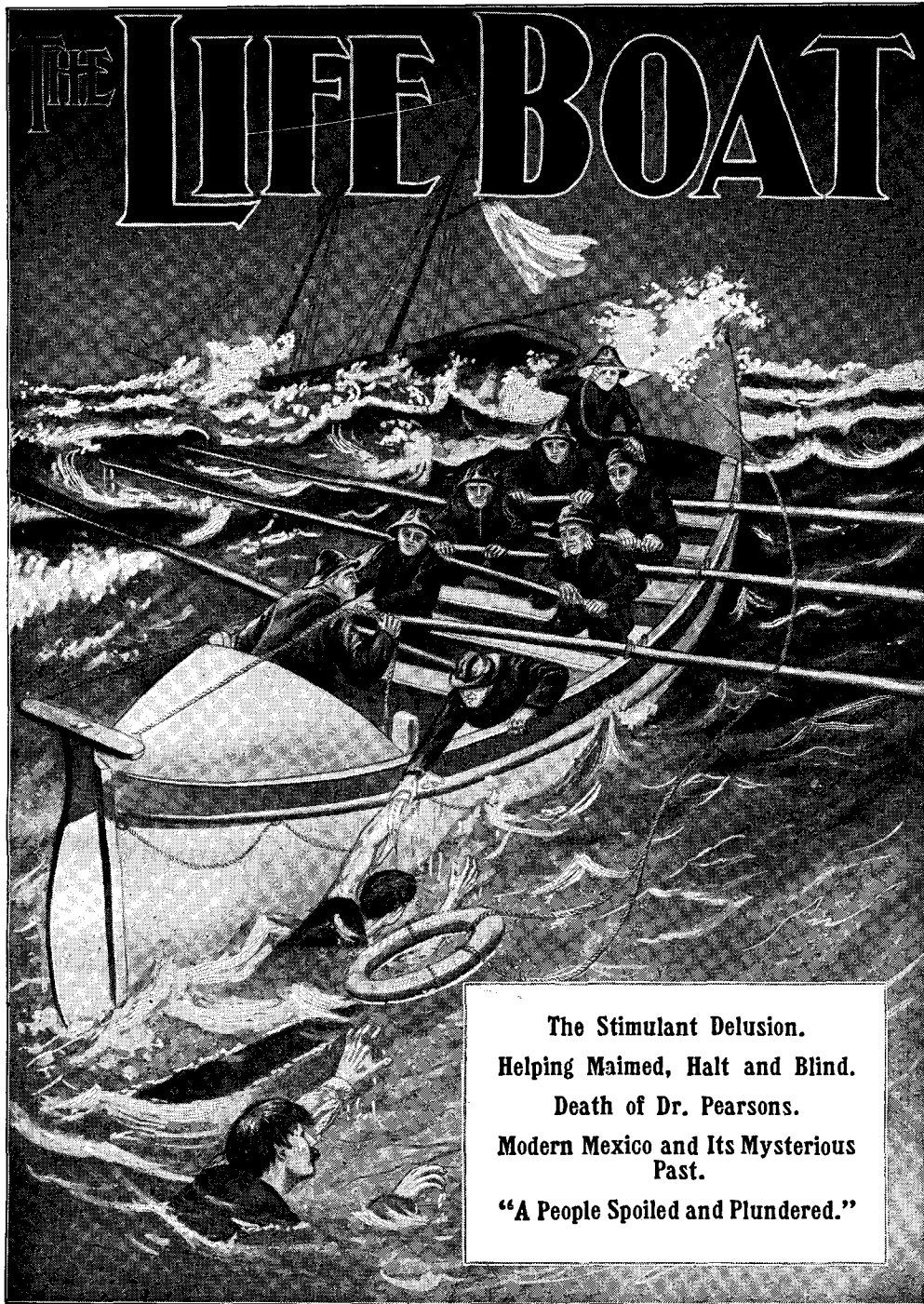


"Come Unto Me . . . and I Will Give You Rest."

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**The Stimulant Delusion.
Helping Maimed, Halt and Blind.
Death of Dr. Pearsons.
Modern Mexico and Its Mysterious
Past.
"A People Spoiled and Plundered."**

Volume Fifteen
Number Six

Windsdale, Ill.

June, 1912

**"Except Ye Be Converted . . . Ye Shall Not Enter the
Kingdom of Heaven."**



"HE WALKS WITH NATURE AND HER PATHS ARE PEACE."

VIEW OF AN ATTRACTIVE SPOT NEAR HINSDALE ALONG THE RIVER.

THE LIFE BOAT

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

50 cents a year

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Volume XV.

HINSDALE, ILL.

:: JUNE, 1912

Number 6

The Stimulant Delusion

David Paulson, M. D.

1. What quantity of alcoholic beverages were consumed in the United States during the year ending 1910?

2,045,427,018 gallons, or nearly 22 gallons for every man, woman and child in the land.
—American Prohibition Year Book, 1911, p. 111.

2. What was the total cost of this liquor?

\$1,752,109,635, or \$19.05 per capita. Ibid.

3. How extensive is intemperance in this country?

Conservative estimates place the number of confirmed drunkards in the United States at something over one million; the heavy drinkers at over four million, and moderate drinkers at twenty million. Last year, on an average, each saloon in the United States was the cause of the death of three men.—“The Great Destroyer,” Hobson’s Speech in U. S. Congress, Feb. 8, 1911.

4. In what sense can alcohol be considered a food?

“Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?” Isa. 55:2.

Dr. Frederick Peterson, the eminent New York neurologist, said in an address before the New York State Board of Charities, “If alcohol is a food it is a poisoned food.”—Dr. Williams in “Alcohol,” p. 137, The Century Co.

5. What is the foundation for the popular idea that alcohol gives strength?

As Voit remarks, “It gives, not strength, but, at most, the *feeling* of strength.” Ibid, p. 5.

With alcohol, like morphin, this sensation of betterment that the user experiences is chiefly due to a slight *deadening* of the higher centers, where keen appreciation of discomfort is recorded.—Sir Victor Horsley in “Alcohol and the Human Body,” p. 82. Macmillan Co.

6. How does alcohol deceive the mind and judgment?

“They also have *erred* through wine. . . . They err in *vision*, they stumble in *judgment*.” Isa. 28:7.

Prof. Kraepelin of Heidelberg, Germany, by

his famous experiments proved that even the smallest quantity of alcohol lengthens the time taken to perform complex mental processes while singularly the persons experimented upon *imagined* that they were more rapid. So alcohol has a *deceptive* influence on the mind, and so interferes with the power of forming *correct* judgments, that it is, in fact, a *false* witness. . . . “Alcohol is shown to be a *delusive* agent, thus proving the accuracy of Solomon’s statement that ‘wine is a mocker.’”—Horsley, p. 80, 81.

Prof. Kraepelin after years of extensive careful experimentation has shown that as a result of taking one ounce of alcohol the *sight* was less keen, that the *hearing* was lessened, the sense of *touch* was either diminished or deranged and *muscular* capacity was lessened and the *fatigue* point was reached sooner, *memory* was less acute and *reasoning* less accurate.—Jour. A. M. A., Dec. 5, 1903.

7. Is the moderate drinker really sober?

Prof. Kraepelin also demonstrated that “the smallest quantity of alcohol had virtually the effect of fatiguing the mind of the subject.”

He found after giving three ounces of alcohol to an individual for twelve successive days that the *working capacity* of the mind was *lessened* from twenty-five to forty per cent, showing that the so-called moderate drinker who never considers himself under the influence is “in reality never actually *sober* from one week’s end to another.”—Williams, p. 16, 19.

8. In view of these recent scientific experiments how are leading men revising their former ideas concerning stimulants?

Emperor Wilhelm of Germany said, “The next war and the next sea battle demand sound nerves of you. . . . These become *undermined* through alcohol. . . . That nation which consumes the least quantity of alcohol wins. . . . If you educate the people to abstain from alcohol, I shall gain healthy and sensible subjects. . . . When you spread these principles my people will be morally uplifted.”—Kaiser Wilhelm’s speech on Drink, Stewart Printing Co.

9. What is the effect of alcoholism on physical endurance?

Sir Frederick Treves, physician to the late King Edward, reporting his experience in the Boer war

said: "I was with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith. It was an extremely trying time by reason of the hot weather. In that enormous column of thirty thousand, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men—they were the *drinkers*, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labeled with a big letter on their backs."—Horsley, p. 101.

10. What is the influence of alcoholism on longevity?

Life insurance figures demonstrate that the total abstainer has an advantage of at least twenty-one per cent over the moderate drinker. Certainly adding *one-fifth* to a man's life makes it worth while to forego one class of food or drink.—Williams, p. 42.

11. How does intemperance affect the offspring?

"Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children." Ex. 20:5.

The offspring of alcoholics show impaired vitality of the most deep-seated character, such as deformities, neuroses, which may take the severe forms of chorea, infantile convulsions, epilepsy, or idiocy.—Ibid, p. 44.

Prof. Bunge, of Basel, after extensive investigation has found that in seventy-eight per cent of those mothers who were unable to suckle their young their *own* fathers had been immoderate drinkers. In other words it is a rare case when a drunkard's daughter is able to properly suckle her infant. "The rule is, that if the father is a drunkard, the daughter loses her power of suckling."—Horsley, p. 258.

12. What does the alcohol poison do to the human tissue?

"There is an ever present tendency to destroy the higher form of cells—those that are directly concerned with the vital process—and to replace them with useless or harmful connective tissue" or what is known as scar tissue.—Ibid, p. 31.

13. Does alcohol induce susceptibility to disease?

Dr. Reed Hunt of the United States Hygienic Laboratory has shown that small doses of alcohol increase the susceptibility of animal organisms to toxic substances.—Ibid, p. 34.

14. What is the influence of alcoholism on acute diseases?

The extensive experiments of Dr. Budine, the pathologist of Rush Medical College, Chicago, demonstrated that the administration of alcohol crippled the defensive and reparative powers of the body in pneumonia and other acute infectious disease.—*Jour. of Infectious Diseases*, May 30, 1904.

15. What is the relation between alcoholism and insanity?

"Considering the United States as a whole, it is variously estimated that from twenty-five to thirty per cent of all the insane patients admitted to the asylums year by year owe their misfortune directly or indirectly to the abuse of alcohol."—Williams, p. 64.

16. What is the immediate effect on the human sensibility?

"They have beaten me and I *felt it not*."—Prov. 23:30, 35.

The new evidence shows that alcohol rather than being a stimulant is properly to be classed

with the *anesthetics and narcotics*, Ibid, p. 4.

