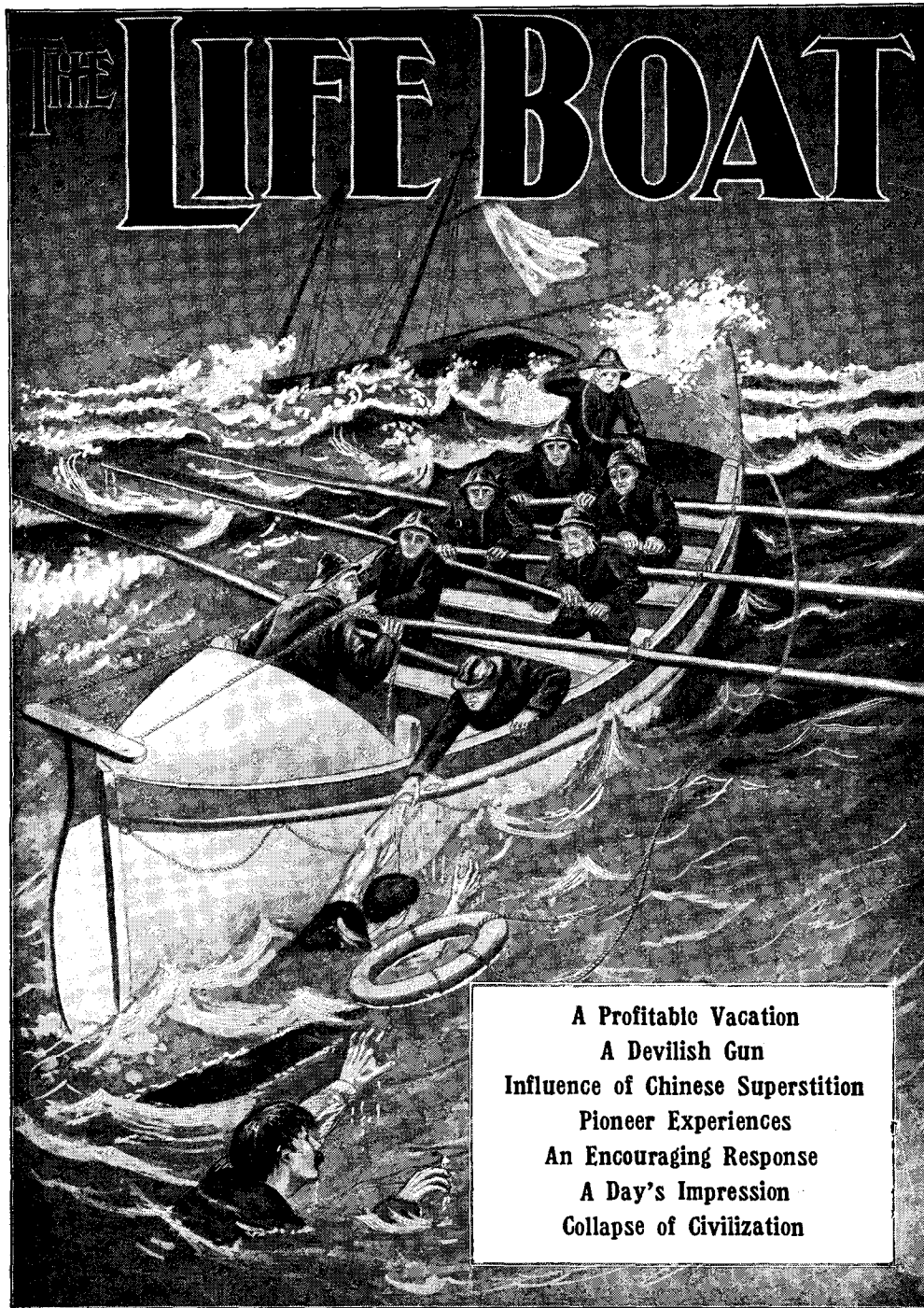


“The Nations Were Angry, and Thy Wrath is Come.”—Rev. 11:18

One Dollar a Year

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**A Profitable Vacation
A Devilish Gun
Influence of Chinese Superstition
Pioneer Experiences
An Encouraging Response
A Day's Impression
Collapse of Civilization**

**Volume Seventeen
Number Ten**

Windsale, Ill.

October, 1914

Scientific Health Farming—by the Editor

Harvest Time

Pearl Waggoner

Harvest-time! But what of harvest? For the fields of golden grain
Have become the nations' playground, in a mighty battle plain;
And they now with fire are blackened, and with blood of men are red,
Echoing with roar of cannon—strewn with corpses of the dead.

Harvest-time? Yes, still 'tis harvest, tho' earth's fields of corn and wheat
Hear no more the song of reapers, but the tread of warriors' feet.
Harvest—ah, but what a harvest! Hitherto a time of cheer,
Now of sorrow and of heartache, time of turmoil and of fear.

Harvest? Yes, in more than one way; in the Scriptures we are told
Harvest is the end of all things, when the earth, waxed worn and old,
Marred with sin and crime and bloodshed, marked with sickness and decay,
Groaneth 'neath its heavy burden and is soon to pass away.

'Tis the time foretold by prophets—time when knowledge shall increase,
Time of strife, yet time when many talk of safety and of peace;
Time when poor men grow still poorer, when the rich heap up their store,
When, despite the age of learning, sin aboundeth more and more.

'Tis a time when worldly pleasures men are loving more than God,
Time when faith is taking flight and skepticism stalks abroad;
When the nations all are angry—ah, it shows the world's fast trend,
For according to the Bible these are signs that mark the end.

"Harvest past, and summer ended, yet alas, unsaved are we!"
Such the wail, in bitter anguish, from the lips of some will be.
Harvest past! But with rejoicing, lo, there still shall come a few
Bearing sheaves to give the Master. Say, which class shall number you?

No excuse is there for blindness; Christ has told us all before
Just the signs by which to know when He is even at the door.
Are you ready for the coming of the blessed Prince of Peace?
In your own heart have you let Him cause unrest and sin to cease?

Harvest-time not yet is over, and probation lingers yet;
Still a few brief moments rest us, ere the sun of time shall set.
Tho' earth's crops be devastated, tho' its fields are lying waste,
God's fields still are white to harvest;—but the work requireth haste!

THE LIFE BOAT

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

One Dollar a year

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 XVII.

HINSDALE, ILL.

:: OCTOBER, 1914

Number 10

Scientific Health Farming

David Paulson, M. D.

THERE is an interesting parallel between the new scientific farming and sane, substantial, scientific health culture.

The old farming was largely hit and miss. Many of the farmers planted their potatoes when the new moon was a certain shape. Now the farmer studies the condition of his soil instead of the moon. Likewise old-fashioned health restoration was largely a gamble. The patient swallowed a few mysterious drops and expected by some magic to have his health restored without any intelligent co-operation.

I raised chickens when I was a boy and I remember how important it was to supply the right conditions if I expected to hatch out a satisfactory brood of chicks.

There is a closer similarity than most people imagine between raising health and raising chickens. There are certain conditions that must be supplied by the patient who desires to hatch out a crop of health. It can not be secured by jugglery, although something may be had temporarily that feels very much like the real thing. But genuine, permanent, substantial health is only secured by supplying certain conditions that nature insistently demands.

But the deep-rooted instinct that leads so many people to gamble—that element in human nature which expects to get something for nothing—is what prompts people to believe they can secure a good crop of health without the necessary trouble and self-denial to sow for it, without undergoing the pain of *ceasing* to do evil and *learning* to do well.

A few "drops" may enable one to *feel* good and continue for the time being wrong habits. But nature is a good bookkeeper and sooner or later faithfully checks up our accounts—as some of us have found out to our sorrow.

A Few Fundamental Principles

God has put the healing in the man and not in a bottle. All that any doctor can do is to intelligently co-operate with these healing forces. These words are written over the door of a great dispensary in India: "We wash the wounds, but God heals them." That is a splendid commentary on the divine declaration, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Ps. 103:3.

The farmer can cultivate corn, but God must grow the corn. The doctor cultivates health, but is equally unable to grow it.

When the preacher came and gave spiritual advice for your broken heart you thanked him, but expected God to mend your heart. When I am called in to set a broken bone and supply favorable healing conditions in the way of a splint, God has to mend the broken bone just as He had to mend the broken heart, and he should have the glory for doing the real work in both instances.

Most people overlook this. They give the doctor the credit for physical healing, but believe it would be blasphemy to give the preacher credit for spiritual healing. We should see God back of the doctor just as we see Him back of the preacher. The successful medical man deserves no more credit than the successful soul doctor. Both are working on the same plane; so it is just as proper to

pray God to add His blessing to what the faithful doctor is doing as to ask Him to bless what the preacher is doing.

When a boy I used to run the sewing machine for my invalid mother. Sometimes the seams would not match and I had to take in a tuck at the farther end. When a student I saw a surgeon do the same thing in sewing up a large abdominal wound, and I said to myself, "Fortunately the clothes will cover that awful-looking thing." But a few weeks later the tuck had entirely disappeared. Nature had done for the wound what it refused to do for my seam: in other words, it had completely *corrected* the surgeon's blunder. The most conscientious physicians and surgeons even after they have done their best appreciate how dependent they are upon nature to repair and correct their efforts.

Nature's Simple but Powerful Remedies

This is the fundamental difference between rational and artificial remedies: nature's remedies reach the root of the trouble while artificial remedies tend to smother the symptoms and leave the patient in essentially the same condition or even worse.

A *low protein diet* is one of nature's most effective remedies. Protein food—that is, the so-called beefsteak line—decomposes readily in the alimentary canal, producing virulent poisons that are partially absorbed, produce many unpleasant symptoms and also lay the foundation for a large number of our chronic diseases.

The first twenty-four hours there is but little chance for poisons to be developed in the alimentary canal. It is the second twenty-four hours that decomposition is set up; and there are many people who have daily bowel movements that have required three days to traverse the length of the alimentary canal. It is important that the daily dietary should contain sufficient bulk, especially green garden truck, to stimulate the activity of the bowels. To induce two daily bowel movements, taking a small enema at bedtime, if necessary, revolutionizes the entire outlook of many mysterious diseases that have puzzled so many doctors in previous years.

We do not need any meat *substitutes* any more than we need the meat. It was never a part of God's plan for people to eat such an excess of protein food, and so why should

we spend our time hunting up a substitute to replace this dietetic blunder?

Patients swallow a vast amount of drugs to smother mysterious pains and aches that are simply symptoms of auto-intoxication. Change of climate is recommended; but it is the climate *inside* that needs to be changed rather than the outside. And such people, unless they change their *habits*, carry with them the same wretched climate wherever they go, and consequently continue to be afflicted by the same symptoms.

The Fresh Air Program

The fresh air treatment has worked miracles in tuberculosis, but it is equally good for other constitutional diseases. For it is not the fresh air in the lungs that does the work: it is the fresh air in the blood; and any one can see with one eye half open that the kind of blood that can heal a diseased lung is just as good for a bad stomach, a crippled liver, or a disordered nerve.

