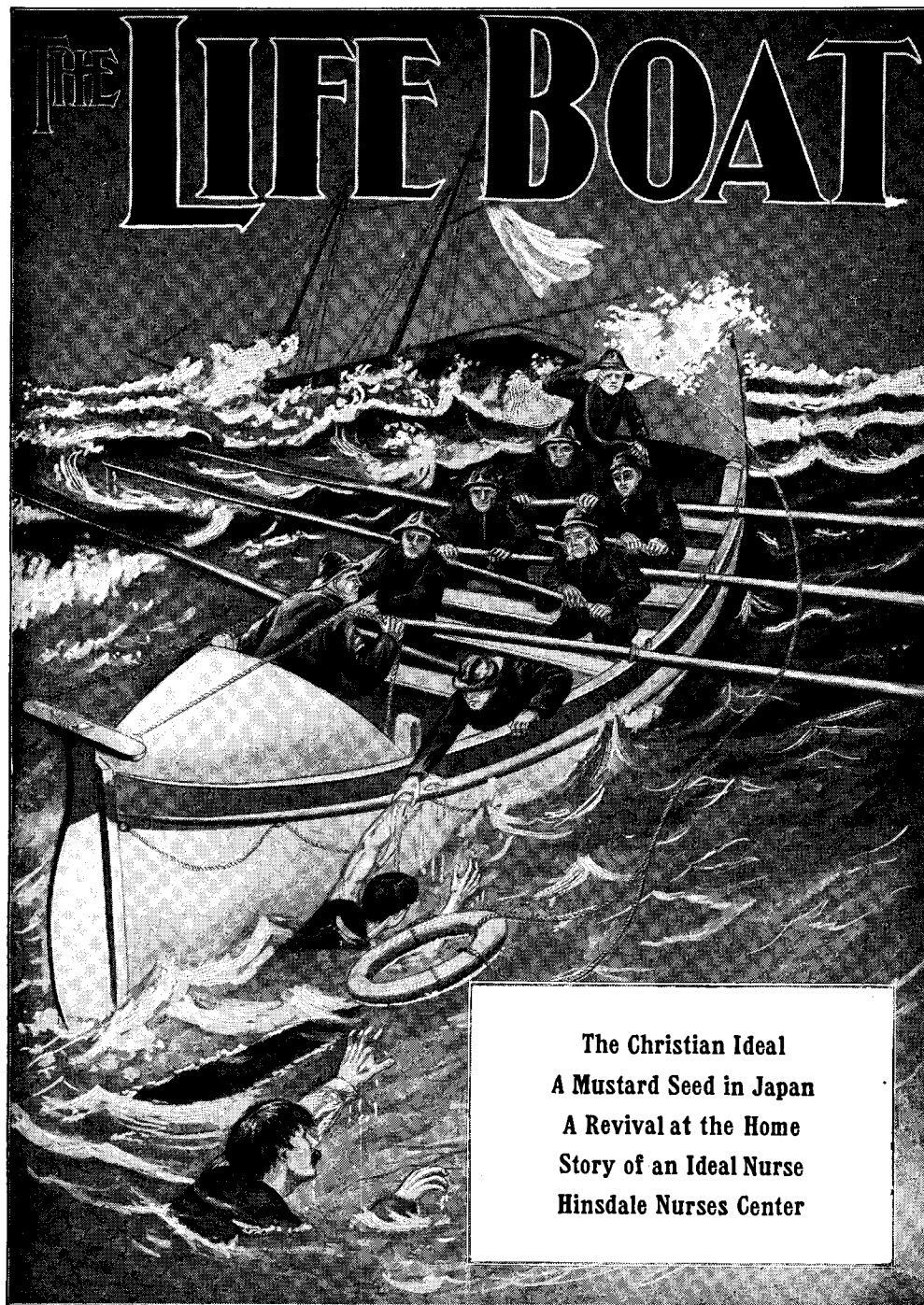


Hinsdale Mid-Winter Convention, Dec. 26-30

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The Christian Ideal
A Mustard Seed in Japan
A Revival at the Home
Story of an Ideal Nurse
Hinsdale Nurses Center

Volume Sixteen
Number Twelve

Hinsdale, Ill.

December, 1913

“Choice Health Hints”—by the Editor

THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM

Endowed by Nature

Equipped by Science



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HINSDALE, ILL.

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THE LIFE BOAT

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Health and Soul-Winning Work.

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Ten cents a copy

*Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the Postoffice at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of
March 8, 1879.*

Volume XVI.

HINSDALE, ILL.

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DECEMBER, 1913

Number 12

Choice Health Hints

David Paulson, M. D.

Good health is the best form of life insurance.

When you sell health for money you exchange wealth for trash.

If you want to have health you must fight those things that cause disease.

Fresh Air and Sunshine

No one has a corner on the air market. There is no fresh air trust.

Your lungs can't be washed, but they can be aired.

You wouldn't offend your stomach with dirty water; then why offend your lungs with filthy air?

A flood of sunshine in the home may fade carpets, but it puts the bloom of health upon your cheeks. Take your choice.

An open window is better than an open grave.

Warm, stuffy rooms have killed more people than ever froze to death.

Those who sleep with their windows open can get along with an hour's less sleep than others. They are that much ahead by breathing fresh air.

One of the most certain ways of producing not only unhealthy blood but also an unhealthy mucous membrane is to poultice the lungs sixteen times a minute with impure air. If you can not open your bedroom windows send for a man to come with an ax to chop another opening, while

you forget to fit a window into it. A better, as well as more heroic plan, is to screen your veranda and fit it up for an outdoor bedroom.

Deep Breathing

You will live longer if you take longer breaths, for you will have better blood.

You ought to practice deep breathing until it seems as natural as saying your prayers, and then you are not far from the kingdom of health.

Deep breathing improves the digestion. Practice it frequently during the day. More die of air starvation than food starvation.

After each meal breathe as deeply as you can ten times in succession, then breathe normally for a minute, then take ten more deep breaths. Increase this by one round every day until you take from three to four hundred deep breaths daily as a regular habit.

Dietetic Suggestions

Do not eat a morsel between meals.

If you keep your digestive mill constantly grinding it will soon wear out.

Food must be well relished in order to be well digested.

Many dietetic errors are due to a low conception of eating.

Avoid iced foods and drinks.

Do not make a cold storage plant out of your stomach.

Many a man feels "put out" because of what he takes in.

Fletcher has well said, "Do not eat when you are mad, or bad, or sad; only when you are glad."

It is not only necessary to bring a good appetite to the table, but it is also important to come with a good state of mind.

Remember your teeth are put in your mouth, not in your stomach; so the first thing to do is to chew. Chew for your lives. If you chew long you will live long; and you will not need to eat so much.

Fletcherize. If you taste your food before you swallow it, you will not have to taste it afterwards.

Eat your bread with gladness.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

When one eats in an ugly, dissatisfied, contemptible, hateful state of mind, he is sinning toward God and is wronging himself. The great ideal is to continue feeling thankful all during the meal.

Drugs, Spices and Condiments.

Intemperate eating is infinitely more common than intemperance in drinking.

"Avoid patent medicines as you would a pestilence."

Use salt sparingly. Condiments should be wholly discarded, because they irritate the stomach, tending to produce gastric and intestinal catarrh.

Tea and coffee are drugs, not foods, and should come from the drug store instead of the kitchen.

Avoid mustard, pepper and highly spiced foods that taste hot when they are cold, for they continue being hot after they are swallowed and even after they are absorbed into the blood. Mustard plasters may properly be applied externally, but they should not be used internally.

It is because we have so little scientific cookery that so many have to resort to mustard, pepper and other fiery condiments and spices. These things that taste hot when they are really cold, that give the palate a twist, also injure the nervous system.

Water Drinking

Do not drink while eating, nor eat while drinking.

If you drink at mealtime you should drink between the mouthfuls instead of with the food.

Drink a glass of water on rising and retiring, an hour before each meal, and one to three hours after eating.

During the winter months many people almost forget to drink water. Such should be reminded that water drinking is simply taking a bath on the inside. The average mortal would live much more comfortably if he drank a larger quantity of water.

Exercise

When we are resting, only one-third of the blood in the body is in the muscles, while when we are exercising two-thirds of it is in the muscles. There is no better way of relieving congestion of internal organs. The benefit of active exercise remains a long time after it has been taken.

There is no better all-round exercise than vigorous, energetic walking. It should be taken with the head erect, chest up, abdomen drawn in, breathing deeply through the nose, maintaining at the same time a cheerful state of mind, trying to be in harmony with nature and nature's God.

A capital way of strengthening the abdominal muscles is to sit well forward in a chair with chest well up, and then tilt forward and backward, raising the knees each time. Do this a few times a day when you have nothing else to do; you will be astonished in a short time how it will strengthen the abdominal muscles, and it is far more important to have strong abdominal muscles than it is to have strong muscles in the arm.

Religion and Health

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

We shall make but little progress in this campaign for better health until our souls are gripped with the great truth that the laws of health are the laws of God, that sickness and suffering are directly or indirectly due to the violation of these laws.

If we cooperate intelligently with God in the restoration of health, making use of such opportunities as are within our reach, discarding such things as God has clearly shown us are wrong, God will give us all the health that He sees in His infinite wisdom we will make good use of in this life; and He will bless to our own good and to the good of His work whatever infirmities He permits us to retain, just as He did in Paul's case. In other words, He will make it work together for our good.

Every invalid should heed the divine injunction, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and have implicit, personal faith in that Power that upholds the universe and has promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND

C. A. RUSSELL,
South Bend, Ind.

[The following is culled from a talk given the Hinsdale workers by Pastor Russell on a recent visit.—Ed.]

Just a moment before the Titanic plunged into the sea there stood a man on the deck perfectly resigned. Another man came up and said, "Don't you know this boat is going down in a minute? I should think you would be doing something to save yourself."

He answered, "What can I do? I have spent my life preparing for just such a time as this."

Then the man said, "Won't you pray for me?"

"It is too late to pray for you," but he unbuckled his life preserver from his own body and buckled it about the form of this other man, and said, "I am not afraid to die."