"The cries of cold and hungry children make no impression on a brain dazed with alcohol, no normal parental feelings occur, and no emotion of affection or desire to protect is aroused by the sight of a suffering child."—Horsley, p. 89.

17. How does alcohol influence the moral powers?

"Do not drink wine or strong drink . . . that we may put *difference* between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean."—Lev. 10:9, 10.

"One of the subtlest effects of this many-sided drug is to produce a craving for itself, while weakening the will that could resist that craving."—Williams, p. 48.

18. To what extent is intemperance a cause of crime?

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath *contentions*? Who hath babbling? Who hath *wounds* without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." Prov. 23:29, 30.

A lord chief justice of England declared: "If sifted, *nine-tenths* of the crime of England and Wales could be traced to drink."—Williams, p. 73.

"It appears that alcohol must be held responsible for about four-fifths of the anti-social propensities that make necessary the huge paraphernalia of police systems, criminal courts, jails, prisons, and reformatories that constitute so serious a blot upon present-day civilization."—Ibid, p. 85.

Immediately following the San Francisco earthquake it was absolutely forbidden to sell, give away, or drink alcoholic liquors. During the four succeeding months, in spite of the turmoil and confusion, perfect order prevailed, the police officers had practically nothing to do, arrests numbering from two to six a day. Immediately following the reopening of saloons the arrests increased to nearly a hundred a day and extra policemen and guards had to be stationed at the camps to protect the homeless.—Horsley, p. 93.

The late Mr. Gladstone made the emphatic statement that alcohol was a *greater* curse to any nation than war, famine, and pestilence combined.—*The Alcoholic Problem*, Gov. Document, No. 48, p. 132.

19. What does this evil mean from a national standpoint?

"When degeneracy has gone much further it will be too late. . . . In *this* generation our people must take their choice; in the next generation it may be too late. There is no alternative. We are fairly in the death grapple. . . . History leaves no hope to go back eastward. There is not longer any westward. . . . In America the star of empire moving westward finishes the circle of the world. . . . If America falls the world will be undone and the human race will be doomed to go down from degeneracy into degeneracy till the Almighty in wrath wipes the accursed thing out."—Hobson, p. 13, 14.

20. What is our moral duty concerning the liquor evil?

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken." Heb. 2:15.

"He who confesses that he is his brother's keeper will let alcohol alone and will fight it as the deadliest peril that has ever threatened to engulf our race."—Dr. Howard A. Kelly, in the *Alcoholic Problem*, p. 126.

21. Can the Christian be satisfied with merely securing legal enactments and prohibitory laws?

"Were this whole community to sweep alcohol from the land I would have no hope of any permanent betterment, unless with the movement there went that dependence on God through Christ to whom the Christian looks for all that is good and transforming and effective in his life. A real moral principle is transforming in its efficacy; mere depression is not transformation. Transformation is wrought in the soul when it stands consciously before God with the desire of seeing sin and dealing with it according to His will."—Ibid.

COMPARATIVE COST OF ALCOHOL AND OTHER PRODUCTS.

Intoxicating liquors	\$1,752,109,635	1909
Meat	1,550,000,000	1908
Iron and steel	1,035,000,000	1908
Tobacco	825,000,000	1909
Printing and publishing	750,000,000	1908
Lumber	700,000,000	1908
Cotton goods	675,000,000	1908
Woolen and worsted goods	475,000,000	1908
Flour	455,000,000	1908
Boots and shoes	450,000,000	1908
Estimated total cost of building Panama canal	400,000,000	1908
Public education	371,344,410	1908
Sugar and molasses	310,000,000	1908
Furniture	245,000,000	1908
Silk goods	240,000,000	1908
Potatoes	210,000,000	1908
Churches	175,000,000	1908
Brick	100,000,000	1908
Foreign missions	10,000,000	1908

—American Prohibition Year Book.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A DRUNKARD.

T. N. R.

A little more than two years ago I attended the Life Boat mission service on State street one evening. At the close of the meeting a man came forward and gave his heart to the Lord.

After the people had gone this man remained in earnest conversation with the superintendent of the mission, who presently beckoned me to where they were and asked me if I would go home with this man. I replied, "I will go anywhere for Jesus." As we went along the street I learned why he was afraid to go home alone. This is the substance of his story to me, which, alas, is all too frequent in many other cases.

"Two years ago in another place I had a nice home and everything we needed to make life comfortable and happy, with a wife and five children to greet me when I returned from my day's work.

"Shortly after that I began drinking, and each week I had less money for my family

and more for the saloon. I went from bad to worse until at the end of two years we were put out of the house for non-payment of rent, and our things kept, except the few things we had on.

"We then came to Chicago, intending to start anew. I had promised my wife on bended knee that I would not drink any more; and then in a few days I was as bad as ever. This week I promised my wife that I would cut it out, and God knows I meant it. I got a job of work on Wednesday, worked four days, then received two days' pay, the company keeping back two days', as was their custom.

"I started for home, intending to buy food for my family as far as my money would go. Passing a saloon the old appetite craved just one drink. I went in, and before I came out all my money was gone. The thought of meeting my wife and children without any money, and nothing for them to eat, nearly distracted me, and I resolved that I would flee the city and forsake them all.

"While on the way to carry out my purpose I passed the Life Boat mission as the gospel songs came floating out on the night air. I stopped and listened, and somehow before I really knew what I did I went in, and there heard the old story of Jesus and that there was hope for me. When the invitation was given I went forward and confessed my sins and called on God for mercy, and He heard my cry and forgave my sins. But oh! how can I meet my wife after squandering all my wages?"

Such was his story, and when we reached the place he called home he made apologies for the fact that they were living in the rear of the building. It was in a very questionable part of Wabash avenue.

We went up the steps, through a dark hall, and into a large room. By a dim light I saw a stand, and an old bed on which lay a boy fast asleep, with his clothes on. His face and hands looked as if they had seen no water for many days. The father said as he looked around, "I guess wife is in the other room," and he excused himself while he went in there. Presently

he came to the door and invited me in. There on an old straw bed was a frail little woman who did not weigh more than ninety pounds, and by her side two small children were asleep.

She raised up and asked me to excuse her, as she had been sick all day. The room contained merely an old dilapidated bed on which the woman lay, a broken cook stove with no fire, though it was bitterly cold, an old pine table with a few broken dishes on it—not a sign of any kind of food—and two or three broken chairs. There were two larger children standing by. All had the appearance of being half starved. It was a sight to make the angels weep for pity.

Well, I told her of the occurrences of the evening and how the husband now with the help of God was going to make a new home for them. I told her of his having spent all his money, but believed it would be the last the saloon would ever get. I read the Word, prayed with them, and comforted them as best I could. Then I gave the wife money enough to buy fuel and provisions for the next week, and before leaving asked them if they would not bring the children and come to the Life Boat Sunday-school the next day.

The woman said, "We would like to, but have no clothes for the children." I told her folks were not expected to be well dressed at the mission, and she said she would try.

When I started to go the man put on his hat as if to go with me. I said, "No, you stay with your wife and family." "But," he said, "it would not be safe at all for you to attempt to get back alone. You will be set on and robbed before you ever reach State street." So I permitted him to accompany me to State street, where he left me and returned.

The next day I went to the Sunday-school and watched for my friends of the night before to come, but none came. I went back to my hotel with a heavy heart, and prayed God not to let Satan get hold of that man again.

I was to speak at the mission that night, and as I went I thought of this man and

his family. I began speaking, but my heart was like lead, until the door opened and in came the man, his wife, and two of the children. Well, to say my heart leaped for joy would be to state it mildly. I don't know how the meeting went on, but at its close the man spoke, and it did us all good.

After the service I went and shook hands with them, and oh, what a changed face the little wife had! Instead of the one of despair of the night before, new hope had put its rainbow of promise in her heart once more and life had a different look to her.

He came to me and said, "You will never know what your visit to us meant last night," and asked me my name. I tried to put him off but he said he must know it. So I told him my name and where I was going from there.

In a few days I received a letter from a grocer in Chicago saying that this man had applied to him for a job and had referred him to me. I wrote the grocer and said that I had known the man but a very brief period, but if I wanted a man I would surely take him, and believed he would make good.

On my next trip to the city I inquired of the superintendent about the man. He said that the grocer had hired him for nine dollars per week and before long raised it to twelve dollars per week. Then a man on the other side of the city offered him fourteen dollars and he had moved. But the last he heard of him he was doing well and living his religion.

Praise God, He not only *saves* but He *keeps* us day by day, and it is true that "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. 7:25.

The *greater* you are, the greater the *penalty* of your *progress*. The *farther* you go, the *wider* you *range*, the *more* you *increase* the points of *contact* with which you must *reckon*, and, therefore, you *multiply* your *battles* against *misconception* and *slander* and *envy* and *malice*.

Why One Day Went Wrong

Mrs. Elsie D. Whisler

Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

I CONSIDER it a great privilege to be connected with the work in the rescue home. That is the work I have looked forward to for several years, and I often think of these words in Isa. 61:1, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted."

To do this work successfully we must have a living connection with the One of whom these words are spoken, and that is Christ,

streaming down their faces; and it is in such times as these we need to rely on God to help us speak a comforting word. The first time I met a mother who came here with her daughter I did not feel able to comfort her, but since then I have felt the need of prayer more and tried to live nearer the Lord.

We have one girl here now who refuses to read her Bible and says it is against her religious teaching. I pray earnestly for her conversion and ask you to do the same. She seems a good girl but needs God's Word. Some of the girls have never read their Bibles before coming here, but now they are reading them every day and memorizing the verses, and several of them are searching for truth. Of course we are always glad to help them in this and hold private Bible studies with those who are interested.

I give herewith a letter from a girl who has recently left the home, which shows you a little result from our work:

"I have been studying my morning watch verses every day since I left the home and will continue to do so. Tell all the girls I hope they will become better acquainted with the Lord and learn to talk to Him and fully repent and find the peace and comfort in knowing Him that I have found.

"I hope the lessons learned and the impressions made there at the home will be as lasting with them as they have been with me."

On account of a cold room we were obliged to omit worship one morning this week. One of the girls said, "I just can't get the day straightened out *because* we didn't have worship this morning. I look forward to worship just the same as I do to my meals."

Several others said it seemed that something was wrong somewhere which they could not account for. But it was *because* we left the Lord out that morning. Our room was just as cold next morning but we had worship just the same and gave the Lord a chance to warm our hearts while we kept our bodies warm with shawls and coats, etc.



A sweet little Home girl who is growing up to be a useful woman. for this is His work and we can not do it without His help.

