Caroline Louise Clough

THE story of Mrs. S. J. Littell, the first woman ever appointed in the city of Chicago to act as police matron, is a most helpful and interesting one as told to me in the parlor of Hotel Victoria, just two days after the celebration of her thirty years of service.

Some are called to do service for God in foreign lands and even to lay down their lives to lift up the Cross in heathen darkness, while others are called to represent Christ in less conspicuous places. Wherever there is a crying need, there God places one of His children. Mrs. Littell was just as much called of God to represent Him in the police station as Judson or John G. Paton were called to pioneer the cause of Christ on foreign soil.

At the time the call came she was an invalid, had been in the hospital for two years with a fractured limb and could not walk without a crutch. Some ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union had been agitating the question of having a woman stationed at the police department to care for the women and girls who were placed under arrest. The officers of the department thought it absurd, that no woman could be found who possessed the necessary qualifications and who at the same time would be willing to expose herself to the daily environment of such a place.

These ladies came to Mrs. Littell and said, "You are the woman for that place." They gave her a definite call and she accepted it as coming from God. She knew nothing of police work and had never been inside of a police station, "But," she said, "I prayed every step of the way that I might not make a mistake, and the Lord helped me. I had a hard time during the first few weeks. I was in the way. The men did not see the need of having a woman about. But finally one of the officers came to me and said, 'Mrs. Littell, you are going to make a real good police woman,' and I felt encouraged."

During all these years this noble Christian woman has stood there at her post while all forms of humanity—black, white, yellow, rich and poor, degenerates, vagabonds, criminals,

and all, surged in and out; and she never refused to assist in any case of need, whether for man or woman. She says:

"I have often gone in and helped a poor man who was apparently dying with delirium tremens, and often have I had strangers come up to me in the street, call me 'mother' and say, 'You saved my life down in the Harrison street police station.'"



MRS. LITTELL.

"I never could see that any who came under my care were intentionally bad; I always found a reason for their condition—some unfortunate train of circumstances in their lives led to their downfall."

To my suggestion that she had done a wonderful work, she said: "I can not see it. I have only done my duty." She said her friends tell her to take life easy now after so many years in the service and that she must have laid up a lot of money, but she said:

"I haven't saved a cent. I have seen the need on every hand and have given to help." Then she told of a man who had called but an hour before who was out of work, absolutely

destitute, and had not had a meal of victuals for more than a week, to whom she gave money for a lunch.

She has been a mother to the motherless, and, best of all, has pointed the way to God not only by her words but by her God-like life and helpful ministry.

The *Chicago Sunday Journal* in commenting on her work recently writes the following:

"Mrs. Littell is more widely known among the unfortunate classes than any other woman in Chicago, and during her thirty years of service she has given aid spiritually and financially, as well as proved the rarest of friends, to those who have paid the penalty of their wrongdoing.

"Hundreds of thousands of women from all walks of life have been comforted by Mrs. Littell and made better for their association with her. Young girls have been turned from the paths that would have led to destruction through this woman's influence, and her purse has been open to those applying to her in need."

During all these years of contact with the dregs of humanity in the vile atmosphere of the Harrison street police station, located in the very midst of Chicago's most criminal district, this woman's character has not been marred. Never has she degraded herself by even a careless word or look, and the men who frequent the place have never once since the beginning of her service allowed an oath or an indecent word to escape their lips in her presence. She told of one who did happen to make a cheap remark as she was entering the room, who came and apologized to her, explaining that he did not know she was present.

As I bade this dear woman good-bye I felt that I had communed with one of God's own children, and considered myself fortunate to number her among my most esteemed friends. Her noble life, although apparently hidden away, will be a source of inspiration to any who may chance to read this story.

A HEALTH TRACT.

Order a supply of the tract on "The Healing of the Sick," by Dr. Paulson. Just the thing to hand out to your friends and neighbors. Fifteen for twenty-five cents; fifty for fifty cents.

A BIT OF HUMBLE MINISTRY.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,
3509 Rhoades Ave., Chicago.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Ps. 41: 1. This to me is a precious promise and I know this is true and the Lord does deliver His children in time of trouble, for He has delivered me.

Some time ago I wrote to a dear sister of the needs of some of the poor I have met. I also told her of a little girl who needed some shoes. This sister interested her friends and some of the members of her church and they gladly responded to the call to help the poor, by sending a barrel of fruit and clothing, and shoes. Also the church school Junior Missionary Volunteer Society sent \$1.50 to get the poor girl a pair of shoes.

Some of the little fellows in school sold magazines to earn the money and they worked in the cold and went about it so earnestly. May God bless those little fellows and reward them. I wept for joy when I read about how they had worked, for they have sowed some seeds of truth while selling the papers, and God has promised to water it. Who knows but what some soul will be saved as a result of their work? I am sure if they could have been here and seen how happy these poor people were made as I gave out the things they would have been very happy.

I gave some of the clothing to a woman whose only home is one room and whose husband was out of work, and she was so glad to get it. She is interested in Bible truth and asked me all kinds of questions. I gave her some tracts and papers to read. She has been to see me since and asked me to help a friend of hers who is sick.

The Lord has put it into my heart and mind to ask her if she would not like to have some Bible readings. This woman was a school teacher. Pray that God will give her a hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

Then I gave some fruit to two widows, and they were so thankful to get it. The dear sister that worked so hard to get these things together to send has to work hard to earn her living, and her health is not good. But she loves Jesus and loves to work for Him and God uses her to bring sunshine and happiness

to others; and by so doing we ourselves are made happy. Pray that her health may be restored to her, that she may be the means in the hands of the Lord in bringing many souls into the truth. The willing, obedient,

humble workers are those that the Lord can use. May God help us to keep humble and be willing to do what our hands find to do, and do it with a purpose in view to honor and glorify Jesus.

Strange Sights and Scenes in Mexico

David Paulson, M. D.

THERE have been famines in China, India, and even Ireland, but whoever heard of a famine in Mexico? Because the people can subsist upon what naturally grows there as freely as weeds do here. A rat could as easily die of starvation in a crib full of corn.

Mexico, except where it is under cultivation, is practically one vast cactus plain. You can travel on the train all day and see nothing but

tus will be an enormous Godsend to Mexico. The cattle are passionately fond of these large oblong cactus leaves. They are as nourishing as green cornstalks. It is interesting to see the progressive farmer going out in the cactus field with a gasoline lamp similar to those used by a plumber, and rapidly and skilfully burning off the thorns; and his cattle will follow close behind his heels, eating these thorn-



MEXICO IS ONE VAST CACTUS PLAIN. THREE DIFFERENT VARIETIES SHOWN IN THE ABOVE PICTURE.

cactus, and waking up next morning the same scene greets the eye. No amount of drought can kill it. It grows best on the top of stone walls.

The natives chew the wood pulp of the stalk, as it contains a sweet juice somewhat similar to sugar cane. It bears a prickly, thorny fruit about the size of crab apples, which tastes almost like watermelon.

The introduction of Burbank's spineless cactus

will be an enormous Godsend to Mexico. The cattle are passionately fond of these large oblong cactus leaves. They are as nourishing as green cornstalks. It is interesting to see the progressive farmer going out in the cactus field with a gasoline lamp similar to those used by a plumber, and rapidly and skilfully burning off the thorns; and his cattle will follow close behind his heels, eating these thorn-

Transforming a Blessing Into a Curse.

Side by side with the cactus grows the wonderful century plant with its ponderous leaves, each one weighing almost as much as a stick of cordwood. These enormous leaves can be used for fodder, can be dried for fuel, or are disintegrated and yield a most tenacious fiber out of which our ordinary binding twine is

made, and a dozen other useful articles. When it is seven years old a stalk shoots up from the center a little larger than an ordinary pump handle, and from this is secured a juice somewhat similar to maple sap. This juice is both



SUCKING THE SWEET JUICE OF THE CENTURY PLANT AND A LARGE HOLLOW GOURD.

food and drink to the natives; but when it ferments it becomes *pulque*, that most terrible of all Mexican curses, the national intoxicating drink.

I thought that years of experience in darkest Chicago had given me something of a glimpse of intemperance, but during the three months I spent in Mexico I received an entirely new introduction to this great evil. Many of the Mexicans seem to be continually under its influence, more of them about half the time, but it seems as though the rest of them at least occasionally. It may be fairly said that intemperance is universal. And you can see the reason why—a man can go out almost anywhere and suck out a quantity of this juice, let it ferment, and can become gloriously drunk without the outlay of a single penny.

Home-Made Building Material.

When a man wants to erect a humble dwelling all he needs to do is to shovel up a heap of the peculiar sandy clay, add a little horse manure and some water. Then he takes off his sandals, gets into it and tramps it with his bare feet until it is thoroughly mixed, pours it into a wooden frame half as high as an ordinary hat box, pats the top of it smooth with his hands, lifts the frame off, lets it dry in the sun for a few days and he has a block of adobe no doubt similar to the material out of which the tower of Babel was constructed; and the older they get the harder they become. I saw buildings two or three hundred

years old and these blocks were almost as hard as granite.