The man jumped overboard and was picked up by one of the life boats. The boat went down, the minister went with it. Finally he came to the surface and he, too, was picked up.

Upon the deck of the Carpathia, that came to their rescue, the two met. The millionaire said:

"Are you not the man who saved my life?"

"Yes, and now I am willing to pray for you that you may find the peace that I have." And the man thought of his ill-gotten gains, he thought of the restitutions that he would have to make, he thought of the millions he had gotten dishonestly, he thought of what people would say.

He said, "Well, I guess not now." He felt a firm deck under his feet.

Not now. That is the trouble with so many people. Next week, some time, they expect to be Christians. It is worth a thousand fold more to get real well acquainted with our heavenly Father than to secure all the accumulated riches of the world. And I want to tell you from experience that God bears acquaintance. The more you know God the more you love Him.

My friends, how are you going to get acquainted with God? There are some people that I am very well acquainted with. How did I get so well acquainted with them? I talked with them whenever I had opportunity and they talked with me.

That is just the way you get acquainted with the Father, and he bears acquaintance very well. Do you think I would get well acquainted with anyone if after I was first introduced I kept entirely away from him? Why, no. If you expect to get acquainted with the Father talk with him real often. And don't be so selfish as to do all the talking, either. Give Him a chance to talk with you.

Sometimes we are so rushed that we don't take time to talk with God. We say a few hurried words in prayer before going to bed and then up again in the morning and away we go. We don't give God time to talk to us. He will speak to us through this blessed Book if we will study it, and that is the way to get real well acquainted with God.

I am sure that you have proved God many times and you know that He is a God that hears and answers the prayers of his children. The moment a prayer is sent up, He sets in operation the means to answer that prayer. It may take months and years, but our God in His own good time and in His own good way will answer the prayer of his children.



When the Leaves Have Fallen.

Pearl Waggoner

'Tis easy to believe in God
 In springtime's wondrous hour
 When everything in nature proves
 His resurrection power.
 But when the leaves have fallen,
 And all the earth is bare,
 Ah, can you then believe the same,
 And trust His love and care?

In summer-time 'tis easy too
 To trust God's wisdom then,
 When all things good provided seem,
 To gladden hearts of men,—
 When days are filled with beauty,
 And all the world is bright;
 But can you trust when winter comes,
 Or lonely hours of night?

Yet such an hour it was, and night,
 That God His best gift gave
 To show His love for all mankind:
 His Son, who came to save.
 And evermore His kindness
 And love unmoved remain,
 Shown equally by snowy drifts
 Or sheaves of golden grain.

They shine in every sunbeam warm,
 They glisten in the snow,
 Which forms a blanket to protect
 The slumbering life below.
 In every passing season,
 In life's each new event,
 However drear the prospect seems,
 God's love is with it blent.

When springtime joys have all passed by,
 When summer's flowers are dead,
 When warmth is in the air no more,
 And autumn too has fled,
 God lives and loveth ever,
 He still is on His throne;
 And joy unchanging is for those
 Who live by faith alone.



Planting a Mustard Seed In Japan

Wm. Merrell Vories,

Hachiman, Omi, Japan.

[Those of our readers who read in the November number the interesting account of Mr. Vories' experience in starting, single-handed and alone, a successful Christian work in the Omi province, Japan, where he went as a Christian teacher, will be eager to read the remainder of this story as told by him on a recent visit to Hinsdale.—Ed.]

HERE was our little town of Hachiman with less than seven thousand inhabitants, and sixteen Buddhist temples, each one with its train of priests. When they saw the students becoming Christians they were alarmed and afraid they would lose their jobs, and so they began to oppose the Christian movement. They didn't have anything to say to the students, but they went to the public newspapers of the towns near by and circulated awful tales about Christianity.

The result was that when we came to buy a lot for our new building not a man in the place would sell us a lot. Our money and our plans were all in vain. We began to forget all about praying. We began to forget all about the young instructor whose prayers prepared the way for our coming, and we began to forget all the good things that God had done for us. We were overcome with a mountain. We did not have faith enough to remove the mountain and so God had to move it for us.

How God Did It

A Japanese business man came up from the city twenty miles away and bought a piece of land in the town. Then he called on me and told me why he had bought it. It seems that he had been a boy in that town and had gone off seeking his fortune. He had come in contact with a great Japanese Christian who influenced him so that he himself became a Christian. That was fifteen years before.

From the day of his conversion that man had been praying and saving something every week for a single purpose, that some time he might be able to establish a Christian church in that village of his boyhood, our town. Just at this hour, right in the week when we were in need of help, that man's savings had reached the point where he could buy a lot for a future church. He

bought the whole corner while he was at it, and then offered us more than half of it for our building.

We were ashamed of ourselves to think that we had so near given up and decided that God had forgotten us, when he had a man preparing for fifteen years to meet our need. So we had another lesson.

Naturally that did not suit the priests any better, for they redoubled their persecutions against us. One thing they did, they found two or three students in that school who were very unruly members and persuaded them to organize an anti-Christian movement in the school, and so these boys got up a very clever plan which they carried through the fall and autumn months.

First they began to persecute our Christian boys, to ridicule them and steal their books and examination papers, and in various other ways to make life miserable for them. That didn't seem to work. Finally they would wait at night and catch one or two of the boys and just literally pound them up. We didn't know what in the world to do.

I remember calling a group of young Christian men together and they reminded me that we had been in difficulty several times before, and we had prayed.

They said, "there are enough of us to wipe out the opposing organization and fight them, but that would not be the Christian way. We can not fight back, and the only thing that is left is to pray again." And so these boys sort of taught their teacher.

An Effective Warfare

They suggested that we should fight the opposing boys with a series of prayer meetings. They would come early and have prayer meeting each morning before going to school. The first morning there were just a dozen earnest young students who

came. They sat down in a circle and were going to pray right around that circle, but before three boys had prayed they were overcome; so that was the end of that prayer meeting. It seemed like a failure, and yet there was such an earnestness that I could not help thinking that they had accomplished something.

When we reached the school there was an uproar. This prayer meeting had been a failure just as the opposing boys expected, and yet those students were so foolish as to come back the second morning. There were sixteen of them. They went on to school two or three at a time. The opposition did not stop, rather it got worse and worse, and yet the harder the persecution the more serious and patient became the poor young men who were being tormented. I could not understand it. The harder they were hit, the happier they seemed.

After these prayer meetings had continued for several weeks the opposers began to want to find out about them. They sent two of their men as spies. Our numbers had increased by that time to forty members so these two men were not especially noticed. They squeezed in behind the others to listen. They expected to hear some awful things, but were very, very much astonished to find nothing of the kind. Those young students whom they had been persecuting were there praying for *them* that they might have their eyes opened and see this gospel that had meant so much to them, and that they might be patient enough to be better examples of what Christianity stood for.

Things Began to Change

Those two spies sat there like whipped babies. They had never heard anything like it in their lives. It was too much for them. They went back with their report. Things began to change. Before many weeks the two men came to me to study, sneaking in at night like Nicodemus, and they asked me what hope there was for them. I told them the best kind of hope. They told me all about their plans. I said, "That is all right. There is nobody too far gone for our Master." "Yes, but you don't

know about our private life." So they began to tell me all about their personal sins.

Then they asked me if they might go before that group of Christian boys and make an apology. They asked those students to pray for them, and to allow them, when they had proved themselves, to join the Christians.

The teachers of that school were so astonished that there was almost a panic. Those students who had been the most unruly and troublesome, suddenly changed into new men, and began to work for the uplift of the school. They began to be examples and models of good living. It was marvelous.

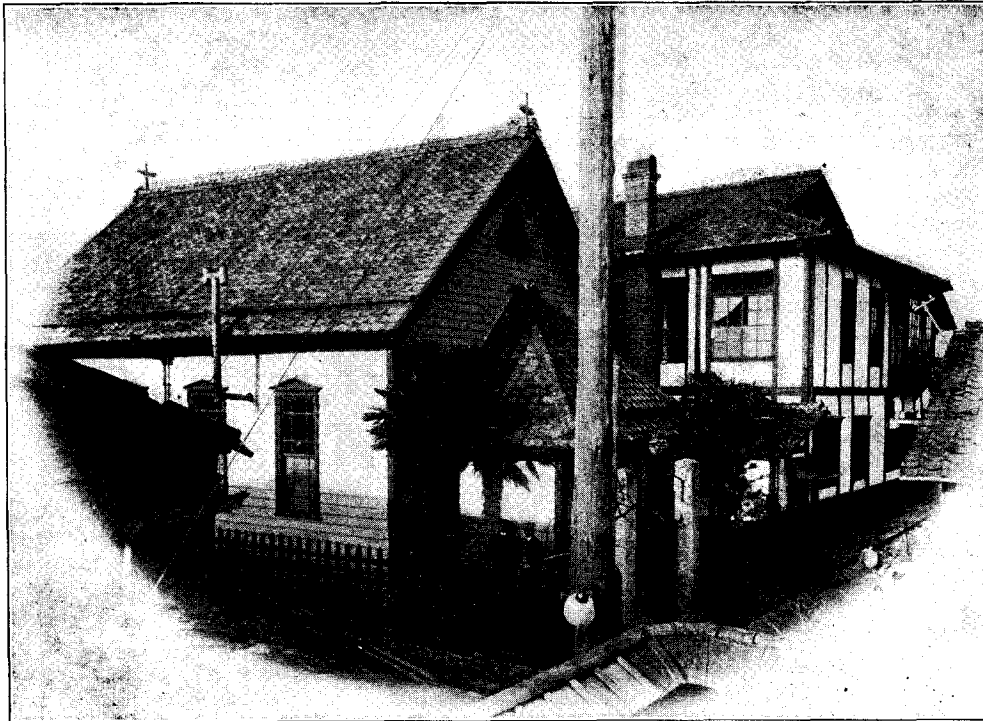
Dismissed From the School

This was of course not exactly what the two priests had planned for. They had plenty of evidence that Christianity had power in it and was true, but that was not what they were looking for, and so they carried on the opposition still further. They got the leading newspapers to print circulars and articles against us, and finally succeeded in getting the legislature of that province to vote the teacher of English out of the school.

That was pretty serious business. We had our building, we had our great student Bible class, we had the complete victory over the student proposition, everything seemed to be going so beautifully.