It is not only for the girls in the home we need to have a word of comfort but for their parents. I have seen fathers and mothers come here, and bring their girls, with tears

Just recently a girl made this remark, "I could just stay and stay here in the home the same as I could with my own mother if I never had to think of the reason why I am here. I like it here so much and I am coming back for a good visit after I go home for awhile."

We received a few copies of "Christ in Song" for which we are thankful, but we as yet have not received any Bibles. We hope

you will not forget to send them, as our family is increasing and we need them very much.

At the present time we have twelve girls in the home. Several of these girls have taken an active part in morning and evening worship. The others pray in their rooms but not before the other girls. We feel encouraged over them and are glad to see them come forward. The number we have entered since January is nineteen.

Modern Mexico and Its Mysterious Past

David Paulson, M. D.

AS I walked through the national museum in Mexico City I observed marvelous reminders of Mexico's mysterious past. At some ancient time a wonderful people inhabited Mexico. Crum-

bling ruins in various places reveal palaces that once rivaled in size and splendor even the most remarkable of those uncovered by the explorers in Assyrian and Babylonian lands.

When Cortés came over from Spain in 1519, Mexico City, the capital of the Aztecs, then contained three hundred thousand inhabitants. They possessed definite traditions concerning the creation of the earth, of the original man being made out of the clay, of a flood that destroyed the earth. They had a system of sacrifices and many similar ideas to those possessed by the people of ancient Asia. It must be that some time after the deluge some of those ancient people by some means drifted to Mexico and left behind these wonderful relics of a remarkable civilization.

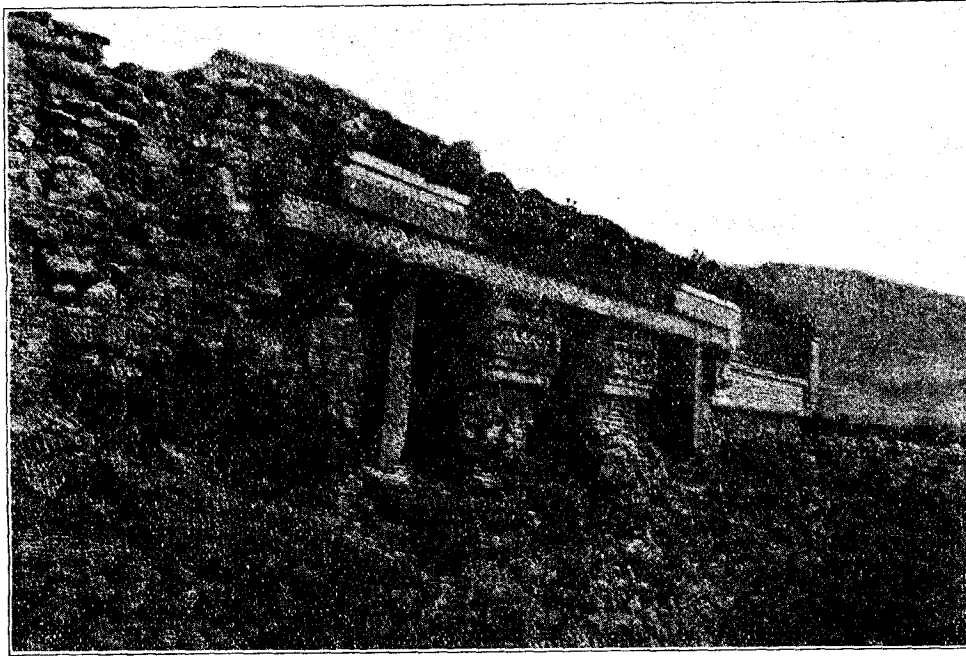
Elaborate Wealth and Extreme Poverty.

For two and one-half centuries after the country was conquered by Spain it was entirely controlled by the church, until 1859, when it owned one-third of the real and personal property of the entire republic. Much of this surplus wealth was spent in building and adorning the most elaborate cathedrals. The shrine of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," which I visited, on the outskirts of Mexico City, is said to have cost ten millions of dollars. Its sacred vessels and altar rails are so heavily plated with silver that it is estimated to contain *fifty tons* of this precious metal.

The holy well adjoining it is visited by tens of thousands of pilgrims every year.



Picture of enormous Aztec calendar stone found among the ancient Mexican ruins. Now on exhibition with thousands of similar relics in the National Museum.



One of the Many Remarkable Ruins Pointing Back to Mexico's Wonderful and Mysterious Past.



One of the Many Picturesque Canals Lined on Either Side by the Floating Gardens. A Few Miles From Mexico City.

who jostle against each other in order to get a chance to quench their thirst with this healing liquid. I saw almost frantic mothers eagerly press a cupful of this water to the lips of their babies. I wish that there was more of the same anxiety among our mothers that their children should secure the true water of life which is promised to all who will receive it.

Little by little this has been drained off. Some portions have been partially filled in with earth and sodded over and made into vegetable gardens, plentifully interspersed with canals. In many cases the top crust of sod seems almost afloat on water. Here are raised a great deal of the vast amount of vegetables that are consumed in the City of Mexico. They are brought in



Upon reaching the end of one of the floating garden canals a group of bright-eyed, ragged young Indians with unkempt hair flocked around begging for pennies, offering to dive into the water to bring up any coin we might toss in. They were spared this exertion but took a picture of them instead. Behind is the boat which took visitors among the fascinating floating gardens.

It was a sickening contrast to this enormous amount of treasured wealth to see a funeral procession pass by, the relatives being so poor that they had *hired* the coffin in which to bring the corpse to the grave, where it was simply wrapped in a blanket and then buried in the earth, the empty coffin being returned to the undertaker to do similar service for some one else equally poverty-stricken.

Floating Vegetable Gardens.

The floating gardens were one of the most picturesque things that I saw on my visit to Mexico. Originally the valley of Mexico City was nearly all under water.

early in the morning in canoes on the canals. It is a beautiful sight to see these men standing up pushing their canoes, which are loaded to the water's edge with all manner of produce.

A Sublime Contrast.

I went up and talked the gospel to a little group of converted Indians living up on the top of the Mexican Continental Divide. They were living among the rocks in little insignificant huts. It seemed to me there was nothing that grew there but cactus. They had a few goats and donkeys, for, as you all know, goats and donkeys can almost live on air and nothing.

Some of these men actually do not earn ten dollars a year. Their clothing consisted simply of a pair of pants and shirt made from plain muslin. The trough out of which they occasionally fed their donkeys was hewn out of the rock. Their fences were cactus hedges. In the entire company that gathered for that Sabbath service only one of them had shoes on his feet.

sick poor. Mrs. Swayzie told me that people walked a hundred miles to come there to get treatments, and the results that they secured were simply marvelous. Her best nurse is a native Mexican that she has trained herself—an intelligent-appearing, Christian young woman. I could not help but think what an opportunity there is for other Christian doctors, who because of the



This splendid building was erected for the Guadalajara sanitarium. Was afterwards sold to the Methodist mission board, who are now conducting in it a most excellent boarding school for native girls.

I can not tell you the profound impression that it made upon me to hear these poor and humble children of God sing most enthusiastically and with intense *ferveur* the same gospel songs in Spanish that I have so often heard sung in our own tongue under so much better circumstances and surroundings.

Christianity in Action.

Guadalajara is in some respects the most beautiful and modern of any city in Mexico. Here is located the great Methodist training school for native girls, carried on in the building that was originally erected for the Guadalajara sanitarium. In this city Dr. and Mrs. Swayzie maintain a hydrotherapy gospel dispensary for the

intense competition are simply eking out a miserable existence where they are, to go to some such really needy field and accomplish something worth while, not only for time but also for eternity.

Christ and the Beggar.

Beggars are everywhere; and I was surprised to observe how frequently their appeals were favorably responded to, until I learned of a very beautiful religious sentiment that is cherished among the people. They have been taught that Christ occasionally appears in the form of a beggar and hence it is not safe to ignore the appeals of those who seek for alms, as by so doing they might miss a chance of giving to Christ. That sweet sentiment shone

like a jewel amidst all the surrounding moral darkness, and it profoundly impressed my mind. Dear reader, do not forget that Christ Himself has said to you and me: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of the least* of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Sprinkling the Cattle.

Once a year a most unique ceremony is performed in the yards of the principal churches. The people bring their cattle, domestic pets, song birds, etc., for the priest to sprinkle. I shall never forget that occasion. Thousands and thousands of people wound their way toward one of the principal churches, bringing cats, dogs, parrots, pet rabbits, calves, sheep, turkeys, swine, doves, etc. Nearly all were ornamented with colored ribbons of painted, bright, gaudy colors.

The priest stood up on a high platform with a barrel of water by his side. A crowd of the people would flock up with their cattle or pets. With a great sprinkler he would reach with one or two strokes two or three dozen of them. They would then file away with a look of genuine satisfaction on their faces and another similar crowd would rush in and take their places. I watched this ceremony for more than an hour and there seemed to be no diminution in the crowds who were surging forward.

Again I could not help but wish that our Christian parents were half as anxious that their children should have the "showers of blessing" that God has for them, as these people were that their cattle might have a few drops of this water fall upon them.

Clinging to Primitive Methods.

I was constantly impressed with the simplicity of primitive methods. For instance, after the farmer had plowed his field, or, more properly speaking, *scratched it* with his wooden plow, instead of their using a harrow as we do he merely hitched the oxen to the trunk of a tree which had good-sized branches, and dragged this tree over the field. And I am bound to say that it accomplished the purpose almost as well as our most modern steel harrow could do.

The grading for the Mexican railroads was not done with horses and the ordinary scraper, but the earth was dug and carried on the backs or heads of men. They do not take kindly to any other method. For instance, a kind-hearted American railroad contractor supplied each of his men with a wheelbarrow. The next day, to his surprise and evident disgust, he found them filling their wheelbarrows with earth and then by most painful efforts lifting them up on their heads and *carrying* them to the dump, and grumbling because they were not nearly so convenient to carry as their baskets.

I saw men go to the barn yard, fill a sack with manure, lift it up on their backs and carry it out in the field to fertilize the land.

The Simple Life at Close Range.

One day my brother, who has been in business in Mexico for many years, said to me that he proposed to give me the greatest trip of my life; and considering some of our experiences I am free to confess that he certainly succeeded.

We first went in his auto a hundred miles west to Aguas-Calientes, the great headquarters for making drawn work, for which Mexico is so famous. The next day we toured nearly a hundred miles further north to Zacatecas, one of the great mining centers of all Mexico. The houses are built on the steep side of hills, more nearly resembling towns in Palestine than anything else I can think of.