Some years ago in the New York state hospital they put a group of insane tubercular patients out in tents, and in a few months' time they not only recovered of their tuberculosis but some of them were completely restored to sanity, and all were markedly benefited. What a blessing it would have been if these people could have had a similar chance to breathe fresh air *before* they broke down mentally.

We speak of things being as "free as the air"; but to many people that is absolutely a joke. In spite of the fact that we have no fresh air trust, that no one has a "corner" on the air market, many people fail to discover how to avail themselves of one of God's choicest blessings.

God put our first parents in a garden. We, their children, have moved into houses, and have paid dearly for the change—not only in the way of house rent, but doctor bills and weakened constitutions. While we can not all move back to the garden we can all do better than we have been doing if we become sufficiently alive to its importance.

The Healing Sunshine

Dr. Brady, in the *Chicago Daily News* health article, says that there is no drug in the whole pharmacopœia that can produce such wonderful results as sunshine in so short a time. "Sunlight seems to produce hemo-

globin [the red coloring matter of the blood] just as it produces the analogous element, chlorophyl [the green coloring matter] of plants. Sunburn and tan are more than skin deep."

Put a plant in a cellar and it fades. Keep a person indoors and he becomes pale, because the sunshine does not have a chance to make coloring matter.

It was found that exposing the entire body to sunshine a few minutes a day increased the red blood cells twenty per cent in a given case in a few days' time. It is something phenomenal, almost mysterious, what sun baths will do. The sunshine goes into the very tissues and produces beneficial changes in even the internal organs.

Any one can lie down on a couch where the sun shines into a room, exposing one day the feet for ten or fifteen minutes, the next day the lower half the body, then the entire body. Such sun baths can later be taken for half an hour or an hour to the very greatest advantage. There is, however, danger of the powerful effect of the sun's rays producing nervousness. That is a sign that the treatment has been too long, and it should be discontinued entirely for a few days.

Dr. Finsen discovered that the electric arc light was a very splendid substitute for sunshine and by means of this he succeeded in curing what had before been an incurable disease—lupus: tuberculosis of the skin—a splendid confirmation of the divine declaration made centuries ago that the Sun of righteousness should arise with *healing* in its *beams* (Mal. 4:2, R. V. margin).

On this subject Dr. Asa L. Gray writes: "We persistently continue the pursuit of an intangible 'cure,' some miracle-working drug or serum which will have the power of reversing natural law and enable us completely to ignore natural forces."

Another Natural Remedy

The use of hydrotherapy in recent years has completely changed the former serious outlook in typhoid fever, pneumonia, and acute insanity. Today typhoid fever, when intelligently treated with baths, is no more serious a disease than an attack of measles. The death rate in pneumonia, when properly treated with hydrotherapy, is less than five per cent.

The old-fashioned doctor used to bleed the pneumonia patients to relieve the awful congestion in the lungs. But the patient needed all his blood to fight the pneumonia germs. Hot hip and leg packs, with hot and cold applications to the lungs, relieve the congestion more perfectly and have the advantage of bleeding the patient into his own blood vessels.

In the state asylums where they have introduced hydrotherapy they now cure sixty per cent of the acute cases of insanity, instead of only five per cent by the old program of restraint and powders and pills.

A Few Hydriatic Applications

A fomentation is nature's pain killer and every one should know how to apply it because by it pain can be chased away in less time than with anything else on earth. Morphine relieves pain by paralyzing the nerve, and a few doses are sufficient to produce the opium habit, the most dreadful slavery imaginable. A hot fomentation relieves pain by relieving the congestion that causes the pain.

A fomentation is made from the quarter of an ordinary blanket, folded up and thrust into boiling hot water, leaving the ends out so it can be wrung without scalding; then wrapping around it another quarter of a bed blanket to keep it from burning the patient. A hot water bag with a moist flannel cloth around it is a very convenient substitute.

The abdomen is the natural headquarters for a large amount of pain. When the fomentation does not relieve it the thing to use is a trunk pack: a single bed blanket wrung out of hot water, folded together, so it will reach clear from the arm pits to the hips, and wrapped around the trunk. If you have the kind of a pain that a thorough application of this kind does not promptly relieve it would be wisdom to send for a doctor to secure a satisfactory diagnosis.

The hip and leg pack, made the same way, is the star remedy for sciatica and many wretched pelvic pains. It fills the large blood vessels in the limbs with blood and relieves the internal congestion.

Hydrotherapy is the safest remedy for colds, which can ordinarily be cured in a day if the treatment is begun the very first day. A chilly sensation means spasm of the peripheral bloodvessels. It is congesting on

the inside and making trouble. When there are no facilities for taking a full hot bath at bedtime take a hot foot bath, which is really, as far as the body is concerned, a small edition of a full bath.

At the same time apply fomentations to the chest, inhaling some hot steam at the same time. Drink abundance of hot water or lemonade. Take a thorough enema, as auto-intoxication and colds generally go hand in hand. Go to bed, have plenty of fresh air in the bedroom. Let your diet be abstemious the next day. Repeat the same treatment the following evening if necessary. In most cases one treatment will do the work.

When we used to carry on medical mis-

sionary work in darkest Chicago drunkards sometimes staggered into our dispensary. We would undress them, lead them in under a cold spray, and a moment later they would come out absolutely sober. This shows what a powerful tonic short, cold applications of water are. It is always wisdom to precede a cold mitten friction, cold hand rubs or short cold baths by some short hot application, as this insures a good reaction.

It is also advisable to take all such treatments in a warm room. Blue finger nails, chilly feelings up and down the spine, and a full feeling in the head, are indications that the reaction has not taken place satisfactorily and that the treatment has only done harm.

The Baneful Influence of Chinese Superstition

W. A. Westworth

[Pastor Westworth, who spent some years as a missionary in China, assisted in the opening exercises of the Medical Evangelistic Class, July first. The following is culled from a talk given at morning worship.—Ed.]

AS we sing the songs of praise to God so many times my mind goes back to my stay in China, and I can not help but contrast the difference there is in this religion that draws us all together,—from the Chinese religion.

Many times I am asked what is the religion of China. Briefly, China has three distinct forms of religion; and at the same time a man can belong to all three of them without at all conflicting with the other two.

Soothing Balm for the Higher Classes

Confucianism is not a religion, although considered by many to be such. It is simply the following of simple rules of life laid down by Confucius, certain philosophical deductions. It has no God, no Saviour, has no intent for the future life.

For the man who has the means within his control to do as he wants to do now, Confucianism is quite a soothing balm. But for the poor—and most all of China is poor—it holds out but little hope for the future, and therefore is essentially a religion for the higher classes.

Rest in Oblivion for the Working Classes

Buddhism is the following of the teachings of Buddha, which has for its element what

they are pleased to term the absolute rest in oblivion. I have never been able to grasp it: how a man can be completely annihilated and still enjoy perfect rest, and still that seems to be the great goal of their endeavor. We never find the Chinese children for instance playing as we find our American children. The Chinaman can not understand at all why men—especially grown men—should spend their time running up and down a ball game field, as they see the English and Americans doing, and not getting any pay for it.

The Chinaman's idea of a good time is to sit down and have some one bring him something to eat—all he can eat—go to sleep and wake up and eat some more. The Chinese New Year, when all China has a holiday, is given over to eating and sleeping. If they are poor perhaps two days is the extent of the festival. If in better circumstances perhaps it is extended to eight or ten days.

We of course could understand it better if we could see the average Chinamen at work. They have to work so hard and get so little we can hardly blame them for thinking that rest is the *highest* form of happiness.

While Buddha is looked up to as a deity and is worshiped to a greater or less extent,

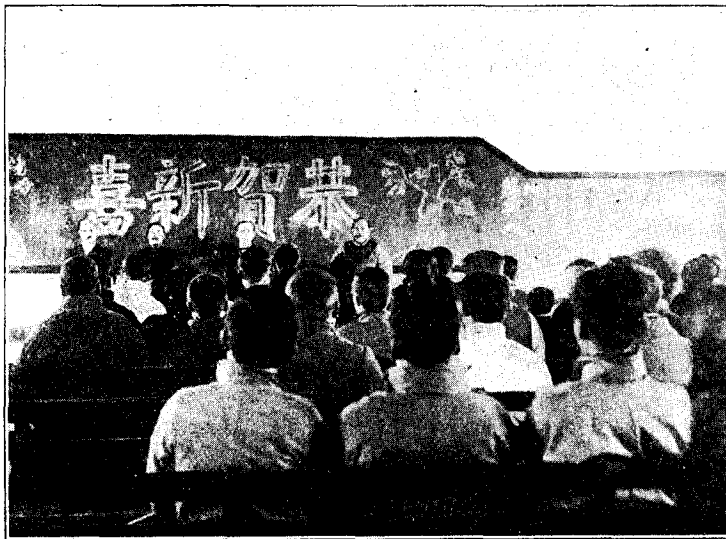
there is really no absolute, supreme one who will grant men their desires in Buddhism. They worship the Lord or the Master of the heavens and still have no conception of what that means as we do.

Devil Worship

The third religion in China is Taoism, which is ultimately worship of devils, although they would not phrase it that way. But it comes about in this way: they believe that the soul of every man (that is, one soul of every man, for they all have three)—goes to the place of departed spirits. Another soul goes into the grave with the body, the third one inhabits the ancestral tablets; so they spread out their choicest viands before their ancestral tablets and this spirit comes down and eats the food. Of course they eat the food themselves afterwards. They say if a man was a good man on earth he will be a good god and will do everything he can do to help along his posterity; that if he was a bad man he will be a bad god and may do all sorts of mean things as bad men do. So they spend their whole time propitiating the evil spirits of



ENTRANCE TO THE BANKERS' GUILD, SHANGHAI
Showing the Gables and Curley-Cues to Ward Off the Evil Spirits



THE SHANGHAI TRAINING SCHOOL

their bad ancestors.

The Chinese fear of evil spirits is found everywhere. You can not escape it any time of day or night. You have noticed the pictures of the Chinese houses with little **curley-cues** coming down from the gables and ridges coming down from the top. I used to think that was a form of Chinese architecture. But they think the evil spirit passing through the air will get caught on these sharp points and torn, and there-

fore the evil spirits will dodge all these points. So the man that has the most gables on his house will escape most of the evil spirits.

Dodging the Devils

You can not find a straight path in China. Their idea is that evil spirits travel in a straight line. If they got in one house and found a good chance they might want to go to the next house, but if there is a sharp turn in the path they can not find their way to the other house. You can not go to any home of any pretensions in all China but you will find a high wall and will have to turn at right angles to get out. When the spirit is headed straight in, that wall turns it out, and not being able to travel but in a straight line it passes the house.