So much for the crop on top of the ground. The natural crop under ground is equally rich. I visited a mine that at one time produced about one-sixth of all the silver in the world. I was nearly half a mile under the earth in another mine that poured forth its wealth to enrich Spain three hundred years ago, and after having been worked all these generations the end is not yet in sight.

The agricultural possibilities of Mexico are unlimited. As much as nine crops of alfalfa can be grown in a year, or two crops of ordinary farm products; and yet poverty is universal on account of primitive methods of tillage, indolence and intemperance.

No Lunatic Asylums.

In the United States insanity is increasing three times faster proportionately than our population. About one to every 275 or every 300 of our people are in the lunatic asylums. But there are no insane asylums in Mexico and they need none. The only insane patients that I saw in my various travels over Mexico were half a dozen in the great general hospital in Guadalajara. Nervous prostration is practically unknown.



THE ORDINARY MEXICAN FARM WAGON.

I can offer no very satisfactory explanation, but will present a few facts that impressed me as having an important bearing on the subject. In the first place, everybody except foreigners goes to sleep between one and three each day. The banks are shut, all business is suspended. One could not buy a lead pencil. Window shutters are closed, streets are deserted.

The poorer classes—and that means the ma-

jority of the population—have no lamps, or only a candle at best, so when it becomes dark they go to bed.

They have about seventy-five holidays or feast days a year, when nothing is open but the postoffice. The factories close down and business stops. So on the average of one or two days a week there is nothing to do but wander around and look at the sky and the earth. You can't get a chance to work and no one will work for you. More than likely this constant suppression of activity, getting several vacations every week on the installment plan, keeps a lot of people from taking a steady vacation in some insane asylum.

The Land of "Tomorrow."

Perhaps after all, the most important item is this: Mexico is a land of tomorrow. Go to almost any shop with a little piece of work to be done; instead of doing it *now* they will very politely say "*Mañana*" (tomorrow). More than likely that means the day after tomorrow or the day after that. To get right down to business and do a thing promptly as the wide-awake foreigners do seems a veritable streak of insanity to the average Mexican. This universal habit is certainly destructive to business, but it may be good for the nerves.

Most of the people practice a form of the no-breakfast plan. They eat between nine and ten in the forenoon. The women bring the breakfast at that time to their husbands, who are already at work. By adopting this plan they create a good appetite for breakfast.

The Mexicans do not need artificial gymnastics. Without exception they walk erect like soldiers; they have magnificent chests. From earliest childhood they learn to balance enormous burdens on their heads. Women come into market carrying great baskets piled up second or third story; but they march along with apparent ease, grace and dignity. Men will carry with apparent ease on one shoulder twenty gallons of water.

When I left Mexico one of these *cargadors* or Mexican porters, came to carry my trunk to the depot, nearly half a mile away. It was heavily loaded with books, weighing nearly two hundred and forty pounds. Three of us helped him to put it on his back. He was only a light built fellow. I expressed my fear that



MEXICAN PORTER CARRYING DR. PAULSON'S TRUNK, WEIGHING 238 POUNDS, TO THE DEPOT HALF A MILE AWAY.

it was too much for him, and he replied that he had taken a trunk to the depot that very morning for a theater company, weighing twice as much; and he carried my trunk all the way without putting it down once to rest.

Survival of the Fittest.

Perhaps one reason the average Mexican can endure so much is because the weak are killed off in childhood. For instance, the average child when it is taken from its mother's breast is put directly on *tortillas*—a sort of pancake made from roughly ground hulled corn, chili sauce and beans.

Then the children of the poor wear little or no clothing. While frost is rare, yet the nights and mornings seem very chilly, especially in the winter time. Yet these children run around barefooted with nothing more than a shirt on. Brother Marchisio told me it was so cold one night up in the mountains that two of the farmer's goats died from exposure; but the three-year-old child was running around outdoors dressed in only this meager garment.

Tuberculosis is almost unknown, but the natives are in deathly fear of pneumonia, and they have an impression that pneumonia is produced by breathing cold air. So in cold weather, although they may be barefooted, they will wrap their blanket over their mouth and nose, thus feeling sure that they are protecting themselves against this disease. This blanket, or *sarepa*, as it is called, is the poor man's bed at night and his coat during the day.

Woman's Rights in Mexico.

The condition of the women among the lower classes is by no means enviable. The husband regards his wife and his donkey as beasts of burden. It is no uncommon sight to see a man riding comfortably to market and his wife walking behind carrying heavy burdens. It is only in those countries where the gospel of Christ has secured an entrance that the condition of women is endurable. We hear much these days of Hindu teachers coming from India to teach our backslidden aristocratic women the charm and beauty of the Hindu religion; but it is a significant fact that none of the Hindu women of India have come over here to tell us of its practical advantages.

The young women of Mexico have, generally speaking, attractive faces. But many of them early learn to smoke cigarettes and as they grow older their faces seem to dry up like parchment. In a way, they seem to shrivel up. There was nothing that I saw in Mexico that seemed so pathetic to me as the old women.

Extreme Poverty in a Land of Plenty.

A carload of wood was dumped in front of my brother's factory. The men who carried in the wood carefully picked up all the chips they could lay hands on for themselves; then came a group of old women with their little whisk brooms and swept up the very dust of the street in order to secure some little chips that they could take home for fuel.

I saw women come into the bakery and buy a cent's worth of crumbs: just the sweepings from the tables where the bread had been cut. The majority of these people would flourish on what most of us waste, even those of us who think we are economical.

These people need to be taught how to make

better use of the material things of life, but above all things, they need to be taught the saving gospel of Christ; and that requires character more than words.

Prof. Caviness, of Mexico City, who has given the best years of his life for the Master's kingdom, while out in a distant part of Mexico stopped at a humble inn. A rough German miner was at the same place. After a few moments, although an absolute stranger he walked up and took Prof. Caviness by the hand and said, "When I saw you I thought of the words, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'"

I believe it is possible through the grace of God for each one of us to have something about our lives, although it may be largely unconscious to ourselves, that will remind earth's weary and sin-cursed sons and daughters wherever we meet them, of heaven and heavenly things.

THE PRISONERS' NUMBER APPRECIATED BY ALL.

The following, received just recently, is only one of the many letters being constantly received expressing warm appreciation and interest in this magazine:

"A copy of your journal was handed me a short time ago and I admire it beyond expression. It was the prisoners' number and was dated May, 1910. I write this letter because I want to know if you still publish it and if I can buy copies each time you issue the prisoners' number. I will give them to those here in our own city jail and pray God to bless them to the salvation of their souls."

DO YOU HEAR THE CALL?

In a letter received recently from an inmate of the Indiana state prison we noticed this request:

"If you send to me anything at all, I wish you would send me THE LIFE BOAT."

That is the cry that we hear from prisoners all over the land. Will you not help us to send them the special prisoners' number next month? We need one thousand dollars to make this possible. How much of that amount can you give?

A MESSAGE TO PRISONERS FROM AN EX-PRISONER.

C. WEBSTER WYLAM.

It is an unrefuted fact that a large number of the boys behind the bars have a suspicion that every officer is their enemy, that he has one face above his thorax and quite another above his shoulder blades: the face in front is smiles; the one behind is all dangerous frowns. I am frank to confess that Webster Wylam, whilst under their watchful care would have to plead guilty to the aforesaid indictment on one count—"suspicious of their good intentions."

Why, even the prison "Sky Pilot's" ministrations are looked upon askance, therefore it requires the patience of Job for the chaplains to make good their pretensions of seeking to promote the social and moral uplift of the boys in their care.

After many years' acquaintance with THE LIFE BOAT magazine I think I read aright its object: first, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was designed to save sinful men from not the guilt only but also from the dominion of sin; secondly, to prove by personal contact with the prisoner's needs that not only society but even the prison officials almost to a unit will do all that lies in their power to help the man who is ready to help himself.

Abundant evidence of the first proposition stares at the reader on every page of THE LIFE BOAT.

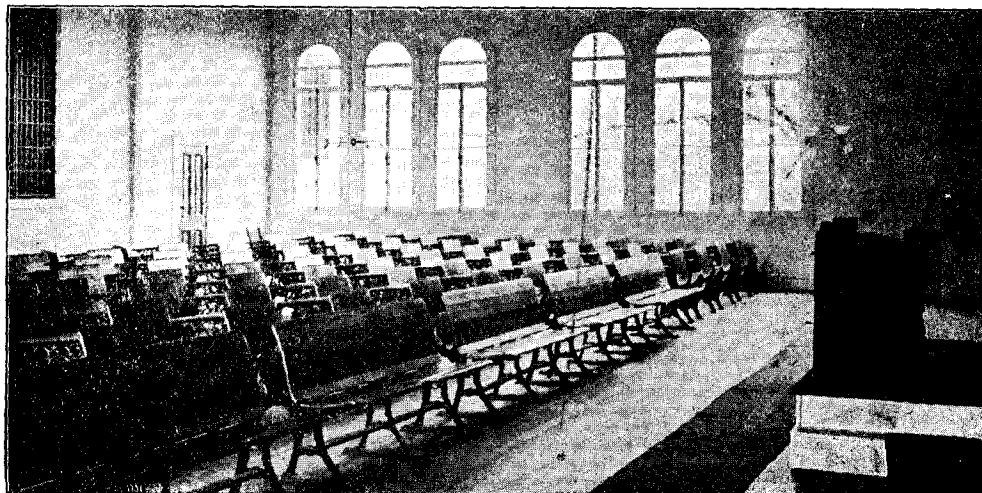
I propose, by a visit I made to the Michigan city prison to help an inmate, to prove that the prison officials are not the enemies of the prisoners but instead are there to assist and encourage. I reached Michigan City on an August morning and it is impossible to write on paper the emotions I experienced.