The next day we started out bright and early expecting to make in one day the nearly one hundred and fifty miles across the cactus desert back to San Luis Potosi again. But the machine did not come up to his calculations. It was first a punctured tire, then a broken tank, and then finally a more serious breakdown, and that was the end of automobiling for that trip. Evening was coming on. Just twenty feet from where we broke down a man had been murdered by bandits four or five nights before and there was yet abundant evidence to mark the spot.

My brother finally secured a man and a mule to haul the machine into a little

spooky desert town. Arrangements were made for us to stop over night in the best of these huts, consisting of simply one room, no windows. We hired the entire institution and the owners moved out. It smelled so strongly of cigarette smoke and other peculiar Mexican odors that I had to insist upon having the door open for fear it otherwise would sicken me.

In one corner was a cotton cot and a blanket. In the other corner was a low bed with a thin cotton mattress on it. My brother said the presence of these two beds was a sure indication of aristocracy! However, that feature did not appeal to me very strongly, as there were four in our party and we all had to be made comfortable with this meager outfit; and the nights are always cool in Mexico.

Either the automobile or ourselves were such a curiosity to these crude natives that they crowded into our little hut and stood around eyeing us just like little children; and they did not seem disposed to leave so as to give us a chance to lie down and get some rest. Pretty soon my brother threw his six-shooter down on the rude table. They watched it in silence for a minute or two and then one after the other began to slip out, and inside of five minutes none of them were in sight. After that we lay down on the stone floor with the door wide open without any disturbance. But it was a taste of the extreme simple life that I shall not soon forget.

In Conclusion.

This article concludes the series on Old Mexico. It has been a pleasure to me to pass on to our many thousand readers these various observations. I earnestly pray that as a result many will become deeply interested in this foreign land at our very doors.

At the present writing it is in the very throes of a desperate revolution. No man can predict the outcome. But I am sure that God will terminate it in such a way as to build up His kingdom. Mexico is missionary soil and in the near future I doubt not that genuine gospel medical missionaries will find in this land a great open door of opportunities.

THE TITANIC DISASTER A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

LEORA W. SMITH,
Paw Paw, Mich.

My friends, in the sinking of the great ocean vessel, the Titanic, let us learn a lesson. God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. While it is one of the saddest things that ever happened and the loss of life appalling, we know why these things are permitted to happen. God's anger is kindled against the inhabitants of this world, and how much longer will He bear with us?

When God has revealed in His Word the dangers that are coming upon the earth before the last day, how can we stand clear in His sight if we neglect to put forth every effort in our power to bring it before the people? Can we be content to leave them to meet their fate unwarned?

Peace and quietness no longer reign in this world. Every day people are being hurled to destruction. The loss of life by storm and accident is something terrible. We read the fearful headlines every day and forget them almost as soon as they are read. Is it any wonder that God brings greater calamities to pass that they may arouse us from this careless, sleepy condition that we are in?

In the sinking of this great ocean monster we have a striking illustration of the scenes that will take place in the last days. As the people of the world are sending up the cry of peace and safety, that the world is getting better and will stand for thousands of years, so the poor souls on this stricken vessel said, "Oh, no, it can not sink, it will not go down; the workmanship of this boat is perfect. There is no danger." But as the great ship began sinking and the life boats were lowered and husbands parted from wives and children, the awful truth of the situation dawned upon them when it was too late.

"As the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until

the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Watch, therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. 24:37-42.

May this terrible disaster make a lasting impression upon us and may we prove as loyal to our Captain and the cause we love as did those heroes that went down. And when Christ comes and the sea shall give up her dead may we sing the same song that was played by those brave boys on board the Titanic until the waves of the old Atlantic hushed their lips:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.

"Tho' like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

MISSIONARY WORK AT HOME.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

I am so glad we can work with Jesus in our homes or wherever we are. This spring when we made up our minds to move our landlord asked if he might put up a sign in the window, "Flat for Rent." We said he might, so he had the sign put in the window. Then he asked me if I would be kind enough to show the people the flat. I told him I would be glad to; for I saw an *opportunity* to work for souls.

I praise the Lord for the blessed privilege I have had. While busy washing my furniture and getting ready to move so many have come to look at the flat, and while I would be showing them the rooms I was praying that God would help me to say something to each one about their soul's salvation.

I have given tracts and LIFE BOATS away to each one and God has been with me and put words in my mouth and meditations in my heart, and I have had some blessed talks. When I would speak about

the Titanic going down and so many lives lost I would tell them the lesson I got out of it: that those people waited till they got in trouble and then called upon God; but the thing for us to do is to call upon God *before* trouble comes. They would say, "Yes, that's right. Your talk has done me so much good; I am glad I met you."

A policeman called to see the flat. I said to myself, "Praise the Lord, there is another opportunity for me to speak a word for Jesus." I showed him THE LIFE BOAT and called his attention to some articles that I knew would be of interest to him. He took a paper with him and was so glad to get it. I told him that the Lord is coming soon, that the end of the world is near and it stands us all in hand to know we are right with God. "Yes," he said, "you are right."

I believe the seeds that have been sown will spring forth and bear fruit meet for repentance. But if not, I did my part and those people can never say to me in the day of judgment, "Why did you not tell me the better way?"

One day I took my papers (LIFE BOATS and *Youth's Instructors*) and went among my neighbors and sold them. I had some blessed talks. But I found sickness, sorrow and trouble of some kind everywhere I went. I was glad that I knew Jesus for myself and that I could comfort them with the comfort wherewith I had been comforted.

I found one of my neighbors all alone in her home suffering with an ulcerated tooth. I went right to work putting on hot fomentations and praying that God would bless in the treatments that were being given, and in a short time she found relief. Then I knelt down by her side and thanked God for the privilege I had and for the knowledge He had given me in regard to the care of our bodies. Then this woman asked me to read her an article that was in THE LIFE BOAT. I did so and she enjoyed it so much, and bought my papers. She said she never could thank God enough for my coming and for what I had done for her.

Oh, what a privilege to work for Jesus!

She said, "I have faith and confidence in the work you are doing." But I said, "It is Jesus that is doing the work; He works in me both to will and to do of His good pleasure. I am just willing to let Him use me that His name may be honored and glorified in the earth." "Well," she said, "this is a *beautiful* way you have of working."

I told her Jesus worked in this way and that He was a medical missionary. I told her how I had the privilege of taking a

course in training, fitting me for a medical missionary, and how I thanked God for what I had learned, that I might go out and do better service for Jesus, my Saviour.

My prayer is that God will help me to interest others in taking a course of training to fit themselves for better service, for I have learned so much and am now better able to help somebody else. May God help me to make good, so that others will be inspired to take up the work and win souls for Jesus.

The Death of Dr. Pearsons

David Paulson, M. D.

IN the last LIFE BOAT we told of Dr. Pearsons celebrating his ninety-second birthday at the Hinsdale sanitarium, where he was making his home. At that time he was in apparently good health and the very best of spirits. About ten days later he contracted pneumonia, and although he fought death with the same grim determination that had enabled him to surmount all ordinary obstacles, yet in the end death was the victor.

In some respects Dr. Pearsons' life was the most unique in the history of the nation. He was born and reared in the midst of extreme poverty, to secure an education was almost a life and death struggle with obstacles. Boarding himself on a dollar or so a week while a student and working his way, he early learned to sympathize from personal experience with the lot of the poor student. This no doubt had much to do with shaping his subsequent beneficence.

He settled down for some years in the East as a practicing physician. During that time he was brought in personal contact with Mary Lyon, who struggled so heroically to establish the Mount Holyoke Seminary for Girls. This was one of the first efforts in this country to combine manual training with a higher education for girls. Many scoffed at the idea and said if the girls were given such an education they would be spoiled for being servants. But Mary Lyon went all over the country, and her indomitable will, her almost fanatical earnestness, broke down prejudice and won her friends, and her school was

established. She soon passed away, but her influence had profoundly impressed a man who was later to pour out his millions for similar purposes.

More than fifty years ago Dr. Pearsons and his young wife came West. He soon acquired a reputation as a shrewd business man and a careful investor. Men entrusted him with vast sums of money with which to make profitable investments for them, he of course earning a liberal percentage. Dr. Pearsons never invested a cent in wild speculations. He invested his money principally in western lands when they were cheap and later sold them when they had increased tremendously in price.

Gifts That Compelled Others to Give.

Twenty years ago he found himself many times a millionaire. He had no children and no relatives that had any claims upon him. He then determined to spend the rest of his life giving away in a most discriminating manner his vast wealth. This was his plan: to give a poor struggling Christian college that was about to close its doors for lack of funds fifty thousand dollars if they could raise among their friends two or three times the same amount. This brought the friends of the school to the front and in most instances they succeeded in meeting Dr. Pearsons' offer. He proceeded on this plan until he had helped nearly fifty of the humble schools of learning scattered in different portions of our land.

Dr. Pearsons made it his business to find

out that the school to which he gave money had the spirit of economy. If he saw a waste or extravagance he could not be persuaded under any circumstances to give a dollar. Before he gave his first fifty thousand dollars to Berea College, Kentucky, he visited the school and went through every department, taking in every feature with his shrewd eye. When he passed through the kitchen he pulled out from under the sink a pan full of fresh potato peelings. He looked them over one by one to see whether they were thick or thin. Fortunately for the school the girl had peeled those particular potatoes *thin*, and Berea College received its first fifty thousand dollars. It is a capital illustration of the fact that great men are often influenced in their decisions by little things.

Dr. Pearsons said on his ninety-first birthday that he took no credit for what he had done; that he felt he had only been working out a plan that God had for him and he felt that he had been led of God in what he had done.

Dr. Pearsons remained to the last the same simple, frugal, democratic man that he had always been. He employed no secretaries or clerks to first interview those who desired to see him. The poorest and most obscure citizen apparently could secure just as much of his time and hearing as the most popular college president.

He had the deepest contempt, which he did not hesitate to express, for the modern conventionalities of life with all of its follies. He boasted that he had never spent a dollar foolishly except once when he went to the theater, which he was heartily ashamed of afterwards. He attended no horse races, and society scandals and the cheap gossip that interests cheap minds he did not allow to engross his mind in the least. He was a fine exponent of those sturdy, simple virtues that laid the foundation for our nation's greatness fifty and seventy-five years ago.

Dr. Pearsons His Own Executor.

