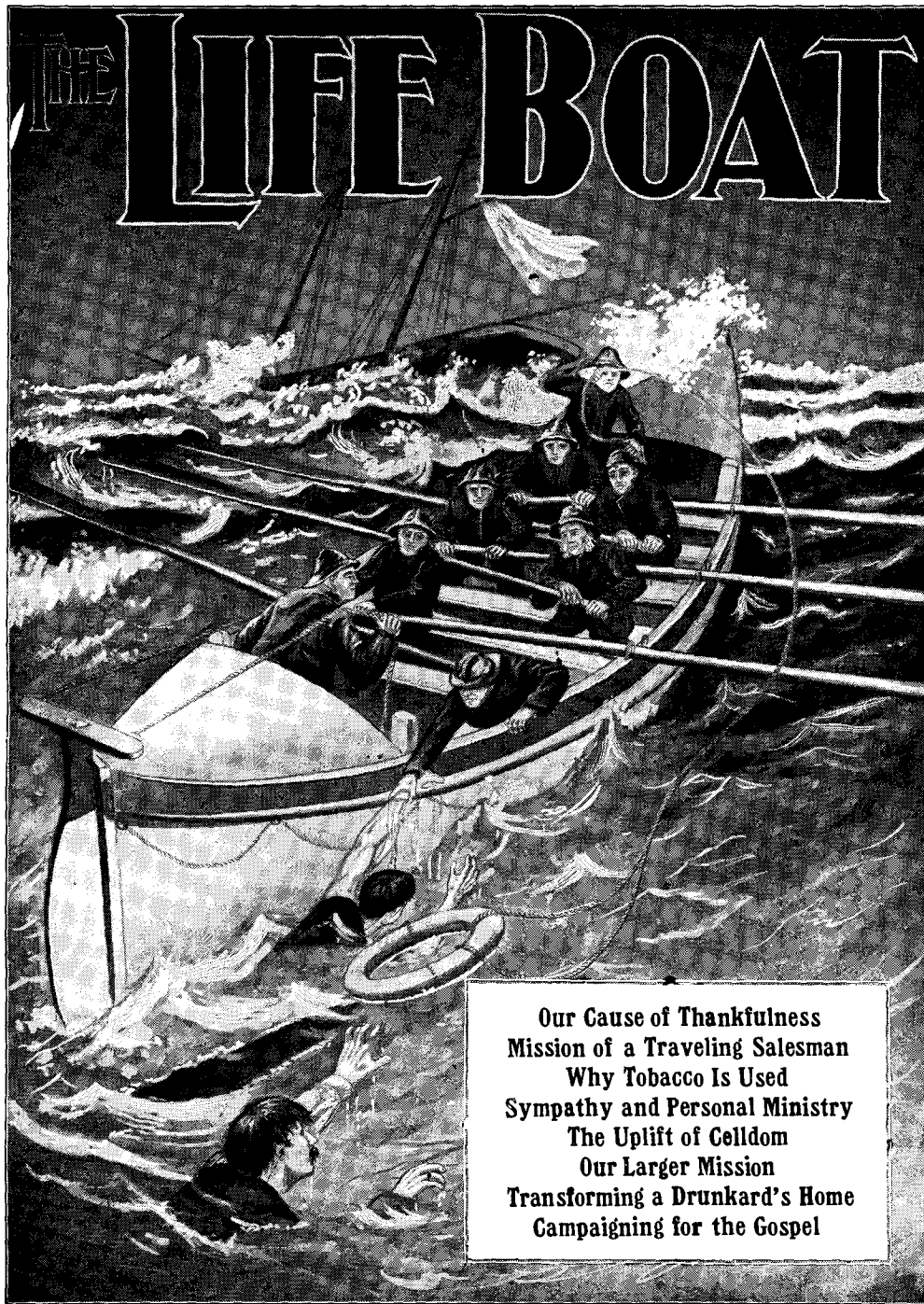


The War and The Bible

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Our Cause of Thankfulness
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Sympathy and Personal Ministry
The Uplift of Celldom
Our Larger Mission
Transforming a Drunkard's Home
Campaigning for the Gospel

Volume Seventeen
Number Eleven

Windsale, Ill.

November, 1914

Some New Light on an Old Problem—by the Editor

Our Cause of Thankfulness

Pearl Waggoner

We're thankful when delivered
From out some great distress;
We're thankful when in manner marked
The Lord our ways doth bless.

But how about the small
Unnumbered little things:
The sunshine bright, the glistening dew,
The cheering bird that sings?

And how about when passing
The fiery trials through?
When over, one can offer thanks,
But in distresses, too?

Tho' change or tempest come,
God is,—and God is love;
Hence should our thanks, whate'er betide,
Each day ascend above.

For greater than His gifts
Is God Himself, our Lord,—
Himself our cause of thankfulness,
Himself our great reward.

And greater than each storm
Which fain our bark would fill,
The power of Him who standeth by
And whispers, "Peace, be still!"

While gifts which we so oft
Regard as commonplace
Are simply tokens manifold
To prove His love and grace.

The great "I Am," His name;
Ah, could we only know
Him as He is,—the "mighty God,"
What joy were ours below!

Oh, that the Lord is good,
Come let us taste anew:
In counsel prove Him "wonderful,"
In love, unchanging, true,—

The Source of every joy,
And with us all the day!
So shall our thanks like incense sweet
Arise to Him alway.

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:: NOVEMBER, 1914

Number 11

Some New Light on an Old Problem

David Paulson, M. D.

THE new or modern dietetics are as different from the old-fashioned kind as the new scientific farming is different from the old hit and miss variety that was so nearly based on sheer guess work.

It is a sad picture to see all about us people who are painfully dragging themselves about like poisoned kittens and becoming decrepit before they have lived out half their days. And remember that correct dietetics could have avoided at least two-thirds—and some eminent authorities believe three-fourths—of all these chronic conditions.

I believe that a just God in heaven has looked down up this generation, seen all this suffering, pitied humanity in their ignorance, and has raised up men to shed useful light on this important subject.

The Proper Enjoyment of Good Eating

Brillat-Savarin, an interesting philosopher, lived just prior to the French revolution. He left behind a very interesting work entitled "Gastronomy as a Fine Art." He anticipated Horace Fletcher by emphasizing the importance of thorough mastication, and also abstracting all the good taste out of the food before it is swallowed. And why not? No one would pay admission fee to an art gallery and then hurry through as rapidly as possible without taking time to see anything.

God gave us the sense of taste whereby to appreciate food, just as He gave us the sense of hearing to appreciate sound, and the sense of sight to admire the beautiful things that surround us on every hand.

On this point Brillat-Savarin says: "Why

then neglect to use, within reasonable limits, the good things which providence presents to us, especially if we continue to regard them as things that perish with the using, especially if they raise our thankfulness toward the Author of all?"

As time went on further light broke through. Sylvester Graham, a Presbyterian clergyman, and others, were raised up of God with a mighty health reform message for the people. Those were wonderful times when God was in a special manner fertilizing society. The temperance movement was born. The anti-slavery agitation was started, and the foreign missionary societies took on new life.

A Recent Scientific Health Revival

It has always been God's ideal that the gospel of health and the salvation of the soul should go hand in hand. But as the Christian people to whom had been entrusted this double mission became lukewarm, God unquestionably raised up a group of scientists who promulgated the new dietetics as a result of cold, convincing, scientific investigation. And it is well for us to appreciate the fact that God first offered these truths to His church, but when they failed to properly appreciate them then He committed them to men who have been actuated more by scientific interest than by spiritual motives.

Fletcher and Fletcherism

Horace Fletcher is a type of this class of men, who has perhaps done more than any other in this generation to popularize certain health truths and to instigate important scien-

tific dietetic investigations. Fletcher was an invalid—was suffering from several apparently incurable chronic diseases, had used his wealth to visit famous physicians in distant lands, and then not only regained his health by adopting a few simple dietetic principles but developed such athletic abilities as to shatter several well-established records.

Some fourteen years ago I had the privilege, with several other medical men, of taking dinner with Mr. Fletcher. He had just then become possessed of the idea that a more wholesome, normal appetite, and more endurance and better health could be secured by such a simple procedure as thorough mastication.

A few years later I had a personal conference with him and became thoroughly convinced that he had stumbled on to some important dietetic truths that the rest of us to a large extent had overlooked because of their extreme simplicity. Mr. Fletcher says: "The rules are exceedingly simple. That, to my mind, is the worst obstruction to the general adoption of my system: it is so simple that many find it difficult to comprehend."

The following is one of Mr. Fletcher's principles: "Get all the good taste there is in the food out of it in the mouth, and swallow only when it practically 'swallows itself.'"

Strangely enough, there are many people who are never in a hurry *except* when they eat; while if they would take more time to eat they would have more energy to expend in hastening through their other work.

After describing his various athletic stunts Mr. Fletcher in his recent book, "Fletcherism, What It Is," says: "All this I have done simply by keeping my body free of excess of food and the poisons that come from the putrefaction of the food that the organism does not want and can not take care of."

Are You Afflicted With "Habit Hunger"?