Let us go back, dear reader, and you may get some glimpse of how I felt. Some years ago on the eve of Thanksgiving Day I reached Michigan City, a pair of steel bracelets binding me to another man accompanied by a sheriff's officer. The iron gates swung back and after the usual preliminaries I was ushered into a cell there to stay under a sentence of from one to three years.

But I had one comforting thought. I knew my innocence. I will add that by the kindly, manly assistance of the late lamented Warden Reid and his able assistant, Deputy Warden Garner, who investigated my assertions, I was paroled by the board of parole and in quick time I found the witnesses necessary and my innocence was fully established. Affidavits in my possession establish that fact.

The editor of this magazine was the real beginning that has resulted in my being in the possession of a good responsible position with one of the largest business concerns in Chicago, with a happy home, numerous friends, and living a godly life consecrated to the cross of Christ.

On the August morning above referred to



A VIEW OF THE SCHOOL ROOM IN THE INDIANA STATE PENITENTIARY.

I took the car that leads to the prison gate, and entered fearlessly, knowing that I could come out again when I pleased. But as I entered, how my whole being was stirred with emotion!

First came the remembrance of the days I spent within its walls, yes, and the many kind words of sympathy expressed by the officials while I was there.

Second, I knew that hundreds of men behind the bars were sighing for liberty. Inwardly I prayed that they might have the liberty that Christ's salvation gives to all men that believe in His name—a liberty that makes them free indeed and which THE LIFE BOAT's teachings enforce.

Thirdly, I was deeply concerned about being able to help one man who had been a friend to me; it is really wonderful how much help one prisoner can be to another.

I approached the prison clerk's window and inquired for the warden. He directed me to a glass door opposite, saying that I would find him in there. I entered his sanctum just as he entered by another door. I said, "Are you Warden Fogarty?" He answered, "I am. What can I do for you?" I handed him my card and he promptly ushered me to a seat by his large desk chair.

I began my plea in behalf of the man who befriended me when I was his mate in exile. He listened intently to my story. I concluded by saying, "Have you any objection to this man's being paroled?" He replied with emphasis on every word, "I never object to any man being paroled," and from further talk on the subject of parole I knew he meant just what he said.

I had inquired of judge, prosecuting attorney, chief of police and all gave practically the same answer. Then I asked the warden why the parole board does not parole this man. He drew from a drawer by his desk a card. It told a rather unsavory story, which revealed the fact that the man himself is at fault.

Now in justice and fairness to the gentlemen of the board I must affirm from my own personal knowledge that in all their dealings with the prisoners they do what, in their judgment, is the best for the prisoner's ultimate moral good and what will best conserve the interests of the Commonwealth. Every

man will get a square deal on his own merits. And as far as the man I am especially interested in is concerned, he will probably be paroled as soon as provision is made to meet the board's views.

The warden kindly let me see this man in the visiting room. As I shook hands with him and looked on his pale face and listened to his talk, especially the many good things he said about THE LIFE BOAT magazine—how it had turned his mind away from sin and made him have a deep desire to lead a new life—I felt that he had changed indeed and was struggling to do differently.

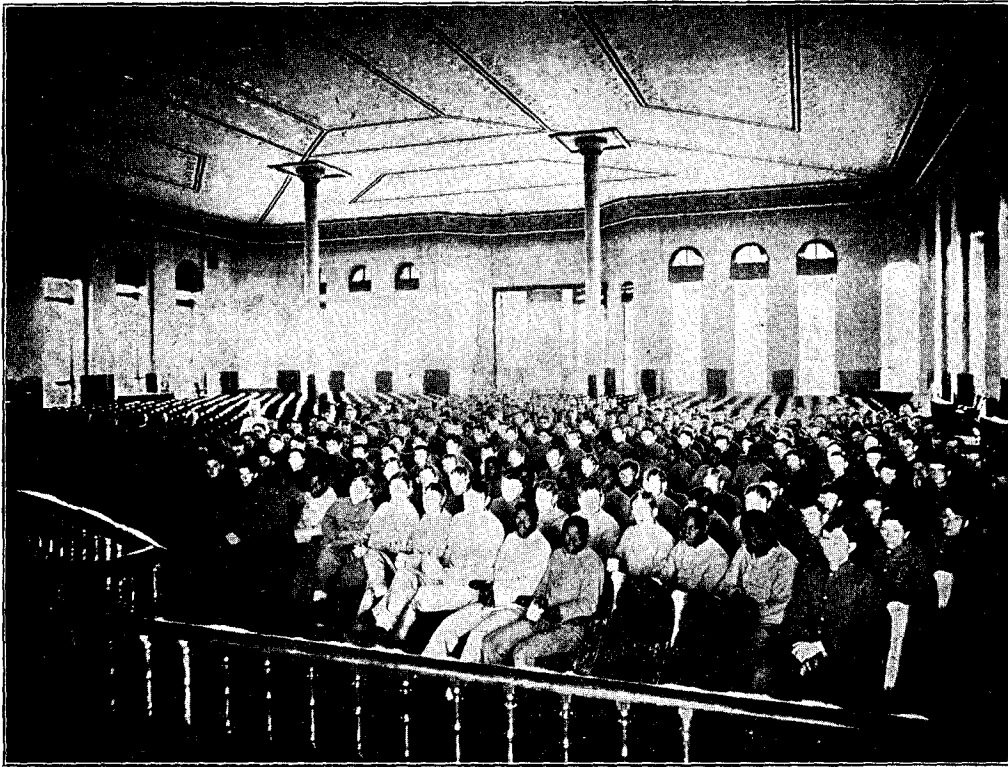
The slowness of the board in paroling him has done him good and made him face his past. And indeed board and LIFE BOAT have saved a sinner from the error of his ways.

Now, boys, take it from me as an irrefutable fact that even the worst of sinners are compelled to respect the man that tries to atone for his past. The gallant victorious general in the warfare of life is the man that conquers himself. You know, boys, that it is a fact known best to the men behind the bars that the man who is by instinct a criminal and never strives to be anything else is forever lambasting every other man as the very imp of Hades. Get right with God. You will have difficulties to be sure to get right with men.

ORDER ADDITIONAL COPIES.

Many of our readers order additional copies of The Life Boat to hand to their friends instead of tracts. If you will try it you will be gratified to find how many missionary opportunities a Life Boat magazine will open up for you. Copies are furnished in quantities at four cents apiece—only two two-cent stamps each. Can you afford to spend that much to have something in your pockets to hand to others as you meet them?

You have to earn your living, you may have a family to support, you should interest yourself in the welfare of your community, but when you finally meet your judge you will discover that the first and most important business you had in life was to win people to Christ. The Life Boat magazine will help you to do it. Send for ten copies this month.



CHAPEL SERVICE IN THE ILLINOIS STATE REFORMATORY.

ONE-THIRD OF LIFE SPENT IN PRISON.

The following letter is from an inmate of the Illinois state reformatory, written to Mrs. M. C. Jackson:

"I am very glad to know that there is some good Christian to take an interest in me, and not only me but others as well. I have had several years in which to ponder the question of right doing and have come to the conclusion that there is more truth in that old saying, 'Honesty is the best policy,' than I at first thought. Right doing is no longer a question of doubt with me, depending on circumstances, environment, etc. I am determined to do right, to live a clean life, with God's help and the help of those whom I shall hereafter choose as friends. Your letters will encourage me in my determination.

"I came here in April, 1905. Am here for burglary and larceny with its accompanying one to twenty years. Having been deprived of that which is most dear to all mankind for seven years, I hope that the time is not far away when I shall be allowed a chance to prove that my resolutions are not made for the present only.

"I am just twenty-one years of age, having spent one-third of the best part of my life in prison, behind merciless bars of chilly steel.

"I heard an address delivered here some months ago by Mrs. M. B. Booth, whom all men honor and respect. She made this appeal, 'Boys, rise up; be men!' I shall not forget that. I can be a man. I am going to be a man. Oh! if I could only live my life over and could know at the beginning what I know now, what a different life I would live!"

Many Seek and Find a Refuge

Mrs. Elsie D. Whisler

Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

DURING the past month seven girls and eight babies have gone from the home. Some went back to their own homes and others to places of employment. Some, we feel sure, have been greatly benefited by their stay in the home, while one or two we do not feel so encouraged over. However, we are still praying for them.

Six more discouraged, unfortunate girls have entered the home, most of whom are motherless and can appreciate a good home such as we try to maintain. Some of these

to come here for help. She seems to be very penitent and desires to lead a better life.