Not A Cent to Live On

All of a sudden the whole thing was spoiled. We had put the last cent into that new building and this stopping of our salary meant that there was not a cent to live on. There were no Americans in that country. I had not enough money to cable to America for money. There was no prospect ahead. It seemed as if the time had come to close up. Yet I could not think that God would make all those preparations that would lead up to that point and then allow some misguided priests by some trick, to stop the whole thing. There was only one thing left and that was to pray. But supposing we should pray, there was nobody around to answer our prayer. It was different from praying in Chicago,



View of the Large Commodious Building and Church of the Omi Mission, Japan.

where there are plenty of people to be influenced by the prayer to hand in a check. It seemed a little bit like presumption to pray for money in the midst of an unknown people.

Every man and woman in that school believed that the English teacher had been thrown out because he was dangerous. But there was one student who graduated that year and was afterward converted. That young man came from a family who had a good deal of means. He said he would stay and help me a year. "Well," I said, "there would not be any money in it." He said, "that is all right." He provided his own living, and so we two moved into the new building. It was a fine building. We had no money to hire a janitor to take care of it, or to hire a cook for us so we had a most romantic time keeping house. Nobody came to us to bother us. We were left strictly alone. I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. We again prayed. A most wonderful thing happened,

a thing we could not believe would have happened. A letter came with a check in it for twenty-five dollars from an American business man who happened to be traveling through Japan just at that time and heard about our work and it interested him. He sent twenty-five dollars anonymously every month for two years. It was a definite answer to prayer. Enough to convert a skeptic.

But here we had a whole province who had never had an opportunity to hear the gospel, and how were we going to carry it to them on twenty-five dollars a month? We could exist ourselves but to accomplish something more required much more money.

What The Outcome Was

Here was this useless, wasted time that I had put in years before studying architecture in order to escape being a missionary. Suddenly God turned all that knowledge to account and we saw through the situation. I had been preparing all that

time, against my will, to be a missionary.

I put a little notice in the monthly magazine that goes to all the missionaries in Japan, saying that I would be glad to help them in getting their buildings put up. I didn't know what a tremendous proposition I was putting on myself in placing that notice in the paper. I was swamped with requests.

We now have seven branches of our work. It became necessary to call in another American architect. When I sent letters to America to get an architect who would come and help us with no promised salary, they answered, "There is no such man in existence." I went to New York and within three hours I had my man. He bought his ticket and came out there on his own expense, on a salary of twelve dollars a month, which is paid only once in a while.

After two years the work had outgrown both of us, although we had gathered about us quite a number of Japanese. This time it was even more remarkable.

Just as we were wondering whom we might write to for help a letter came to us from a man we had never heard of nor dreamed of, sending a check. He had suddenly decided he wanted to be a missionary, and some architect had referred him to me. This man asked me if I could give him any light on how to get to a foreign field. I said, "Come to Hachiman if you can raise the price." He is there now.

That is the way they have been coming. The same way about the Japanese workers. One young man who worked with me a year had gone into business for himself and was making a great success of it, but in the night it came to him that he was not in the right work. He could not sleep, so got up and prayed, and in the morning wrote to me saying that if we could use him he would give up everything and come back to us. He said, "I want to work for my Master and for those poor people. I can afford to pay my own way." He has put more money into that mission than I would ever be able to.

His mother also became a Christian and went, at her own expense, to study in a

Bible school to fit herself for a missionary. We now have twenty-six missionaries.

Reaching The Farmers

We thought we could reach the farmers by getting a farm, so we got a little farm, and the people are just as interested as they can be. Men who work seven days in the week, sixteen hours a day, who never have time to go to church, will come and see what we are doing on that farm. Whenever a farmer comes to see the crops he hears the gospel. The result is a nice church, the first one in that country. That is the way it goes.

And so the different branches have gone on, and now I am back to this country to prepare for two more steps in the work. We want to have a kindergarten and a sanitarium.

Just one more word to you people who are doing missionary work right here. Don't get discouraged when things go hard. In these nearly nine years of experience I have discovered that I feel most discouraged just on the eve of greater success. When we realize that we cannot do anything, then we discover that God can do all things.

NOW LIVING IN A CAVE

WALTER G. BOND,
Barcelona, Spain.

Some time ago two of our canvassers went out into the field and found many people, perhaps sixty per cent, were unable to read at all. They ran across one man who became very interested just from contact with them for a few hours. His wife was very much opposed to the gospel in every way; but he wanted a Bible. He could not read, but he subscribed to the paper and bought a Bible, and made up his mind he was going to learn to read that Book. And although he was a man past fifty, and not as bright as the average, yet by diligent application in a little while he was able to read the Bible, and he had some of his friends write for us to visit him. We went over and found five people as a result living the truth and anxious to be baptized.

At that time he wanted to learn to write

so he could write to us himself; he was afraid the people would not write just what he wanted them to. So I gave him an hour's lesson in writing and in a short time I received a letter from him. He writes a very good hand.

I was out to see him just before we came to this country. When he accepted the gospel he had lived in one place for twenty-five years, where he had been working for the same man, and had land rented from this man. But on accepting the gospel he had to leave that at once, and as there was no other place for him he lived in a cave on the side of the mountain. When I went over to see him this time I had the privilege of sleeping in that cave a couple of nights with him, and his good wife and two grandchildren. It was very stormy and cold, but he and his wife both were anxious to be baptized. He woke me up at two o'clock in the morning so that I could baptize him before I left; and the whole family got up to partake of that ordinance.

I talked with several of his old acquaintances, who spoke to me of the change that had taken place in his life. They said at first he was the worst man and most profane man in that neighborhood and now he was the best man they knew of. Before, he mistreated and beat his wife, now he was kind and considerate, and everybody greatly marveled at the change that had taken place in his life. That is one little incident that shows what the gospel does for degraded souls.

Another little incident occurred in the town where we are living at present. On account of circumstances we were forced out of all our meeting places and had no place for meeting whatever, and were even given notice that we would have to move out of the house in which we were living, on account of being interested in the gospel.

But we made the matter a special subject of prayer. One day an old man eighty years of age heard how we had lost our meeting place, and he was so profoundly impressed with it that he could not sleep a bit all that night.

He waked up early next morning and called his daughter, a lady fifty years of age, and said, "I wish you would go and hunt up those missionaries and tell them I want to see them." She said, "Why, father, can't you wait until after breakfast?" No, he could not, so she came and found us. When we called on him he said, "I have news for you. You folks have lost your meeting place, haven't you?" "Yes." "Well," he said, "I want to furnish you one. The second story of the house we are living in is not furnished but we want to furnish it so you can hold your meetings there,—a place that will hold two hundred and fifty people. And in the meantime you can hold your meetings in my bedroom."

Later in the day he said, "I am afraid my bedroom will be too small, so I have arranged with the Society for Recreation, who have a large assembly hall, and have secured free of rent their hall for your meetings." Thus the Lord prepared a place where we could seat four hundred and fifty people to listen to the gospel, and as a result a goodly number began keeping the commandments of God, after our holding only twenty meetings.

PRISONERS PRAYING FOR REVIVAL

(From Idaho State Prison.)

"I received your supply of Life Boats and I assure you that they were eagerly sought after and read, and were appreciated very much. We are looking forward to the next installment very eagerly. Our society is doing good work in the strength of God and we are having some blessed meetings. I did not think there were so many men in here that thought about God or religion as there seemed to be when I went among the men in the yard with your Life Boats. I was hardly in the yard with them till they were gone.

"We are praying for God's blessing on you and all of your mission work. I do hope and pray that the Life Boat may bring many to God. Ah, if God's power were only believed in more, such places as these prisons need not be.

"Dear friends, pray for me. We are praying for a revival in this prison."



CLASS OF 1913.
Sitting. Left to Right—Lillian Rigby, Josephine Hutchason, Gertrude Sutton, Zada Hibben, Iva Dean, Frank Willimann, Ruth Stapp,
Standing—Mildred Knowles, Georgiana Adson, Ellen Erickson.

Another Nurses Graduation at Hinsdale

Caroline Louise Clough

THE sixth annual graduation of the Hinsdale Sanitarium Missionary Nurses' Training School took place on the evening of November 3.

The services were held in the large sanitarium gymnasium, which was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and a profusion of yellow and white chrysanthemums. The school colors, blue and white, appeared in the illuminated class motto, "He Leadeth," which hung among the leaves above the platform.

But the greatness of the occasion consisted not in the display of art in the setting of leaves, flowers and motto, or even in the array of spotless uniforms, but in the lives of ten young people who having received training in the Jesus art—that of ministering to suffering humanity—are now ready to step out into a larger field of activity.

Several of this class have already distinguished themselves as burden bearers while taking their course. Among the number is Miss Stapp, who led out in founding the Hinsdale Nurses Center on the west side of Chicago, the influence of whose work of faith and sacrifice has extended far and wide.

Miss Hibben was efficient matron of the sanitarium surgical department for some time, and has recently been matron of the Life Boat Rescue Home. Others of the class have distinguished themselves as successful bedside and surgical nurses. All have a useful future before them. Mr. Willimann and Miss Erickson will go to Pontiac, Ill., to engage in medical missionary work. Miss Sutton expects to prepare for a foreign field and others will engage in some branch of the work nearer home. We feel sure that every member of this class will be heard from later, and God grant that not one may ever be found burying her talent for selfish gain.

We were fortunate in having Pastor Meade MacGuire of Washington, D. C.,

give the graduation address. The high ideal on which he based his remarks was found in that master speech of the apostle Paul, "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ."

Miss Stapp read a paper, based on her experience in ministering to the sick and needy in Chicago, portraying in story form, the high ideals that the entire graduating class uphold. Very beautiful music was furnished by Prof. Wm. J. Osborn of Galesburg, Ill., and the class song, "He Leadeth Me," was sung by a men's trio, led by M. H. Serns.

LITERATURE WANTED FOR HONOLULU

Clean copies of the Life Boat are wanted for ship missionary work in Honolulu. We recently received the following from Mrs. Birdie Conway, 767 Kinan street, Honolulu, H. I.:

"I am so glad to connect myself with the prison work again. We can have one or two hours here in the territorial prison each Sabbath.