When traveling on the Shanghai river I

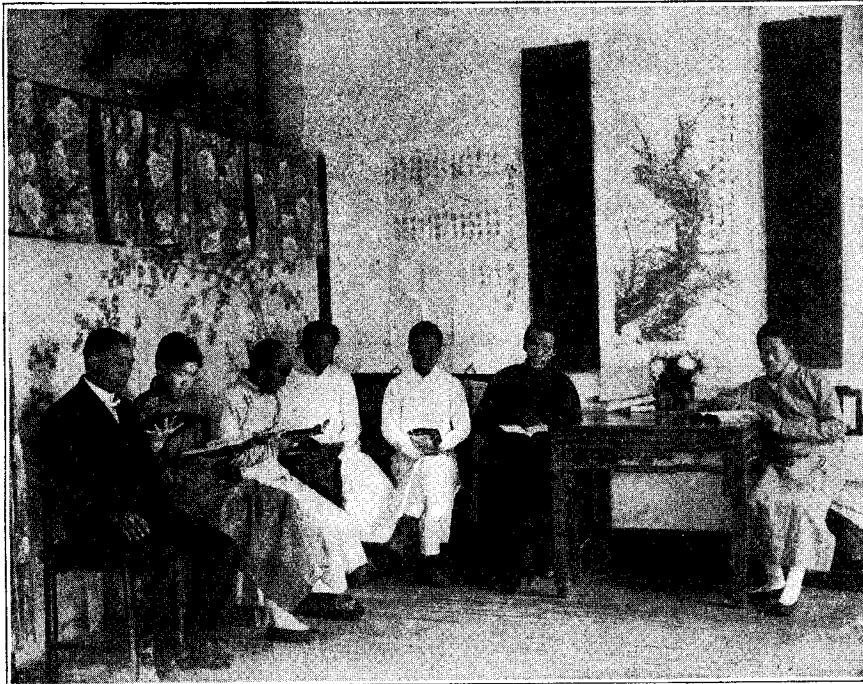
and one-half feet in diameter, pounding away for all he was worth, and as soon as he saw I was there he walked away.

I said, "What does this mean?"

They said, "That is a great favor. This watchman came to keep the evil spirits away, and hearing there were foreigners here, wanted to make sure the devils' would keep away."

I said, "Well, I wish he would let them stay."

No matter where you turn you will see this fear of the evil spirits. The pathetic part is the tremendous hold this superstition has upon the Chinese. The mother loves her baby with the same mother love we do, but if that baby is taken sick the remedy she



HOLDING A BIBLE STUDY IN THE CHAPEL GUEST ROOM

was very tired and had just nicely gotten to sleep when there was a most terrific racket and I woke up, and said, "What is that most infernal noise outside?" My man said, "Stick your head out and see." I did so and there was a man with a large gong, perhaps three

might be able to give it, for instance, is a little dirt scraped off the wall of the sacred temple, mixed with water and given the child to drink. If that does not help it she knows the evil spirit is in the child and she can't help it, so she throws it out to die—not that she loves



FRONT OF THE CHAPEL AT SHANGHAI. THE CHINESE SIGNS ANNOUNCE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

the child the less but fears the evil spirit more.

When you get into the inner life of the Chinese you discover their great need of the knowledge of the love of God; and the one thing that *stimulates* missionary endeavor there, with conditions very distasteful and hard to get on with, is the *necessity* of telling them of the love of God, of a Saviour that will save, and that there is something better than the pain and torture and sorrow that seem to fill their lives.

There are millions of Chinese who live and die of old age who have never been satisfied at the table—never have had enough. The degradation, the disease and all these things are beyond expression. If I could take you with me through the little village just east of Canton, where there are over three thousand lepers, or down the canal where one in eight of the population the year I was there died of the bubonic plague, you would see what I mean: that they *need* the knowledge of the love of God, of a Saviour, and to be told there is a future where they will be beyond the sorrows that fill their lives today.

STARTED RIGHT WHILE IN PRISON

(From the New York State Prison)

"I assure you that I was very much pleased to hear from you, and very grateful for THE LIFE BOATS which you so kindly sent me. This is the first chance I have of writing you since I received your postal and LIFE BOAT. May He whom you serve give you the reward which you and all like you so richly deserve. I suppose that you will be interested to know that I have only eleven more months to serve and, with God's help, I mean to continue to live an honorable and cleanly life, which I began right here in these walls.

"I thank you for the interest taken in me, a poor sinner who has strayed from his Master, but has found Him again since reading THE LIFE BOAT sent to me. It has been the means of bringing me to myself again. And I know that my fellow inmates wherever they may be will agree with me when I say that it pays to travel the right way."

No boy or girl is well prepared to enter the best society who is not faithfully obeying the commands of God.

A Day's Impression

Beatrice Harter,

Hinsdale, Ill.

LAST Sunday morning I attended the gospel jail services for the first time. I have often wanted to go but have never been able to do so before.

The services in the police station made a great impression upon me. Oh, the sin and misery right at our very doors! I can not express, can not picture such poverty, such depravity, such dirt and filth as I saw during that jail service.

In one of the corridors there were several men, but three of them who were in one cell attracted our attention most. Those men's hearts seemed like steel. We asked God to help us to say something to help them. When we entered they were playing cards, but as the services progressed I noticed one man pushed the cards to one side and sat with his head bowed. We talked with them and prayed for them, but they were hard. It seemed that we could not move on without first seeing them yield their hearts to God, so while Mr. Walter talked with them Miss Stapp suggested that we go apart and pray. She said afterward, "I shall keep in touch with those men by keeping in touch with Heaven." They were fine looking, intelligent men, and how they had gone so far in sin we could not understand. We shall continue to pray for them.

We went upstairs to the annex and there we met such a band of dirty, neglected urchins as I never had seen before. Miss Stapp asked me to tell them a Bible story. I had not gotten far in the story before I realized that they were familiar with the life of Moses, for they did not hesitate to answer my questions.

We next went to the women's corridor. It would be impossible for me to describe the scene there. As we talked to these poor women their hearts were touched and with tears rolling down their faces they begged us to pray for them. Only one—one white-haired woman, perhaps some one's mother, was bitter. She did not want us to even speak to her of Jesus.

A Visit to a Well-Known Mission

After our services there we went over to Pacific Garden Mission and listened to the testimonies of men who had once lived a life of sin but who had at last given their hearts to Jesus. As one after another stood up and told their heart's story, told us from what terrible depths of sin God had saved them, one could see that there had been a great change in their lives. When I realized that God could take their degenerate lives and make them over new I knew there was real power in God to save.

It seemed to me as I passed on that I had seen enough for one day. My heart was touched and I felt very sad, very sorry for those poor people whose lives were blasted by sin. But as I was about to board an elevated train, while waiting at the station a poor woman with four small children (one a baby), three or four suit cases and some sweaters, came to me and asked me about the trains. I told her I did not know much about the city but looked up her route and told her what train to take.

She sat down beside me and told me a sad story. Her husband had come home the night before intoxicated. Both of her eyes were black and swollen and there was a large gash in her forehead where he had beaten her. She said she had been forced out of her house in the night and had walked a mile, barefooted, to the nearest neighbors.

As she talked the tears fell fast. She said she went back to her house that morning, her husband had gone, so she gathered up a few things and hurriedly came away for she knew he would return that night and perhaps kill her if he found her. She was going to her mother. I felt very sorry for her but realized that there was little I could say. I helped her and her children on their train and felt glad that they were going to loved ones who would, at least, try to protect them.

I felt that I had had several real temperance lectures that day that would be in-

delibly stamped on my mind. That day's experience opened by eyes. It helped me to realize more fully the needs of the people in dark Chicago. They need Jesus. They need love. We must take it to them. We do not know the suffering, the sin, the distress right in our midst. We are so contented; we have all we need. I pray for a surrendered life. I want Him to give me experiences that will make me able to help those whose lives have been pierced by the darts of the evil one.

"Do you know the world is dying
For a little bit of love?
Everywhere we hear the sighing
For a little bit of love;
For the love that rights the wrong,
Fills the heart with joy and song;
They have waited oh, so long,
For a little bit of love.

"From the poor of every city,
For a little bit of love,
Hands are reaching out in pity
For a little bit of love;
Some have burdens hard to bear,
Some have sorrows we should share,
Shall they falter and despair
For a little bit of love?"

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS

W. J. WALTER,

Field Supt., Medical Evangelistic Class.

My heart rejoices to see that God has called a few faithful young people here to take part in this work. You remember the history of the sending out of the seventy. If you do not, turn to the tenth chapter of Luke and read it, and you will find they were sent out two and

two and as lambs among wolves, without purse or script and without the second pair of shoes or a second suit of clothes.

Now the Saviour had an object in that. They were sent out in this way so as to be less cumbered and have less to think about. And so we want this class to go out as nearly like the seventy as possible. We always every morning dedicate them to the Lord for that day for service.

These students are instructed that they are to go into the homes of the people to find out if possible if God's blessing is resting upon them and learn if the people are satisfied with their Christian experience.

There was a little boy in Chicago who stepped up to a burly policeman one day and asked him if he was a Christian. The man turned to him and said, "I don't know as that is any of your business," and the boy said, "I believe it is." He said, "Why?" and the boy said, "Because I am part of the concern." So the members of this class are "part of the concern."

Mr. Moody in London one day put his hand on the shoulder of a man standing on the corner and asked that question. The man said, "I do not know as that is any of your business," and passed on. Several years later the man came to him and said, "Do you remember that incident? Well, I am the man;



BROTHER WALTER, MISS STAPP AND SOME OF THE STUDENTS STARTING FOR JAIL SERVICE

I was about ready to take my life that night, and that saved me." So it becomes our business to inquire into the spiritual condition of those about us. There is no grander thing in this world than to be a fisher of men.

Some of these students came here as the direct result of prayer, and their aim is to be sustained by God in this work.

We need your prayers and this class needs your prayers. This is the first class that has been started in this way,—a medical evangelistic class. You may say, "Are they physicians?" No, they are not physicians. "Are they nurses?" No, they are not nurses. But they are receiving instruction in the sanitarium and they will be well equipped for anything that may come to them; and He is the very best helper we can have.

We are all of good courage in the Lord and by His strength and in His might and power we expect to keep on sowing the blessed news of salvation until the Lord of the harvest says it is enough.

The great war in Europe has given many opportunities for sowing. On the street, on the trains, in street cars, people ask what it all means. These young people have scattered literature like the leaves of autumn upon this all-absorbing subject. They have had many good visits and talks with the people. The second coming of Christ seems to be a subject that many are much interested in, and one they enter into conversation most freely upon.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." Isa. 32:20.

The sowing has been committed to man,—the reaping to angels. Truly the harvest is great and the laborers are few. Pray therefore that more laborers be sent into the harvest.

AN ENCOURAGING RESPONSE

RUTH STAPP,

Students' Hall, Hinsdale, Ill.

God has wonderfully blessed our efforts at the Harrison Street Police Station, Chicago. At a recent service held there the Spirit of the Lord was mightily present and at least half of the inmates were deeply impressed regarding their soul's salvation.