One of the girls who has gone away has shown her good will toward the home by sending us four pairs of nice pillows, which were very acceptable, as we did not have enough for all the beds. Another girl who received one dollar for a birthday present was seen to drop it in the mite box to be used for the home. Afterwards she said she thought it would go farther there than any other place she could put it. It is the little things like



WE INTRODUCE TO OUR READERS THIS MONTH OUR RESCUE HOME TWINS, WHO ARE STILL TOO YOUNG TO SIT UP ALONE.

girls have traveled several hundred miles to find this place of refuge; most of them learned of the place through *THE LIFE BOAT*. It seems to me it is the providence of God that this little magazine reaches so many of the girls just at a time when they know not where to go or what to do.

Just recently a young man who was pardoned from the penitentiary took home a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT* to an invalid sister. After reading it she handed it to a girl who at that time was in need of just such a "friend." She had been turned away from her own home and her brothers and sisters refused to take her in. She immediately made arrangements

these that show that they really do appreciate what is being done for them.

The home family will try to raise five dollars to send the prisoners' number of *THE LIFE BOAT* to the inmates of some prison.

We are constantly in need of funds to keep up expenses. Who will lend a helping hand?

RECEIVED A WONDERFUL BLESSING.

The following letter was received from a young woman who was helped not only physically but was converted during her stay in the rescue home. She writes:

"I think of you many times and I never will forget you and the people at Hinsdale, for I got a wonderful blessing while I was in the home. I see where I took many a wrong step in life but by the help of God I am going to live a Christian life from now on. While I was at the home there was a big revival going on and I was converted. I promised the Lord then to live right. I see a person can not keep out of trouble without Christ."

SOME SUGGESTIONS WORTH HAVING.

MARGARET KEDLER,
6446 S. State St., Chicago.

[The following from a LIFE BOAT worker of six years' experience will be of help to any desiring to enter the work. By God's help we want to double the circulation of THE LIFE BOAT this year. If the Lord impresses you to devote your spare time to this work address the editor for further information.—Ed.]

Have you a longing in your heart to work for Jesus? Would you consider it the greatest blessing on earth to help bring lost souls to Him, to help lead those that have gone astray back to the fold? Would you consider it an honor and a great privilege to impart the Word of God to the unlearned?

If so, you can ask God's blessing on your work and He will wonderfully bless you. Ask His protection in the darkest and most dangerous places, if you are sure the Lord sent you there, and God will protect you. Ask God to prosper your work, and when you give out His Word it will not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that which he intends.

The magazine work opens up so many ways for the Christian to do good. One dear girl who canvassed for our magazine found so many people who were starving for God's Word that she took her Bible with her, and in a little while she was spending nearly all her time giving Bible readings.

I have sold THE LIFE BOAT and other magazines for six years, and have always met with success. I love to read THE LIFE BOAT myself, and look through each new number eagerly. God works through many

channels and this magazine is a good medium through which to reach the people. There is nothing in it to which a right-minded person could take offense. THE LIFE BOAT finds a place in the hearts of the people of every denomination, creed or sect.

When you work conscientiously for God, He will put His words in your mouth and you will always know what to say. He will give you an answer for every question that is put to you.

Pray for success and walk close to the Master. Always be cheerful, as a cheerful look, a pleasant greeting, a kind word, coupled with modesty and self-respect will win you friends among every class of people. I have seen harsh expressions and forbidding looks on some deep sinners' faces give way to smiles and courtesy by following these rules.

Take a real interest in the people that you meet from time to time. It is not well to be working just for the money. The people are quick to detect your real motive. Try to meet them often enough so that they will not forget you and THE LIFE BOAT. If you are pleasant you will find that many people will like to have you come at regular intervals. If you neglect to come they will miss you.

Wherever you go, if your motives are not selfish, if your desire is to do good, I think you will meet with success. I have found it so through experience.

It is not necessary to have experience to make a successful LIFE BOAT worker, neither is it necessary to have nice clothes or good looks, but it is necessary to be a Christian and to have faith in God. It is the Spirit of God that moves the work, that gives you power. I have noticed so often that worldly people whose only aim is to make money, fail in this line of work.

WHAT A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL WRITES.

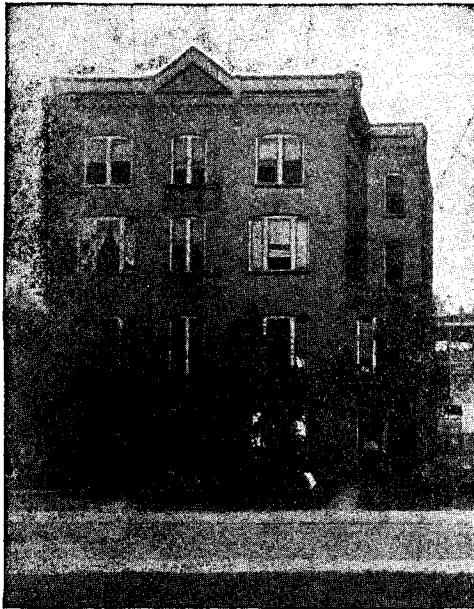
"Enclosed you will find money order of four dollars for the payment of the hundred LIFE BOATS sent to me Jan. 2. It is a blessed book from beginning to end; it surely must be a Godsend. Please send me one hundred more of the latest number."

HELPING UNFORTUNATES IN THE LIFE BOAT HOME.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON.

The past month has brought to us many encouraging things and we are sure that the readers will be rejoiced to know that the Lord is surely working among us. Nearly every one in the home the past month has shown a remarkable degree of interest in things spiritual. We have had a number of encouraging letters from girls who have been in our homes, both here and in Hinsdale, which have made our hearts glad.

I have seen the awful results of drink on more than one occasion the past month. A business man, manager of a large manufacturing concern, came to us a few days ago. He had been drinking for three weeks and was very bad off; had lost his valise and one hundred and twenty-five dollars in money. He was so bad we had to keep him all night. Brother Hart gave him treatments and the next day put him on the train and sent him out to Hinsdale. He later found his valise and money, which made him very happy.



THE LIFE BOAT HOME, 528 THIRTY-THIRD PLACE, CHICAGO. A PLACE OF REFUGE FOR ANY UNFORTUNATE OR OUTCAST WOMAN.

About a week ago a woman with a little baby in her arms came to us wanting to know if she could stay with us until she got work. She looked like a good respectable woman. She said her husband was killed shortly before her baby was born and she was trying to make a living for the baby and herself. She looked tired and worn and the next day complained of a headache. I had one of the nurses care for her baby. The next day she still remained in bed, and continued this way for three or four days. When she first came I had told her she would be expected to help with the work about the house. I felt it was about time I was investigating. I went to her room early one morning and found the baby in the room alone: she had gone out. I waited for her to come back, when I at once discovered she had been drinking. I took a large bottle of whisky away from her. My first thought was to turn her out on the street; then I thought of the little baby, and something seemed to say to me, "That's what you are here for—to help your fallen sisters; you must help her."

I told her if I saw her go out again until I gave her permission to go I would call an officer, have her arrested, and would take her baby away from her and put it where she would never see it again. She stayed in and is now getting on nicely: helps about the house and seems like an entirely different woman.

Through a friend I heard of a young woman who has been living in sin. She wanted me to call on her. I did so but she was out; so I left word if she ever wanted to do right to let me know and we would do everything we could for her, but I did not want her to come to me unless she wanted to do right and leave the old life behind. I just received a message tonight saying she wanted to do right and would come to our place if I would come after her. She is a young girl a little past eighteen years, who has never known a mother's love. We hope to be able to love her into doing right.

Our jail work has been very interesting. We do a great deal of personal work, thus

we are able to sow a great many seed thoughts.

The two young women I wrote about some time ago who were teachers and who have been confined to their homes for months are still at home. We hope when the weather gets warmer to have at least one of them with us for a time.

I want to thank the friends who have sent in clothes; I will try and write them personally.

HOW "HAPPY" FOUND THE LORD.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Last Sunday morning our little band of workers gathered as usual for the forenoon's service in the Harrison street police station. After kneeling and asking God to bless and direct we passed the song books to the inmates. Soon we heard one singing out lustily the first song in the book. He had never seen nor heard the song before, but he sang it to his own tune.

Poor "Happy," alone and discouraged in a large city, began to beg with the hope that he might be arrested and at least find a night's lodging. The Lord certainly was directing the steps of this young man and sent him into the station on that particular night that he might hear the gospel story of love.

The same God who works in a mysterious way in our lives can bring into the Harrison street police station on Sunday morning just those people who need our prayers and ministry the most. This one fact has been a great source of encouragement to me in this work. Nothing "happens" with God. All things are *ordered* according to His wise providence.

As our little meeting progressed, I saw the tear-stained face of "Happy" pressed against the bars. God was speaking to his soul and at last he was listening. How many, many times the Lord speaks to us, in various ways, but how seldom we listen!

When the invitation was given, this young man with tears in his eyes raised his hand heavenward; and as we knelt in prayer he cast himself down on the bench of his cell in utter despair and sobbed out his anguish of soul before a loving God.