It was Dr. Pearsons' ambition to be his *own* executor. He frequently said to me that he did not propose to leave anything for the lawyers to squabble over. When he gave several of his latest gifts he stipulated that he should receive a certain percentage as life annuity. These were paid regularly and of

course ceased at his death. Since his death, as far as I know, no one has yet discovered that he left any money whatsoever except the few dollars that he had upon his person.

The *Chicago Tribune*, commenting editorially upon this feature of his life, said: "Dr. Pearsons' example was a striking and a widely beneficent one, and will preserve his memory well. Public gifts usually are reserved until after the death of the giver, a plan which results in many miscarriages and diversions of the donor's purpose. Dr. Pearsons did his own giving after mature consideration, and no legal technicality defeated him."

At Dr. Pearsons' funeral many of the college presidents whose schools had been benefited by his money were present to offer their tribute. Among them was President Frost of Berea, Ky., whose school had received half a million, and President Eaton of Beloit College, who had received another half million. These men spoke tenderly of how Dr. Pearsons' wealth had helped them to spell out their struggling ideals.

Dr. Pearsons' tall and erect figure had become a well-known personality in the Hinsdale sanitarium. He always had a good word for the institution and all who were connected with it; and although many of the institutions which he had endowed so lavishly earnestly desired to make him a home, his faith in the simple, rational principles that are upheld in the Hinsdale sanitarium led him to select this institution as his last home on earth.

I wish to commend to all of our readers Dr. Pearsons' principle to be his *OWN EXECUTOR*, rather than to have your will frustrated by unforeseen circumstances after you are dead. If you are becoming advanced in years and have no other definite convictions as to the disposition of your property, but wish to receive a *definite* fixed annuity upon the same while you are alive, we will be glad to offer you some suggestions and further information upon this important subject.

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.

Helping the Maimed, the Halt and the Blind

Mrs. Hannah L. Swanson

528 Thirty-third Pl., Chicago.

AT present we have eight in the home who are not paying anything. Of course they are helping to do the work. But we furnish them stamps, stationery and carfare, and in many instances we clothe them. We have them clean, make over and press the clothing that has been sent in to us.

We have a very interesting family. We take in the maimed, the halt and the blind. One old lady is with us now who can hardly walk. We have not yet had any one who was blind, but many of them are blind spiritually. We hold up the Saviour to them, who can open their eyes and cause them to see.

They are all, with the exception of one, interested in our Bible studies and in our worship. This one is a very bright woman who has studied a great deal. She told me she had never learned to read the Bible as she has since she has been with us. Still she sort of rebels against the Spirit of God. But I have not given her up.

I often think of my family, as I call them, and I believe I get a glimpse of how Moses felt when he asked the Lord to blot him out of His book if need be, but save the people. I am so anxious for some of my people here to be saved that I just feel that way.

A lady got a baby from our home. I knew the woman was not a Christian, but was a good woman and wanted to do right. I prayed a great deal about it before I let her take the baby. I said, "Lord, You let her take the baby if it will be the means of my reaching her soul." She is now studying the Bible with me and is a consecrated woman, truly converted. She said, "I have fully decided to follow God."

Through her we met another woman with seven children. They never had a Bible in their home. She was a school teacher but married a man who drinks, and has to stay at home with all these children. We are now giving Bible readings in her home. How good it would be if this woman could get the Lord in her heart and bring up her children in the right way.

There is a man I met in the jail a few months ago who lives in that same neighborhood. I called on his wife the other day. He was converted in the jail and has not been drinking for three months. The woman herself is really not converted but they pray in the home and the woman knows her husband has gotten something. He is a traveling salesman and does not come home drunk like he used to. The little boy just loves to see his papa get down and pray.

What a work there is to be done in this great city! I want to praise God for the results we are getting. What we need now is a consecrated visiting nurse. It is so hard to get just the one who really wants to do that, let come what will. I wish some one would get a call of God to be a visiting nurse. Such a person could do a glorious work among the sick poor of this city and her reward would be a treasure in heaven that she would be glad to meet.

The day before yesterday a woman came to us from the Bridewell prison. We have three at present from the Bridewell. I am having a little trouble with them because two of them knew each other in prison.

One is a bright woman; was a traveling saleslady for a large house and had never been poor until this thing happened to her. She says she does not drink, but the officers say she does. She told me that she had spent enough months in the Bridewell to make two years altogether. She has been mistreated and has not had a home, and when she comes out of the prison has had no place to go and consequently was arrested again. The last time she came out she was told by the probation officer to come to our place. He said we were a plain people and it was a plain place but the Spirit of God was there.

We have taken one or two men into our home and one is now converted. He is studying the Bible and is an earnest, quiet man, and I believe in time is going to be one of God's workers.

“A People Spoiled and Plundered”

Caroline Louise Clough

I N the Harrison street police station where we hold gospel services every Sunday morning we find the worst dregs of humanity. But we also find those who really have a spark of hope left in their hearts. To accomplish anything in this work we must have the Spirit of Christ in our hearts and lives. So the first thing we do before we begin our services is to get together and have a word of prayer that the Lord may help and make our work prosperous. I feel this prayer is so important that should we omit it I would not want to go on with the services.

Since January first we have been able to bring the living salvation of Christ to some six hundred people, and of that number about four hundred have raised their hands for prayer. It is astonishing how many of these people actually *want* to do right,—nearly every one of them. Once in a while we find some who are thoroughly bad, who care nothing for religious things, but the majority of them desire something better. But their bad habits and the way they have been living have woven cords about them until they are *bound* by the devil, and nothing but the power of God can loose them.

There are many characters I have met in this work that have made a lasting impression on my mind. I think I shall never get away from some of them. I remember one young woman who was apparently not more than twenty-five years of age but had gotten to the end of her rope, and as I saw her lying there in the dark cell she was the picture of despair. As I asked her if she wanted our prayers I will never forget her eyes as she looked at me,—how pathetic they were and how appealing, and she said, “Yes, pray for me.”

Then last Sunday a young man was lying on the cold floor. The doctor said he had not long to live,—stricken down in the bloom of youth all because of sin. The next morning he was found dead in the cell. I trust that some of the songs which we sang softly

by the bars reached his heart and led him to make peace with his Maker before it was too late.

I think it was a week ago last Sunday I met a middle-aged man in a cell who raised his hand for prayer. He had tried time and again to live a clean upright life, but drink had downed him every time. He was a periodical drinker; would go well for a time and then would give up to drink. This was his first experience in jail. I asked him if he wanted me to pray and he said, “Yes, do pray for me.” It seemed he realized his utter helplessness.

I was glad I could tell him there was a Power that could come into his life and save him from the awful curse of drink. I also told him of the necessity of a simple diet and what it can accomplish for the drunkard. I told him about the man some years ago who had stood up thirty different times and professed conversion in the Pacific Garden mission and every time went back. Finally he came to our mission and our folks put him on a simple non-irritating diet, and then he had no desire for liquor whatsoever. But one day he wanted to get a square meal and after satisfying himself on highly spiced food and meat he went straight from there to a saloon and soon went to pieces. It is possible to live in such a way as to eliminate the desire for drink.

I want to tell you just a word or two about the work in the girls’ annex. Here we find from ten to twenty young women held for various reasons. I often think of the importance of giving ourselves, our lives, to God early in life instead of throwing away our best years for the devil as some of these young women have already begun to do.

I am reminded of the story of the young woman who was standing on the door-step of her home visiting with a girl friend when a messenger brought her a bouquet of flowers. As she eagerly opened the package she was astonished to find the flowers all wilted and

withered. But she was more amazed to read the note accompanying, written by an esteemed Christian friend, to the effect that she had kept the flowers and gotten all the good she could out of them before giving them to her.

When the young woman sought an explanation for such a seemingly discourteous act she was confronted with a mighty object lesson which I trust every boy or girl reading these lines will take to heart.

The woman who sent the flowers had overheard the young woman make the remark in a revival meeting that she would not give her heart to Jesus, she was going to have a good time first enjoying the pleasures of life, then later she would settle down. She determined to do what so many young people are doing—spending the very best years of their lives for self, expecting to give the fragments of a mis-spent life to their Saviour. How rude to hand your Maker nothing but a useless and withered bouquet of flowers!

The girls we meet in the annex have already begun to have their "good time" and have

soon come to grief. They express their desire for our prayers, and when we ask for a show of hands, almost every hand goes up. A couple of Sundays ago a young woman raised her hand among the others. The next Sunday I found this same young woman there, and when we had a little testimony service I was so glad to hear her get up and tell how much the Lord had done for her the past week since she had given her heart to God. I trust that a lasting good may be accomplished in that girl's life.

We are trying to follow our Master who said, "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." We want to live as He lived. It was said of Him, He "went about doing good," and so it is our desire to go about doing good to those in out-of-the-way places. Christ did not confine His labors to the synagogue, but taught the people wherever they were gathered together. I believe it is just as much our duty to carry the gospel to those in out-of-the-way places as on the boulevards.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

PEARL WAGGONER.

"Be ye holy," saith the Bible,—
Does it mean a creed that's sad?
Must we give up all our pleasures,
Things that make us here most glad?
Like the hermit must we henceforth
Wander from the world apart,
Severing the ties which bind us
Soul to soul, and heart to heart?

Does it mean that we should carry
Nevermore a smiling face?
Will it make us sad and gloomy
Dwelling on God's love and grace?
Will we notice but the trials
With the which each day is rife,
Letting go the joys and pleasures,
Missing out the best of life?

Will it tend to make us narrow
Or forbidding and austere,
Or the bigoted adherents
Of some doctrine stern and drear?
No, ah, no! His all-wise purpose
Is the very best for man;
There is beauty, joy and sweetness
In the yielding to His plan.

Lift your eyes and see the beauty
All around you. Earth is filled
With His goodness,—yet it carries
Out the thing that He has willed.
Naught in nature's realm resisteth
God's great purpose or His power;
As result, behold its verdure,
Budding trees, and fragrant flower.

See the verdant, rolling meadows,
See the starry heavens above,
Or the sunlight warm and tender,—
All, expression of His love.
Hear the music of the woodland,
Hear the songbird's gladsome trill;
Oh, the earth is full of beauty,
Look or listen where you will!

See the art—the wondrous picture—
In the storm-cloud passing by;
Read the poem now emblazoned
On the glorious sunset sky;
Breathe the fragrance of the zephyrs,
Feel the soft and cooling breeze;
Not a thing in God's dominion
But is made to cheer and please.

Think you then that if you let Him
Work His same good will in you
It can bring you aught but gladness,
Glorifying all you do?
Like the lily in its beauty
'Tis His will that you should grow,—
Adding to the world's enjoyment,
Lightening its weight of woe.