"The boys seem eager to hear the gospel story and want the Life Boat too. Can you send us any back numbers and please insert a notice in your magazine for clean copies of The Life Boat for ship work here."

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others, can not keep it from themselves.

We received the following from an interested reader of THE LIFE BOAT, which may be a suggestion to others:

"My mother asked me the other morning if I would accept a year's subscription to THE LIFE BOAT as a Christmas present. I should be very unwise to dishonor such a gift. It will be a benefit the year round. The articles written by your nurses especially interest me. Find enclosed check for the same."

The Christian Ideal

Meade MacGuire

[Pastor Meade MacGuire of Washington, D. C., gave the Hinsdale nurses' graduation address on the evening of Nov. 3, 1913, a portion of which we are pleased to publish here, knowing that it will be an inspiration to all our readers. Ed.]

THIS hour's program marks the beginning of another epoch in the education and training of ten lives for eternity.

Education, learning and culture are of value only in proportion as they contribute to the success of the man or woman, to the attainment of the highest ambitions and ideals.

I suppose there has been no more successful life this side the cross than that of Paul. He reveals the amazing secret of his mighty life and glorious success in a single inspired sentence, which embraces this whole question of education:

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." The highest and noblest ambition possible to men and women is to reveal Christ as a Saviour to the lost.

All culture, learning and professional education is a blessing or a curse according as it is made a help or a hindrance in the attainment of this ideal.

Men can have no higher ambition than to reveal a Saviour to the lost, for in the realization of this ambition we have the supreme means of expressing in human lives the character of God.

No other ideal is so broad, for this embraces all who have fallen as well as the supreme happiness of those, who, though unfallen, are filled with concern and longing for the lost.

No other ideal is so high, for it reaches up from the lowest depths to the throne and forms a channel for the outpouring of the water of life. No other ideal is so noble, for this leads to the utter renunciation of self and selfish interests that God may work out his plan for men.

The pursuit of no other ideal brings such reward, for the Master himself has said, "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Matt. 16:25.

No other ambition is so satisfactory in

this life, for in the very nature of things, saving life brings infinitely more pleasure than serving self.

And no other ambition promises so much for the future life, since this alone will be counted worthy of eternal life.

Paul had education and culture. Doubtless he was equal to the foremost of his nation in science and literature. He was a master of logic, of eloquence and of philosophy. Yet he declared, "I determined not to know anything, save Jesus." This does not mean that he threw his talents away, but that he made the right use of them.

Some may praise and congratulate you upon entering a professional career. But do not permit yourselves to be deceived by appearances. Titles are good if they are used as Paul used his.

Here is a man, the influence of whose life has spanned two thousand years with blessing and power and inspiration toward God for the millions. Without any thought of depreciating that which he possessed which may have been equivalent to the titles of "D. D." and "L.L. D." and "Ph. D.," he said, "I determined not to know anything save *Jesus*." Will you say that tonight? As you leave this place, justly proud of the goal you have reached, the professional knowledge and skill you have acquired, will you say, I determine not to know anything, save Jesus?

If you carry this motto into your daily lives what will it mean? First that you will not be content with anything less than that simple, practical intimacy with Christ that will make him before every earthly friend. You will not be visionary or vacillating, but will take up each day's duties with that earnest, practical good sense and courage which will accomplish things. You will not shrink when called to minister to the ignorant, the degraded, the filthy and

the outcast, seeing rather the anguish of the Father whose children are prodigals. You will live and work so that those to whom you minister will be charmed and blessed and won, not by your skill or activity or ability primarily, but by your Saviour.

I believe this is the motive which led to the establishment of this institution. The noble workers who have cherished in their hearts the feelings of a parent for you who are graduating, during the years that you have spent at Hinsdale, were inspired to erect this institution by the same divine principle. It was not to build up a name for themselves or for this sanitarium that they have labored. It was that response to the love of God which awakens and glorifies all the noblest and best in men.

This great question is before you. Have you learned to make the highest use of your education and your professional training? Day by day you have studied the structure of the human body. What for? That you may know nothing save *Jesus Christ*? You have studied the nature of diseases, their symptoms and remedies. What has been the motive? that you might know nothing save Jesus Christ? You have become familiar with a vast category of aches and pains and distresses of grief stricken humanity and have acquired skill to help them physically. God grant that you may use it all to know nothing, save Jesus.

How slow the sick and discouraged are to learn that this is their greatest need, in fact the greatest remedy. Perhaps they will be better learners when we become better teachers.

Never was the world more in need of true medical missionaries than today. Never were greater opportunities open before young men and women. And never was the awful current of the selfish and sordid and unholy, even in this profession, so difficult to resist and overcome. Our only safety and our only hope of ultimate success is in taking our stand with Paul, not to know anything save Jesus Christ. In Him we shall know truth and duty. In Him we shall know and share the wretched-

ness of men and the sufferings of God. In Him we shall know and share the defeat of evil and the triumph of right—the joy of the prodigal returned—the rejoicing of the father over his son.

True this embraces much that is commonplace, and trying and disagreeable, cheerfully doing the tasks that others shirk and undertaking what others refuse to do. But the spirit glorifies the task and the finished product will be success.

Tonight we have occasion to renew our consecration to this great cause we love. We are thankful that another class is passing out to broader fields of service. We expect the world-wide cause of God will feel an added throb of strength and courage because of these recruits.

We rejoice that another and larger class of noble young people have stepped in to assume the responsibilities and seek the training which will prepare them for more efficient service.

We rejoice in the confidence that God is blessing the efforts and plans of the men and women leading out in this work at Hinsdale, and that He is sending needed light and wisdom.

Above all, we rejoice that our work will soon be done and we shall all meet again in the presence of our King.

The work of the world is done by a few, God looks for a part to be done by you.

Trials and troubles are the tunnels to life's larger vision.

Sin may be clasped so close we can not see its face.

Don't get discouraged. It is often the last key in the bunch that opens the lock.

It is the thing which we can do better than any one else, however trivial it may be, which commands success.

If you would build high and firm, dig low in humility, in meekness, and in forgiveness, for a foundation; and your roof shall reach the heavens.

The Story of an Ideal Nurse

Ruth Stapp

[The following story by Miss Stapp read at the graduation exercises of her class of missionary nurses Nov. 3, 1913, was written from her rich experience of some eight months of just such helpful, inspiring work as is portrayed here, in connection with the Hinsdale Nurses Center, 2348 Park Ave., Chicago. No one can read this article without thanking God for the noble, self-sacrificing lives who unselfishly step into these needy corners of God's creation and leave health for sickness, cleanliness for filth, and above all, happy, joyful, light hearts for sad and discouraged ones. This is really the *highest* ideal that any missionary nurse can hope to attain, for it is living again Christ's life on earth. Ed.]

THERE is a tiny room in the rear of a large flat building. The one little window does not allow of much ventilation. The floor is bare, the furniture old and broken. The walls could have at one time boasted of paper but that is of the past. A few well-worn garments are scattered here and there. But is that all? No. On a little bed in the corner of the room a feverish child is tossing to and fro. One glance convinces us that she is a victim to a terrible disease. What a dreary place for a sick child.

Let us follow another figure for a few moments. Several blocks from the above scene there is a laundry. As we enter we see a dozen or more people hard at work. One woman especially attracts our attention. On first sight we judge her to be about forty years of age, but on closer observation decide that she is many years younger. She is working steadily and faithfully, yet her thoughts seem to be far away. Care and anxiety mark every feature of her countenance.

The bell strikes the noon hour. The first gong has hardly ceased before our friend is making her way along the crowded street. She does not stop until she reaches the little room first mentioned. Anxiously she stoops over the bed and kisses the child's face. In a few minutes three pair of little feet come pattering into the room, their owners begging for dinner. The tired mother goes to the cupboard, takes down a loaf of bread, makes a pot of coffee and dinner is ready. The mother is too worried to eat and the sick child does not care for food, but the other children do justice to the meal. The noon hour has passed and the mother hastens back to her work again. But what is the meaning of all this?

Ah, this was once a happy home. Although not rich yet the needs had been supplied and love was there. But the demon drink had entered it and he who should have been the support of the family was ruined. The wife was left to struggle alone. Had it not been for those four little ones, courage might have failed her, but as it was she was making every effort for their welfare. It had been a hard struggle, but somehow she had managed to get along. But now that sickness had entered the home, what could she do? "Go to her friends," you say—but she has no friends. Although she can nearly touch her neighbor's house by reaching out of her window yet she does not even know her neighbor's name.

So it is in a crowded city, no one knows or cares for you. "But," you say, "are there no organizations whose duty it is to look after the poor and needy?" Yes, they have all promised help, but not until various papers and documents are signed can it be given. But that does not satisfy hunger or relieve suffering. And so it goes from day to day, until the mother is nearly frantic with despair.

The scene changes. It is evening. Once again we see our friend hurrying from the laundry to the little bedroom. The door opens—the mother gasps and then stares at the scene. Bending over the bed,—now a fresh clean one,—is a young lady carefully stroking the fevered brow. As the mother enters the room the nurse motions to her to be silent so as not to disturb the sleeping child. Then she steps into the hall and explains her presence thus:

"I was out distributing a few pamphlets on 'How to Keep Well' when I found your sick child, and was just trying to relieve her."

Soon arrangements were made for the night. The mother was to sleep, the nurse to care for the child. It was a night of glad relief for the mother, one of eased pain for the child and one of happiness for the nurse.

In the morning the child was much better, but the nurse promised to stay till all danger was passed. The inquiring look of the mother was answered with the assurance that it was all right, she need not worry about the pay.

For several days the child needed constant care, and the nurse faithfully performed her duty. Instead of bread and cof-

city life were discussed. The result was that arrangements were made for the family to move to the outskirts of the city as soon as the child could be moved. This was made possible by friends of the nurse. The new home was small and old but there was ample room for the children in a large, sunny yard where no one need fear the street cars.

And so the summer passed, and when fall came little Nell was as strong and robust as any child. But did the nurse forget them? Never. Although now many miles from her district, yet she frequently visited them. Always on these occasions



A Dilapidated Dwelling House in the Hinsdale Nurses' Center District.

fee, nourishing but inexpensive foods were provided. The sick bed was moved out on a tiny porch, where at least some of God's pure air might touch it. The soiled clothing was changed for clean ones.