Like the young man of old who was brought

to the Master that the evil spirit might be cast out of him (Mark 9), this boy threw himself first on the floor, then against the cement wall of the cell. Finally, after our continued prayers the devil was cast out, he became calm and possessed and knelt in meek submission and asked God to forgive his sins. The peace of God came into his darkened soul in that lonely cell and we trust he went forth the rightful possessor of that true happiness which comes only in Christ Jesus.

We trust THE LIFE BOAT readers will remember this work in their prayers.

DO YOU WANT A SIMILAR BLESSING?

MRS. A. A. SCHOLL.
Pittsburg, Pa.

[We trust all our readers will take time to read this article. After you have done so will you not earnestly ask God to show you how to begin a similar work in your own neighborhood? One afternoon or one evening a week spent in selling this magazine may mean the conversion of many souls. Will you not try it? Write for particulars.—Ed.]

For many, many years I have been working for the Lord, and for the last six years with THE LIFE BOAT magazine.

One day as I went out to do my daily missionary work with THE LIFE BOAT I met the proprietor of a music store,—a very refined and pleasant man. He expressed a deep interest in our work and gave me an offering, also purchasing a copy of the magazine.

While we were talking his little daughter came home from school,—a bright child with pretty locks and large blue eyes. After listening a while she told me that the previous evening she had planned to give away some of her playthings to some poor children and asked me if I would not come and help her carry the things to them.

The next day when I called the child showed me the various things she was going to give away to the poor children and expressed her great pleasure in doing it. The mother had some visitors, and we were all astonished to see how generous she was. I never saw such an unselfish child. Among the toys were some that she had always loved.

It reminded me of the scriptures where

the Saviour called one of the little children to Him and set him in their midst saying, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Not only did this make a deep impression on me but on the other visitors present. One of the ladies had with her a dear little boy and he said that he too was going to give away some of his toys to poor children that he knew. The ladies then bought copies of THE LIFE BOAT.

Though Blind Yet a Light to Many.

I am so glad that I can work with THE LIFE BOAT from house to house, and thus come in contact with different people. I have recently become acquainted with a lady who has been blind for some ten years. It is sad, but I am glad to say that this dear woman is as patient as a child. I have never heard her murmur, but she always has some word of praise, and hands me an offering for the missionary work. This dear mother looks forward to the time when the Prince of Life will come and open her eyes so she can behold the glories of the King. The dear Lord bless her! Though she can not see now, she is an inspiration and light to many who can see, and my prayer is that God may use her experience to teach some of us lessons that we need.

How Much It Was Worth.

I can truly say that THE LIFE BOAT has often been used as a source of blessing. Just the other evening I met a young man to whom I showed THE LIFE BOAT. He bought one and gave it to his friend and to me he gave twenty-five cents. I wanted to give him the change and he said, "Oh, no! the magazine is worth more than that, as it has saved my mother and me." Experiences such as this, I have often. The people appreciate our work of saving souls.

As long as I have been here, which is five years, I go every Sunday evening to the depot and there try to sell the magazine to the people. In the ladies' room is a matron who buys THE LIFE BOAT, is very much interested in my work, and is pleased to see others buy the paper from me. She is like a dear sister to me, and if I miss coming one

evening she fears that something has happened to me. If I come there tired or hungry she is ready to minister to my needs. The dear Lord will recompense her for it. From my long experience with this paper I know that these people appreciate it.

It is our duty as we go about to be friendly and polite to the people. I believe that my Saviour was kind to all, even to those who hated Him. It is for us to become like Him here in this world, to reflect His character. It is a great lesson to learn, to see how polite and friendly we can be to every one. This is expressed in the Bible by Jesus Christ when He said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I must admit that wherever I go, even in the slums of the large cities, I am treated well by every one.

May God help me ever to remain true in all that I do, so that the dear Lord can say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." May God help us all.

WE WANT AGENTS.

This is the best time of the year for agents to take up the Life Boat work. The people everywhere are anxious to read this magazine. Why should they not have a chance? Agents are succeeding admirably in supporting themselves while selling this magazine. Every paper sold contains the equivalent of half a dozen soul-winning sermons. Think of how you are multiplying your efforts when you put The Life Boat in the hands of others.

The paper is furnished in quantities at wholesale rates. Write for terms and full information. Do not wait until you get an experience. Begin now and you will be surprised how God will help you.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1912.

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

THE GREAT EVENT OF THE AGES.

MRS. H. U. STEVENS.

Upon the promise of Christ's second coming have hung the hopes and desires of the Christian for six thousand years. That precious promise, "I will come again," has been echoed and re-echoed down through the ages, cheering the hearts of God's faithful children amidst trial, persecution and death. It has been the inspiration of patriarch, prophet and apostle, the rainbow on the storms of this life, spanning the abyss of sin from Eden lost to Eden restored.

Among nations and in the affairs of government we can not but read that the end is near. The question of peace and arbitration is being heralded everywhere through press and pulpit. But in the face of this pious cant the nations are inventing new and more terrible implements of warfare, just as the Word has said it would be: "For when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, . . . and they shall not escape." Thess. 5:3. Instead of a world-wide peace, the nations are preparing for a world-wide war.

The accumulation of wealth by a few and the growth of combinations and corporations which naturally follow are also foretold in the Word as coming in these last days. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. . . . Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton." James 5:1-5.

Here is a picture of our own days when multi-millionaires are common and trusts and combines oppress the poor, who are trying to protect themselves by forming into unions. In view of this the Lord exhorts us: "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord . . . establish your hearts: for the

coming of the Lord draweth nigh." James 5:7-8.

The social conditions in the world today are another witness to the near coming of our Saviour who said that as it was in the days of Noah so should it be in the last days. Matt. 24:38-39. Of that time we read: "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that all the purposes and desires and imaginations of the thoughts of his heart were only evil continually." Gen. 6:5, margin.

No better picture could be given of the condition of society today. Selfish, wanton pleasure is consuming the very souls of men. Great cities are as wicked as Sodom and Gomorrah; licentiousness and crime, in high and low places are rampant, and practically all are groveling at the feet of gods of fashion and pleasure. Such is the condition of society in general.

But the Scripture also plainly tells us that in the last days such would be the condition in the churches,—among those who profess Christ. Their sins are enumerated in 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

God help His people when the abominations of the heathen are gnawing at the vitals of the church! God help His people when those who have the form of godliness deny the power thereof, being incontinent, despisers of those that are good, proud, covetous, lovers of their own selves, traitors, heady, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God.

But there is a class who not only have the form of godliness but also a working power in their lives. Of these the angels say, "Here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

Shall we with the victorious throng say with joy, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us"? Or shall we with terror flee from the wrath of Him that sitteth on the throne, crying to the rocks and mountains to fall on us?

WANTED—Twenty earnest consecrated young people to enter the Hinsdale Sanitarium Missionary Nurses' course, beginning June 5, 1912. Write immediately for further information. Address Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

A LESSON WELL TAUGHT.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

At a certain Chautauqua assembly where I was giving a series of gospel of health lectures, a man came to entertain the vast audience by performing remarkable feats of dexterity. One of them was balancing three glass balls on the top of each other on the rounded end of a broom handle. Desiring to know whether he naturally possessed a special knack for such work or if he acquired it by sheer practice, I sought a personal interview with him. He assured me that he had learned it all by patient effort. I inquired how long it took him to acquire the ball-balancing trick and he told me that he practiced that four hours a day for an *entire* year and then one hour a day for another year.

I left that man both ashamed and humbled. I firmly believed that God had sent me to that great gathering to instruct the people with life-saving truths, while this performer was there merely to furnish them an interesting entertainment; yet he had spent a hundred times more time and effort in preparation than I who came with a thousandfold more important message to this congregation. I firmly resolved then and there that by the grace of God I would in the future *study* to show myself "approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." 2 Tim. 2: 15.

The children of this world are not only wiser than the children of light (Luke 16: 8) but they often take far more pains to make their work interesting. How many parents deplore the fact that their children seem to literally devour the comic page of the Sunday newspaper while they take little or no interest in the family worship?

But somebody lay awake nights figuring out how to make that page interesting and in a crude and unfortunate way they succeeded, while those parents did not perhaps spend ten minutes in prayerful study on how to make the morning worship attractive, helpful and interesting.

Flowers More Attractive Than Weeds.

While it is true that many worldly snares and inducements, like weeds, grow without any cultivation, it is also true that when we do take the necessary pains to grow a crop

of roses we have something much more attractive and lovely than the weeds.

Many people believe that the world and the devil have a monopoly of about all the interesting things in this life, but that is a great mistake. Whoever heard of anything the devil has originated that is considered half as interesting as the Niagara Falls that God made?

John the Baptist's preaching was infinitely more interesting and drew the crowds, in an age nearly as worldly as our own, far better than any cheap show that the devil was running at the same time up in Jerusalem.

While it is true that we can not secure John the Baptist to take charge of our family worship we can do something far better, and that is to have Christ Himself. When He was here on earth He succeeded in making religion so charming that it captivated even the hardened publicans and sinners, and the little children left their toys and playthings and crowded around Him till it even annoyed the disciples.