Many of these men and women were slaves to sin, and from a human standpoint freedom seemed impossible. But as they in brokenness

of spirit cried to God for help and deliverance from sin they gained the victory.

I shall never forget the sad story that one young man related that day. Drink had become his master. In vain had he tried to conquer it until at last it had brought him to where he was that day. We read to him many promises of victory from the Bible. As we bowed in prayer he petitioned God for help and strength to overcome his evil habits and to lead a victorious Christian life.

In the same cell was another man who was deeply touched. He had held responsible positions and was well recommended as a workman by influential men, but in the hour of temptation he fell. This man believed that God had allowed this very thing to happen to him that he might be brought where he could hear the gospel invitation. His request for special prayer was most earnest.

The following letter was received a few days ago from this same man. Will all THE LIFE BOAT readers remember this brother in your prayers?

"My Very Kind Friend:

"I say 'friend' as you have shown yourself to be friendly in time of need and severe trial and distress. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' and I assure you with all truth I shall never forget your exceeding kindness and thoughtfulness. I write this to you because I feel it way down at the bottom of my heart, and more especially to render my heartfelt thanks.

"I was not only surprised but amazed with the eatables and flowers you sent. It tasted so good and put me in mind of a precious promise and command, 'O, taste and see that the Lord is good!' and while relishing it I just stopped and requested Jesus to come into my poor, sinful heart, and asked Him to accept of me and to let me partake of spiritual food. Although suffering and in deep distress I feel quite relieved to what I did when you saw me last Sunday. If I must go to the Bridewell on account of sin I will enter the gates and cell with the good Lord to comfort me, and I kindly ask you to pray for me separately that I may come out when released not only happy in myself, but better still, happy and strong to forever take my stand for the Lord Jesus. The thought that it will be one bright star in your crown at the last day is indeed a very comforting thought to me, for I wish to recompense you and I know of nothing more pleasing to you than to so conduct myself hereafter that you may feel that I can meet you in a land of no weeping for sin."

Pioneer Experiences at Home and Abroad

Mrs. B. E. Connerly

[Mr. and Mrs. Connerly received their training in the old Chicago Medical Mission at 1926 Wabash Avenue. Later they went to Porto Rico. They have been engaged in missionary activities during the last thirteen years in Porto Rico and on adjoining islands and later in the Panama Canal Zone. They have just returned from Panama to spend a few months in the States. The report of their inspiring experiences, as told to the Hinsdale family of workers, will be read with great interest.—Ed.]

IT IS delightful and touching to me to stand before this class of young people who are now beginning a missionary career just as I began mine eighteen years ago. I understood little then of the great need, or the great preparation necessary; but I understand it better as the years go by and I thank God that He led me just as He did in gaining my preparation, for it was established on the right foundation—that of actual *doing* of missionary work, instead of studying theories of how to do it.

Pioneer Experiences in Chicago

When I came to Chicago eighteen years ago to begin my missionary training, material equipment was vastly inferior to what it is now. We came to no well-furnished rooms. I shared an immense bare room, whose only furnishing was beds, with seven other girls, and we did the most of the furnishing our-

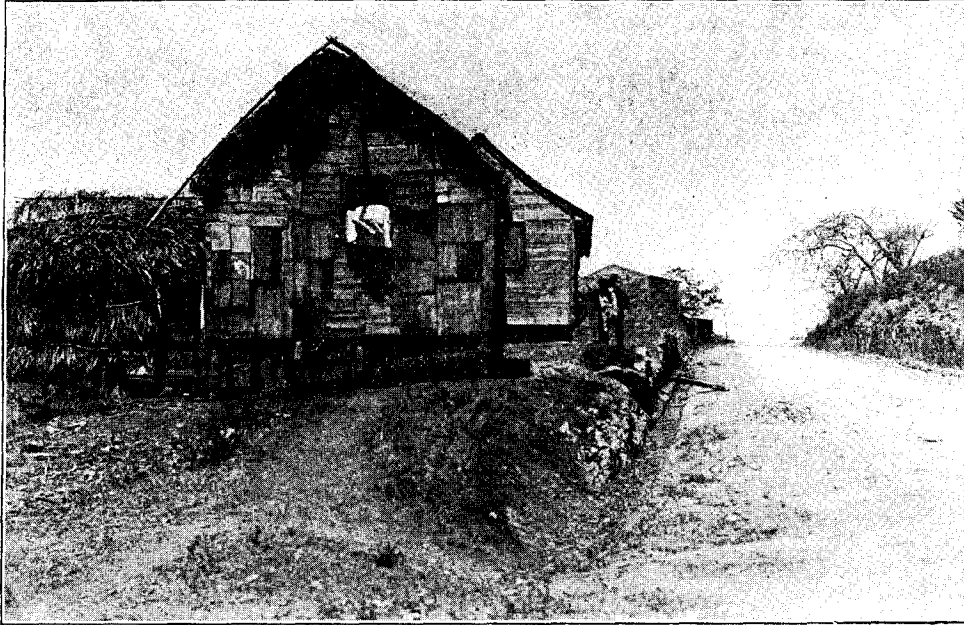
selves. I had a good supply of missionary zeal, but little valor, and when the second night I was sent out with one of the other new girls to hold a cottage meeting, fear took hold of me as I stepped into the throng upon the streets and I don't know what kind of a cottage meeting I should have conducted. But fortunately for me two young men had by mistake been sent to the same address to conduct the meeting and I returned safely. This tormenting fear of the city stayed with me for months, but was so thoroughly overcome at last that I knew no fear though I worked on the streets until after midnight in giving tracts to fallen women, and have stayed alone all night in the Life Boat Rest, then located on Clark street.

Best Preparation for Foreign Field

All of this was of benefit to me and together with three years of training in almost every



A NATIVE PORTO RICAN HUT



A PORTO RICAN HOUSE BUILT OUT OF SOAP BOXES

line of city missionary work, as well as in the Life Boat printing office, prepared me to be a help to my husband when we were called to go to Porto Rico in 1903. There we simply continued putting into practice the methods we had learned in Chicago, modifying, changing, and substituting as occasion served.

Porto Rico is a beautiful island with an area of three thousand six hundred square miles, and a population of one million and a half. The natives are a gentle race, a mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro. They were indolent and uneducated and all business and enterprise seemed to be in miniature; but they were kind and courteous.

At the beginning of our work we had often to rejoice that fear had been taken away, for on one occasion we were forced to face a wicked robber with drawn blade who demanded our money or our life. He got neither and we were both spared to continue our work. We hope that the gracious gospel message which has rung through that island has reached that evil man and taught him of a better way.

The natural scenery of the island is beautiful beyond description, as the center is a

succession of hills rising into mountains and bordered all about by a belt of lowland that skirts the sea. On this land all of the cane and coffee is raised.

Our study of the Spanish and customs of the people began at once, and at the end of three months we began publishing the first Protestant paper in the island. Mr. Connerly had to do his own field work as we could find no one whom we could trust to go out and collect the subscriptions, and I was left in charge of the office work. In this our Chicago work had given us a foretaste, I in the office work and Mr. Connerly in selling THE LIFE BOAT.

A Broad Mission

We gave special attention to the needs of the home, temperance and hygiene, as well as the great truths of the message. The Lord prepared the work with the paper more and more and it was one of the heaviest trials we were called to endure when in 1911 the fire destroyed the printing office and it was decided that our precious *El Centinela de la Verdad* (The Sentinel of Truth) should be substituted by using the Spanish paper from Mexico.

It was, doubtless, the influence of the Chicago Children's Home that led us to be willing, in harmony with God's Word, to take two little unfortunate girls to raise as our own. We do not dare to boast, as "boasting is excluded," but we show you their pictures and can say confidently that they love God's work and confidently anticipate having a home in His glorious kingdom.

During all our work in the various stations



MR. AND MRS. CONNERLY AND THEIR TWO
NATIVE GIRLS

to which we have been appointed we have found that the great principle that makes true missionaries anywhere is to love God with all the heart and our neighbor as ourselves; and that personal contact with humanity in its need, whatever that need, is the method of performance.

We thank God for the Chicago work that

gave us a start in the right principles and we thank God that that work is still being carried forward.

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN FIELD WORK

ANNA B. PETERSON,
Hinsdale, Ill.

Last Thursday five of us nurses went to Aurora to sell *THE LIFE BOAT* magazine. It was my first experience in a work of this kind and I never did so much praying in one day as I did that day. I had several good experiences.

At the first place I called the lady was upstairs when I rang the bell. She called out from the window and asked, "What are you, anyway?"

I said, "I have a paper that you will be interested in."

"Tell me what you are and I will come down."

I said, "I'm a trained nurse."

"I will come right down."

She then told me her baby had stomach trouble and asked me what to do for it. I told her what to do and she was very grateful and bought my paper. I had a good talk with her about the war and Christ's near coming.

When I came up town I met an insurance man who said, "You might as well get out of here, for I have no use for any one who makes that their work."

I said, "I'm not doing this for the pleasure of it."

"You are doing it for the money," he said.

I then told him I had my profession and could easily make money that way if I desired, but I was doing this because I felt the Lord wanted me to. I thought he *needed* the paper.

He said, "You are wasting your time."

I said, "If I take time to bring it to you, *you* ought to take time to look at it."

He said, "I am a busy man."

I assured him I was a busy woman. He then gave me a chance to tell about my paper and he purchased one. He was not a Christian but he could quote Scripture better than I could. We talked for more than a half hour, and when I left I determined to study my Bible more than I had before.

A Profitable Vacation

Mrs. D. K. Abrams,
3508 Rhoades Ave., Chicago.

[We commend to all our readers this vacation experience. How much more satisfactory and profitable than the average vacation! May it prove an inspiration to all of us to gather up the fragments of time that God gives us, and to use them more profitably.—Ed.]

FOR some time I have been praying that the Lord, if it was His will, would open the way for me to go and see a friend of mine who lives on a farm, and also to sell some magazines. God heard and answered my prayer.

I had such a blessed time. My friend lives three miles from town with her mother and brother and she is a light to all around her, far and near. She surely has done what she could, and has given out papers and tracts to her neighbors and friends, also mailed them to different ones, and is giving of her means. Her mother, who is nearly blind, also loves the Lord and gives of her means to the work.

It made me want to love the Lord more and serve him better when I saw how patiently the mother bore her affliction. Surely her trust was in the Lord, from whence cometh our help. My friend would hitch up the old horse and would go around among the farmers and sell papers, and God gave us favor with the people. She would sit in the buggy and pray while I went to the houses. I had blessed talks with the farmers' wives and they would buy my papers or subscribe. I found one farmer's wife who was sick and had prayer with her and told her some things to do for herself that would help her. When I told her who I was staying with she said, "I have heard of your friend's good work." Others would speak of her and her faithfulness.

Daily we are sowing seeds along the way, daily they are growing for the harvest day. May God help us to sow seeds of truth that we may reap a harvest of souls.