Another important principle that Mr. Fletcher insists upon is this: "Do not take any food until you are 'good and hungry.' Some people will reply: 'I am always hungry.' Others will aver that they 'never know what it is to be hungry.'"

There is a vast difference between habit hunger and *real* hunger. Often if a child sees food an hour after it has eaten a substantial meal it will say, "O mother, I am so *hungry!* Give me a piece of cake." And the

mother thoughtlessly ruins that child's digestion by satisfying a *habit* hunger, when there is absolutely no real hunger.

Mr. Fletcher suggests: "Skip a meal or two, and give Nature a chance to show you what real appetite (true watering of the mouth) is." He advises taking a few sips of water instead of food, to quiet the discomfort of habit hunger, until the real sensation of hunger is expressed by a keen desire for such simple food as bread and butter. He says: "It may be difficult, and perhaps painful, at first, to get the best of bad habit-cravings, but it is worth while. A week should accomplish the reformation."

Mr. Fletcher's third and last rule is this: "The moment appetite begins to slack up a bit, stop eating! You will have another chance to eat . . . Those last two, three, or a few mouthfuls after appetite has said gently 'enough,' and before the same appetite says loudly, 'stop!' are the difference between obesity and decency of form."

Remember the nine-tenths that we ordinarily eat are blessed of God. It is frequently the last one-tenth that brings the curse upon us. The appetizing pie which artificially stimulates the appetite *after* body hunger has been satisfied, the tasty dessert that tempts us to eat after we have had enough—these are the very things that lay the foundation for disordered digestion, liver complaint, obesity, and sometimes Bright's disease and similar maladies.

Fletcher warns his readers not to "overdo" chewing, for then you take away much of the pleasure . . . Masticate all solid food until it is completely liquified and excites the swallowing impulse."

The New Protein Standard

Every meal is composed in varying proportions of starch, sugar and fat (energy or work-producing material), protein (which is the structure-building and repair material), and last, but not least, small amounts of various important mineral salts.

The old dietetic standard insisted that from one-third to one-quarter of each meal should be composed of protein. The new dietetics have demonstrated that one-tenth is amply sufficient. The *ashes* or burned-up material of starch, sugar and fat, are merely carbon dioxide gas, which is thrown off by the lungs,

and water, which is eliminated by the kidneys and skin. The ashes resulting from protein are urea, uric acid, and a long series of other poisonous substances, which if they are not promptly burned up and then eliminated by the kidneys cause Bright's disease, high blood pressure, premature old age and many other disorders. In addition, protein if it is not promptly absorbed decomposes readily in the alimentary canal, producing vicious poisons which when absorbed are the chief cause of sick headaches, nervousness, depression, and frequently neuritis and various so-called rheumatic pains.

Mr. Fletcher's skepticism concerning the old dietetic standards, his unbounded enthusiastic conviction that the old protein standard was altogether too high and was productive of much misery to ignorant humanity, led him to persuade Professor Chittenden of Yale University to undertake on a group of United States soldiers, who were detailed for this purpose, the most elaborate series of experiments that had ever yet been undertaken on this subject. The result of these experiments was published by Professor Chittenden in a scientific book entitled, "Physiological Economy in Nutrition," from which we abstract the following statements:

"How far can our natural instinct be trusted in the choice of diet? We are all creatures of habit, and our palates are pleasantly excited by the rich animal foods with their high content of proteid, and we may well question whether our dietetic habits are not based more upon the dictates of our palates than upon scientific reasoning or true physiological needs."

Before Professor Chittenden made these experiments on the soldiers he himself lived for several months on a low protein diet, with the following result:

"A rheumatic trouble in the knee joint, which had persisted for a year and a half and which only partially responded to treatment, entirely disappeared (and has never recurred since). Minor troubles, such as 'sick headaches' and bilious attacks, no longer appeared periodically as before. There was greater appreciation of such food as was eaten; a keener appetite and a more acute taste seemed to be developed, with a more thorough liking for simple foods."

The experiments upon the soldiers were continued over three months. During this time these men doubled their strength and endurance, and concluded their experiments in the very prime of physical condition.

What Are Protein Foods?

About twenty to twenty-five per cent of lean meat is protein; the rest is water. The white of egg is likewise protein. One-quarter of beans and peas is protein; the rest is largely composed of starch. All the nut foods are rich in protein and fats. The cheese of milk is protein. Bread contains protein in the right proportion according to the new standard; that is about ten per cent of gluten, which is pure protein. In fact, all the cereal foods contain nearly the proper proportion of protein. God knew humanity would largely have to subsist upon cereals so He slipped in the right amount of protein.

Bread is short on fats, hence when some form of fat is added it makes the proper balance. But as God has already put the beefsteak into the bread it is a fundamental mistake to put another slice on top.

Fruits and vegetables are deficient in protein and contain only a small amount of any kind of nourishment. But they are extremely valuable because of useful salts which they contain, and also because of their bulk, which stimulates the activity of the alimentary canal.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

A grateful mind is a great mind.

* * *

He enjoys much who is thankful for a little.

* * *

Stealing sorrow is as much a sin as acquiring stolen joys.

* * *

True spirituality can see the altar in the cookstove and the washtub.

* * *

One rough diamond is of more value than many smooth counterfeits.

* * *

Stagnant water breeds germs, disease and death; the living stream is a moving stream.

* * *

Gratitude is the fairest flower which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

The Present European War, from the Bible Standpoint

Mrs. A. C. Gaylord

AS we read from day to day the harrowing details of the awful war now being waged in Europe, we grow sick at heart and turn from the picture with a cry to God to blot out the scene and bring peace and comfort to the victims of this tragedy of nations.

But while we know that the heart of infinite love and pity is stirred to a depth that we know not of, we must also remember that what is true of individuals is also true of nations: namely, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7.

"The curse *causeless* shall not come." Prov. 26:2. Gigantic preparations both in the way of armament, and the fostering of those conditions which gender strife—have long been under way for the very situation which we now see. But aside from the law of cause and effect, this war is of tremendous significance to the inhabitants of this earth as indicating our *position* on the stream of time. And now let



—Chicago Tribune.

"THE CRIME OF THE AGES—WHO DID IT?"

This illustration and caption, which appeared in the Tribune at the beginning of this present war in Europe, can be answered by one small word—SIN.

you consult our Guide Book and see to what point we have come.

Christ looking down to the time of the end, said: "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth *distress* of *nations*, with *perplexity*; . . . Men's hearts *failing* them for *fear*, and for looking after those things which are com-

ing on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." But looking beyond these scenes of distress we read the cheering promise: "And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.



—Chicago Tribune.

"THE CHRISTIAN NATIONS"

The Bible says, "And the nations were angry."

And when these things *begin* to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Luke 21:25-28.

God would have us look at this distress of nations as a token of His *coming*—as the darkness that just precedes the dawn.

The Angry Nations

Speaking further concerning our time, we read in Rev. 11:18, "And the *nations* were *angry*." As an illustration of their anger note the following record for the month of August, 1914:

August 1 Germany declared war against Russia.
 August 3 Germany declared war against France.
 August 5 Great Britain declared war against Germany.
 August 6 Austria declared war against Russia.
 August 8 Montenegro declared war against Austria.
 August 10 France declared war against Austria.
 August 13 Great Britain declared war against Austria.
 August 23 Austria declared war against Japan.
 August 28 Austria declared war against Belgium.

It is no wonder that the word Armageddon has been generally used to describe the condition, for *never* in all its history has the world witnessed a conflict like this.

But what is the underlying cause? What spirit is prompting this strife of the nations? Nothing but envy, jealousy, selfishness.

The Eastern Question

There is a small strip of much coveted territory in Europe, of which Constantinople is the center—namely, Turkey.

On August 11, 1840, after a supremacy of 391 years and 15 days, the Turkish power lost its independence, as John the Revelator said it would do (Rev. 9:13-15), and would probably have lost its life as a nation had not the powers of Europe—Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, interfered and agreed to become responsible for the Turks' behavior. They

tively, upset it; and in less than a month the crisis was on: all Europe was at war.

For a time the Turks seemed not to be disturbed. But it is a well-known fact that they have long chafed under the restraint of the powers, and now they have asserted their independence and threaten to try their strength; and the result is forecasted in the London *Daily Telegraph* of October 1st, as follows:

"If Turkey chooses war, let her clearly understand that it will mean the end not merely



TURKISH PRISONERS OF WAR DURING THE STRIFE OF 1912 WHEN THE TURKISH EMPIRE CAME NEAR BEING DRIVEN ENTIRELY OUT OF EUROPE

only did this to keep themselves from fighting over it.

In the meantime they have been strengthening themselves against each other, for the break they knew must sometime come.

The Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente had the balance of power so evenly adjusted that a very small incident, compara-

of Turkey in Europe, but of Turkey in Asia, and that the allied powers will exact the fullest retribution."

But what says the Word concerning this same power?