Modern science teaches us that food must be *appetizing* in order to be satisfactorily digested. The same principle holds good for spiritual food, and the same good God who has put those delightful flavors into food and such a sweet fragrance into the flowers, has locked up in every spiritual truth the most appetizing flavors in the universe, and He Himself will help us to set them free. So that we may actually see fulfilled in our family worship and in our church prayer meetings and other services the promise, "I, if I be lifted up . . . will draw all men unto Me." John 12: 32.

If we have been sowing sparingly toward making our religious exercises interesting we need not be surprised if we have reaped sparingly. (2 Cor. 9: 6.)

Some Practical Suggestions.

First of all, do not let the family worship drift into a rut. Absolute and unvarying routine is certain in time to kill everything but the form. Another important point is to have the entire service so short that no one becomes weary or feels a sense of relief when it is over.

Talk about Bible incidents in the same animated tone of voice that you do about some

interesting event that happened in your community yesterday. If some striking thing has just transpired, such as a great earthquake, ask each member of the family to look up some scripture text on that subject for the following morning. To make this easy be sure to have in the house a concordance. Cruden's complete concordance can now be secured for \$1.50 or less. This plan helps to create an individual Bible habit which is so indispensable for the Christian.

Another good plan for an occasional change is to assign in advance some particular Bible incident, parable or miracle, then have each one relate the feature of it that especially interested or impressed him. A little judicious and tactful work on the part of parents during the day will insure against failure on the part of any one. Don't forget that what all take part in will generally be interesting to all.

A Smith's Bible dictionary or some similar work will often throw helpful and interesting side light on some Bible scene or incident.

One morning in the week can often be profitably used in studying the Sabbath school lesson. Other mornings short portions of the Scripture can be read that are likely to be especially interesting and easily understood. The prayer or prayers that follow should be short and pointed, not the long prayers taking in the wider range of subjects that each one of us must pray in secret each day if we hope to make any progress in divine things.

All this is only intended to be suggestive. If it shall be the means in the hand of God of arousing such earnest effort on the part of some that they shall succeed in doing something far better than is suggested in this article, my prayer will have been abundantly answered.

A FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS GONE.

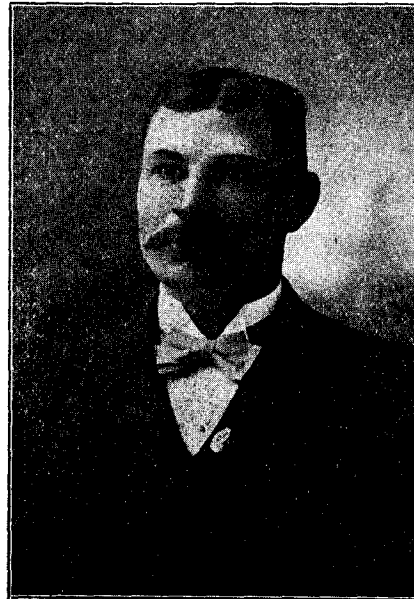
CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

It is with sad hearts we must record here the death of Dan Martin, who was one of the most successful mission workers in Chicago.

Before the year 1901 Mr. Martin was a gambler, a drunkard and a hobo, and had also been a sailor. He drifted into Chicago, where

he shared a lodging house with some other comrades under the Van Buren street viaduct. He drifted into the Life Boat mission; there he became convicted of his sins, then later gave his heart to God in a street meeting near a saloon from which he had been kicked out. Through the help of Mr. and Mrs. Abrams, with whom he roomed, he became established in the Christian way.

During the last five years, Dan Martin, unlettered and unlearned, has carried on one of



DAN MARTIN.

the most successful mission efforts in Chicago. The *Chicago Daily* in commenting on his death says:

"Two hundred ragged men knelt on the floor of a dingy little mission at 919 Wells street, between midnight and 1 o'clock yesterday morning, and with faces twisted by emotion and clenched hands raised in supplication, prayed continuously and fervidly: 'O gracious Father, don't let him die.'"

"Dan Martin, reformed hobo and evangelist, died at about 2:30 p. m. at Hahnemann Memorial Hospital. Authorities had pronounced him the greatest mission worker in Chicago, and perhaps in the whole country.

"His field was the gutters of the city, from

which he himself had risen. His converts are numbered by the thousands.

"Two weeks ago the Rev. Joseph A. Milburn, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, put his hand on Martin's shoulder and said, 'Dan, you ought to take a rest; you'll not stand much longer. Your health is breaking down.'"

"I can't stop now," he said in reply, 'this has been a terrible winter. You don't know the misery that crowds around this mission house. I couldn't stop now. It would be like turning my back to the devil. Maybe in the spring.'

"For a week longer he kept up his work. Hundreds of down and outs fed every day on his bounty—a bounty always mysteriously forthcoming, though his sources of supply were unknown, and he never solicited gifts.

"In Martin's mission last night there was a little group in the 'auditorium' which changed constantly as visitors came and went. In an adjoining room, the evangelist's living quarters, sat Mrs. Martin and her child, with a few friends. The place was silent, but even in the group centered about the tear-stained widow and child the silence seemed that of exaltation rather than of grief.

"Here it is," said a man who had been thumbing over a torn hymnal, 'this is the song he saw the light by.' He read a verse:

"Peace, peace, wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father above!
Sweep over my spirit forever, I pray,
In fathomless billows of love.

"Dan was converted," the man explained, 'ten years ago. The date was Aug. 23, 1901. He'd just been kicked out of a barrel house on Clark street. There was a meeting outside and they were singing that song. It touched something in him that had been dead.'

"Some one else took up the story of Martin's work:

"He began preaching right after he saw the light," said this one. 'He founded this mission five years ago.' 'He saved me,' said a good-looking man of about thirty-five. 'I was down in the gutter—had been for a long time—whisky. Oh, the devil had me, all right. I was on the edge of suicide, when God brought me to Dan Martin.'

Education was unnecessary for this big-hearted Irishman to convey to his flock that

he loved them—his hearty handshake and his vernacular speech were understood and his converts, which were numbered by the hundreds, all loved him. He did his best.

At his funeral the mission was crowded clear out into the street. Men whom he had helped to find Christ came to pay their last respects. The mission walls were covered with helpful mottoes characteristic of the man. One we noticed especially was: "A great difference between fighting sin and inviting sin. You can be victor instead of a victim."

TWENTY MILLION SOULS TO REACH.

DR. RILEY RUSSELL.
Soonan, Korea.

[We have published from time to time accounts of Dr. Russell's work in Korea, and about a year ago sent him a liberal donation to help him fit up a treatment room for the sick. Our readers will be interested in the following which was received this winter.—Ed.]

Winter is here again and the Siberian winds are sweeping over Korea, but we want to thank you and the sanitarium family for some of our equipment. We have a good oil heater which keeps us and the patients warm. We have put in a big Chinese kettle, something like our mothers used to make soap in. We have a good tin bathtub where we can clean up the patients, and have made some oil cloth covered treatment tables. We have made a paper Japanese screen to screen off one table from another.

We have not used all of the money you sent yet by any means, but this has given us a wonderful lift and afforded the patients much comfort. We have had up to date 5,850 patients this year.

I am spending all of my time out in the field, for I feel that I must get this gospel of the kingdom before every man possible in the very remnant of time that is left.

The Chinese are fighting at Mukden, about 300 miles from here. I am going to the Yolu river again December 17 to help in a campaign and also hold a series of meetings in old Wiju, a walled city of about 2,500, where I can look across the river into Manchuria. I

think if I should ever go to the States again I would be very kind to foreigners.

You have no idea of the amount of energy it takes to try and present the gospel in its beauty to a people whose whole national life and customs and language are as far different from ours as the east is from the west, and who know nothing about a God of love, but worship Satan through fear. Besides, five families of us have 20,000,000 to face. But, praise God, Jesus said, "I am with you alway, even unto the end." Also, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him." Ps. 34:7. Pray for us here. I often think of your work in that great city, Chicago.

NO ONE TO LOVE OR CARE FOR ME.

(From an Inmate of the Connecticut State Prison.)

"As I was reading in THE LIFE BOAT some time ago I observed an article which read, 'If you have no one else to write to, write to us,' so as I have none to love or care for me I thought I would write to you and ask your aid and advice that will help me to fight life's battles with renewed energy for peace, honesty and good will.

"I have sinned and done wrong deeds, but I confess my sins and ask to be forgiven by man and God. I have relatives but they do not write to me because I am a prisoner.

"Dear friends, you can not imagine how I feel with no one to write to me or cheer me on to a brighter and happier life in the future. I sincerely hope you will answer my letter and write me many more."

ORDER A CLUB FOR YOUR MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

"A few copies of your good magazine were loaned me by a friend and I feel impressed to write a few lines in its behalf. When we saw the opportunity of securing five subscriptions for \$1.75 we seized it to use in our Home Missionary Society work, and I can assure you any other missionary society would not be sorry for doing the same, as the paper appeals to individuals where other papers fail.