Then we went to a small town and she sold papers with me. We had some blessed experiences and met people who were interested and bought our papers.

Mingling Prayer With Work

I never rang a door bell or rapped on a door but what my heart was lifted silently to God in prayer that He would give me words of wisdom to speak to the people, and

touch and tender their hearts by His love and help them to buy my papers. It is wonderful what prayer will do; some would buy all three of my magazines or subscribe for one. Others would buy one or two, just as they could afford, but where they could not buy any I would leave a tract. All with whom I talked about the conditions of the world and the Lord's soon coming, said they believed it. I felt as I worked that town that I would have to meet those people in the judgment and I wanted to do everything just right.

Some mornings when my friend was busy or they had to use the horse, I would ride to town in the lumber wagon and get to work early. Oh, how happy I was to go to town in that way, for it gave me an opportunity to talk to a soul about Jesus. One day I got a ride out to the farm with a huckster, and he certainly was interested when I told him how near the Lord's coming was. He had never given these things much thought. I gave him a paper and a tract, and he promised to read them.

Then I found a hungry soul and she said, "Oh, how glad I am you came! for I have longed for some one to come in and pray with me as you have and talk to me about the Bible." She asked many questions and after buying my papers asked me to go and see a friend of hers, which I did, and found her longing to know more about Jesus. My friend went with me to see one of these women, and we took her a copy of the book "Bible Readings," and some papers and tracts. We had prayer together, and I believe there is an honest soul who will yet accept the truth. The other woman said when I called the second time to see her, "You will never know how much good your coming has done me. I feel lots better."

How thankful I am that Jesus could use me in working with Him for souls. The Lord blessed me and helped me to get seventeen subscriptions in all, and I sold over two

hundred papers. It made me so happy to know I could help some one else along life's way, and comfort them with the comfort that Jesus alone can give. It pays to serve Jesus for Jesus gives us souls for our labor.

A Wonderful Experience

After coming home one day I was getting ready to clean my kitchen floor when a letter came, from which I quote the following:

"I have something to tell you that may make you happy. One night I bought a paper so that I could see what this war was about, as I had not seen a paper for a long time. While I was reading, the cold chills ran down my back and my heart just thumped and thumped, and I thought, 'It's the Lord's doings. It is His prophecy being fulfilled; and probation will soon cease, and here I am still a sinner.'

"I prayed and prayed until I thought my heart would break, for all my past sins stood accusing me. I prayed that I might be forgiven and that I might be counted among the righteous. It seemed so much worse for me, as I knew the light but still rejected it. I know the Holy Spirit was pleading with my soul. It was hours before I fell asleep. Now I have just started and Satan tempts me every way he can, but I just say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

As I read this letter tears of joy flowed down my cheeks, for this dear girl who had worked for us in our store for more than four years had at last found Jesus precious to her soul and had written all about her experience with the Lord. Now she wants a Bible worker to come into her home and give Bible readings, and she also wrote for some tracts. I have prayed for years for this soul and kept in touch with her and God has heard and answered prayer. She is in earnest. Oh, what a change in her life! How happy I was to know she was happy in Jesus!

Since she started there is another friend of mine in the same town who had become discouraged, who now has turned to the Lord. These two meet together and pray and read the Bible and sing songs of praise to Jesus for calling after them.

I visited her and the Lord helped me to sell seventy-five papers in the place and as I went around I asked the different ones if they would not like to come and study the

Bible. They said they would, and the Lord helped me to get thirteen people who promised to come and study the Bible. Pray for this sister that she may be the means of bringing many into the truth. I have so many blessed experiences I could not begin to tell them all.

A Place of Refuge

My home is a mission home. God sends people to me who are in trouble and sorrow and I pray with them and help them in every way I can. Sometimes I go with them to court. I have had a very sad case here of late: a woman who is in trouble with her husband. While at work for a wealthy family he became acquainted with the hired girl, who, he found out, had saved up some money. Soon they were married, he got her money and left. He then went back to his former wife, who had him arrested. We have had prayer with this man and have tried in every way to help him, but he rejected his Saviour and went into sin. As we sow so shall we reap.

I am so sorry for this family. Pray for them for they need the Saviour. I have been to see the second wife and she is heart-broken. She wrung her hands and cried as I put my arms around her and tried to comfort her and tell her that Jesus would help her if she would only trust Him. Her grief was terrible to think she had to have such an experience. Think of the trouble and sorrow this girl brought upon herself and others! How sad to think we will go on and on and destroy our own lives by the course we pursue. Her mother tells me the doctor says this trouble will kill her girl. Pray for this family. They are honest, hard-working people.

Special Jail Service

We also had a wonderful service last Sunday morning at the police station. The Spirit of God was there in mighty power and souls were saved. The Spirit took possession of us in song and praise and testimony and prayer. We have not had a service like it in a long time. I believe it was because we had all consecrated our lives anew to God for service the day before. It is high time we were waking out of sleep for now is our salvation *nearer* than when we first believed. I never saw a time in the history of this world when the hearts of the people were so ready to

receive the message of love and warning as now, for God is stirring the hearts of the people and calling after all the honest in heart. Now is our time to work as we never have, for God will cut His work *short* in righteousness. For one I am determined to work and pray and study my Bible, that I may impart light and truth to others, that at last when Jesus comes and the work is finished I may come rejoicing bringing my sheaves with me.

POINTS ON PERSONAL SOUL-WINNING WORK

Culled from Various Sources

"He that winneth souls is wise."

We must have for our chief aim the winning of souls to Christ.

Soul saving is the highest and the greatest work in this world, a work which will bring the best results for the investment of means.

It is not only the greatest but also the hardest work in the world. The best way to conquer self is to forget self in an effort to "help the other fellow."

The work of soul saving will give life and vigor to the mental and spiritual powers.

The love of God embraces all mankind.

Love is the key to open hearts.

It is heart missionaries that are needed.

Christ a Personal Worker

The work of Christ was largely made up of personal interviews. He had a faithful regard for the one-soul audience.

Jesus seemed to connect Himself intimately with the interest of the person whom he hoped to help.

Christ was an untiring worker. He did not measure His work by hours. Entire days were devoted to labor, and entire nights were spent in prayer.

Soul winners must know the Bible by persistent, exhaustive, life-long study. The Bible is the soul-winner's indispensable equipment, but not necessarily his tool.

One by One

Come close to the people by personal efforts.

The individual believer should work for the individual sinner.

Winning one soul at a time usually results in the winning of a multitude of souls in the process of time.

A few words spoken in private will often do more good than a whole discourse.

The sick soul needs not a lecture on medicine, but a prescription.

Seven of the twelve apostles were won to Christ by individual work.

Individual work is simply telling others of *our* experience of Christ's love, so that they may share it.

To do soul-saving work you will need resolute, persevering faith, unwearied patience, and a deep love for souls.

Those who are in a prayerful frame of mind will be able to speak a word in season.

Those closest to us may be most in need of the personal word for Christ.

Henry Clay Trumbull's life resolve was: "Whenever I am justified in choosing my subject of conversation with another, the theme of themes shall have prominence between us, so that I may learn his need and, if possible, meet it."

We not only must not expect the work to grow easy, but we must realize that if it does so, something is wrong.

Show animation and determination in the work of winning souls.

Do not work with a divided mind, trying to serve self and God at the same time. Keep self out of sight.

Work disinterestedly, lovingly, patiently, for all with whom you are brought in contact. Show no impatience, utter not one unkind word.

We can not win by antagonizing. Criticism or denunciation has no place in the work of individual soul-winning. Don't argue.

In trying to help the poor, the despised, the forsaken, do not work for them mounted on the stilts of your dignity and superiority, for in this way you will accomplish nothing. Speak to them as saved sinners, not as superior beings.

"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

The finding should be the theme of rejoicing; the straying should not be dwelt upon.

God gave His only begotten Son to save sinners, and He desires us to love others as He has loved us.

"He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death."

The best way to begin is to begin; and the best time to begin is *now*.

Caught in the Devil's Trap

Kate D. Sanborn,

Acting Matron, Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

ONE of the saddest pictures I ever saw was that of a sweet-faced girl who sat in my room one morning recently and with weeping told her story. I was this:

"Mother died when I was only twelve years old. Father's health is very poor, so I support him. I was told that I could make more money if I crossed the waters and came to America. I made the trip in safety and learned the language quite fast. I found work at once in a family, caring for children and doing the housework, but I got no regular wages. I was given fifty cents or one dollar

whom I worked for permission, which was granted. We had to take a street car to reach her home.



PEERING INTO THE CAMERA

at a time. After three years a neighbor told me I ought to make more money. She offered to give me two weeks' work, pay me well, and give me time to look for a better job. I spent two weeks at her home and she found me a good place in a private home.

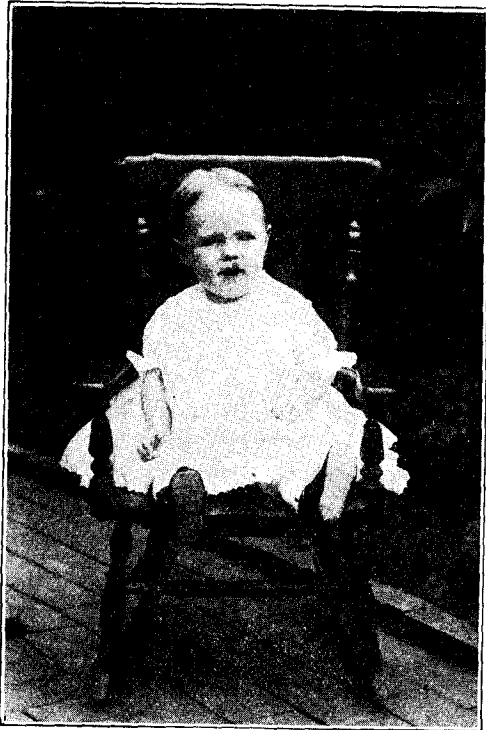
"I had no acquaintances so never went out at night. The only place I ever went to for pleasure was to a picture show near us. This was always in the afternoon. At one of these picture shows I met a German girl who seemed like a nice girl. She asked me to come to see her some evening. I refused a couple of times. Last Christmas afternoon I met her again at the show and she asked me to go home with her. So I phoned to the lady for



A Life Boat boy now seven years old and the sunshine of his home. His foster parents say, "We feel well repaid for the care we have bestowed upon him, and are sure that there are many homes which would be blessed by taking one of these homeless ones to rear for the Lord."

"At her home we found about six couples. After supper the girl insisted that I stay all night, so I again phoned to the lady. She answered, 'I am perfectly willing for you to stay if you are sure it is a nice place.'

"In the evening we had different kinds of drinks and refreshments. The last I knew I was eating a piece of mince pie. When I regained consciousness I was in a bedroom, dazed, and was like one in a dream. I spent



A MOST PROMISING LITTLE GIRL

a night of suffering and could not work the next day. I did not know until later that my ruin had been accomplished that night.