In a few days the climax was passed and the child began to recover. But the nurse well knew that what the child needed was an opportunity to live and that was well nigh impossible when even fresh air had to be purchased, so a council was held in which the good and evils of country and

the glad mother would tell of the progress she was making in her cooking under the direction of her new hygienic cook book. And of how those hot fomentations had given relief to many an ache and pain. Many questions were asked about things that concerned the welfare of her children. And so these visits grew to be regular schools of health. To its membership were gradually added interested neighbors and friends until a large enrollment was made.

It was on one of these visits that the

mother asked the nurse if she would please leave the little Book that she always carried with her, explaining that the children did so love to hear her read from it. A well-marked Testament was brought forth and gladly presented. This afternoon there was only one scholar and the lesson was on a different theme. Before the afternoon had passed the woman had found a better way.

That night, ere the nurse retired, she lifted up her heart to God in thanks for a Christian institution that stood firm for right principles and gave a training whereby God-fearing men and women might prepare themselves for a larger work, and for the men and women in it who gave their lives to make such an institution possible, and above all for the good God who loves and cares for us all.

The Hinsdale Nurses' Center

Volborg Leffler

2348 Park Avenue, Chicago.

[The Hinsdale Nurses' Center is carried on entirely by faith, the nurses looking straight to God for support. They are going about among the sick poor and the destitute in their neighborhood doing good and "hoping for nothing again." They are already entering into the "great reward" that is promised for such unselfish labor. The Life Boat readers will be interested in reading the following account of their experiences. Ed.]

FOR the interest and, I hope, inspiration of those who may read of our visiting work here in Chicago, I can say that we have been very busy the last few weeks, as one never ceases to find those who are sick and lonesome.

We are called to visit some lonesome old woman, who has spent many a year in a little room. When she was able to she spent her days at the wash tub, and scrubbing stairways to earn a meager but honest livelihood. Now she can earn but a few cents occasionally in keeping stairways clean or doing something else that her feeble old hands permit, and, with the aid of some kind people, she exists.

As we listen to her story we wonder if her life had only thorns, for to us it appears as a long, sad dream. Then she may smile through her tears, and say, "But God is so good to me, I never hunger or freeze."

After this short, much appreciated visit we again find our way down the narrow, steep stairway and through the long, dark hall, and there is a sigh of relief as we again are safe on the street.

The next call was made in an old two-story building, which seems in danger of falling, as it is braced from the adjoining house. On entering the second floor the

wife was found sick in bed. She had washed for the living of the family and her husband, when not too drunk, would deliver the clothes.

After giving her some simple suggestions as to diet, and a few treatments, she began to recover and was soon on her feet. The husband brought in his friends for a good Sunday and the poor upset wife was again sick in bed.

The treatments are continued and she looks forward with longing to the days when some one comes in to bring her relief and a little cheer, for which her heart longs.

One day a doctor asked me to call on a woman who was ill and give her some treatment, but most of all some instruction in hygiene, etc. On entering, I found a woman bent over a sewing machine in a little room where the windows were tightly closed, and the air so foul that I almost gasped for breath. It was not a wonder to me then that the doctor answered, on being asked of the neighbors if she had consumption, that "she may get it." As I left I could not help thinking of the four little children who have to live in that room, and who, in the near future, will be left motherless unless something is done.

Today I took a bundle of clothes to a family consisting of an old woman and her granddaughter and three great grandchildren. The mother of the children once had a good, comfortable home, but now she is left to support them all, which is made harder by her being left crippled by illness.

The old lady told that she did all the work she could and kept the house. She thanked me over and over again for the things, and said she would not wear many

wreck and the baby, who is about fifteen months old, has whined and cried every hour of her life when awake, till at times the mother is almost frantic.

For all these troubles and ills there is but one remedy, and if these souls can be brought to the Fountain of life the greatest miracle that ever happened to a human soul is wrought.

May God help us to be serious and to realize that our work is not complete until we try to help some one else.



"WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE OUR PICTURE?"

View of Some Youngsters Taken in Front of an Abandoned Tenement Block.

of them but let her granddaughter use all she could wear.

Often the question is asked how we find the people. We do not find them, they find us in most cases.

One day, while out on a call, I saw across the street a child who was almost under the feet of a horse. I ran across and grabbed the child in my arms. Soon the mother came out and, seeing my uniform, asked if I was a nurse, and wished me to come in, as her husband was ill. I went in, took off my coat and gave him a good treatment. The mother herself is a nervous

RELIEVING PHYSICAL AND MENTAL SUFFERING

ALFRIEDA JOHNSON,
Hinsdale Nurses' Center.

Sometimes our experience varies like the waves on the stormy sea, at other times it appears more smooth and connective. This month we have been busy giving treatments. Our work in this respect has been rewarded by marked improvement in the majority of our patients. One woman who was not able to move a foot when we first met her can now walk with assistance.

In our effort to relieve the physical suffering it is always the greatest pleasure also

to lead their minds to something refreshing, elevating and true. The opportunity is a golden one, as the patient is usually able to read while unable to spend all the time working.

There is hardly any home in which we have worked but they have read some good book, and not infrequently a number of them. We have had opportunity to discuss the modern so-called religion and Brahmanism and Buddhism. It would be well for all of us to remember the admonition in 1 Thes., 5:21, "Prove all things;

spent in visiting work and distribution of clothing. Any contribution to be used in the work will be appreciated.

WHERE MEN ARE HUNGRY

[The following incident by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, which appeared in *The Sunday School Times*, is so full of the real spirit of Christ that we republish it for the benefit of our readers. The spirit of this poor ignorant fisherman is after all but a reflection of the noble sacrifice of that grand man, Dr. Grenfell, who flung aside bright, alluring prospects that came to him as a young and promising surgeon in the city of London, England, and buried his talents in the lives of the simple fisherfolk on the bleak Labrador coast that he might win those ignorant, half-starved people to Christ.—Ed.]

I sat in the house of a sailor last fall.



Some School Children in the Nurses' Center District Who Wanted Their Pictures Taken.

hold fast that which is good." Those who do so will surely find that word true spoken of in Isa., 55:10, 11, "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

As the winter and its cold weather is ahead of us, more time will probably be

It was a very bad inshore fishery, for some reason. This man was an old sailor; he had not had the privilege of a Sunday-school, he had not had the opportunity of the regular service, he knew no philosophy, he could barely read and write.

Years ago he migrated—after a roving sea life—to the Labrador coast, and had settled down there because he could choose a place where fur was plentiful and the fish near at hand. A family had grown up with him; he had become known as a hospitable man; his house is on the path on which the *komatiks* travel in winter; and

when a man is poor in Labrador, and starving, he has to travel somewhere to get help. The custom here was to go by the *komatik* trail and stop off at this man's house; he had enlarged his cabin twice, in order that comers to and fro might not be disappointed.

He is a gray-haired old man. His wife had died, and all the children are gone but one. Last winter, with the lack of wage-earning capacity, the poorer people on the coast had eaten him out, as they say. The Hudson Bay agent of the district told me that one week-end that man had twenty-seven poor folk halting over Sunday at his house. It is my habit to help the old man out by giving him wood to cut for fires of my hospital steamer. When I went to his home this fall there were only thirty dollars coming to him; the fishery was bad; he had no other way of earning anything. I told him what there was coming to him, thirty dollars, and that it would give him so many barrels of flour, so much molasses, and some little fats; that is, sufficient so that they would be able to live,—he and his son. I said to him, "What are you going to do this winter? You know the condition of the poor people; you had better move up the bay and get out of the *komatik* track." That was so that visitors could not come to his house.

"No," he answered, "I can not do that while I am alive."

"But," I said, "what will you do? You will starve if you feed others, because you haven't more than enough for yourselves."

The old man went to a sailor's box and dug out all the usual things that fill an old chest like that, and produced a pencil-box; he pried off the cover and picked out a lot of oakum, and then picked out twelve five-dollar bills.

"What are these?" I asked.

"My money saved against old age."

"What are you going to do with it?"

His answer was, "I want you to spend it in the same way—on flour and molasses."

"Is that all you have got?" said I.

"Yes," was the reply.

I told him he had better keep it in the box and move up the bay, but he replied, "I may not need it next year [he is seventy-

three], and I should not like to meet my Maker and feel that men were hungry and I had not used it."

We read about hospitality, and some men say, "What is the good of Christianity, anyhow?" Where, in all the philosophy of nature, where, in all the struggle for the survival of the fittest, comes in a force that will teach men, yes, teach us who *talk* about the Christ, lessons of that kind? Jesus Christ's gospel is still today the power of God unto salvation.

A WORD FROM BOSTON

MR. J. H. STRAWSER.

[Mr. and Mrs. Strawser, graduate nurses from the Melrose, Mass., Sanitarium, spent a week at Hinsdale while enroute to the Pacific coast. They visited with interest the various institutions and lines of work carried on at Hinsdale, also the Life Boat Jail services and on Sunday evening Mr. Strawser gave the following talk at the sanitarium Young People's meeting. Ed.]

I am so glad to find a Young People's Society here. We find it hard to carry on such a society in our sanitarium, as the nurses, when placed on the program, oftentimes can not be present.

I have been studying your ideals for developing medical missionaries. You all know what happens when you come in contact with a live wire: a thrill passes through the whole system. So it is when one enters a live Young People's Society, he receives an inspiration and help to do personal, soul-winning work.

I received an inspiration this morning as I went in with the workers who conduct meetings with those who are behind prison bars. Their singing and praying and pleading with those who are hardened in sin indeed is an inspiration. I am so glad of the opportunity and privilege of this morning.

The work we are trying to do in Boston is along Christian help lines. We have our weekly prayer meeting in our sanitarium, where all have an opportunity to take part. The leaders are chosen from among the young people, giving them plenty of time to prepare their subjects and to be ready to lead the meeting.

Then I must tell you about our young men's meeting. Every night at six o'clock a number of us meet in one of the rooms.