In the eleventh chapter of the book of Daniel, the angel Gabriel is giving to the prophet an outline of world kingdoms from the

reign of Cyrus the Persian to the end of time, introducing this remarkable prophecy with the words, "And now will I show thee the truth." And to us the assurance comes as verily as to Daniel, "And now will I show *thee* the truth." God would have *us* know what He has revealed concerning *our* time. But, continuing, the angel portrays the reign of the Grecian kingdom, under Alexander the Great, his death and division of his kingdom among his four generals—Ptolemy to hold Egypt; Seleucus, Syria and the east; Lysimachus, Thrace and Asia Minor; and Cassander, Greece.

The four divisions lasted but a few years when Greece was taken by Lysimachus, thus uniting the western and northern divisions, which were soon taken by Seleucus. This reduced the four divisions to two, the rulers of which were afterward distinguished as kings of the *north* and the *south*. The king of the north now held territory which had formerly belonged to three generals, while Ptolemy held the southern division, or Egypt. This agrees with the words of Gabriel to Daniel: "Then shall the king of the south, even one of his [Alexander's] princes, be strong; Yet shall another exceed him in strength, and have dominion; a grand dominion shall be his dominion." Verse 5, Spurrell Translation.

History in Advance

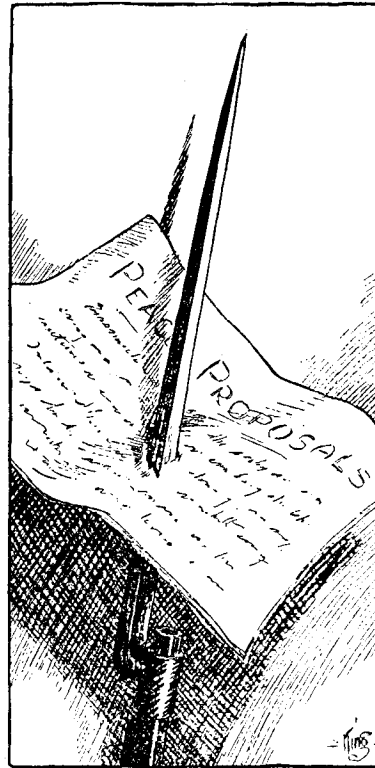
Several times in the events of this chapter the kings of the north and south are referred to and when we come down to the 40th verse we note that at the time of the end they are still known by these names. Verses 40-43 tell of victories of the king of the north, but in the 44th verse we read, "But tidings out of the east [Persia] and out of the north [Russia] shall trouble him: therefore, he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many." This prophecy met its fulfillment in the Crimean war, 1853-1858.

The next move on the part of this power is foretold in verse 45: "He shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas [Palestine] in the glorious holy mountain [Jerusalem]; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him."

Since the powers of Europe became responsible for the existence of the Turkish government he has repeatedly been "helped," when it seemed he must surely go; but the time is coming when none shall help him and he must

come to his end. But what next? "And at that time shall Michael [Christ] stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book." Dan. 12:1.

Yes, a time of trouble for the wicked, but *God's* people shall be delivered, "every one that



—Chicago Tribune.

"FILED FOR REFERENCE"

It appears that all the peace proposals of the entire neutral world have been filed on the point of the bayonet for later consideration.

shall be found written in the book." To them He says: "Come, My people, enter thou into my chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." Isa. 26: 20, 21. "A thousand shall fall at thy

side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked." Ps. 91: 7, 8.

In the sixteenth chapter of Revelation we find the Turkish power again brought to view as the territory drained by the Euphrates River. "And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared. And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. . . . And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." Verses 12-17.

The Last Drama

The next word we hear is, "It is done." It will be seen from this scripture that the battle of Armageddon in which *all* the kings of the earth and the whole world are to participate will close the history of earth's nations. Armageddon, or Megiddo, is a noted battle-field of ancient times, situated in the plain of Esdraelon, about fifty miles north of Jerusalem. Here the nations are to gather under the in-



—Chicago Daily News.

"MUST PEACE WAIT FOR THIS?"

Is peace about to depart from the earth until the great Prince of Peace shall come to put an end to all strife and bloodshed?

spiration of the "spirits of devils" to fight for possession of the historic city.

It is at Jerusalem that the king of the north, Turkey, is finally to "plant the tabernacles of his palace," or re-establish his government after being driven out of Constantinople; and here the nations come to fight against him

and he comes "to his end, and none shall help him." *That* will be the battle of Armageddon.

This present war may be the prelude to it—at least it is the beginning of the end which can not be long delayed.

This terrible struggle is only the death agonies of sin. Satan is demonstrating before the universe what a kingdom over which he reigns would be like. Sin, when it is *finished*, brings forth death. The nations are destroying themselves. They are settling their kingdom question.

But "in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed" (Dan. 2: 44), because it is a kingdom of righteousness.

The subjects for that kingdom are now being made up. The angels are restraining the winds of strife till God's people are sealed. It is not yet too late to transfer our citizenship to that heavenly kingdom; but let us make haste, for mercy's door will soon close.

The curtain has run up for the closing tragedy of this world's history, but let us pray that the blackness of the scene may not hide from our view the glory of our coming King. Rays of light from the throne are gilding the edges of this dark war cloud.

In a little while we shall see our King in His beauty. Let us look up and lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh.

A DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE NOW

The following letter is from an inmate of a Michigan jail, written to Mr. T. N. Rogers, who had recently visited the jail and spoken at the gospel service:

"I thank you for the good advice you gave me and the rest of the boys here with me. I can almost picture that Sunday you were here, and when I saw the tears fall from your eyes I was convinced that you were telling us the truth. After you left us boys I went to my room and thought over again all you had said to us and made up my mind to do what was right. That night when I was locked up in my cell I knelt down on my knees and prayed to the dear Lord to forgive me my sins and to come into my heart and help me, for I needed His help. Since then I feel a great change in myself, for I pray every night and read a chapter of the gospel of John, which you gave us.

"When I first came to this jail I thought every one was against me and I felt miserable. But it is different now. Since I pray to the dear Lord I feel happier, and even the officials of the jail seem so good and kind to a fellow that is willing to do what is right.

"I realize now what drink does; it landed

me in jail, charged with a serious offense, and I do not know even if I am guilty or not. This has taught me a lesson, but I will trust God and ask His help. When I get out I am going to lead a good life, do what is right, and I am sure I will be respected. Never again will I drink another drop of liquor in my life, for now I know what the outcome is."

Sympathy and Personal Ministry*

Prof. C. A. Russell

Berrien Springs, Mich.

NO disease to which the human body is heir is more absolutely incurable than leprosy. And when a case of leprosy appears the people all take alarm.

My friends, just so incurable is sin—absolutely incurable but for One, the Mighty Healer.

We can not mingle with it, can not by our own choice and volition afford to plunge into it. I do not mean we must get up on some pedestal and reach down to help sinners. That was not Jesus' way. But with real, tender, genuine love in your heart for perishing souls come close to them. It is only when the thing appeals to us that sin is contagious.

Jesus did not say to the leper, "I think I can heal you all right, but think I can do it from a distance just as well; do not come any closer to Me." No, He put forth His hand and *touched* him. Thank God for the personal touch! That is what He wants to do for our poor sinsick souls, and to say in infinite love, "My child, be thou clean." With all the coldness and formality about us, there are hungry hearts—perhaps our next-door neighbor—who are just longing for some tender word of sympathy. And yet we think, "Oh, well, I do not want to make myself conspicuous," and so we go jostling through the dark, attending to our own business, and let hearts starve for words of love.

"I Will See You Across"

I saw a pretty little sight in Chicago the other day. I heard something coming behind me going thump, thump, on the walk, and I looked around just in time to see a man feeling his way along in the throng with his cane. He was totally blind. I said, "How can such a

*Told at the morning worship hour at Hinsdale, September 9.

man dare venture out in such a throng? It is all one can do sometimes with two eyes." And while I was wondering I missed my opportunity.

He came up to a congested corner and I said to myself, "How will he cross there?" But a little newsboy took in the situation, sprang up and said, "I will see you across," and guiding him across, dodging the wagons, got him to the other side, said good-bye, and ran back.

That was Jesus' way. He went about doing good. You have heard perhaps of the little girl who came rushing back from school, saying, "O mamma, Mary says I helped her so much in school the other day." Now Mary had just lost her little brother and her heart was aching. And so mother said, "What did you say to help her so much?" And she said, "Why, mamma, I could not think of anything to say, but when Mary laid her head down on the desk and cried I laid my head down beside her and cried too.

Ah, when some one comes close to us and whispers words of tender sympathy in our ear, doesn't it help? Doesn't it soothe? That is the work God expects us to do. It does not cost us much: just the congenial handclasp, the hearty good-morning, and all those little things we may do to lighten some one's burdens; it is little enough, and so helpful.

Singing in the Almshouse

I remember as a boy hearing my people tell of Jennie Lind. When she was playing in Europe one time she and her attendants went out one morning to take a walk, and they passed an almshouse. Jennie Lind said she had never seen the inside of an almshouse and wanted to know how it looked inside, so they went in.

One old grandma there was saying, "Ever since I heard of Jennie Lind I just wanted to hear her sing; but it is not for us here in the poorhouse. But sometimes I think I could even die here in the poorhouse if I could only hear her sing once.

Jennie Lind came up and said, "Grandma, do you really want to hear Jennie Lind sing?"