"The woman I worked for last was very, very kind to me. She was sorry for me, kept me with her as long as she could, and will gladly take me into her home again as soon as I am able."

This girl brought with her a letter of introduction from her employer which confirmed her statements.

Satan surely is going about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Girls can

not be too careful of their associates. Better to forego the pleasure of associates if need be than to take up with chance acquaintances and thereby run such terrible risks.

A PRISONER'S VIEW OF THE WAR SITUATION

A young man in a western prison has taken up a regular course of study by correspondence in order that he might fit himself for work for humanity upon his release. We quote from a recent letter as follows:

"It was the hand of God that directed my footsteps to this prison gate and His will that the crying need of the least of these, His little ones, was revealed unto me. Since I feel the call to serve humanity in this cause, I can not choose but obey—not willingly alone, but gladly and with the enthusiasm that inevitably springs from a consciousness of divine interposition.

"The present time is the most eventful period in the history of the world. Nations are slaughtering nations over questions of trivial importance and the bulwark of their boasted civilization is being swept away like chaff before the wind. Each new day sees some prophecy of the Scriptures realized, and no student of theology can refuse to acknowledge that the day so long foretold, the day that shall witness the coming of our Lord, is near at hand. Now is the time when the church shall come into its own. I have suffered as these men about me are suffering: I have borne the burdens these men are now bearing, and since God in His infinite wisdom and mercy has vouchsafed to me the revelation of His purpose and intent, I cheerfully take up my cross and follow."

THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

For some months we have been endeavoring to open up an industrial department at the rescue home. Our friends helped us purchase a loom on which can be woven beautiful rugs, curtains, dresser scarfs, sofa pillow tops and a host of other things. The first thing we made was a strip twenty-one yards long of hit and miss carpeting for our fourth floor hall. This completed, we then turned our attention to making rugs for the market, and we are very happy to reproduce here a picture

of the first rugs. These are made from new cloth and are dark blue and white. The smaller size we shall sell for \$1.25. The larger shown is one yard wide and two yards long. This will sell for \$2.50.

One of the girls who has enjoyed the

go to can remain with us and at the same time be supporting themselves and their children.

We hope that our friends who are reaping their harvest this time of the year will think to save a few gleanings for the home. We



VIEW OF THE FIRST RUGS MADE IN THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME.
THESE ARE NOW READY FOR THE MARKET

benefits of the home is taking charge of this work, while at the same time assisting with the general work in the home. She will be paid a commission on each rug. We hope to build up a substantial industrial department so that several of our girls who prefer to keep their babies and who have no homes to

always have a large family during the winter months and the house must be kept warm and all of these dear ones fed. We feel grateful to God for His many blessings and for this wonderful opportunity of commending the gospel in such a substantial way to these poor broken-hearted girls.

ALLOWED TO VISIT HER HOME

A young woman in the Joliet penitentiary wrote the following to Mrs. Abrams, who was the means of her conversion:

"You will pardon me for not writing to you before, for I have had great trouble. I have lost my dear father. When the news came to me things looked oh, so black! I thought I could not stand it for thinking of the dear ones at home. I was so heartbroken I could not lie down. So I took my troubles to the great Keeper who doeth all things for the best. Such a night I never put in in all my life. How I prayed that I might be able to see the dear ones at home and the remains of my dear father.

"God heard and answered my prayers, for our good, kind-hearted warden let our caretaker take me home. I shall never forget her to my dying day. She let me wear her clothes and helped me dress. The carriage came for us and we stopped at the greenhouse to get some lovely carnations, then went home. I was taken in to see father. I was so pleased at his looks. He carried a smile and was at rest, although he was very gray.

"Then we went to see my sisters, and they told me he had made his peace with God. His last words were, "Jesus is coming." They told me he did not know I was here in prison. When I wrote to them telling them where I was, my sisters told him I had written asking forgiveness, but was so busy I could not come home, but with God's help I would be home soon. He said to write me at once and tell me all was forgiven and to come home. My sister said a great many of his gray hairs came from looking for me.

"After I had seen them all I was ready to come back. Things look black for me now, as I realize I have sadly abused my parents' Christlike love and kindness for me. They have done much for me; but no one has had the indomitable persevering faith in God for me that you have had, and with His help, and in His blessed name, you shall have your reward; for from this time on, whether in prison or out, I shall devote my spare time to His service. You were the only friend I wrote to and your good letters and cards strengthened me as they are so full of the good news of salvation.

"We ought to thank our heavenly Father for the very air he gives us to breathe, the sunshine, and the birds. For although we are in prison there are a number of people throughout the world who do not have things near as comfortable as we do."

A CRIPPLE AND NO FRIENDS

(From the Indiana State Prison.)

"I will write you a few lines to let you know I am well and still trust in God, as He is the best friend when trouble comes to me. I received THE LIFE BOAT for May and have read it through; it is one of the best papers that comes into this prison. It is my special reading matter.

"I have a long time here and if some one does not come to help me out it will be forever,—in prison for life.

"I was born on a sailing-boat in Colon, Cuba, then taken to Brazil, S. A., thence to America, and I am American-raised. My father was a sailor.

"I gave my heart to God five years ago and am glad of it for it was the best thing to do. It is a good thing for a Christian to take an occasional account of stock, just to see what God has given him. There is a vast difference between forgiveness granted by men and that which comes from God. One starts well but ends with a sorrow; the other begins with a blessing and flows on like a river, ever increasing in depth and power and helpfulness. Men sin and truly repent. In their thought the scar of the transgression still abides with them. But God's grace is so wonderful, His mercy is so great, His power so indescribable, that when we sin and sincerely repent He not only forgives but wipes away the stain. The scars are gone too, so far as He is concerned. This is His pledge.

"I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' This is a forgiveness worth having and it is freely offered to all who in sincere faith will accept it. 'He will abundantly pardon.' Isa. 55:7. Human pardon is one thing; divine pardon quite another. One is not to be despised; the other is inexpressibly great. A man may be pardoned by the governor of the state for a crime which he may have committed,—even

murder, but I am quite sure that with the governor's pardon there would still be a sense of sorrow for sin and a feeling of deepest remorse as the remembrance of a great transgression would sweep over him; all of which proves that the governor's pardon would set the offender free from prison but could not wipe away the stain of sin. But when God pardons He justifies freely and forever.

"It is God that justifieth." Rom. 8:33. Justification is one act of God. One is not more justified at the end of fifty years of Christian experience than he was at the first moment he yielded his will to God, accepted Jesus Christ as a Saviour, and made it possible for God to accept him. We grow in Christian graces but not in justification.

"2 Cor. 8:5 says they 'first gave their own selves.' A consecrated life is a surrendered life. It is laying our gifts and ourselves before God and taking our hands off, allowing Him to direct us.

"I hope and trust you will be able to correspond with me as I am a cripple and have no friends,—only God and the Hinsdale people. Pray for me. Write soon as possible."

HELPFUL COMMUNITY WORK

MRS. MINNIE DOUGLAS
304 S. Central Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

[A few earnest, consecrated women in Columbus, Ohio, decided to devote one-half day a month to selling THE LIFE BOAT magazine and in that way earn money for small literature for free distribution. We publish herewith a report of their first afternoon's work, believing it will be an inspiration to others to "go and do likewise."—Ed.]

We planned to all meet on Thursday afternoon about one o'clock and give that afternoon to the Lord and His work, so we did. Before starting we sung the song, "Take the Name of Jesus With You." We bowed in prayer and each one asked the Lord to help us and direct us in His work, that we might be a blessing to some poor souls and receive blessing by doing this for the Lord; for this is His work and we want to be willing servants in His hands and to be led and guided by Him. The dear Lord surely did guide us.

We met with many people that just looked amazed when we would tell them of Jesus and of His coming soon, of the signs and wonders, and how "nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom." This war has awakened the people and they do not under-

stand it from the Bible standpoint,—do not know that the Bible has foretold that these things will happen.

We had many good talks with different people and found many that needed a word of encouragement and who thanked us for calling upon them. THE LIFE BOAT appealed to every one. Some were not able to buy and with them we would leave a tract on the second coming of Christ.

They told us to call the next time, as they would like to buy a magazine, for they thought we were surely doing a good work.

We found many people sick and that gave us an opportunity of giving some health instruction. We were thanked very kindly; they were glad we happened to call, and invited us back again. I met two women standing on a corner who were very busy talking. I stepped up to them, showed them THE LIFE BOAT, and they thought it fine and that I was doing a noble work. The war was spoken of, and the second coming of Christ; one seemed to believe everything I said. The other asked questions. She said, "Do you really believe that Christ's coming will be literal?" I said, "Yes, indeed; Christ is a literal, personal being and His coming will be literal. He went away in a cloud of glory; He will return in the same manner." (Acts, 1:11.)

She seemed to be quite stirred. She stood for a few moments with her lips pressed tight together thinking, then finally she spoke and said: "Well, I have a religion that is different from yours and I am perfectly satisfied." We must have talked for an hour, and when we parted they said they wanted to see me again.

Well, our workers all met and came home. Then we had another missionary meeting on Sunday evening, where each one gave in her experience, and we received blessings and strength from one another.

One sister said: "Surely the Lord spoke through me, for I never had the gift to talk to people as I have now."

Another one said: "I never could go from house to house and ask people to buy magazines. The Lord was surely with me, for I had no trouble at all in selling. I could have sold more if I only had had them."

We all had good experiences, received blessings, and came home rejoicing, feeling well paid for the afternoon's work.

A Devilish Gun

David Paulson, M. D.

WE have been rejoicing in the various life-saving devices and inventions that have been perfected in recent years. But we are just beginning to appreciate that there is such a thing also as life-destroying inventive genius.

The Krupp gun factory has produced a gun which is being used by the German army in this present war and which is spoken of as "the most miraculous and powerful weapon designed in the history of war." One shot from this monster and supposedly impregnable forts collapse like shanties. The men who fire this gun have to do so by pressing an electric button in an underground chamber a considerable distance away. This is the description of what followed:

"The explosion was terrible. Anything within fifty feet of the gun at the time of the explosion would be killed. Even men in the neighboring armies complained of headaches and toothaches from the jar and the same

complaints were made by the men in the forts where the projectiles exploded.

"The projectile pierced through one, two and three ordinarily impenetrable walls and buried itself in a fourth. Here it lay silent many seconds, then exploded like a volcano, bringing to the ground in ruins every stone which had stood upon another.

"A shot fired into the center of a fort buried itself deep in the ground and lay there as though gathering strength for its demoniacal eruption. Then, after twenty seconds, it exploded and razed the proudest walls in Belgium.

"Each shell costs \$2,500. What it contains nobody but the Krupps know. It is brought to the battlefield in pieces and assembled by the highest paid and most trusted of the Krupp engineers. It is aimed and loaded by them and not one member of the artillery corps in the kaiser's army has anything to do



VIEW OF GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER AN ALL DAY ATTACK AT MONS



BATTERY OF GERMAN FIELD GUNS MARCHING PAST THE KING

with it. The slogan of these men is, 'One shot for one fort.'