"I will relate one instance where it has already proved so, and this is the first copy of our subscription received. As I was looking over it this evening my brother, who is not a

Christian, said: 'May I see that paper next?' I said: 'Yes,' as I am almost through.'

"A few minutes later I left the table to attend to something when I again heard him say: 'Hurry and read that paper; I can't wait.'

"I was greatly surprised, as no other magazine or religious literature interests him much. I passed it to him, and he became very much attached to it."

SENDS HIS INSURANCE MONEY.

The following incident, culled from a letter recently received, shows how the Lord honors faith in His children:

"Since coming down to Tennessee from South Dakota I have thought much on the question of insurance, and have concluded to live as prescribed in Ps. 118:8, and from now on run my insurance with the Lord.

"A few mornings ago I had a fire in the house, starting from an old covered-up fireplace attached to the same chimney that we have a stove attached to. But to prevent a loss the Lord sent us the night before a canvasser who stayed all night with us, and as he was sleeping in the room he discovered the fire just in time to give an alarm before it was too late to put out. This being a reminder to me that the Lord's premium is due, I now send you a check for fifteen dollars, which would nearly have been the amount of my intended insurance for three years. I know of no one that can place this small amount in the Lord's cause to better advantage than you can."

A PURE HEART.

JOHN H. STEELE.
Philadelphia, Pa.

It covers everything. If one has a heart that is pure, not stained with any of the sins which are so common to humanity, he will meet the approbation of Him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

A heart that is pure is a loving heart ready and willing to help every good cause possible, ready and very willing to forgive every one their trespasses, and free from deceit, jealousy and wrong doing. It is said of our Master that no guile was found

in Him, and hence we note His purity in that particular. And yet when necessary He had to use strong terms and telling language to correct the wrong-doing in others. When the heart is pure as God would have it, persecutions and trials can be borne bravely, remembering how the Master bore all things without a murmur.

What the church and the world need today is more pure hearts. It is an individual work, but we should labor to have more influence over others by trying to free ourselves from the sin of deception, untruthfulness and many things that are hard to resist.

To the pure in heart, all things are pure. When the heart is pure there is no feigned love, but a true heart-felt love toward all. The lines of the beautiful hymn should be the desire of every heart:

"Pure in heart, O God, help me to be,
May I devote my life wholly to Thee.
Watch Thou my wayward feet,
Guide me with counsel sweet.
Pure in heart, O God, help me to be."

THOUGH OLD YET WAS AN INSPIRATION.

(From the New York State Prison.)

"I read a LIFE BOAT magazine which I happened to find in the shop. It was a little over a year old, but I did not care. I read of men in prison who became converted. If God can make a man out of Dick Lane, as bad as he was, He can help me.

"There are not many LIFE BOAT magazines in Auburn prison, where I am an inmate, but when I get one I read it all through. In reading the issue of May, 1910, I saw your piece which said, 'Write us.' Will you please send a kind letter to me, for it will put new life in me. I have not received any letters while here. I think all my friends have gone back on me, but I am glad there is One that will not go back on me, and that is the Lord Jesus Christ. In Him I put my trust."

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM OVER THE SEA.

The following is from an inmate of the Mount Eden Prison, Auckland, New Zealand. A good friend of THE LIFE BOAT living in New Zealand, subscribes for this

magazine each year for the prisoners. Much good is wrought in their hearts and lives through reading it:

"I take upon myself to write these few lines by the grace of God, in acknowledging the copies of THE LIFE BOAT which are kindly distributed by the prison chaplain regularly every month and I may say are repeatedly welcomed each month by the majority of the men. I am very glad to state that many are under truthful conviction and many of late are going in for solid and good reading, which is an excellent sign of blessing.

"I have now been here eighteen months but the first two months shall never be forgotten in all my pilgrimage. I was indeed on fire with remorse, sorrow and shame, through my foolish weakness and offending my loving heavenly Father, but now, thank God, I am happy, trusting in my Saviour, Jesus, with perfect peace and joy. I do not notice the days as they go by, through faith in Him who is the only way. My greatest wish would be to hear and see other men likewise trust and obey Jesus and be happy, for there is perfect freedom for even a prisoner."

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?

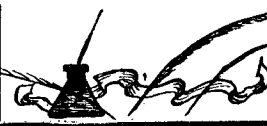
There is a better way. Give your property while you are alive, to the work that you desire and receive a fixed income or annuity on the same each year as long as you live. In this way you know that your property will not be frittered away from you so that you will have no support in your old age, and 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.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



WILL YOU GO TO PRISON WITH US NEXT MONTH?

Next month, through THE LIFE BOAT, we shall enter all the great prisons of this land. The prisoners consider our annual LIFE BOAT prison number the great event of the year. The prison officials, without exception, most heartily welcome its annual visits.

The only reason we have been able to do this year after year is because God has put it into the hearts of our readers to contribute liberally. If you have helped us before, God has blessed you. Do not miss that blessing this year; help us again. If your attention has never been called to this great prison effort before or if you have never been interested in it before get interested this year. Take hold and help us liberally and God will reward you.

Five dollars will pay for one hundred and forty copies. One dollar will pay for twenty-five. Join hands with us in this labor of love.

"MEN'S HEARTS FAILING THEM FOR FEAR."

At this writing Great Britain has on its hands the greatest coal miners' strike in all its history. England furnishes thirty per cent of the world's supply of coal and in one day this monster supply was cut off as suddenly as if it had been stricken by the hand of God. Already an additional million men are idle because of the resulting paralysis to the wheels of industry. Trouble and misery are the inevitable consequences and necessarily the poor are the first to feel the crushing burden.

Hand in hand with this strike there has been successfully organized a similar one in Germany, with equally serious consequences.

To all human appearances the most colossal coal strike in the history of our nation will be in operation ere this LIFE BOAT reaches its readers. At the same time

the spirit of unrest is in the air everywhere. Thinking people are asking: "What next?" "Men's hearts" are "failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." Luke 21:26.

The careful Bible student reads in all this the startling message: "Prepare to meet thy God." Amos 4:12. Noah prepared an ark for the saving of himself and his family. In view of what is soon to come to pass, dear reader, are you in the ark of safety?

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Since the last LIFE BOAT was issued Thomas T. Tynan, warden of the Colorado state prison, has given a lecture in Chicago on his unique methods in dealing with prisoners.

He keeps more than half his prisoners out in the fresh air and sunshine working on the roads, and less than one in two hundred have attempted to escape. Notice particularly these remarkable words:

"My plan is to put the convicts upon their honor. They go out in groups of sixty to seventy-five and as a rule we send two guards, unarmed, with them. These guards act more as foremen than anything else. Each man is required to take oath that he will not attempt to escape and that he will frustrate, or attempt to do so, any effort on the part of his fellows to get away.

"Each fellow feels that should he attempt to get away he will deprive the other men of the fresh air and sunshine, for I have made it plain that attempted escape will mean the abolition of the system."

Mr. Tynan declared that convicts are to be *trusted* except in rare cases. They are men of honor and if treated as such are far more susceptible to reform.

It is, of course, absurd to suppose that Colorado convicts are any *different* from prison-

ers in any other state. It only shows in spite of *our notions* to the contrary what a spark of humanity there is even in prisoners when it is properly appealed to.

If seventy-five prisoners can be trusted way out in the country under the supervision of two guards who are not armed, and the prisoners know they are not armed, do you think it is *worth while* once a year to put a copy of THE LIFE BOAT magazine into the hands of such men? And how much are you willing to invest in this effort?

Next month THE LIFE BOAT will be a special prisoners' number. We want to send a liberal number not only to the Colorado state prison, but to a hundred other prisons. It will require about a thousand dollars to do this properly. Four dollars will send one hundred copies to your state prison. Ask your friends to help you make up that sum. Some who are reading these lines can pay for five hundred; will you do it? One dollar will pay for twenty-five copies. If you can only send a dime, do so. Arouse the interest of the children in this labor of love, and do it now.

WHY A REVIVAL SERVICE FAILED.

The power and privilege of prayer is well illustrated in an experience related by Chas. G. Finney, in his book of "Memoirs," of his co-worker in the gospel ministry, Mr. Patterson, who for fourteen winters had had a genuine revival in his church each year. On one of these occasions there seemed to be something in the way, as the Spirit of God did not work as formerly. Of this Mr. Finney writes:

"One evening at prayer meeting, while this state of things was becoming manifest, one of his elders arose and made a confession. He said, 'Brethren, the Spirit of God has been grieved, and I have grieved Him. I have been in the habit,' said he, 'of praying for brother Patterson, and for the preaching, on Saturday night, until midnight. This has been my habit for many years.'

"'Last Saturday night,' he continued, 'I was fatigued and omitted it. I thought the work was going on so pleasantly and so powerfully that I might indulge myself and go to bed without looking to God for a blessing.

"'The next day,' said he, 'I was impressed

with the conviction that I had grieved the Spirit; and I saw that there was not the usual manifestation of the influence of the Spirit upon the congregation. I have felt convicted ever since; and have felt that it was my duty to make this public confession. I do not know,' said he, 'who beside myself has grieved the Spirit of God; but I am sure that I have done so.'"