"Oh, I want to so much," she said, "but it is not for us."

"But, grandma, I sing sometimes; would you like to hear *me* sing?"

"Oh child, do you sing? I would like to hear you so much!"

So she sang, and she said, "Never have I had a more attentive audience." She sang song after song, and after it was all over, with the tears streaming from her eyes this old grandma came up and said:

"I do not believe Jennie Lind herself could have done any better than that."

"Well, grandma, I am Jennie Lind."

Do you think it lowered her dignity any or did any harm? Oh, my friends, why not be a sunbeam in some one's life? It is breezy on the mountain top; there is plenty of contagion down in the valley. Get up on the mountain top and live a life that will be helpful to some one else. Of course there will be discouragements, and days that will be chastening to you; but our times are in our Father's hands and it is always safe to trust God. And when the sorrows and heartaches and things we can not understand come into our lives, let us thank God and say God knows best. If you and I could see the end from the beginning as our Father does, we would be just as thankful for the rain as for the sunshine.

And when the shadows come remember the sun is always shining behind the cloud. There is always a silvery lining. Let us look for it.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man,

And bearing about all the burden he can.

Did you give him a smile? He was down-cast and blue,

And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.

Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,

And the world, so I fancied, was treating him ill.

Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road?

Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you,

But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.

Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile

Were what he most needed that last weary mile.

Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares

That is every man's load, and that sympathy shares?

Did you try to find out what he needed from you?

Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight,

When a lift just in time would set everything right?

Do you know what it means—just a clasp of the hand

When a man's borne about all that a man ought to stand?

Did you ask what it was—why the quivering lip

And the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip?

Were you brother of his when the time came to be?

Did you offer to help him, or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of man

To find what the grief is, and help when you can?

Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,

Or were you so busy you left him to shift?

Oh, I know what you meant, what you say may be true,

But the test of your manhood is, what did you *do*?

Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road?

Or did you just let him go by with his load?

—Selected.

GIVING UP ALL FOR CHRIST IN ASIA*

G. F. JONES

Singapore.

Singapore, lying halfway between India and China, is a cosmopolitan city of 300,000 inhabitants. It is the seventh largest seaport in the world. Nearly all the nationalities of Asia are represented in the city, each speaking his own language. Thus the city is a babel of tongues and religions, and its evangelization is therefore a difficult problem. There are pagodas, mesjids, shrines and churches. All seem satisfied with their ideas of worship and aggressively resent any novel introduction of ethics among them.

One family used to come and visit us—a rich family, who were very slow to accept the truth. The lady always fought it. But we continued visiting them from time to time.

She had an abundance of the most lovely, tasteful jewelry, which she wore constantly. We were giving them Bible readings and it seemed as if they were going to take hold. We had never spoken to her about giving up her jewelry for Christ. But one day she put all the jewelry away and she came to church without any. She never said a word about it; neither did we. A few days after this she expressed her wish to be baptized. We were quite astonished, but were very pleased. Her husband also gave up his tobacco and other things.

But this lady took sick suddenly and four or five days later she died before we had baptized her. When she was dying she was in dreadful pain, but her face would light up like an angel; I never saw anything like it before. "Oh," she said, "I am so happy, I am so happy; I have found the truth." Then again she would have those spells of torture. I happened to come in during one of those spells and stood at the door. Her face lighted up again and she said the same thing.

There were some strangers who were very bitter against us, who came to see her, and she said it again. So she died, and everybody knew her story, because I was there to bury her. It was a very large funeral. They

were all astonished to see a Christian minister there and inquired how it was. When we got to the little cemetery there was an immense crowd and we had a touching service. I told them about this woman and how her face lighted up like an angel's as she told of how happy she was, and every one of them were in tears.

Changing Jewelry Into a Church School

When she gave up her jewelry she said to her husband, "Let us give \$2,000 to this mission." Her husband said, "All right." But after her death he began to get in great trouble with his business. One trouble after another followed and he was not able to give this \$2,000; but he gave her jewelry, which was worth \$1,000, to start a church school. And from that time our little company began to increase and doors were opened to us from all quarters. It seemed as if the death of this woman was used by the Lord to be a beginning, as it were, and it seemed to me that, like Sampson, she did more in her *death* than in her lifetime.

The poor man finally got so complicated in his business that he lost \$100,000. Every one said to him, "There you are; that is your Christianity. See what it has done for you."

"Well," he said, "I would rather lose everything; I am happier now than I ever was. I do not care a jot for business; I would sooner have the truth."

However, his employes, who were bribed by other firms, robbed him and gave away secrets to others until the man was pretty nearly ruined. He had a little estate of fifty acres of rubber trees which would bring in perhaps \$1,500 a month profit. It took \$400 of this money per month for labor. He bought a hundred acres of land from the government and had it surveyed and cleared ready for the mission to use as an industrial school. All this he made a gift to us.

He has lost his wife and his money, and yet he has held on. He is going to bring his oldest boys to America, where he can have them put in an American school and left here until they are fit to be sent out again as missionaries to Asia.

*Stenographically reported by Pearl Waggoner.

Why Tobacco Is Used

Dr. D. H. Kress

AT a medical meeting a doctor tested by an instrument known as a sphygmotonometer, the blood pressure of a physician friend of mine and myself, and he expressed surprise to find us at the age of over fifty with a normal blood pressure. My friend, who has for years been an extremely temperate man, said to him, "How is your blood pressure?" to which he replied, "High." "Well," said my friend, "do you smoke?" He said, "Yes." "But," said my friend, knowing that tobacco was one of the chief causes of arterio-sclerosis and high blood pressure, "you ought to know better," to which he answered, "I do, but what is a fellow going to do when he *feels* like the devil?"

Here we have the true cause of the tobacco habit, and, in fact, of other forms of drug addiction, including tea and coffee. Tobacco is so prevalently employed because so many feel as did this physician. Many innocently and in youth begin its use, imitating the example of men who, though good men, would have been better men had they never used it.

Having become addicted to the habit they feel all out of sorts when attempting to do without it.

Some time ago in traveling with the wife of a physician, who was a social worker and temperance advocate, she informed me how extremely nervous she was. Our conversation drifted to cigarettes and their growing use among women. To my surprise she said, "Doctor, do you know, knowing all I do about the evils of cigarette smoking, if I thought they would give me *relief* from my nervous-

ness I would take up their use." Then she said, "I have actually been tempted to resort to them, even if they afforded only *temporary* relief."

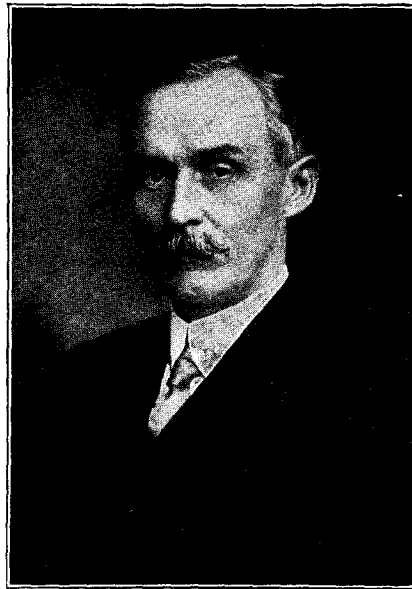
There can be no doubt that here we have the true cause of this form of drug addiction. Men and boys either begin the use of cigarettes and tobacco because they have disagreeable nervous symptoms, or after having formed the habit they continue their use because of unpleasant symptoms when attempting to do without them.

Why So Many Nervous People?

But why are there so many nervous men, women, and children? There must be a cause for a condition which leads so many to seek relief in tobacco or some other drug. Some time ago in passing through a building in the city of New York where there was a Child's Welfare Exhibition, held especially for the education of the poor of the city, I noticed one poster which read, "Do not give coffee or tea to children. They are a poison to the child." I said to myself, "Well, that is sensible." But

the thought came to me, "Why not go further? If tea and coffee are bad and only bad for the child *after it is born*, because of its delicate organism, why are they not equally bad for the child *before* its birth, when its organism is still more delicate? In other words, why should mothers not abstain from the use of tea and coffee for the sake of the child that is to be?"

When Manoah and his wife were given the promise of a son, the angel of God said to them, in answer to the anxious inquiry how



DR. D. H. KRESS

they should rear the child when born, "Let her beware. She may not . . . drink wine or strong drink, nor eat any unclean thing." Judges 13:13,14. The welfare of children must be thought of before their birth, if we would have normal children. Many of the little ones are born with unstable nervous systems, and lack of will power, made so by the habits of fathers and mothers before their birth. These little ones being mentally deficient take to the cigarette or any other form of drug addiction as readily and naturally as the duckling takes to the water.

Mental Instability

Scientists, who have carried forward investigations for the purpose of ascertaining the relation that mental defectiveness sustained to prostitution, claim that eighty-five per cent of the prostitutes in our large cities are mentally deficient, and entered upon the life of shame because of this unstable and defective mental state.