Thirty centuries ago the inspired seer looking down the long corridors of time, said:

"Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: beat your plowshares into *swords*, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong." Joel 3:9, 10.

One thing is certain: that all over the continent of Europe at present the peaceful art of agriculture is being abandoned for the dreadful carnage of war. And with such implements of war what must the harvest be? Well did the inspired seer add:

"Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is *ripe*: come, get you down; for the press is full, the fats overflow; for their wickedness is great." Verse 13.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY

LULU WHITTAKER,

Member Medical Evangelistic Class.

I have learned that whenever we are in the path of duty God will bless us, and that richly. The reason for my being here in Hinsdale is that I wanted employment. But by coming here I first learned of this class that was forming, and recognized in it the Lord had opened a door for me so I might learn more of His Word and more of the ways of His people in trying to help one another. It was not so much the nursing I wanted to learn about as the Lord and His commandments and His ways of dealing with His children.

Ever since He for Jesus' sake has forgiven me, I have had an earnest desire to serve Him in whatever capacity He sees best for me.

I know there is a great deal to be done in the way of soul saving. I know a little of the dark side of life; have had some trials of my own and can sympathize with others in the same circumstances. The Lord is my helper.

For years I was going with the world altogether, but became very sick of that sort of business. It does not pay at all. I consecrate my time, my life and what little talent is mine for my Master's service. "All my help from Thee I bring; simply to Thy cross I cling."

A MISSIONARY COW

The problem of self-support is a vital question with members of the new medical evangelistic class. They conceived the idea that if they had a cow, that would cut down their living expenses. We suggested to them that they ask the Lord to send them a cow. Directly a good Christian business man in an adjoining town sent fifty dollars, asking it be used to assist some of our needy workers who are fitting themselves to bless humanity. I wrote him as follows:

"I was most agreeably surprised by your generous donation of fifty dollars to help some of our needy ones who are fitting themselves to better help humanity. In order to make perfectly clear to you how we are going to use this money I will specify a little

in detail something concerning our first year nurses' work.

This year, instead of setting these students to work in the institution doing domestic work, which is the prevailing program during the first year of training, we decided instead to introduce them, under efficient leadership, into house-to-house work among needy people in Chicago, in that way bringing them face to face at the very *beginning* of their training with genuine Christian help work. At the same time their classes go on just the same as if they were doing housework in the sanitarium. They are having wonderful experiences, are shedding light and radiance into many darkened homes.

"In order to make the plan work out the most successfully we hired a large house down in the woods a few blocks from the sanitarium and put the students in there as a community by themselves. Two of their own number cook the food two weeks at a time in rotation. The total expense is divided pro rata between them at the end of each month. Over half of them really brought no money whatever; they are poor, and so they are just living from hand to mouth. By eliminating expense for cook, buying the food judiciously at wholesale, using only the simplest and yet most nutritious foods, the expense at this time of the year is only about twenty cents a day for board.

"There is a good barn on the premises and our young people have been praying the Lord would send them a cow so that they could cut out their milk bill, and we feel that your fifty dollars was a direct answer to their prayers, and with that money we shall buy them a cow. A number of the girls are husky, homespun youngsters who have milked cows at home, and there are three young men in the class, two of whom came right off the farm. So the cow will not lack care.

"We are praying that others will help them to get a good flock of laying hens. That will not only supply their own needs, but they will have some eggs to sell to the sanitarium. At the same time they will be able to use the scraps from the sanitarium tables to feed their hens, so as to practically eliminate the cost of chicken feed. The fodder from the corn that the sanitarium has raised to feed

their horses will furnish part of the food for the cow.

ADMINISTERING THE DOUBLE GOSPEL

MISS KETURAH MERCER

Member Medical Evangelistic Class.

On Monday I went to deliver a Hungarian Bible to a woman with whom I was having studies. When I got there the lady came to the door and quickly disappeared again. When she came back she said her child was just coming out of spasms. I did not know what to do, but the doctor came soon and he told us what to do. Soon the child went to sleep. Then I talked with the mother and we had prayer for the child.

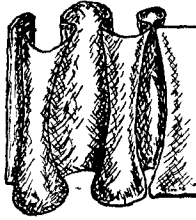
I was to go to another place to give a Bible study, but when I reached the home I found the woman had her face all swollen up and it was paining her severely. I handed her crying baby to Miss Hanson, who was with me, and offered to give the woman fomentations, but she was sure it would do no good and called for a doctor. She finally consented to let me try the treatment and after the first application the pain left her. Later on when the doctor arrived he said that was just the thing to do for her.

In talking to this woman I showed her a Bible and suggested that she should have one, so she bought one. I have now placed five Bibles in Chicago and I am sure God's Word will have its influence on the lives of these people.

In our work in the city we have taken our magazines with us. As I knock on the door and ask if I may come in people look at the bundle of papers thinking that we want to sell them. I tell them we are medical evangelists and explain to them about our work.

I can see that there are honest hearts we are going to reach. A few shut the door in my face, but I don't mind that. I feel that the Lord has brought me here to be better trained.

Ten minutes spent each day in reading good books will amount to seven and one-half days of good solid matter in a single year. What a store of knowledge a person can acquire in that time.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor



THE MOST IMPORTANT MID-WINTER CONVENTION

For a number of years there has been held at Hinsdale, stirring, inspiring medical missionary conventions between Christmas and New Year's. These occasions have grown more important from year to year and this one will unquestionably be by far the best of all. Strong, experienced, spirit-filled workers will bring us inspiring messages. Hinsdale workers who are out on the firing line will return for this convention and relate their encouraging experiences. Further particulars will be given later, but remember the time and place.

THE BEST TIME OF YEAR FOR LIFE BOAT WORK

Between now and the holidays is the best time of the year for aggressive missionary work. The evenings are becoming longer, the days are comfortable and the attention of the people is being directed to more serious and earnest things. Now, just *now*, is the time to sell the LIFE BOAT and secure subscriptions. Send for a dozen copies at agents' rates. Take them out among your friends and neighbors and you will be surprised to see how glad they are to receive them. The LIFE BOAT occupies a field of its own. No one reads any magazine like it. God has given it a mission and sensible people appreciate it. Look at our valuable premium offers and secure some subscriptions.

AN APPRECIATIVE WORD FROM A LUTHERAN PASTOR

The following letter recently received indicates the sentiment that is beginning to steal over the hearts of earnest men and women, who are compelled to recognize that there is something wrong in the spiritual atmosphere of these times. Intellectual development is

not necessarily spiritual growth. Many churches are *substituting* form and ceremony for spiritual power. May God grant that faithful pastors may be led into clear light on the present situation so that they may be specially used of the Lord:

"These lines are from one of THE LIFE BOAT'S readers. The little magazine pleases me so, it seems to indicate the way to practice Christianity. I am a Lutheran pastor and went into my vocation with all the zeal and hope that a young man should have who believes that he has the call of God to be His servant. But I feel dreadfully disappointed; we pastors have the Word, but not the works. The way we are trained in our seminaries is responsible for that the churches are not the light of the world. I can not see otherwise than that we are copies of the Scribes and Pharisees,—laying heavy burdens upon our flock without being able to touch them with a finger; and when you speak to your fellow pastors about the shortcomings they simply scorn."

HAVE WE EXPECTED TOO MUCH OF EDUCATION?

As this magazine goes to press thousands of young people are thronging to educational institutions to resume their studies. It is naturally gratifying that we are living in a land which affords such superb educational opportunities. At the same time, we must not forget that education without divine inspiration is not necessarily a blessing.

One day I gave a talk to a thousand men in a great state prison. There were more lawyers, financiers and college trained men in that audience than almost any other that I ever had before me. Education alone does not *purify* the heart. Indeed it may discover new means of gratifying its wickedness.

Nebuchadnezzar is a typical illustration of

merely human intellect carried to its highest development. The magnificent educational system of Babylon percolated down through Greece and Rome and tinctures our present educational system. And God's message to His people in these last days is to the effect that "Babylon... is become the *habitation* of devils... for *all* nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication... Come *out of* her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Rev. 18: 2-4.

Daniel did not ignore Babylon's educational system; in fact, he was one of its graduates (Dan. 1: 19, 20); but he maintained such a connection with heaven during his student years that "God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom." Verse 17.

It is the privilege of every student to have the experience of David, who said, "I have *more* understanding than all my teachers." Ps. 119: 99. A man who humbly bows down before the great Teacher of the universe will have something imparted to him that will make him loom up head and shoulders above all those who are not seeking such instruction. There is a vein of originality in every man who is in touch with God.

IMMEDIATE ANSWER TO PRAYER

There are some really good people who can not understand, if God is willing to answer their prayer, why there should be any delay,—thereby forgetting that *time* is an element in even God's work.

We have a capital illustration of that in the case of Daniel. For three long weeks he earnestly prayed for light, wisdom, and deliverance for his people, and then and not until then the answer came.

Fortunately he was told the *reason* for this delay. The Lord does not need to do that for us; if there is delay in the answer to our prayers we have the example of Daniel, so that it is not necessary for God in each case to specifically inform us.

The angel said to Daniel, "From the *first day* that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words *were heard* and I am come for thy words." Dan. 10:12.

The reason for the delay is given in the

next verse: "But the prince of the kingdom of Persia *withstood me* one and twenty days."

At first sight it seems marvelous that it should take an angel three weeks to impress sufficiently the heart of the king of Persia so that he should be willing to make the decree that Daniel was so deeply concerned about. And yet how often *we* have withstood the same divine influence not merely three weeks but sometimes three months and occasionally even longer! For do not forget that *every* good impulse, that we think originated in our soul, was really prompted by a heavenly influence.

Perhaps this very day you who are reading these lines may like the king of Persia be resisting just such an influence, and thereby delaying the answer to the fervent prayers of a mother, a sister, or child, or perhaps some distant relative or friend.

On the other hand, perchance some of you who read these words are the very ones who, like Daniel, are chastening your soul and earnestly praying in behalf of some one else, and are almost beginning to lose heart because there is so long a delay in its answer. Read the experience of Daniel and do not become discouraged. From the first day that you began to pray *your* words were heard. The answer is in God's hands, who will bring it about in His own time and way.

"THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILIZATION."

Almost on every hand it is deplored that this awful war has caused collapse of civilization. But those who do this are overlooking the fact that civilization itself never has and never can *prevent* war,—simply because it takes more than civilization, worldly education, art, eugenics, etc., to transform the human heart. On this point we quote the following excellent thoughts from a recent editorial in the *Sunday School Times*:

It is the civilization that lives, not only for pleasure, but for commerce, science, education, national honor or reputation, personal happiness and advancement of every sort, rather than for the glory of God, that *insures* war.