Each one takes part in giving some thought that will help the others. Then we have a season of prayer. If one has had a special trial during the day we make it a subject of prayer. Then we seek God for wisdom so we might rightly treat our patients and be able to win them to Christ. When we see our rooms are getting vacant we make this a subject of prayer. I can recommend this as a good way to keep an institution full.

We have connected with our sanitarium Pastor G. B. Starr and his wife. They spend most of their time in Boston holding schools of health and cooking schools. Every nurse in training has an opportunity of six weeks' experience in that work. They go from house to house doing Christian help work. They often find sick people, and if their cases are simple they go ahead and treat them; if it is a serious case they see the physician on their return and he prescribes. Often this kind of work leads to Bible work and if the nurse is not able to do this she reports to our city missionary, who follows up the case.

All of our nurses are given an opportunity to help conduct schools of health, and to give health talks, demonstrating simple treatments, and also how to cook healthful food.

I wish you Godspeed in your Christian endeavor work and let us always carry out that lesson that the Saviour has given us in Mark 16:15: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

A WORD FROM MID-OCEAN

The following personal letter was written to Mrs. Clough by a former patient at the Hinsdale sanitarium, who when she came to Hinsdale completely broken down physically with nothing but a long life of invalidism ahead of her, had about given up all idea of there being any God. This letter, written while crossing the Atlantic ocean, portrays so beautifully the faith and trust she now has in God that we publish it here. It is easy to believe in God when life flows on like a dream, but when trouble

and sickness come, our faith wavers, we lose sight of God in the darkness and gloom that settles down upon us, and forget that it is bright beyond the shadow.

There is a certain railway leading to New York city; the passengers on this road must pass through a long, dark tunnel in order to reach their destination, but I have never heard of a single passenger stopping in the midst of that tunnel and sitting down to mourn because he had to pass through such a dark experience. Let us each welcome the tunnel experience as well as the overland journeys in God's glad sunshine, knowing that it takes both to bring us to our desired destination.

"Here we are out in mid-ocean and the great waves dashing high around us, and such a grand sight as it is! Every one on board is very kind and thoughtful.

"There are sixty first-class passengers on board, one hundred thirty-four second-class and eight hundred steerage passengers, who are packed in like sardines. Poor people! How I pity them. One man went to America with his wife and four children and in order to go, he sold all his worldly belongings. When they landed he was examined and found to be consumptive, so they were put on board the ship again and obliged to return to their native land. The wife tried to throw herself overboard, but was caught by an officer and the whole family are now in the hospital on board this boat. Surely it is a sad case.

"When one sees the beauty of the land, hills, trees and flowers, they think of the great Creator who made them all, but what a sense of awe fills one's very being at the grandeur of the changing, ever changing sea, with its mighty waves rolling and tossing, now angry, now peaceful and gentle, and so wonderful that no artist can do it justice. 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still.' Ps. 107:23-25, 29.

"Each night as I put my head on the pillow I think of the old hymn:

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,

I lay me down in peace to sleep,

Secure I rest upon the wave,

For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save."

"And I rest in peace, for I know we shall be taken care of by the same Hand that rules the sea as well as land.

"I have some Life Boats with me, which seems a most appropriate paper to have with me at this time."

WINNING A HEATHEN FAMILY.

MIMI SCHARFFENBERG,

Seoul, Korea.

[The admonition of Jesus, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves," is just as good for modern foreign missionaries as for the twelve sent out by Christ. The following was related by Miss Scharffenberg on a recent visit to Hinsdale.—Ed.]

The women over in Korea are more used to hard work than men are. The men as a rule play the gentleman. And that means you must not work enough to sweat—that you must not dirty your clothes. And so the hardest work always falls on the women.

My nearest neighbors, where I lived last winter, were very, very poor. They would come time and time again to my place and ask for something to eat. We helped them and gave them food to eat. But after a few times we offered them work if they wanted food. I offered work in my garden to the man, and he said:

"No, I have never done such work; I am a gentleman."

So I said: "If you do not do any work that is the last help you get from me."

Soon they came back again. The woman was in a very bad condition and had six little children. They stood for two hours at my door crying for something to eat; I had to lock my doors. But finally I had to let them in. So I told the woman she had better go and tell her husband.

If you go personally to a person they lose their "face" and will never look at you again. So I talked to this woman as strong as I dared. And she came back and said:

"Yes, my husband thanks you very much for the kind advice and will start in work next week."

So he came and wanted to be my secretary. I had all the secretaries I could use; everybody wanted to be secretary. No, he would not work in the garden. The next time they came to ask for something to eat I had just mopped my floor, but she started in and mopped the floor again, and when she was through asked for something to eat, and if I had more work to do. And after that they would always come and ask for work first, and then would ask for food.

When I left Korea I packed my trunk and the woman came and asked if I had anyone to carry my trunk to the station. I said, "Not yet." And her husband came and did it for me—one of the lowest jobs any one can do there. Since then I hear they are studying the Bible and having Bible readings.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR MAIL

"We appreciate the Life Boat very much and thank you most kindly for sending it to us.

"My husband simply devours it and is enthusiastic over the good work you are doing. There is a *life* about the Life Boat that charms him. Every Sabbath he reads it until every article is read. I have been greatly encouraged myself by your experiences in the Christian Life, and by reading what is being done in soul-saving work, especially for the prisoners."

"I am taking the Life Boat right along. The November number is such a good one; in fact, they are all good, and sometimes I read them over the second time and pass them on to others."

Why not join THE LIFE BOAT crew for 1914 and have a rich experience in soul-winning work throughout the entire year? An hour a day spent in this work will bring you good returns in inspiring experiences, and possibly souls saved for the kingdom. Write for information.

Buy a Monument Instead of a Grave Stone

David Paulson, M. D.

SOME will ask, "Is there any difference between the two?" Certainly. The grave stone is always put by the grave out in the cemetery. A monument can be erected anywhere. Washington Monument is miles away from Washington's grave. A monument or memorial need not be a stone at all. It may be a church, a hospital, a library, or something else that blesses humanity, and at the same time keeps alive some dear loved one's memory.

Nothing is so appropriate a memorial as something that relieves the sufferings of the sick poor. We are just now able to furnish a most excellent opportunity of this kind. We are reopening the Good Samaritan Inn, which is an institution where the sick poor are treated on such a simple and yet effective basis that it will be within their reach financially. In other words, it will offer "basement bargains" in health getting.

You know if you go to a great department store for a suit of clothes and you only have ten dollars to spend, you do not bring a letter from your pastor or some other responsible person certifying that you are among the worthy poor and then go to the manager and beg him to let you have a thirty-dollar suit for ten dollars. You go to that store with your ten dollars, walk to the ten-dollar-suit counter, buy a serviceable suit of clothes and walk out of the store without having been made a beggar or having your self-respect destroyed.

That is just what the Good Samaritan Inn proposes to do for the sick poor. Plain but homelike rooms will be furnished for a couple of dollars a week; simple but wholesome food will be furnished for a few cents per dish; treatments will be given on a somewhat similar basis. At these prices it is impossible that any money can be *earned* to pay for the building and the original grounds. We call upon those whom the Lord hath blessed with means and health and strength to show their gratitude by taking \$50, \$100, \$500 or \$1,000

shares in this labor of love for the sick poor.

Endow a Free Bed

We particularly call attention to those who want to perpetuate the memory of some departed loved one to endow a free bed for those who shall come to the Good Samaritan Inn for recovery of health who do not even have the few dollars a week that will be actually required to cover their expenses.

Four hundred dollars will endow such a bed for an entire year. On the average TEN PATIENTS will have a chance to occupy such a bed in a year's time. Think of the happiness this small sum of money will bring to human hearts. If it should only be occupied by free patients a third of the time, this sum of money would last for three years.

We will put a brass plate in this free room, upon which shall be inscribed "This room is endowed by ———, in memory of their beloved son," daughter, or other relative, as the case may be.

Five thousand dollars will endow such a room for *all time*. Think of the possibilities of such an investment as the years roll on! Think of what a joy it will be to meet the results of it in the day of God!

A Treatment Room Memorial

Are there not some of our readers to whom this will come as a call of God? Three hundred dollars will pay for installing the treatment facilities. Are there not some who would like to invest that amount as a monument or memorial to preserve the memory of some one who has passed away? A similar brass plate will be put up in the treatment room.

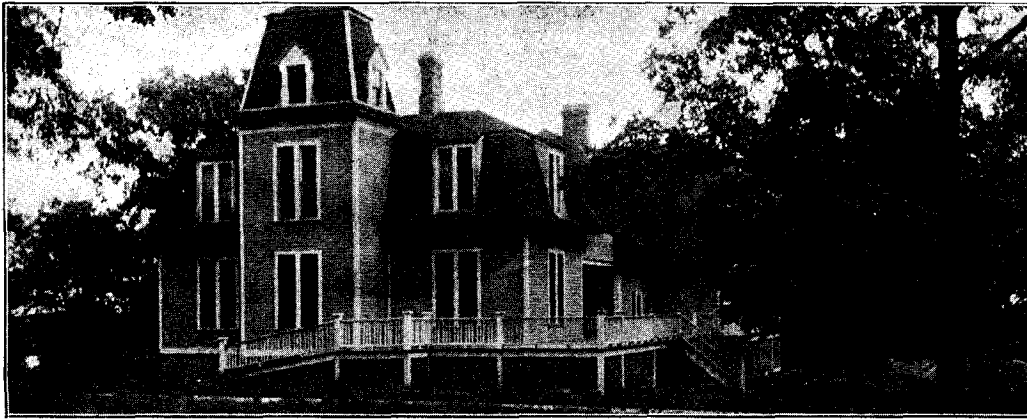
A good woman has already given ten dollars toward cleaning up the building and ten dollars toward furnishing coal for the winter, and God impressed the heart of another good woman, who has recently visited us, to give one hundred dollars for this enterprise.

Brother and Sister Chapman, from Lan-

ing, Mich., who have already had some nurse's training and experience, have come to Hinsdale to complete their training. They have especially dedicated their energies to the upbuilding of this Good Samaritan Inn work. They have taken rooms there and are working heroically to get the building in shape for this work.