A few years ago similar experiments were conducted and tests made in England on inebriates. Here again it was found that eighty per cent of the inebriates gave evidence of having been mental defectives, and that this was responsible for their being slaves to drink. I suppose should the same scientific tests be made of boys who at the age of nine, ten, eleven or twelve years take up with the cigarette, it would be found that mental deficiency, or an unstable nervous mechanism, is responsible for seventy-five or eighty-five per cent of our boys being cigarette addicts.

From my own observation I should say two-thirds of the boys who are victims of the cigarette are so because they have a defective heredity, for which the father or mother is usually responsible. There is a history of the father being a smoker or drinker, or both, or the mother being a heavy tea or coffee drinker.

Boys who form the cigarette habit, whose fathers did not smoke or drink, I have found usually are more moderate in their use, and are able to give up the practice much more readily. The cigarette-smoking boys who fill our criminal courts are usually those whose fathers also smoked and drank. These boys may be bright in many ways, but they are lacking in some vital point. If three-fourths of the prostitutes, inebriates, and criminals, are such because they have a poor heredity, who is responsible? Not alone, the unfortunate children, but the parents. When the fruit of a tree is degenerate, we recognize that something is wrong with the tree itself. It is the *tree* that needs attention.

When the reforms, which we are urging our children to make, are made by parents, we may expect to see results. So long as fathers smoke it is useless to urge total abstinence from tobacco upon boys; for not merely the results of the fathers' sins, but the sin itself will be visited upon the child.

The child inherits a weakened and unstable nervous system which paves the way for the cigarette habit.

Let us make the tree good that the fruit may be good also.



A MARRED IMAGE OF THE DIVINE

The Mission of a Traveling Salesman

T. N. Rogers

Oil City, Pa.

[Mr. Rogers, who has been traveling salesman for a number of years and also a member of the Gideons—a Christian organization composed of traveling salesmen—has always succeeded in finding his way into some jail every Sunday morning, where he has found a good field for soul-winning work. Whenever passing through Chicago he has attended the Life Boat police station service. Recently he visited Hinsdale and told some of his experiences to our family of workers. The following report of his talk will be read with much interest.—Ed.]

GOD has wonderfully blessed the work of our organization during the last four or five years. We have placed more than one quarter of a million copies of the Word of God in the guest rooms of hotels throughout the United States. We receive letters almost every day telling of men and women who have been saved by reading the Word of God in the hotel.

That is one part of our work, and the other part is to try to live out the blessed religion of our Lord Jesus Christ in our daily life, showing that a business traveling man can be a true Christian, that a business man can be honest and so live that every act of his life can be in accordance with the will of God. It is a blessed thing to know that the religion of Jesus Christ can save the traveling man, and not only that but can keep him saved three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, joyful and glad that he is alive and of use in the world.

In my work as representative of a large firm I have sold as high as twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods in a day. You would think that would make a person joyful; but nothing like as joyful as telling a soul about Jesus Christ and having him accept Him as his Saviour. Sometimes I am overwhelmed with the responsibility as a Christian man, for fear I will let some opportunity go by.

The Last Call

It is wonderful how God can use His children to carry on His work. A year from last July, I was in Kansas City, down on Main street in the evening—a wicked part of the city. There were some street meetings being held and a gentleman having charge of one of them asked me if I would not go over to their campmeeting the next day, Sunday. I told him that I could not go: I had to go to the jail in the morning that I might carry this

blessed gospel to the men behind prison bars. He said, "Can't you come over in the afternoon?" I said, "Perhaps," and I did go in the afternoon.

After the sermon was over and the after service was on, I looked way back to the very rear of the tent and saw a man sitting there. I do not think in all my experience I have seen a face so hopeless and sad. It seemed to be absolutely hopeless. My heart was stirred within me, and it seemed to me the Spirit of God said, "Go and speak to that man." I immediately got up and went back to where the man was sitting, and said, "Are you a Christian?" and he said, "No, I am not a Christian."

I spoke a little further along that line, and he said, "It is no use asking *me* to be a Christian. I have spent all my life in wickedness and crime and now when I am a castaway it is no use asking me to become a Christian. No man would have anything to do with me; my case is hopeless."

I told him there were no hopeless cases with the Lord—that there was hope for him; pretty soon the tears came into his eyes and fell down over his cheeks, and I took him by the hand and led him to the altar and he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus.

Oh, how that man wept over the years of a wasted life! But by and by the peace of God came into his heart. I heard him repeat over and over, "Oh, how can it be, how can it be, God can save such a wretch as I?"

After the service I had a talk with him and he told me that for years he had walked the streets of Chicago with another gentleman. When they first started they were well-to-do, but they went down lower and lower until night would find them in cellar places and sub-basements—wasting their lives in riotous living and sin of every description.

He said, "This friend of mine was saved

and then our lives drifted apart, and I continued on in this awful life of sin until I was utterly a cast-out and cast-away without a friend on earth. Today I decided to commit suicide. I could not endure life any longer." And he was on the way when he heard the singing and stepped inside. Now suppose I had not gone down and spoken to him when the Spirit of God stirred me up to do that? Oh, young people, as the Spirit of God speaks to you in your work as you go about, heed that voice.

Saved by a Special Providence

At one occasion when I arrived in St. Joseph, Mo., there was a Y. M. C. A. convention on. It was Saturday night. I thought to myself, "Who will I go to hear tomorrow?" With so many good speakers, I did not know which to choose. I thought I would not go to the jail the next day because I was a stranger in town and did not know any of the jail workers.

About three o'clock in the morning I awakened up—something very unusual with me—and I thought again, "Who will I go to hear today at the convention?" Something seemed to say to me, "Well, what about the boys in jail?" I put the thought away from me and tried to think of the convention. The second time, the thought came to me and I could not go to sleep. The third time it came just like a voice speaking to me, "Well, what about the boys in jail?" It seemed to me it was God's voice, and I said, "All right, Lord, I will go." And I went to sleep.

In the morning I rang up the jail and asked what time services were held. They said, "At ten o'clock if we have any; we do not always have any." I went over to the jail and waited awhile. I saw a man there who seemed to be waiting also so I went over and asked who he was, explaining that I had come hoping they would have services for the prisoners. He said, "I did too." When no one else came we went and asked the warden if we could not hold the service. He said, "Why yes, you can." We went in and gathered together the men; the women were on second floor, and could hear what was going on.

We had a wonderful meeting that day and the power of God seemed to rest down on that jail; and out of those seventy-five prisoners more than thirty of them gave their hearts to

the Lord that day. Great strong men who had not wept perhaps for years were all broken down under the Spirit of God.

I went back there three months later, during the week, and went into a mission meeting in the evening. They were holding a testimony meeting, and the first man that got up—who was sitting in the front row—said, "Oh, I am so glad I was saved! Do you know, I was the wickedest man there was in St. Joseph. I was a terror to every man, woman and child; I was a terror to every policeman, I was so vile. But oh, when Jesus got hold of my heart and I surrendered to Him, what a change has come over my life!" And he sat down.

By and by I gave my little testimony about God's wondrous love and care to me. As soon as the service was over that great big burly fellow came up and I thought he would crush my hand, the way he squeezed it.

He said, "Don't you know me?"

I said, "Bless your heart, I never saw you in the world."

He said, "Oh, yes, you remember, don't you?"

I said, "No, I am a stranger here."

He said, "Weren't you up in the jail here three months ago on Sunday?"

"Yes, I was."

"Well, I was the first man you shook hands with that day, and I gave my heart to God then and have been serving Him ever since."

We do not know, friends, when God can use us to the glory of His name, in the most unpromising places.

A PROVIDENTIAL EXPERIENCE

F. W. PAAP,
Baltimore, Md.

In my experience I have seen the hand of God manifest in the simple little things of life. When you might worry and become nervous and excited over things because you do not just see how they are going to come out, then simply say, "Well, we will leave it with the Lord and do the best we can and let Him work it out." And He does it.

One time I was going to a very important meeting in Long Beach, California; it was the opening of a series of meetings and I was announced to speak.

I was in Riverside in the morning, seventy-five miles away. I bought my ticket, checked my baggage and sent it on, then went over to Loma Linda, to take a train later in the day.

On the way down, on the electric cars, it was getting close up to seven o'clock and I was getting nervous and could feel myself kind of throbbing and wondering and fearing lest I was going to be late. I thought to myself, "Now if you just get yourself worked up like this you will be in no shape to talk to those dear people tonight." So I said, "Lord, I have done the best I could, and studied the program, and am going to leave it all with You, and am going to sit quiet in my seat and meditate on what I am going to say tonight." Up to then I was hoping nobody would come out to signal the car, or get off—wanted everything just to serve my plans.

I said to the conductor, "Will you let me off at the nearest place to the Santa Fe station?" and he told me what street. But a gentleman near by said, "Excuse me, but if you will get off a block farther on you will be a little nearer."

When I got off the crowd was coming from every side—it was a watering resort—and I was dodging and hurrying along. I said to one gentleman, "Can you tell me the nearest way to the Santa Fe station?" He said, "Yes, it is right across there, but it is closed." I said, "Oh, dear me!" He said, "What is the matter?" and I said, "Why, I have a very important meeting tonight and my Bible and books I need are in that station." He said, "Well, if I can help you I will do it; I am the station master."