"Be ye holy." Can we be it
In a world so full of sin?—
Just by letting One who's holy
Live His perfect life within.
Let Him in, while He is pleading
At your heart's now closed door!
He will fill your life with beauty,
Joy and peace for evermore.

A Word from the Six Months' Students

A REPORT from some of the students in the Chicago city workers' training class who completed their work April 6 will be of interest to our readers. Those who have reported have expressed the feelings of those who have not. Twenty-two substantial women completed this course of training. The next six-months' course will begin in October.

Realized Her Need of This Training.

It will be impossible for me to tell you how much I enjoy this class work. I had just a glimpse of what it might mean. As we have gone into the deep things of the Bible and the simple methods for the care of the sick and as the message has come from time to time of the work that we are called to do especially in the large cities, the importance of my being properly trained for work has impressed itself strongly upon me.

In answer to prayer we will meet just the people we should meet. This has impressed me more and more with the importance of giving all I am to God's work in the future. If we do not finish this class and go forward we will backslide. MRS. H. W. ODELL.

Better Prepared for Better Work.

I am very thankful that I made up my mind last fall to take this course. I have tried to be faithful in coming every day. I recognized the fact that I needed a special fitting up that I have never had before.

I can not find words to express my thankfulness for what I have gotten in this class. I shall make a good use of it. I want to be a more faithful worker and better prepared for better work. MRS. N. H. RICHMOND.

Just the Training for a Foreign Field.

I had no idea of taking this class when I came to Chicago as I did not know about it. It seems to me my life has been made up of beginnings. I did not know anything thoroughly, but since we are going to a foreign field this six-months' class has been the finishing touch and just what I needed. The Bible and the medical missionary work you can not separate. There is one lady I have not given readings to for three weeks because every time I go there she is sick and I have had to give her treatments instead.

A week ago I found her suffering with her eye and I said, "Let me take you down town and have a physician look after it." She had been blind for years and her eye was inflamed and pained her. Today I gave her a little treatment and she said, "You do that so much gentler than my son."

I saw the house was upset and I said, "Let me clean up." She said, "My mending is not done." So I picked up the needle and gave her a Bible reading while I darned her son's socks. She said, "I would rather you would do that than mop the floor for my son likes to wear neat socks. The days you come to see me are so bright."

That is the way it goes. You can hardly go into a home but what you find somebody sick. They are in pain and appreciate having something done for them before reading the Bible to them.

I appreciate what I have gotten here. It has been good, solid, first-class instruction. I hope that every one will wake up to the importance of this work. It has been in the background too much. They will not be converted to it until they see what we do.

MRS. H. U. STEVENS.

Has Found Opportunity to Care for the Dying.

This six-months' course has been a Godsend to me. The Lord has certainly blessed me here. I learned as I have never known before the power of prayer in caring for the sick. A few weeks ago I stood by the bedside of a young man about twenty years of age who was dying. I knew from my experience with him that he was not ready to meet God but the Lord gave me a few moments to talk with this young man about his soul's salvation.

MRS. EDNA COLLIER.

Knows It Is a Work of God.

This class work has been a great help to me. I have enjoyed it every day, both the Bible and the nursing. I do want to put it into practice. It is the Lord's work and He has led out in this. If we give ourselves over into the Lord's hands He will direct us. I am going to put it into practice.

HATTIE ACKERMAN.

Had a Rich Experience.

I am thankful for this opportunity. The Lord brought me here. I have had many blessed experiences and the Lord has helped me in a wonderful way. I have enjoyed the class work, study and everything. I have been out with my magazines and I have had opportunity to help the sick. My greatest desire is to put this into practice. I want to do what the Lord wants me to do.

ESTHER LOVGREN.

"Felt Impressed to Do It."

When I heard about this six-months' course it seemed to me an opportunity that I must not miss. I began with the last class and then I took a little baby to care for. I had to drop out on account of him but I made up my mind that I would try to take up the next class. So far I have not missed a lesson. It has been hard for me to get here but the Lord has helped me by sending a young girl to help look after my baby. Some people said to me, "What do you want to take that class for?" I said, "I am in the Lord's hands and I feel impressed to do it." I am more than thankful I have been able to come here. I have enjoyed all my classes and all the instruction I have received.

MRS. GRACE ROSENTHAL.

An Answer to Prayer.

My heart goes out to God in praise. I believe this class has been an answer to my prayer. For two years I have prayed God to help me to get just this training. The next day after I heard of it I came over. I really needed to take this class. God has blessed me in many instances. I have gotten into many homes I would not have gotten into but for this medical knowledge.

MRS. ELIZABETH HARVEY.

Followed the Voice.

I am very thankful to the Lord for the little part I have had in this work. When I thought of coming here my friends said, "You are too old, you can not learn anything now." I said, "The Lord will take care of that." I followed the Voice and the Lord blessed me every step of the way. It has kept me on my knees a great deal. I have enjoyed the prayers here but I must be alone

with the Lord in order to get close connection with Him.

I enjoy the work with the magazines. I am not able to do Bible work as I can not hear readily. I have had wonderful experiences in the office buildings with the men I meet there. It is not the money I want but I want to tell them that Jesus is coming soon and they are to get ready. When I go out and ask the Lord to go before me, if I am put out of one place, I say, "Lord, all right. You have another place for me."

The other evening I had finished my work and I had five papers left. I waited for a car to go home and when it came the car went right by me. I turned and went down the street and there I met a girl I had been pleading with to give up her sinful life; she told me that she had been living right ever since she had met me before. Then I went on and sold my papers. I do not know what I shall do in the future, but I am in the Lord's hands.

MRS. BELLE KERSHAW.

Any one desiring information concerning the next six-months' course of training in the Chicago City Medical Missionary Training School, which begins next October, can receive the same by addressing Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

"WHY DON'T PAPA COME HOME?"

(From the Columbus, Ohio, Penitentiary.)

"At the present I am enjoying good health and getting along nicely. I am being kept daily through the grace of God, and through His love and mercy I expect to reach safely the outside again. I strive towards that which is good, daily practicing habits that will be beneficial to me in my future life.

"I had a nice letter from my little girl this week. I am glad she is being well taken care of, in a good Christian home, surrounded by friends and loved ones. That is one of the hardest things of my time I have had to bear: her inquiry, 'Why don't papa come home?' She is too young to realize what kind of a place this is.

"May success in your chosen work in the Master's service be crowned with God's richest blessing, is my earnest prayer."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS TO LIFE BOAT AGENTS.

[Compiled from the Experience of Successful Workers.]

THE LIFE BOAT is a good medium through which to reach the people with the gospel and find a place in their hearts.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Adapt yourself to circumstances.

Be wide-awake.

Never get insulted.

Never get angry.

Pray, pray, pray, and work from principle.

Earnest prayer is the most important element in selling this magazine.

Pray for success and walk close to the Master.

Pray, not only in the morning before starting out, but while walking along the street and before ringing the bell or rapping at the door, lift your heart to God in prayer.

Work as one that will have to give an account of your stewardship.

If you are honest with God He will put words into your mouth and you will always know what to say.

Jesus grew in favor with God and man, and if we are His representatives we will do the same.

Be very careful to rightly represent the cause you stand for.

Take a real interest in people you meet.

Above all things, be courteous, which really means, be Christ-like in your dealings. Neatness in dress and a courteous manner go a long ways toward winning the confidence and respect of your customers.

Always be cheerful. A pleasant greeting and a kind word coupled with modesty and self-respect will win friends from every class of people.

One must be business-like, short, and right to the point.

One of the requisites is to thoroughly know your paper. Be familiar with every article and the page on which it is found, so you can turn to it readily.

You must be interested in the paper you are selling.

Experience, fine words and good clothes are not essential for success, but *faith in God* and the *Spirit of God in the heart* are what move the work along and give you *power*.

One must have the heart in the work and confidence in the literature sold.

Do not under any circumstances sell the magazine merely for the money there is in it. Your customers will detect your real motive.

If your motive is not a selfish one, and your desire is to do good, God will bless your efforts.

It is important to have an interest in the souls of those who buy.

Always speak a kind, cheerful word and do not reproach any one for his sins.

The magazine work opens many doors for the soul winner to enter.

By selling this magazine we can find those who are starving for God's word.

Never leave a person without dropping some word of hope and encouragement or leaving a tract.

It is well to carry along a few small tracts to give away where they do not buy.

If you are situated so you can work your territory every month be sure to state the first time that you will come again each month. Nine times out of ten they will be ready for you the second time.

Do not say, "It might have been," but say, "IT YET SHALL BE."

AN APPRECIATIVE WORD.

"Your letter informing me that THE LIFE BOATS were again on the way to visit me lies before me. Ah, yes, they have reached me, and I assure you they were read with interest, even to the back numbers. Each one seems to be the best. Thank you for those back numbers.

"It seems as THE LIFE BOAT grows in years it grows better, and it is truly fitted for a life of usefulness. In it is food for all classes of society. All may read it and be benefited thereby. All may drink long and deep from those pages of purity, cleanliness and spirituality, and rejoice because there is a pressing on toward good things continually before you from the first page to the last one."

EDUCATING THE NATIVES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

W. H. HAMILTON.

[The following letter was received from Bro. Hamilton who recently visited the industrial school conducted by Prof. Herbert Owen in Siguatepeque, C. A. Bro. Hamilton will soon return to Central America to connect with the school.—Ed.]

I found the natives everywhere we went very kind and friendly, even giving up their beds and sleeping on the floor that they might show their friendliness toward us.



The Missionaries Traveling in Honduras.

From about twenty towns and villages personal appeals have come to Professor Owen to come and open schools.

One experience I had in my visit to Comayagua, a town of 6,000 inhabitants, I would like to mention. Having business to transact with a wealthy French merchant, and having been told that he would direct us to a suitable place to stop, Bro. Snow, my traveling companion, and I found the gentleman, who on learning that we were from the school kindly invited us to his home, where we were royally entertained by himself and native wife. In the evening we were joined by two other gentlemen. Many questions were asked about our school and its work, and I found these men well informed about what was being done.

Our host said: "I have a son and daughter in Hamburg, Germany, attending school. I am going to bring them home during the coming year, and send them to *your* school to learn English. Why don't you people come here and start a school?" I asked him how many scholars he could get us. "Three or four hundred," he answered. The people want American teachers to teach them English, and the government officials wish the people to learn better farming methods, and are willing to help in the work.

What does it mean to us that twenty towns are calling for our teachers, "who," as they express it, "will make good men and women out of our children?" They are familiar with the fact that we condemn tobacco and liquor which is the curse of that country. Many know that we are a religious body. They know that their children are being taught about Jesus.