War is only one of many expressions of sin. Christ is the only cure for sin. Sin, indeed, is war: war against God. Every individual human life in which Christ is not Saviour and Lord is at war with God; and every nation which does not recognize Christ as Supreme Lord of its every national policy

and action is thereby habitually at war with God. Only Christ can bring men and nations into peace with God.

When we say this we recognize that there has never been, since our Lord came to this earth, such a thing as a Christian nation. There are nations in which live many Christians, both as private citizens and as public officials; but the world has yet to see a nation whose acknowledged and implicitly obeyed head is Christ.

It is hopeless for those who are warring with God to expect to be permanently at peace with one another. To look for temporal peace while an eternal warfare is going on is to look for fruit where there is no root.

That is the reason why civilization has collapsed today in Europe. It will continue to collapse after every human attempt to set it up again. Civilization without Christ as Lord is a failure before it is set up.

A writer in a Chicago paper declared that "the very foundations of our faith in human civilization are torn up by the roots as we see this thing—this impious, loathsome thing—start on its way." He misses the fact that the sooner our faith in human civilization is torn up by the roots, the more hope for us. . . . No humanizing movement can ever save this globe. Humanity is a sin-poisoned, sin-wrecked thing. Nothing but a superhuman, supernatural Lord can save our world.

War and civilization are not opposed to each other; they are essentially the same. Civilization seeks certain desirable things for the glory of man. Civilization that is not supremely dominated by Jesus Christ is a condition of war against God.

An editorial writer in one of the newspapers says, "War remains what it is: an abysmal and sickening reversion to the primitive brute in man." But that primitive brute in man continues unchanged in character in the most civilized man on earth who is without Christ as Saviour and Lord. War in such a man is not a reversion to a former state; it is only an expression of the present state. So the nation that is dishonoring God through failure to live solely for the glory of God does not revert to a former condition when it goes to war; it only expresses its present condition.

Men do not realize that peace and the pur-

suit of happiness as chief goals of life can not go together. It is the selfish pursuit of happiness that makes war. Yet happiness such as men could never devise for themselves comes into their life when they put God ahead of their happiness.

Agreement among men will never bring to an end the warring power of their sin. Only Christ, received as Saviour and Lord both in individual men and by nations, can make harmless that which is deadly.

This explains the futility of world-peace hopes in tribunals, conferences, and pledges of arbitration. Never has the futility of world-peace on the basis of men's agreement been so sadly revealed as in this hour. Yet multitudes of earnest Christian men and women have been deceived by that false hope. We should, of course, always do everything in our power to prevent war. Tribunals of international arbitration can prevent some wars. We can not do too much to increase peace sentiment throughout the world. But in every such effort let us recognize fundamental things; that peace agreements among nations in which Jesus Christ is not the supreme ruler can at best deal only with surface conditions; they may be temporary preventives: they can never be cures.

FROM OUR MAIL BUDGET

"We enjoyed comfort and courage from the spirited report of your work in Hinsdale. We are trying to do the same among our neighbors and friends. All seem hungry for something different in life; few know what is lacking. But we want to do all the good we can and help every one we meet, even if only in small things.

"We appreciate your plans for organized effort in the medical evangelistic work. Such workers can do more in personal work than doctors can. And if one speaks the truth, there will always be an audience."

CONSCIENCE MONEY

Much to our surprise we received the other day the following letter:

"No doubt you will be surprised to get this letter but I have put off writing it for more than ten years. I was in your sanitarium about twelve years ago and when I left there

I stole a hair brush and whisk broom. I think the two were worth about fifty cents, so find enclosed stamps to pay for same."

This was a very short letter, but it took only a few words to unload a burden of ten years' standing and let a soul go free; yet how loath we all are to speak or write the few words necessary. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is a good rule to follow in disposing of every wrong act or word. If we are to have our hearts and lives ready to help others we must day by day make right our misdeeds and get the burden off our hearts.

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, of Moneta, Iowa, a warm friend of the Life Boat work, visited Hinsdale during the past month.

Miss Lelia Patterson and Miss Edith Strong, nurses from Port Townsend, Wash., have joined the Hinsdale family of workers.

Dr. Mary Paulson gave a lecture on Scientific Dietetics before the Ladies' Aid Society of the rural Methodist church, south of Downers Grove, on Aug. 20.

Mr. George A. Droll of Kansas City, Mo., an old time friend of the Hinsdale workers, visited the work for the first time during the past month.

Mr. Jesse Jared and family of Logansport, Ind., have recently connected with the Hinsdale family. Mr. Jared has taken the position of head gentleman nurse in the institution.

Pastor W. A. Young of La Fayette, Ind., was a recent caller.

Miss Una Shelburg of Bloomfield, Iowa, has recently joined the family at Hinsdale, and is stenographer in the editorial office of the Life Boat.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Connerly, formerly workers in the Life Boat mission, Chicago, who have been for thirteen years foreign missionaries to Porto Rico and Panama, have returned to this country on a furlough, and spent a few days at Hinsdale.

Miss Lulu E. Haygood of Berrien Springs, Mich., a former worker, spent a few days visiting Hinsdale recently.

Dr. C. M. Hayward of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Dr. George Thomason, of St. Helena, Cal., were recent visitors at Hinsdale.

Mary L. Smith of Chicago Heights, Ill., a

graduate of the Hinsdale sanitarium, who is a real medical missionary in her home town, returned for a few days' visit.

W. Ray Simpson, business manager of the Long Beach, Cal., sanitarium, called at Hinsdale recently.

Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Hjelle of Moline, Ill., sanitarium, were recent visitors.

Harold Kemp of Hot Springs, Ark., has recently connected with the Hinsdale family.

Pastor and Mrs. O. A. Olsen of Chicago, also William Covert of Aurora, Ill., were guests of the sanitarium during the camp-meeting.

Dr. E. A. Sutherland of Nashville, Tenn., called at Hinsdale, on his return from California.

Prof. C. A. Russell of South Bend, Ind., Pastor T. F. Hubbard of Indiana, Mr. C. S. Quail of Millington, Md., W. C. Foreman, business manager of the Tri-City Sanitarium, Moline, Ill., Prof. Frederick Griggs of Washington, D. C., Pastor F. W. Paap of Baltimore, Md., and C. F. McVagh of Grand Rapids, Mich., visited at Hinsdale while in attendance at the campmeeting at Downers Grove.

A REMARKABLE BOOK

The well-known Bible student and author, S. N. Haskell, has recently issued a new book of four hundred pages, entitled, "The Cross and Its Shadow."

It is a deeply interesting work, because it deals with the significance of the symbols and sacrifices of the old shadowy dispensation. Because we have understood this so little we no doubt have a much more vague conception of Christ's ministry, past, present and hereafter, than we otherwise would have. Hence we welcome this interesting book upon this great subject and shall endeavor to introduce it as a study book here in our Hinsdale family of workers, for we believe it contains a timely message.

It evidently represents an enormous amount of careful and prayerful study. In reading it one can not avoid the conclusion that the author has had a SPECIAL dispensation of grace imparted to him while preparing this monumental work. It is easy enough to write books on subjects where others have already covered the ground. All that most of us are

doing is simply to *restate* in other words the truths that are practically made ready to our hands. In this book the author has blazed, so to speak, a new trail.

Price, \$1.25, ordinary cloth binding; \$1.50, marbled edges and gilt letters. Address THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

ENJOYED THE PREMIUM BOOK

"The book you sent me, received and read, and I enjoyed it very much. It did my heart good to read of the faith and courage of Pastor Hsi and his co-laborers. I wish we all had the same zeal they had in the work for the Master."

THE BOY MAGAZINE

All who are interested in the Anti-cigarette movement and the saving of boys from this demoralizing habit should secure a copy of *The Boy Magazine*. Ten cents will bring to you three numbers in one, the July, August and September numbers. Address the Anti-Cigarette League of America, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago.

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.

The Life Boat

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

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

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 Douglas 6743.

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



Notice These Special Premium

VICTORY IN CHRIST

By Robert F. Horton. An inspiration from cover to cover. Such strong statements as the following can be found all through the 116 pages of this book: "You must not face the day till you have faced God," and "God fades out of the life of those who do not pray." Furnished free with only TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS to The Life Boat at one dollar each.

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By Ellen G. White. This book is just the thing to hand to your unconverted friend. It makes the way to Christ so plain that no one can miss it. Furnished in a beautiful cloth binding for ONLY TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS at one dollar each.

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By Wm. Merrell Vories. A present-day miracle of missions. The story is told of how a young Christian teacher went alone into the heart of Japan and there amidst disheartening and discouraging circumstances, with persecutions, planted the gospel seed, which has now grown to a large and successful mission. We have only a few copies of this inspiring book left, but it is free, as long as they last, with ONE SUBSCRIPTION at one dollar.

BEYOND THE SHADOW

Miss Pearl Waggoner, the Life Boat poet, has recently collected some of her best poems and published them in book form. The book contains ninety-six pages. We will send the cloth binding, shown above, free with TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS to The Life Boat at one dollar each.

THE LOST CHRIST

A beautiful little booklet by Gipsy Smith. Just the thing for a gift book, containing several full-page illustrations in colors. Given free with ONE SUBSCRIPTION at one dollar.

A RETROSPECT

This book by J. Hudson Taylor is one of the most thrilling and inspiring missionary books on the market today. We have sold thousands of them. Should be read by every young person who desires to be of some use in the world. This red, paper-covered edition can be furnished with ONE SUBSCRIPTION to The Life Boat at one dollar.

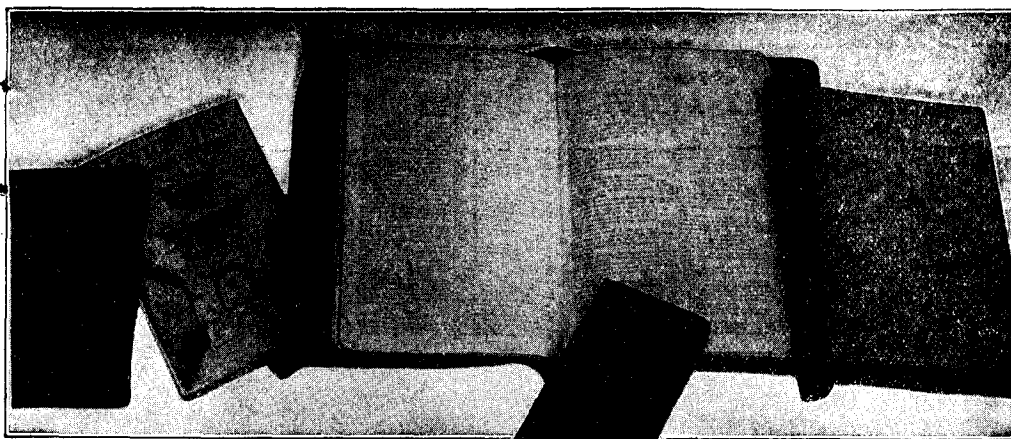
REAL PRAYER

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