I had been directed the one block farther, else I should not have met him, and of all that crowd on the streets I asked the only man that could help me. God has His hand on the lever of circumstances. He is watching every move; and a great many of our difficulties and perplexities come through a failure to trust our God.

No prayer—no power,
 Little prayer—little power,
 Much prayer—much power.

TRANSFORMING A DRUNKARD'S HOME

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

Early last spring an officer of the juvenile court of Chicago called us up over the phone and asked if we could take a family of four children who were sickly and anemic, whose mother was dead and whose father was a wretched drunkard. The father had been arrested and the entire family were then in court. The officers were at their wits' end to know what to do with them.



MRS. CLOUGH WITH THE FAMILY OF CHILDREN

This telephone message came just after a few of us had been on our knees seeking God for light, and we felt that God had a hand in the matter some way.

As it was late in the afternoon, we replied over the 'phone that we would come into the court the next morning, and we did so, only to find that the family had been sent to their miserable home the night before. We searched until we found them, and no doubt many of the LIFE BOAT

readers remember reading the pathetic story of the condition in which we found these poor, helpless children.

They had been abused so long that they were afraid to trust any one, but after having a talk with them, the girl, who was the oldest of the family, partly promised to come to Hinsdale; and the next week they were brought out to the country.

This girl of fourteen, who was very small for her age, had been the housekeeper and acted as mother to the smaller children, the youngest of whom, only four years old, was a cripple.

During the six months that they lived in Hinsdale they won their way into the hearts and lives of our people here and developed remarkably, both physically, mentally and spiritually.

The juvenile probation officer who had the family in charge had told me repeatedly that the father was a hopeless drunkard. But to her surprise, one day not long ago, on visiting his neighbors she discovered that he had ceased to drink and was working daily, saving his money to make a home for his children. On talking with me later in regard to it, she said: "This is a miracle. I can not account for it unless it is a direct answer to your prayers." We feel that it is an answer to prayer, as the little girl never allowed a day to pass by without praying for her father; and on frequent visits of the father to Hinsdale, this mere child would sit down, Bible in hand, and tell her father of the wonderful things she had learned, and she would read to him from God's Word the prophecies concerning Christ's soon return to this earth. With tears streaming down his face he would promise her over and over again that he would leave drink alone and be a better father to them.

A few weeks ago we let the children return to their father, who had earned and saved some money to begin housekeeping anew. And this little girl, who is now a model housekeeper, is doing everything she can to make her home a model home. We surely feel well repaid for the little service rendered this promising family.

GIVING A LIFE SENTENCE TO GOD

We trust some of our readers will feel the call of God to subscribe for a club of LIFE BOATS to be sent each month to this prisoner in the South Dakota penitentiary, to be used by him in doing missionary work for his fellow prisoners. Write for special club rates when used for this purpose.

"I am getting one copy of THE LIFE BOAT every month but my subscription will soon run out. I have a life sentence in this place. For a long time I continued to write home to my folks trying to get them to work in my behalf and to get me out of here. But as the years have rolled by the Lord has put into my heart a desire to work for Him the rest of my natural life in this prison as a soul-winner, and in my humble way to strive to turn as many as I can to the Saviour, remembering all the while the promise found in Daniel 12:3.

"I have fully consecrated my life to the Lord for service in this prison, and if by my labor I shall be the means of turning only one to righteousness I will be well repaid.

"I want you to ask your readers to send me good books so I can circulate some through this institution. I would also like for you to send me a bunch of LIFE BOATS each month. I assure you they will be properly circulated to those who will read them. I keep track of every book I loan out. I put down the name of the book and the number of the cell, and when the book is sent back I check the name off.

"Newspapers and religious papers are circulated by the librarian for ten days from the date on paper, then they are put in a box and sent down to the boiler room to be burned up. Magazines are circulated the month in which they are printed. I tell you this because there is no use for you to send any old copies of THE LIFE BOAT since they can not be circulated. Books can be circulated until they wear out.

"If you want to do some good for the Lord, and I believe you do, then let us co-operate. The Lord says, 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the

whole world, and lose his own soul?' Matt. 16:24-26.

"I always shall remember you in my prayers, also the rest of the LIFE BOAT workers, and I would like for you to pray for me daily that I be faithful to the end.

"I am not what I ought to be yet. I catch myself every now and then being selfish. Oh, how hard it is to cast selfishness out of the heart when it once gets thoroughly embedded! But I realize that prayer can cast it out.

"Another reason I have decided to stay behind the bars and never accept anything the governor may offer, is that the temptations on the outside are so great that I am afraid I would fall back into sin regardless of my good resolutions."

FILLING A LONG-FELT NEED

It is an encouraging sign to find men in different state prisons who are being moved upon to be used of God in their respective prisons. Remember that their opportunities are meager. Perhaps some one will furnish this young man with a club of LIFE BOATS to use in the California state prison:

"Your kind letter of the 12th inst. is to hand. I note with gratitude that you feel there is a work in the vineyard of the Lord to which I may consecrate my life in spite of what the past can show. My sincere regret is that I have allowed so much time to pass unprofitably before my thoughts turned definitely to the goal I now seek.

"I am indeed grateful for the assistance you have extended me in the matter of books, etc. I know this is not an unusual thing for you to do, for I know that you consider any money spent in promoting His cause well spent, but I accept it as an evidence of your faith in the sincerity of my purpose and the possibilities for effective work it embraces.

"Should you find it convenient to send us the LIFE BOATS, it would fill a long felt need in this institution. Very little sacred literature is circulated amongst the inmates, and I believe THE LIFE BOAT is so edited that it will appeal to the men here more than the limited numbers of other publications that reach them. I should take

pleasure in supervising the distribution and trying to place them where they will do the most good.

"I find ample opportunity under present circumstances to exercise and develop the Christian spirit. If it is God's will I want to be the instrument through which His Spirit may manifest itself to the younger men here whose lives are being marred and ruined through their thoughtlessness and indifference. I maintain that it is these influences and not a deliberate choice of wrong doing that leads most of them to these moral pest houses; and that is why I feel called to take up the cross and follow as nearly in the Master's steps as I may in leading them to the light of everlasting salvation."

HUNGERING FOR AN EDUCATION

The following is from an inmate of the Montana state prison, who some time ago asked for a Bible that he might teach the others in prison. A Bible was sent him and he has not only taught from God's Word, but he has also taught the common school branches to those who were hungering for an education. In a recent letter he writes:

"Yours of the 16th inst. received, and will say that your letter has been transferred from cell to cell until seventeen of the outcasts have read and re-read it; and I am instructed to send their love and best wishes.

"One of these men knows you well. At one time you tried to influence him to attend Sunday-school but he was ashamed to go because he could not read. He is now twenty-one, but he is going to surprise you next summer by calling on you, and prove to you in person that through your sending me that Bible he has become as apt a Sunday-school scholar as you will have in your class.

"He has asked me to send you a sample of his work in mathematics. You must remember that nine months ago this man did not know whether five times five were twenty-five or one hundred twenty-five. This man is no further advanced than others who were practically illiterate.

"If you knew how these men appreciate the little drop of education that they have obtained through your assistance, it is no wonder that they sing your name day and night.

"Now as to myself, I am just the reverse. I am just about the farthest from God that I ever was. When I am released from prison all my Bible teaching comes to a close. I have read my last chapter when I leave this prison. Your Bible will be left behind where it has done its work, and so will all other books that I can get."

CAMPAIGNING FOR THE GOSPEL

MRS. HAROLD KEMP.

[During the past week some of the Hinsdale workers were out selling this magazine. One company went to Wheaton, Ill., and another to Gary, Ind. All returned with their hearts glowing and their experience enriched. Mrs. Kemp, a member of the medical evangelistic class, related her experience the next morning at morning worship. We reproduce it here, knowing it will be an encouragement to others.—Ed.]

I believe I can say our little trip has been a success, not only in the selling of our books, but that we have been able to speak words in the name of our Lord that I believe will bring forth fruit later on.

Before we started out we had a little prayer meeting of our own, because we had occasion to feel quite disheartened as the weather looked threatening. When we arrived in Wheaton we found that the people with whom we expected to stay had been burned out and had absolutely no accommodations for us whatever.

It did look very discouraging; but what seemed to be a disappointment at first was a blessing in disguise, because we found another good place which was centrally located. We feel it was the Lord Himself who opened up that place for us, and we were certainly grateful to our Father for it.

I have been very successful in selling to people on the streets and so I spoke to the first lady I met. She said, "I can't stop now, I am in a hurry, and have not got a penny." I smiled and said, "Good-morning," and went on. Later in the day I met her in her home and she said, "Well, I saw you this morning but did not have time to buy." But she invited me in very courteously. She was a woman in a very bad condition physically—a nervous wreck; she inquired about the sanitarium and I told her the best I could. If any one was ever in need of treatments I think she was. She spoke as though she would like to come.

I met another lady who did not take the book but paid for it and told me to give it

to some one else who could not pay for it. She and her people were well acquainted with our work.