Christian songs are sung to open the school. Then the teacher questions them about Jesus, and why He had to die, and about His coming again, and their answers show that they understand what they have been singing about.

On Sabbath I went with the teachers on their regular singing tour, visiting a number of homes and singing in Spanish the sweet songs of Zion. How I wish you could have heard their thanks and seen their faces. These teachers also visit and nurse the sick, sometimes being called out several times in a day to relieve suffering. They are doing this for Jesus' sake, not for a large salary.

I found on looking over the treasurer's statement for the last seven months that none of the teachers had drawn much more than enough to pay postage—just getting their board, which is of the plainest kind, and yet they are happy in their work, with no desire to leave, though at times they have been embarrassed because of the need of funds. God has had a care for them. One instance I will relate, as it is the latest.

A wealthy Englishman, part owner of one of the steamship lines plying between the United States and Honduras, visiting Siguatepeque, stopped at the home of a German

merchant, whose children attend our school, and being told of the work there and how they were handicapped for facilities, said, "I know about these people and their work." He gave 1,000 pesos (\$400.00 gold), to the school. This gift, unsolicited and without the knowledge of any one at the school, shows plainly to my mind that God will put it into the hearts of men of the world to give of their means to finish the work that we are neglecting to do.

We want Christian families to come to Honduras as self-supporting missionaries to



A Native Woman Forging the River on Her Way to Market. Honduras.

help teach the natives to farm, and to live Christian lives before them. We also want teachers to learn the Spanish language with a view to starting other schools. We need money to properly equip the school and farm and to help support the workers until the work becomes self-supporting, to which end those connected with the school are earnestly and faithfully working.

Pray that God will bless this work and speedily send laborers into this needy field that has so providentially been opened.

A FEW WORDS FROM PRISON OFFICIALS.

We give here a few extracts from prison officials' letters. This number goes to press before we receive returns from the special prisoners' number, which will be reported in the July LIFE BOAT.

From the warden of the California State Prison:

"THE LIFE BOAT is eagerly sought for by a large number of our inmates, and there is no question but what it has been the means of encouraging many of them to lead better lives."

From the chaplain of the Kentucky Penitentiary:

"We will be under many obligations to you for the gift, and I will see to it personally that the proper persons read THE LIFE BOAT. We can use five hundred copies and will appreciate beyond measure your placing us on your mailing list."

The chaplain of the Albany County (N. Y.) Penitentiary writes:

"No publication, to my way of thinking, reaches men and women better than this Boat of rescue. Its whole makeup is for the uplift and help of the sinful and fallen.

"It has been a saver of life to some of my men and women. I do not know of a publication that seems to touch them so close as your LIFE BOAT."

From the chaplain of the Iowa Penitentiary:

"You sent us one hundred copies last year, and I can use twice that number if you can let us have them. THE LIFE BOAT is always welcomed by the men."

CHEERS HIS FELLOW MEN.

(From the New York State Prison.)

"Your most welcome letter received and it makes me feel as though I have at heart one friend.

"I also received THE LIFE BOAT which you so considerately sent me. * * * I derived a lot of good from it, and I am going out of here with a firm resolution by God's help to stand any test which may be put to me. I know it is not going to be any easy thing, as I expect to have my troubles; but with God's help I will win.

"I passed THE LIFE BOAT to about a dozen of my fellow men, and if you could only see how it was appreciated I know it would have made you feel happy. Every man I let read it requested me to be sure and let him read every copy I get. So you see it also makes me feel happy to know I am cheering my fellow men up; for God knows some of them need it, especially the life men and still others with thirty and forty years before them with no prospects of ever seeing the outside world again. No matter in what straits a person is, he can always look around him and see some one in a worse position than himself."

AS A PRISONER VIEWS IT.

(From the Indiana State Prison.)

"I have your most kind and welcome and helpful letter. I think when one gets old he may hope for many things but really expects little. I was thinking of what you said of King Asa. His heart was perfect but his nature was not. That is the trouble; one has his desires, his appetites and all his natural craving on one side; on the other his surroundings with temptations all around meeting him often when he is clear off his guard.

"I have read the epistles of John. All his writings are full of love. He makes it very plain that without the Saviour there could be no Christianity. Paul says without Jesus to teach the Word to us is worse than foolishness. I do not think there could be anything better than the fifth to eighth chapters of Romans.

"Oh, if a man could only face this disgrace down in one day or week or even a month, and be through with it and not have to take it up daily, by the month and by the year.

"I receive THE LIFE BOAT. Please do not think because I do not talk much about it that I do not think of it with thanks. Please write when you can."

PREPARE NOW TO AVOID THE FLY SEASON.

During the months of May and June is the time to fight flies. The large blue fly that comes out from its winter's retreat is getting ready to hatch out thousands of its kind. Be sure to kill off the first flies that appear in the spring and you will not be so liable to have any flies to fight in August.

A leading Chicago daily gives the following good advice about flies:

"Now, as the warm weather comes, the flies that have lived through the winter move and show themselves. On the window pane here and there you see them awake now *ready and eager to produce millions of flies for the summer crop.* The flies of the summer and fall, the flies that are to spread disease and keep disease alive, the flies that go out of doors to the piles of filth and bring the disease germs to the food that your children eat—millions and hundreds of millions of flies—will be born from the few flies that have lived through the winter and that struggle now against the pane to get out and begin their favorite industry of fly raising. When you destroy one fly living today you will destroy a thousand flies that would live later. Every fly destroyed today means so much less distribution of disease through the coming summer. And when you destroy a thousand flies that would live later *you prevent the distribution of millions of disease germs by the thousand flies.* Killing flies now, killing flies at any time, you protect the lives of children, you protect your health. And you bring nearer the day when human beings shall have conquered their real enemies—which we now know are not the tigers, the lions, the serpents or the extinct monsters, *but the deadly germs of disease that travel about on the spongy, sticky feet of flies and poison the food of the children.*

"Be a fly-killer. active and relentless."

"A MUSTARD SEED IN JAPAN."

This charming book by Wm. Merrell Vories giving account of his remarkable experience in planting the gospel in Omi, Japan, can be secured by sending us one dollar for two yearly subscriptions to The Life Boat. With a little effort you can secure this charming book. You will never regret it.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



ANOTHER SIX-MONTHS' COURSE.

The first of next October there will be organized in Chicago another six-months' course of practical medical missionary training. During these six months will be given the most important and essential portions of a nurses' course and a most practical and vital glimpse of how to open the Bible to others.

This course of training is especially intended for mature women who already have a sound, substantial Christian experience, who have neither time nor opportunity to spend several years in training, who desire in a few months' time to be prepared to do practical work for their fellow men. Write for full information.

HOW TO START A REVIVAL.

We have reached the time of the year when many of the leading churches close their doors for the summer. The pastors and other evangelistic workers go on their summer vacation.

But do not forget that the devil and his forces do not shut up shop during the heated season. Every den of iniquity, the pleasure resorts, the saloons and every other device for leading men astray are running at full blast, working overtime.

Have you faith enough to believe that God can save souls in summer time just as certainly as that the devil can demoralize them? If so, will you pray for a revival in your community? Will you enlist others in similar prayer? Pray that God may in a special manner work by His Spirit to reach certain, definite, human souls, and be prepared to co-operate as God gives you opportunity. Do this and before the summer is over you will have grateful reason for knowing that God hears and answers prayer.

A *useful* life can be *entirely* peaceful and carefree.

WHAT DETECTIVE BURNS SAID.

Recently I had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Burns, the noted detective, relate some of his interesting experiences while unearthing the San Francisco graft cases and later the Los Angeles dynamite cases. One statement that particularly impressed me was the remark that Providence was *always* on the side of right; that no matter how careful a crook, scoundrel or thief might be, in every case he was compelled to leave a trail behind him that was readily recognized by a careful observer.

The extensive experience of this man had led him to the absolute conviction that Providence has to be reckoned with in human affairs. Have you as a Christian worker from personal experience come to the *same* conclusion? If not, why not? "In *all* thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall *direct* thy paths." Prov. 3:6.

A FEW MORE CAN COME TO HINSDALE.

A few more can be accepted into the new missionary nurses' class which begins this month at the Hinsdale sanitarium. Such persons should be twenty years of age, have nine grades of school work and a genuine Christian experience. If the Lord has been stirring up your heart on this subject heed this call, even at the eleventh hour. Write *immediately* for application blank and further information.

AIR FULL OF CONFUSING MESSAGES.

One thing that made it so hard to get any satisfactory information immediately following the Titanic disaster was the fact that the air was so full of wireless messages that it was confusing to distinguish one from the other.

Have we not all found, some time when God was trying to reach us with one of His

divine messages, our spiritual atmosphere seemed equally full of confusing messages? There was personal inclination like in Jonah's case bidding us go in one direction; the advice of our friends perhaps urging us in another direction; popular opinion and custom in still another.

At such a time it is important that we should by earnest prayer and the study of the Bible get our minds so in tune with heaven that we can catch the heavenly message above all these other confusing messages. For "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Jer. 10:23.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED.

There is room for a hundred more LIFE BOAT agents. Why not send for ten copies at wholesale rates, take them out in your community, sell them at retail, thus earning a commission, and at the same time be putting live, interesting, soul-winning reading matter in the hands of the people?

Do not overlook this opportunity. If you have had no experience begin. That is the way others did. You can't tell what God will do for you until you try.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO SUBSCRIBE.

If THE LIFE BOAT has been a blessing to you it would also be a blessing to your friends. They do not know about it and you do. Will you share it with them? Let them one at a time read your copy, then ask them to subscribe. Tell them that it is the lowest priced magazine on the market, and the only one of its kind. By so doing you may be putting the leaven of missionary activity into their lives. Do it and do it now. The devil will always be on hand to keep any of God's children from doing even the least bit of missionary work. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

GETTING INTO THE WORK.

How often we hear young Christians say that they propose leaving their present work to engage in the cause of God. Such persons invariably overlook the fact that God *surrounds* every individual, no matter where, with a fringe of missionary opportunities; and he who *overlooks* these is not

likely to find fruitful opportunities anywhere. God says, "Whatsoever *thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might*" (Eecl. 9.10), rather than what we hear of beyond our immediate reach.

The world is becoming more and more suspicious of the professional type of missionaries. But he who can spell out the missionary spirit while engaged in the most ordinary work is securing the finest preparation possible for a still larger field of opportunities.

"The humblest worker, moved by the holy Spirit, will touch invisible chords whose vibrations will ring to the ends of the earth and make melody through eternal ages."