Mrs. Paulson and myself have closed up our own home and moved into the Good Samaritan Inn so that we may be able to give the building up of this work our personal and immediate attention. At the

almost a total stranger, walked into my brother's office in Chicago and asked if the doctor did not need some money, and then said, "Well, I want to leave him one hundred dollars." When my brother brought this money out to us I said to him, "That is quick returns. We rung up 'Central' for that, day before yesterday." Like Gideon's fleece of wool, we accepted that as an omen that God would prosper and bless the enterprise we had started out to establish, and He has done so most marvelously.



The Good Samaritan Inn.

same time we shall continue our regular duties in the Hinsdale sanitarium.

We shall pray that God may put it into the heart of those who will be especially blessed to assist in getting this enterprise firmly established.

A Providential Gift

Nearly ten years ago, when a former grateful patient had secured the present Hinsdale grounds for that purpose on extremely favorable terms, my wife and myself saw in it an indication of Providence and we moved out on these grounds without a dollar to our name, or any definite human prospect of securing money from any one. We knelt down on the hillside and asked the Lord to send us one hundred dollars to begin to clear up the grounds with.

Without mentioning the matter to a human soul, two days later a business man,

Since writing the above and just as we are going to press, an unknown friend sent us two hundred dollars for this Good Samaritan Inn as a thank offering, expressing the simple hope that it may accomplish as much good as the first one hundred dollars we received when we launched out to establish the Hinsdale Sanitarium. We accept it as a similar indication of Providence and shall, as a consequence, rededicate our lives to a more devoted service in this particular enterprise for the sick poor.

Remember the fifth annual Hinsdale Mid-winter Medical Missionary Convention, December 26 to 30. If you are interested in self-supporting medical missionary and soul-winning work, plan to attend. See announcement on page 379.

A Revival at the Home

Zada Hibben

Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

SINCE our last report we have had a real revival at the Rescue Home and I thought you would be interested in reading about it, also some of the circumstances leading up to it.

My plan has been before any girl leaves the Home to have a heart to heart talk with her, realizing that "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins," James 5:20.

One morning I made it a point to visit one girl in her room, who was expecting to leave the Home in the afternoon. I found her alone with her sweet little baby not quite three weeks old. I said, calling her by name, "Have you had any new incentives since coming here?" Lifting her eyes from her baby to me, with a serious look in her face, she said, "Yes'm, indeed I have." There was a pause. Then I asked if she'd care to tell me some of them.

"I know I've been brought nearer to Christ and I'm going to study my Bible when I leave here." Feeling that my work had just begun in her case and that I could not think of letting her go with what little she had gotten in the few days she's been here, I asked if she would like to take Bible studies through correspondence? She was delighted with the thought.

A few hours later she was telling the girls of how she was going to study her Bible through correspondence, and one of

them, who has been somewhat indifferent, remarked, "Are *you* going to be a missionary?" This conversation set the other girls to thinking and the Catholic girl, the next day, expressed her desire to take Bible studies by correspondence, saying she thought she ought to know more about her Bible than she did.

Knowing as I did that none of these girls had made an open profession of Christ, I felt the time had come for them to do so. So in consulting with Mrs. Clough, we arranged for a meeting Sabbath morning. It would have done your soul good to have been there.

The study was based on Job. 33:14-28, and the thought emphasized was that God speaks to us once, twice, through a dream, and then through sickness and suffering, and His purpose is to turn us from the error of our way. If we heedlessly pass by all of these danger signals, or mile stones in our life, there is still hope for us when we come to the last one, that of sickness, if we are willing to do the three things found in verse 27.

"And if any say, I have

sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." The thought was also brought out that "the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Rom. 2:4.

Those who wanted this new experience were asked to raise their hands. Every



"Worth Saving."

hand went up. We then knelt in prayer and every one prayed an audible prayer as the poor Publican did of old. Following this, opportunity was given for them to stand and speak a word for Jesus. Every one stood, some of them gave their testimony and others their hearts were too full for utterance. All were in tears.

It was certainly a day never to be forgotten, and I am sure it caused great rejoicing in heaven. We learned afterwards that one young woman had made a remark a few days before that she did not think there was any future life or any God who cared for her. She was converted. Another young woman had had a dream just two days before this meeting in which she felt that she was wakened suddenly with the questions, "What is my life leading to? What is going to become of me when I die?" It came to her with great force that morning that she had passed the three danger signals and had come to the fourth.

We trust you will earnestly pray that these girls may grow in the Christian life and that they may in turn be soul winners.

In a letter from one of these girls, who just recently left us, she writes: "A lady here where I am working has tried her best to get my baby, but she did not succeed. I would not give her up for anything now, for she certainly is the sunshine and joy of my heart.

"Do you know, Miss Hibben, before I ever came out to the Rescue Home I thought I would do anything to get rid of my baby (I really hate to confess it), but after I began to be interested and take part in the worship I began to feel a change in myself and understood spiritual things more clearly than ever before. I indeed can say now with my heart that I am a different person than when I came there. You can never imagine how happy I am, and I am going to study the Bible more, for it has been a great help to me."

There are many other such experiences we might write. The new ones coming in are already recognizing that God is a prayer-answering God. One of the girls who recently came to us I hardly knew

how to fit into the household program, but during the last two weeks there has come a great change over her, so that now she is one of the pillars in our family.

We trust you will earnestly pray that these girls may grow in the Christian life and that they may in turn be soul winners. Anything along the lines that go to supply the daily needs will be appreciated.

STARTING A SABBATH SCHOOL AT THE HOME

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

All the girls were eager and enthusiastic over the suggestion by Miss Hibben that they were to have a Sabbath school all their very own. They studied their lesson with a good deal of interest and when the bell sounded promptly at nine o'clock Sabbath morning they gathered together in the large parlor. Only one of their number was sick in bed and could not attend.

After several songs and a responsive reading of the one hundred and fifth Psalm and prayer, the Sabbath school was really organized, the girls doing the voting by ballot. Mrs. Bruner, the assistant matron, was elected superintendent, and the secretary and assistant secretary were chosen from among the girls.

Two classes were formed and the lesson recited, which was based on the experience of Israel at Rephidim when Moses was told to smite the rock and waters gushed forth to satisfy their thirst. This was only a type of the smiting of our Rock, Christ Jesus, and the flowing forth of the waters of salvation, which are still flowing for you and for me.

A lesson was also drawn from the experience of Moses at the time of the battle with the Amalekites. As long as he held up his hands Israel prevailed and when he became weary Aaron and Hur "stayed up his hands," and so Israel won the battle. Each one of us is in one battle or the other. We who are on the Lord's side can not all fight like Joshua, nor direct as Moses, but we can each one stay up the hands of our leaders and help to win the battle for God in our own little sphere.

Before the closing song was sung a collection was taken up. This was somewhat of a surprise, but every face lighted up as they caught the spirit of giving to help the heathen to receive the gospel, and someone suggested that they might weave a rug on the new loom which we expect soon to have, then sell the rug for this purpose.

The girls' faces fairly beamed as they entered into the spirit of this new feature of the Home life, which we trust will be a great blessing in the Home as time goes on.

FOUND A VACANT SPOT IN HIS SOUL

(From the Dannemora, N. Y., Prison.)

"I received your letter, also the reading matter, including the Soul-Winning Texts, for which I am more than thankful to you. Really I am overjoyed with the little book you sent me and I am studying it faithfully morning and night.

"In my prayers I ask the Lord to bless the good, true friend that has given me this book to study, and who has pointed the right road to righteousness. I will follow your instructions in studying and before long will know all the texts by heart, which I am very anxious to learn as soon as I possibly can.

"I want to be a worker for God and help other prisoners to the same road, for I earnestly believe it is never too late for any man to begin studying the good Book. I am deeply interested in the articles you wrote for *The Life Boat*. I will help others to find a vacant spot in their souls for the love of God, just as I have found it.

"The last few words in your letter I deeply take to heart, and am more than thankful to you in helping me become a worker for God. I want to write to you always, as often as I can, while in prison, for you are like an angel sent to me by God.

"After I have learned the little text book by heart I hope you will not object if I loan it to others to read. Although I do not like to part with it, for it is more than anything else to me. I also love *The Life Boat* dearly."

GROWING STRONGER DAILY

(From the Southern Illinois Penitentiary.)

"I want to thank you very much for the copy of the *Life Boat* which I read through the first night and passed it to my friends, one of whom has written home to get means to subscribe for it for one year. I appreciate getting it very much.

"I was very much pleased to get a report of what you and your associates are doing. I am satisfied you are doing a grand work and God will bless you for it. I feel very much interested in your work, and always remember you and your associates in my prayers every night before going to rest. I ask you to remember to pray for me. This is an awfully trying place, but I feel I am growing stronger in the sight of the Lord every day."

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

(From the Illinois State Penitentiary.)

"I received both of your letters and was very glad to hear from you. I have done what you told me: I have made a complete surrender to God and believe he has heard my prayer. I have given my heart to God and want to work for Him when I get out. I have only twenty-three months more in here.

"My mother's last words were, 'My son, always try to live like I have taught you to do. And always believe in the Lord, because you can never tell what is going to happen; we are here today and gone tomorrow.' And I am trying to live up to my mother's words as near as possible. I am a young man yet and want to teach others how to lead a better life. Pray for me that I may hold out. Your good work has not been in vain."

Back numbers of this magazine can now be secured at half price if ordered at once. Just the thing for free distribution.

The soul would have no rainbow if the eyes had no tears.

Good nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



THE HINSDALE MID-WINTER MEDICAL MISSIONARY CONVENTION

For some years in the past an important convention for those who are engaged in self-supporting medical missionary work has been held in Hinsdale in the week between Christmas and New Years. This year this convention will begin Friday night, December 26, and end Tuesday, December 30.

Special attention will be given to the establishment of self-supporting medical missionary centers. A number of workers who have been successful in opening up and maintaining such centers will be present to give their experiences. Strong laborers will give stirring Bible studies. The different phases of medical missionary work will receive special attention. It will be a feast of good things.