I met another little lady who was here last March, who could not speak too highly of the sanitarium, and she too took a paper. I found a great many people who took *THE LIFE BOAT* by the year, and quite a few had the October number.

We felt we had done really a good work in Wheaton. We had several opportunities to speak to people about spiritual things. We left there yesterday morning and the first little station we got off it was raining there too. But we started down the street. The first man we met gave me some money but said he did not want the book. I took the coin, and soon met a woman who wanted the paper but had no money to pay for it, so I said, "This one is paid for," and gave her the paper. She seemed very interested in the second coming of Christ and I gave her a tract. I never sell the paper twice, but try to find some one that really needs it; and in that way I am able to give away several, because they are already paid for.

The weather was very discouraging on our way back, but we felt we were right with God, and we had seen evidences that God was with us, so felt we had a right to claim His promise. I asked God to help me sell a certain number personally, but I did not see how the Lord was going to do it. I said, "Lord, I do not know how You are going to do it but I believe You *can* do it," and I believed He would help us.

When we reached Elmhurst we were quite successful. We met one man in whom we became very interested—an elderly man in very poor health. I went up to him and he held out his hand and was so glad to see a kind face. The poor man began to cry—he felt so bad; he had lost his wife a few weeks ago. The other girls went over and spoke to him too and we had a nice little visit with him.

I approached two other men. One told me he did not think any good could come out of Hinsdale at all: he had been arrested here for speeding and it cost him twenty-four dollars to get out; so he did not like Hinsdale. But he bought a paper anyway.

Another said to me, "Lady, do you know who I am?" I said, "No, sir." He said,

"Well, I represent the hoboos," and he was very flippant about it. I said, "Well, brother, I am very sorry. I know what it is to be out of work and not be able to find it and I am certainly sorry for you." He changed his manner quite suddenly and said, "I really would buy a paper if I had money but I have not." I said, "I have one here that has been paid for, and if you will really read it I will give it to you." He said, "I will be glad to read it if you give me the book," and when I left he tipped his hat very courteously.

If people speak unkindly or abruptly to us, if we only speak kindly to them we may not only sell our papers but will do good. And I feel from our trip we really have been able to do some good along some lines.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN INN

MRS. A. E. RYAN

[Our hearts rejoice as we see the good work God is doing for us in the Good Samaritan Inn. Sister Ryan, a good, motherly soul, is the matron. As she associates day by day with the sick and suffering who come to this institution, she has a wide field of missionary usefulness. If you have friends who can not meet the ordinary sanitarium rates, remember that perhaps they might be able to avail themselves of the simpler and humbler—yet not the less effective—opportunities offered by the Good Samaritan Inn.—Ed.]

The Lord is surely blessing the work here and it rejoices my heart to be able to do something for suffering humanity.

There was one woman brought here from the city hospital suffering terribly with rheumatism, who could not bear to be turned in bed. She was here two months, receiving treatment every day, and went home rejoicing to her four fatherless children. She wrote me she could now go all around on crutches.

Another old lady, seventy-four years old, came in on me one evening. She said she prayed to the Lord to send her to some one that would be a friend to her, adding, "And praise the Lord, He has." She is improving fast under the treatments, and her cough that she has had for years is so much better. She calls *THE LIFE BOAT* "that blessed book," and is so thankful for coming here.

And last, but not least, my dear daughter who was so prostrated that she could hardly walk across the floor, when I brought her here, went back to her husband and children much improved in health, and, what pleased me the most, she was rejoicing in the Lord.

The Lord certainly does bless the treatments given here, and I am so glad there is a place where the sick who can not afford the sanitarium prices can come and get treatment and be restored to health and strength again. I am so thankful that I can have a part in this work.

If any one desires to help in this work by



VIEW OF MRS. RYAN AND HER DAUGHTER, TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE INN

sending donations of bedding, potatoes, canned fruit, or anything along that line, it will be gratefully received, as we often have those come to us who can not afford to pay even our low rates.

Why not order ten copies of *THE LIFE BOAT* and try selling them in your neighborhood? Others are doing well with it. Why not you? Write for terms.

Our Larger Mission

Kate D. Sanborn

Acting Matron, Life Boat Rescue Home

[We commend to all of our readers this interesting communication from Miss Sanborn. The Lord has given her a large mission field in the rescue home. Our readers can hold up her hands by remembering this work in their prayers and also by responding to some of its various needs.—Ed.]

OUR Home is a soul-saving trap set for the souls of the unfortunate ones who come to us.

A heathen once said to a missionary, "Let me come live with you and watch your life, that I may know how to be like Christ." God



ONE OF THE LIFE BOAT BABIES WHO HAS FOUND A GOOD HOME

has said, "My Word shall not return unto Me void," and can there be a better exposition of the Word than an upright Christian life? So do not forget us in your prayers, that our lives may tell for God; for you know "one example is worth a thousand arguments."

One great advantage the matron of our Home has over the minister of the gospel, colporteur, the Bible worker and many other soul winners, is that she is with her flock, her Bible readers, or her children, as she calls them, daily. In Deut. 6:7 we read: "And thou shalt teach them [God's commands] diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

This is the blessed privilege of the rescue home "mother." She slips into the lying-in chamber to clasp the hand of the young mother and assure her that the time of labor was shortened in answer to prayer. Without leaving her own fireside she may give one or two Bible readings a day (at morning and evening worship); she may do personal work at any hour of the day, praying with one, urging or encouraging another to be true to her resolves to lead a Christian life, drilling them on the books of the Bible, favorite texts of scripture, or even entire psalms, teaching them how to care for their little ones, helping them to reason from cause to effect, teaching them how to eat and live so as to obtain the best physical result, how to give simple treatments without the use of drugs. This is only an incomplete list of what we are doing for our girls.

One girl said she had never had such good health as since coming here and adopting our common-sense diet. Another who had acne very badly found that our diet much improved her condition. She also observed that when she worked out for a day, and ate meat, her trouble was much increased—which served as an object-lesson to her and the other girls.

Another girl said, "I never heard so much gospel in my life as since coming here." Others say, "I believe God sent me here that I might find Christ."

It is encouraging to slip into a room unobserved and find the girls reading their Bibles.

A recent letter from one of our former girls urged the girls of the Home to be faithful to God.

In studying God's dealings with humanity, from Genesis to Revelation, we find that illness and trouble of all kinds are schoolmasters to bring us to Christ.

Now all of our girls are not only in trouble but some of them are sick a large share of their stay here. All of them are sick part of their stay. Kindness and true love shown to them touch and make tender their hearts and make them more susceptible to the influence of the Holy Spirit. Some of them come to us with no clothes for their little ones, few for themselves, and no money with which to provide them. All these things must be furnished.

Winter is coming on; our needs are many. Our grocery bills are to be paid. Coal must be furnished. We also need baby clothes, napkins, towels, dresser scarfs, pillow cases, sheets, spreads, a bolt of goods for sash curtains, window shades, dust pans, brooms, clothes pins, wire clothes line and wash tubs. Our house also needs painting, so we have started a fund for this—which thus far contains but forty cents.

When we remember Christ's "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," we are indeed glad for the privilege of helping these girls through the darkest hour of their life.

In closing we would again request that you remember us in your prayers, especially the matron, that when Jesus comes she may gather her girls about her and say, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me."

THE UPLIFT OF CELLDOM

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

"Good morning; have you been here all night?"

"Yes, ma'am; six of us have slept here all night long."

"Tired of it, aren't you?"

"We sure are. This is a hard lot."

"Here is a song book; take it and help us sing and you will feel better."

This was our morning's greeting when we reached the double corridor at the Harrison police station at nine o'clock last Sunday morning.

Here were six or seven men who had passed the night in that dark inside cell, where not a single ray of God's sunshine ever penetrates, and where there are only beds for two—or rather, two hard plank slabs.

Some may say, "It is good enough for them," if they like; but after six years of gospel work in this police station I know that there are aching hearts perishing for a kind word and a Christian friend.

We began our song service and these men sang with us. Before we had finished our little talk we knew that God was speaking to their hearts. They raised their hands for prayer and knelt with us on the stone floor.

In the annex upstairs we found eleven young women and mothers, with seven children. As we entered this apartment the matron smilingly said: "We have everything here this morning, from young girls and mothers down to a bundle of rags." And we did find all sorts and sizes. One mother had been arrested for throwing away her baby.

All were much impressed through the service and took their stand at its close, excepting one poor, heart-broken girl, who afterwards said she was thoroughly discouraged. She had had a world of trouble for one young life, and while she had tried to pray she felt that God had never answered her prayers. We told her some of the conditions of answered prayer and left her, promising to pray for her.

Of the forty-nine adults that we found locked up last Sunday morning there were forty-three who asked for prayer. Before going we had asked the Lord to prepare the hearts of these people for our coming, and we knew He had done it.

There are already thousands of jobless men walking the streets of Chicago today, and the city authorities predict that during the coming winter the trying times of the World's Fair year will be lived over again. The police stations will be crowded and the missions will be taxed to their uttermost to keep the unemployed from either freezing or starving to death, or both.

Such calls as the following, which just came in the morning's mail, will be fre-

quent, and our workers are ready to render assistance wherever needed.