DO YOU BECOME ELOQUENT WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY?

I often hear young people, and some older people for that matter, insist when asked to say something to build up the cause of Christ in the earth, that they can not say anything, they have *no gift* of speech.

In several instances I have observed when these same people became thoroughly angry as a result of some provocation they at once developed a remarkable flow of language—in fact became *eloquent*. They had no difficulty in finding words to express their thoughts.

That only goes to show that if these people would permit themselves to become as thoroughly inspired by the Spirit of God as they were by the spirit of anger they would have no trouble in saying something. What has been your own experience in this matter?

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

Have you any positive evidence of a personal walk with God?

Have you ever felt definitely concerned over the spiritual condition of another human being?

Have you at any time prayed for such a one, or in any other way sought to bring him to Christ? And if so, with what result?

Have you had any *personal* experience in

direct divine guidance in any of your affairs? Do you know that there is such a thing as knowing the mind of God regarding your own program?

If you have no answer to these questions do you know of one or more Spirit-filled persons in whose Christian experience you have every reason to have confidence? If so, I would suggest that you ask them to unite with you in prayer and you will certainly receive light.

We have entered troublous times, and a *half-hearted* Christian experience can no longer meet the demands of the times. Take your Bible and go off by yourself and seek God earnestly. Tell Him your great need, believe He accepts you, ask Him to show you what it means to surrender fully to Him, to let Him come in and rule your life. You may have to cut out something, but it will only be those things that you will wish you had left behind when you reach the end of the journey.

Do not become discouraged if you do not make rapid progress at first. The Lord does not expect much of you; He remembers you are but dust. But He will begin to plant in your life a love for others, and as you begin to serve Him this love will increase.

The Lord will help you to find promises in the Bible that will seem sweet to you. Do not cease your determination until you have definite evidence of a personal communion with God. Those who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled. Plead with God as if your mortal life was at stake. Go after this thing honestly and sincerely and God will hear you; you will find the heavenly treasure and become really and genuinely converted.

As you make a full surrender to God today you will have to make a new one tomorrow and another one the day after, for as you receive new light you will discover new things to give up. You will also be confronted with new difficulties and new temptations; but as your days are so shall your strength be.

Order extra copies of this number to hand to your friends.

NEWS FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Prof. A. H. Hallock of Hawthorne, Wis., visited Hinsdale recently.

Dr. W. B. Holden of Portland, Ore., who was formerly connected with the Life Boat medical mission in Chicago, visited Hinsdale while passing through Chicago.

Dr. F. A. Loope, medical superintendent of the Wabash Valley Sanitarium, La Fayette, Ind., called at the sanitarium.

Mrs. P. L. Larson of the Madison, Wis., sanitarium visited friends in Hinsdale. Mrs. Larson was accompanied by Miss Julia Zahn.

Dr. James Erkenbeck, who with his family have recently arrived in Chicago from Mexico, visited the sanitarium in Hinsdale. Dr. Erkenbeck was compelled to leave Mexico on account of the revolution.

Nature Beautiful is doing her best to make the sanitarium grounds attractive. Supplemented by the efforts of the landscape gardener, the rolling lawns are fast becoming a most inviting spot for both sick and well alike. The patronage has been heavy, new people arriving every day.

Prof. and Mrs. C. L. Stone, from the Bethel Academy, Bethel, Wis., made a pleasant call at headquarters recently.

William Goodell Frost, president of Berea College, Berea, Ky., and C. C. Creegan of the Fargo (D. C.) College, were entertained at the sanitarium and spoke at the occasion of Dr. D. K. Pearsons' funeral in the Congregational church at Hinsdale.

The Life Boat Rescue Home family has had several additions during the past month, while some of the girls have gone out from the home to take positions that were found for them.

During the past month Dr. David Paulson visited Union College, Lincoln, Neb.; Bethel (Wis.) Academy, Berrien Springs College, Cedar Lake, and Holly Academies, Mich., and the Mount Vernon (Ohio) Academy.

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.

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.

Have You a Camera?

Let Me Do Your Developing and Printing

21 years' experience has taught me how to turn out first-class prints with "a finish" to them.

Send me your films and be sure of the best results.

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A post card will bring you my price list.

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The Oxford Text Bible is just a little larger than the ordinary sized pocket Bible, being $5\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. Contains six maps, is beautifully bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges. Furnished free for six 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.

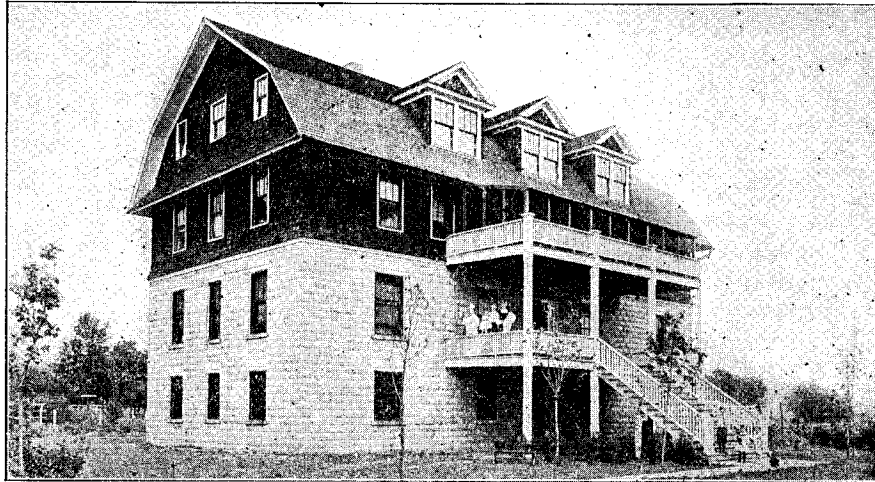
One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

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., gives 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

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

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

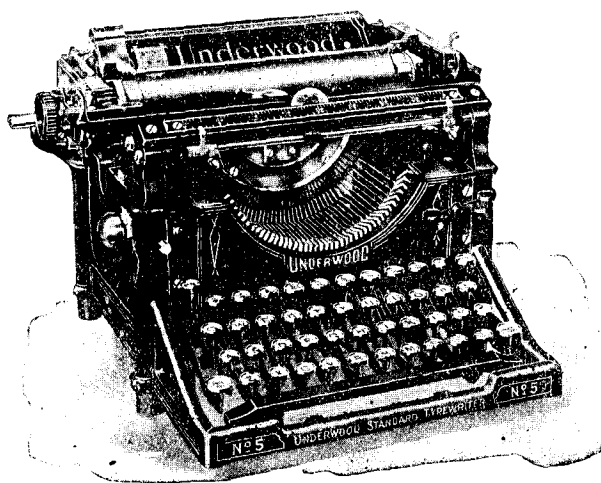
For those who desire to remember this institution in their wills we give here-with a proper legal form for a bequest.

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

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have been sold to the Western Union Telegraph Company for use in all offices throughout its vast organization.



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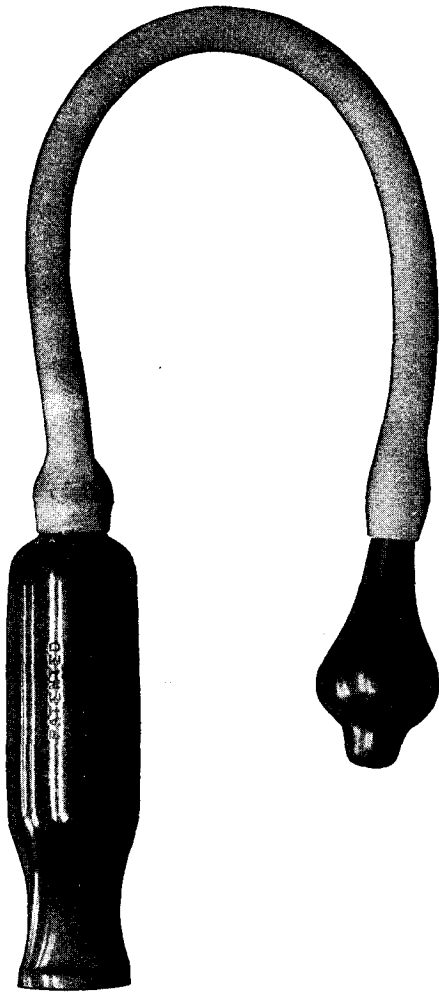
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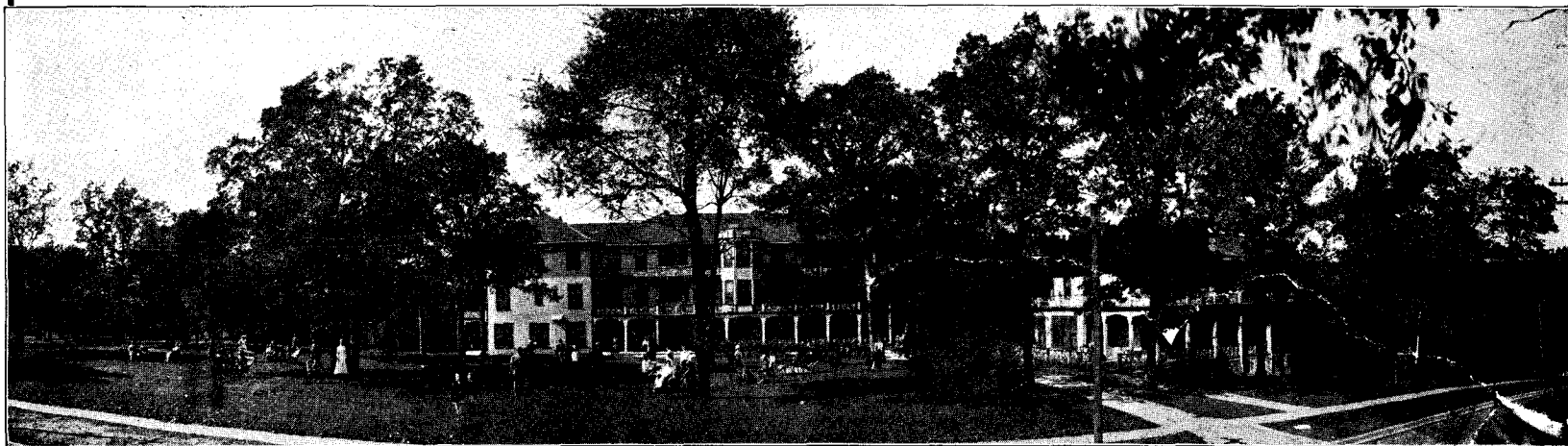
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