"The weary one had rest, the sad had joy
that day,

And wondered how?

A ploughman singing at his work had prayed,
'Lord help them now.'

"Away in foreign lands they wondered how
Their feeble words had power?

At home the Christians, two or three had
met,

To pray an hour.

"Yes, we are always wondering, wondering
how,

Because we do not see

Some one unknown perhaps, and far away,
On bended knee."

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AT HINSDALE.

Hinsdale is rapidly becoming an important training center for young people who have dedicated their lives to the Lord. Hinsdale furnishes a complete three years' medical missionary nurses' course. This training school is recognized by the New York State Board of Regents, thus guaranteeing its high standard. But none are admitted to it who can not give satisfactory evidence that they have been called of God to prepare themselves for genuine medical missionary work. No one is accepted for a purely professional training. There are plenty of other schools which supply such training. Write for application blank and further information. The next class will be organized in June.

A Short Course for Immediate Service.

Do you feel that you have passed the age to justify you in undertaking a three years' missionary nurses' course—that you desire instead a briefer training for im-

mediate and practical missionary service? Hinsdale will provide for you a six months' course in which the most important and practical things that are taught in the regular three years' course will be given to you, and in addition you will receive a short but choice Bible course and you will furthermore have an opportunity during your course of training to have actual experience in personal soul-winning work in needy Chicago.

This six months' course is especially intended for those who have had more or less experience in Christian work but who have felt their great need of a brief but practical medical training. The six months' course will begin next fall. A certain number of students could be received at Hinsdale during the summer, assisting in various departments of the institution, receiving moderate salaries, and at the same time securing a practical insight into the work. Write for full program of studies and further detailed information.

Domestic Work with Bible Opportunities.

From time to time substantial, reliable Christian men and women can secure employment at Hinsdale either in the dining room or as chamber maids or in the kitchen or on the grounds connected with the institution. At the same time they may have opportunity to attend the practical Bible classes held in the institution and to place themselves in the missionary current that has built up the institution, the rescue home and other soul-winning activities.

Remember Hinsdale holds out no inducements as an appeal to personal selfishness. Only those should apply who feel that God is turning their hearts toward Hinsdale. If God wants you elsewhere you would not be happy at Hinsdale and you would make life miserable for those with whom you come in contact.

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.

NEWS HERE AND THERE.

Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, one of Chicago's best known women, is enjoying a rest at the Hinsdale sanitarium.

Miss Mildred Belden of Green Castle, Ind., and Miss Beatrice Harter of Ashley, Mich., have recently joined the sanitarium family of workers.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Avery of Moore Park, Mich., visited Hinsdale recently. Mrs. Avery will remain for treatment at the sanitarium.

In April the closing exercises for the third six months' class in the Chicago City Medical Missionary Training School will be held. The next course will begin October first.

We trust all our readers will read carefully the announcement in this issue of the special prisoners' number next month and open their hearts and their purses to assist in the effort.

B. N. Mulford of Fountain Head, Tenn., visited Hinsdale twice this month. Brother Mulford is about to open a Sanitarium Rest in connection with his educational work for the mountain whites of the Southland.

The readers will be interested in Dr. Paulson's article in this number on "Strange Sights and Scenes in Mexico," giving a true picture of Mexican life as he found it during his recent visit to that country.

We want to secure a worker to represent THE LIFE BOAT in your community. If you can not do it and you know of some one who can will you kindly send the name and address to the editor?

A number of the girls have gone out from the rescue home this month and others have come into their places. We are glad to publish in this number a picture of the rescue home twins born a couple of months ago. Miss Carrie Butcher is nurse at the home this month.

A new class will be started in the Hinsdale Missionary Nurses' Training School June fifth. Those desiring to secure a training to fit themselves for medical missionary work can secure information concerning this course by addressing Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR 60 DAYS.

Fifty of our 12x16 Bible mottoes, \$2; 100, \$3.75. We make our own mottoes, therefore we can sell below any house that does not manufacture its own mottoes. Our new Father and Mother mottoes are leading the world on sales. Send your order today.

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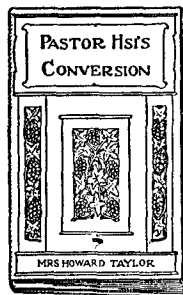
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**Pastor Hsi's Conversion**

A wonderful story of China's terrible famine in 1878 and the subsequent conversion of Hsi, a Confucian scholar. This story will grip your heart. Seventy-nine pages, ornamentally bound.

Furnished for only **TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

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.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to Canada and foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

MISTAKES

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

PREMIUMS

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

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

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



Physicians, pastors and other workers are constantly perplexed as to how to properly extend a helping hand to the unfortunate girl. To meet this pressing need the charitable public assisted in erecting this splendid eleven thousand dollar institution and it was dedicated July 25, 1909, Judge Orrin N. Carter of the Illinois Supreme Court giving the principal address.

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

DR. DAVID PAULSON, Pres. Life Boat Rescue Home
HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

Are You Contemplating Making Your Will?

OR

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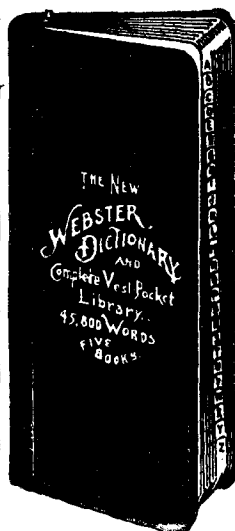
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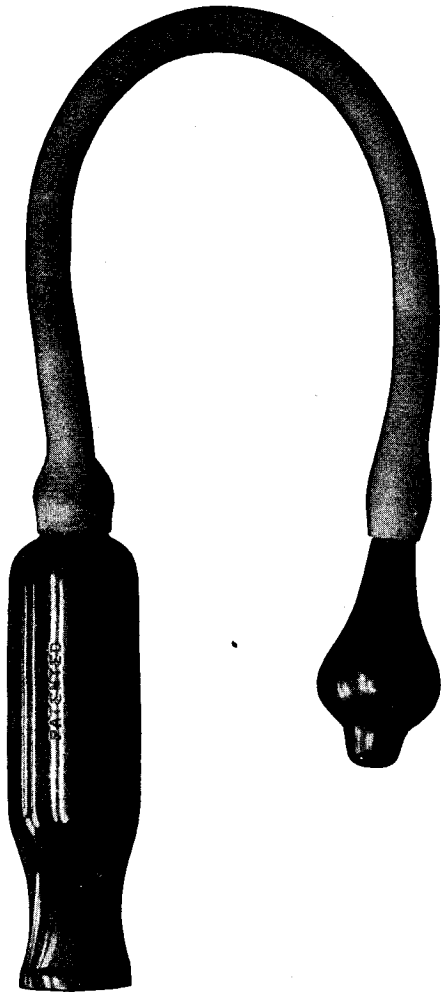
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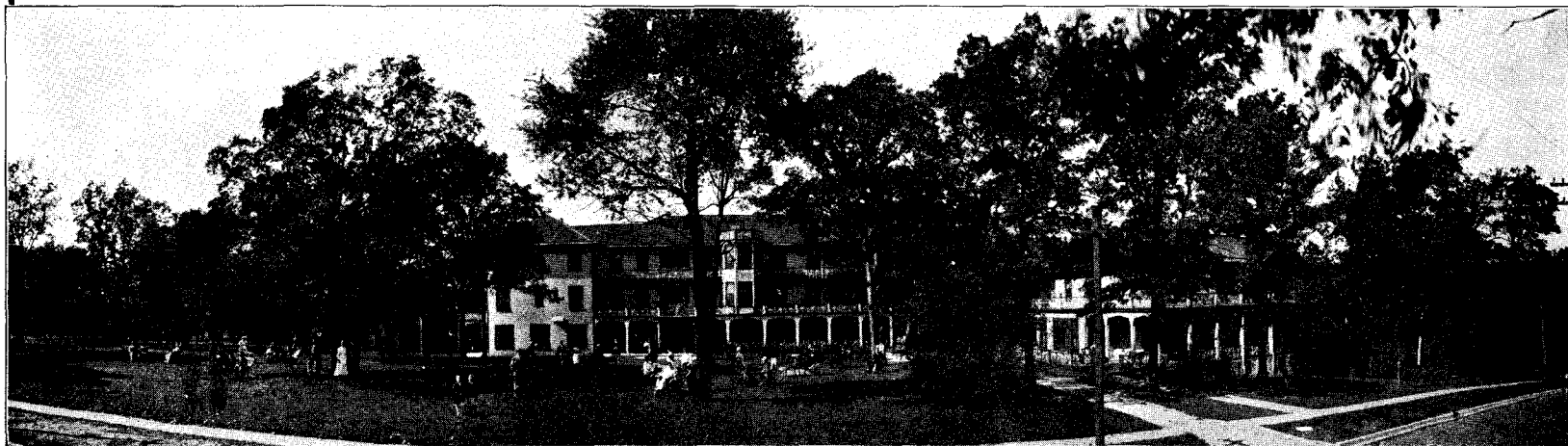
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