As usual, free rooming accommodations will be furnished in the Hinsdale sanitarium, while board will be furnished at actual cost. It will be a rich feast of good things. If you are already engaged in some line of helpful work for humanity, in some line of gospel medical missionary work, or if you contemplate engaging in such, or if you want to get information regarding such work, plan to attend this convention. Write for further particulars.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT THAT WILL LAST TWELVE MONTHS

Sensible people are coming to appreciate more and more the value of sensible presents, and an increasing number of people are giving to their friends a year's subscription to some magazine which they think will be appreciated. We would suggest to our readers that they present to some of their friends a year's subscription to the Life Boat. Think of a present that will keep on being renewed twelve times in one year! Think of the hearts that will be

warmed, new aspirations kindled, fresh impulses started heavenward, perhaps some soul saved as a result of such a thoughtful present.

Send us a dollar and your friend's name and address, telling us that this is intended for a Christmas present and we will send the first number in time to reach him or her for Christmas, and we will also write a note explaining that this year's subscription is a Christmas present from such and such a friend. Think over this suggestion and do not dismiss it from your mind without acting upon it, as the Lord may have some purpose in it.

IS THIS YOUR EXPERIENCE?

Are you the kind of Christian worker who knows in your very soul that if you should suddenly reach the end of your career that you are not prepared to meet your Maker? In other words, have you only a nominal Christian experience? If you do not have a *living* connection with the Lord you can only drift along, and whether you know it or not you are only building up the *mechanical* side of the Lord's work. Just as Noah's carpenters helped to build the ark, but lost their own lives.

If this question comes home close to you it is well that it should while it is time to rectify the situation rather than continue to drift along as you have been doing and finally discover that your soul is lost when it is too late to remedy it, just because no one had the moral courage or had enough friendly interest in your soul to put his finger on the real plague spot in your experience.

You will probably say that you have tried and tried to have a genuine Christian experience, which of course only half tells the truth, for no one ever came to Christ prepared to make a *full* surrender and was not accepted. You need to face square about, re-

dedicate your life fully to the Lord, take your Bible and other spiritual books that you have neglected so much and go after them like a famishing dog does a bone, and at the same time ask the Lord to *feed* your starving soul.

If you have been going to pleasure parties and various social functions, abandon them altogether, at least till you are strong enough spiritually to have a decided influence to build up the Master's kingdom. If you have only had a generous spirit for those whom you happen to admire, ask God to put it in your heart to be kind and helpful to those who need you a great deal more than the favored few whom you have been making your bosom companions.

More than likely you have reached the parting of the ways and from now on you must either do one thing or the other. If you do not get a genuine experience you will probably from now on be a hindrance instead of a help to God's work.

The flippant, trifling, careless and nominal type of Christian workers are dropping out of God's work. Their place is being taken by a class of serious, earnest people. Ask God to help you to take your stand clearly and decidedly with this latter class. You will find a few of them in your community. May the Lord use these few words to bring about a revolution in your entire life.

THE LIFE BOAT FOR 1914

THE LIFE BOAT sails on and on. It is about to complete its voyage for the year 1913. It will start out the new year loaded with a fresh new cargo which will be a blessing to whatever port it may enter.

There is coming to be a much larger number of people interested in this soul-winning sheet, and we hope and pray that it may reach and bless many famishing hearts and discouraged lives. Who will take an oar and help us make the year 1914 a banner year in soul-winning effort? If the Lord impresses you to take up this work write for further information.

EAT THE BOOK

Ezekiel had an experience that only few men have enjoyed. He was taken directly into heaven, he saw the throne of God, he saw the angels surrounding it, and had a glimpse of such heavenly things that it seemed almost impossible for him to express them in human words. Eze. 1 and 2.

But *before* he was prepared to carry God's message to his rebellious children it was necessary for him to *eat* the roll of a book. Second chapter, ninth verse. That was the name given to the Song of Solomon, the book of Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes and Esther. Precisely five books that the average Christian worker today scarcely spends any time with, to say nothing of literally *saturating* his very soul with them, as Ezekiel was bidden to do.

The Lord said to him, "Son of man, eat that thou findest; *eat* this roll, and go *speak* upon the house of Israel. So I opened my mouth, and he caused me to eat that roll. . . Then I did eat it; and it was in my mouth as honey for *sweetness*." Eze. 3:1-3.

David had a similar experience when he said, "How *sweet* are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." Ps. 119:103. And Jeremiah, another effective worker, said, "Thy words were found, and I did *eat* them; and thy word was unto *me* the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Jer. 15:16.

Does the Bible seem that way to you? If not, perhaps it is because you are just *looking* at it, you are not literally devouring it. You may look at a dish of appetizing food, but as long as you do not eat it you can neither relish it nor receive nourishment from it.

After Ezekiel had had this experience with a portion of God's word then the Lord said unto him, "Go, get thee unto the house of Israel, and speak with *my words* unto them. Eze. 3:4. This spiritual preparation would also give him moral courage. Eighth and ninth verses.

Do you want to know why we have so many weak-kneed Christian workers today who have only a tame, lifeless message to present to humanity? They have *missed*

Ezekiel's experience. They have not eaten the book and for that reason there is no fire in their souls. Ezekiel said that he went "in the *heat* of my spirit; but the hand of the Lord was *strong* upon me." Eze. 3:14.

TRAINING FOR SERVICE AT HINSDALE

The next course of medical missionary training at Hinsdale will begin next June. This opportunity includes not only a thorough instruction and abundant practical experience in caring for the sick, but also field work, house to house work, in the city, and many other lines of gospel work. The course of training is three years in length.

Beginning at the same time, there will be organized a year's course for those of mature age or who have but limited time at their disposal. To these will be offered the cream of the three years' course in one year. This class will be given special opportunities in medical evangelistic work during the entire year. None need to apply for this instruction at Hinsdale unless they have fully dedicated their lives to the Master's service. Write for further particulars.

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Prof. Frederick Griggs, principal of Union College, College View, Neb., was one of the visitors at Hinsdale this past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strickland of Cedar Lake, Mich., have connected with the sanitarium. Mr. Strickland is clerking in the sanitarium store.

Mrs. R. A. Lovell, from the Knoxville, Tenn., sanitarium, was a patient in the institution a few weeks recently.

During the past month Dr. Paulson spent a few days in Washington, D. C., attending an important council.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Strawser, graduate nurses from the Melrose, Mass., sanitarium, spent a few days at Hinsdale while enroute for the Pacific coast.

Prof. John L. Shaw, formerly a prominent missionary to India, more recently in charge of the Foreign Mission Seminary, Washington, D. C., visited Hinsdale recently and gave the workers an inspiring talk on mission work in India.

Mr. Julius Paulson and family, from San Luis Potosi, Mexico, made another visit to Hinsdale recently while on his way to New York. His several lectures on Mexico given in the sanitarium parlor were enjoyed by all.

Mrs. W. H. McKee, superintendent of the Michigan Home for girls, located near Grand Rapids, Mich., enjoyed a few weeks' rest at the sanitarium recently.

Mrs. Edith Van Houten of Stevens Point, Wis., was a guest of the institution a couple of weeks.

On Sunday night, October 26, the annual harvest ingathering service was held, which was of much interest to both old and young. The service was for the benefit of foreign missions and a substantial offering was given.

Mr. A. J. Denoyer of the Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute, visited Hinsdale while on his way to New York, where he expected to sail for Burma, and will open up a self-supporting educational institution for the natives.

Pastor C. A. Russell of South Bend, Ind., and Dr. Fred Dryden, old friends and classmates of several of the Hinsdale workers, called recently.

Commencement week at the sanitarium was one of great interest to all. On Sabbath Eld. O. A. Olsen gave the baccalaureate sermon, which was really inspiring. On Sunday evening the sanitarium nurses' alumni gave a reception to the graduating class. On Monday evening the graduating exercises were held. Practically half of the class of ten have already gone out to their respective fields of work, and we wish them Godspeed.

Miss Zada Hibben, who has been acting matron at the Rescue Home during the last three months, is taking a vacation. Another one of the sanitarium nurses and Mrs. Bruner, the assistant matron, will look after the work.

Among those who have recently connected with the institution may be mentioned Martha and Thora Borg, from Wisconsin, Thora Henrickson from Mankato, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Chapman from Lansing, Mich., and Mr. Herbert Campbell from Republican City, Iowa.

Mrs. Minnie Sype's book, "Life Sketches and Experiences in Missionary Work," will make a nice Christmas present. Price \$1.00, post paid. Address Mrs. Minnie Sype, Carroll, Iowa.

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.

Notice the announcement on opposite page of a beautiful Scripture text calendar for 1914. This handsome art calendar if hung in your home would be a constant reminder of God's promises throughout the entire year.

NEW BOOK OF POEMS BY PEARL WAGGONER.

We wish to again announce to all our readers that Miss Pearl Waggoner has recently collected the best of her numerous poems and published them in book form under the title "Beyond the Shadow." This book contains ninety-six pages and is furnished in two bindings: substantial cloth, seventy-five cents, and dainty paper cover, forty-five cents; also a beautiful leather binding for \$1.25. If you want to give one of your friends a choice and inspiring Christmas gift, send for this book of poems. Address Pearl Waggoner, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Life Boat

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

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Do not send currency in your letters, as THE LIFE BOAT will not be responsible for receipt of the same.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Yearly subscription, \$1.00.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

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.

LIFE BOAT MAGAZINE AGENCIES IN CHICAGO.

THE LIFE BOAT magazine can be secured in quantities at wholesale rates from the following agencies in the city of Chicago:

D. K. Abrams, wholesale nut store, 3529 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Aldine 743.

Illinois Tract Society, 3645 Ogden Ave. Phone, Lawndale 7022.

Hinsdale Nurses' Center, 2348 Park Ave.

NOTICE.

We employ no solicitors for any of the various lines of helpful work that God has committed to us. If the Lord impresses you to assist us send the money directly to headquarters instead of to any individual that is a stranger to you.

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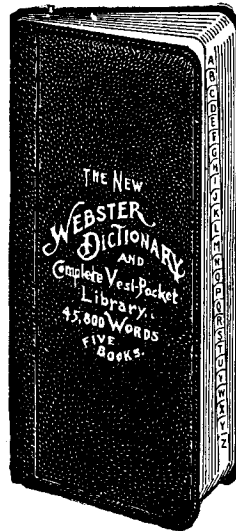


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