A friend writes, "There is a case of dire need here in the city: a family of seven children, and illness among them. They are in very poor circumstances and need help. Could some of the nurses investigate the case and see what could be done for them?"

Job said: "The cause which I knew not I searched out," and, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for Joy:" Job 29:16, 13.

THE MEDICAL EVANGELISTIC WORK

ZADA HIBBEN.

[During the past month Miss Stapp, who has had charge of our medical missionary visitation work in Chicago and was also matron of Students' Hall, was called home because of the illness of her father. Miss Hibben, a graduate nurse, has taken her place and writes the following interesting account of the progress of the work.—Ed.]

Our family at Students' Hall consists of twenty-eight members. And by shifting the work in the home we save the extra expense of hiring our cooking, washing and ironing done, which would be a large item. For instance two of our number, a month at a time in rotation look after the house, which includes the cooking and the general house-keeping. Then on laundry days we more than double our force. The total expense is then divided pro rata between us at the end of each month. By buying the food at wholesale and using only the simplest and yet most nutritious foods our expense per member is less than twenty cents per day.

A good man donated enough money for a cow which will more than furnish us with milk and butter for the table use. We also have a nice large flock of chickens.

Just last week in one day a large quantity of fresh tomatoes were given to us for the picking. We all helped with the picking and canning, which was a recreation to us, and we canned four hundred and forty-eight quarts. Most of the canning was done in the evening. We have a very cheerful and willing group of young people in our medical evangelistic class.

Just a glimpse of our daily routine: rising half five forty-five, morning worship six thirty, breakfast six forty-five, and those leaving for

the city and magazine work are off on the seven fifty-two train taking a lunch with them. Dinner for the remaining ones in other lines of work at one o'clock. Supper at six, and then again at six forty-five an evening worship, asking God's blessing to rest upon the day's work.

In the city of Chicago we have six centers where twelve of the workers go two and two to visit the homes, carrying gospel literature, treating the sick, helping with the house work when needed and praying with the people as opportunity affords. Everywhere we find hearts crying out for something which they have not.

Some long for a power that will give health and life and peace. Others have no faith in God and have lost confidence in man. But they appreciate acts of sympathy and helpfulness. And as they see our workers with no inducements of earthly praise or compensation come into their homes ministering to their various needs, faith will kindle.

It is really amazing to see how God is blessing our feeble efforts, especially in caring for the sick just by using the simplest treatments. Before leaving, our workers always kneel in prayer asking God to bless that humble treatment. The people think our treatments are doing wonders for them.

Each week eight homes are opened to Bible studies, with thirteen hearers. Seven have begun to obey the Lord's Word from the result of the readings.

Others of our number go with the magazines. Besides the work already mentioned we are holding a meeting every Wednesday evening at the Working Men's home mission, 1339 So. State Street, where we have already witnessed several remarkable conversions; and our work on Sunday mornings at the jail not only results in great good to the inmates, but it is also a wonderful blessing to the workers.

FOUND, A LISTENING EAR

SELMA PETERSON,

Hinsdale, Ill.

I have been out distributing literature on the great European war. The people seemed glad to get it. One woman said she was very much interested in the prophecies and she had just begun to study them. The evening before, she had sat up until twelve o'clock at

night studying her Bible. She said she had been listening to the preachers, but now she had undertaken to dig truth out for herself.

She called in her husband and we had a Bible study together. When I left she gave me her subscription for THE LIFE BOAT.

OUR WORK IN THE CITY

MEMBER, MEDICAL EVANGELISTIC CLASS,
Hinsdale, Ill.

To find our way into the homes of the people we call at each house and tell them that we are medical evangelists and wish to know if there is any one sick or needy and if we can help them in any way. If they say "Yes," we gladly enter the home and do what we can to relieve the poor sufferer.

One day we met a lady in this way who had been sick for a week and had scarcely slept any for four nights because of a violent headache caused by a cold. We quickly heated some water and gave her a hot foot bath and at the same time kept cold compresses on her head and neck. Before we had finished the treatment she said her head was better and she was getting sleepy. We finished the treatment and told her we would call again next day.

When we went back the girl told us that she had been bothered no more with the headache and that she felt so much better she had taken the children and gone out for a walk. We certainly felt thankful that we had been able to give her so much relief.

In other homes that we visit they say, "No, there is no one sick in here." We quickly tell them that in connection with our work we are selling magazines to help pay our expenses; give them a brief canvass for the magazines we have with us—generally THE LIFE BOAT or the *Signs of the Times*—and ask them which one they would like; or offer both if they choose. At this point they generally hesitate and say they will take one, or else that they can not afford it; if the latter, we always leave them a tract or a copy of the "War Extra," and in this way we feel that we are leaving some little gleam of light in each home.

At some homes they invite us to come in, and we have a good visit with them about

our work. When we tell them that we have to rely wholly upon the Lord to impress the hearts of the people to either buy a paper from us or to help us out in a financial way for the service that we have done for them, they always say, "You surely are in the Lord's work and I know He will bless you."

One lady that we met said, "It's certainly wonderful how God does hear and answer prayer, for when I earnestly seek Him for anything He hears and answers my prayers. Not long ago three of my children were in the hospital lying at death's door, and I prayed God that He would spare them to me and now I have them all at home again hearty and well. I *know* that the restoration of my children's health was in answer to my prayers, and," she said, "that is not the only answer to prayer I have had lately. A little over a month ago I had so many expenses to pay when my husband drew his salary that I had only eight dollars left to pay the running expenses for our family with seven children for two weeks; and the rent was due in the meantime. I did not know how I would ever get through on such a small amount for such a large number of us, so I prayed earnestly to God to send me help. He heard my petition and sent a man around who paid a dividend that was not due until in November, and that tided me over until my husband drew his next pay."

So you see that it is not labor without reward, even in the wicked city of Chicago, for many others have told us of the goodness of the Lord to them. Do you wonder we feel that it pays, when we come home at the close of such a day's experience with our hearts overflowing with praise to God for a happiness which fadeth not away like worldly pleasures, but lingers ever bright to cheer us on our way at the beginning of another day?

We are admonished to "go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." Luke 14:21.

To follow this command is what we are trying by God's help to do; for we know that in our own strength we can do nothing, but through Him all things are possible.

A THRILLING ANSWER TO PRAYER

Gospel workers in the war zone are observing that men's hearts are turning toward God as never before. That is one encouraging feature of this awful situation.

Mr. Stevens, an American photographer, was arrested in Germany in the early days of the war. He was suspected of being an English spy and was condemned to be shot the following morning at six o'clock. The following is a portion of his own account of his experience during that never-to-be-forgotten night:

Plans Dash for Liberty

"My guard was sleeping. I drew up one foot slowly and meanwhile I worked one hand out of the rope and then untied one of my shoe laces, being determined to take off my shoes. I drew up my other foot and started to untie the other shoe, when a big Prussian entered and sat down so close to me that our knees touched. The chance for a dash for safety was gone. I worked another hour tying my shoe laces the same as they had been before and then worked my hands back into the rope. I considered myself lost and prayed for the first time.

"My father was an Episcopal minister, who believed that man in his last extremity always cried out to his God. Of this I was now certain. I had drifted away from the church and, therefore, I wondered if it would be right for me to return now and ask help from the Creator. I decided that God always is God, no matter what a man does, and I asked for strength to hold out before the German guns like a man and show them that I was not frightened. The clock rang 2:30 and thereafter my mind was at peace.

Sees Soldiers Dig His Grave

"When the guard looked at me I said in broken German, 'Morgen shiessen?' (Shoot tomorrow?) He shrugged his shoulders and then picked up an old curtain, rolled it into a bundle and placed it under my head. I fell asleep. At 4:30 a. m. I awoke when two sappers entered the room. One had a spade and a lantern and the other carried an acetylene searchlight. They played the light over the room, talked loudly, and left the door ajar as they went out.

"I saw them go across the courtyard to

the wall, where one of them took the pick and started taking up stones, the second man using the spade in turning the earth. I could not keep my eyes off them. They fascinated me, for I was sure they were digging my own grave.

"To make my death less ignominious, I decided to keep my hands loosely in the rope until I faced the firing squad, when I would throw my hands out unfettered. The sappers worked for half an hour and sleep was impossible, so I counted the ticks of the clock.

Fifteen Minutes to Live

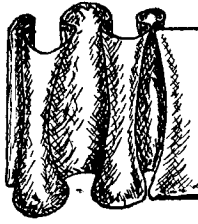
"At 5:30 the whole camp was astir. The soldiers received bread, jam and coffee, but none was offered to me. The clock, it seemed to me, never would reach six. I figured that I still had fifteen minutes to live. I was not hungry. I thought, 'What is the use of wasting food?'

"Just before six o'clock a bugle sounded and everybody rose. The guards put on their cartridge belts and then waited five minutes, which seemed to me like half an hour. Then the order came to fall in. I wondered if my knees trembled, but they were as firm as ever. I wondered how the news of my death could reach my friend, Lewis Richards, in Brussels, formerly pianist in a Detroit music school.

"The color sergeant appeared and gave an order. We marched. There were four guards, with me in the center. We were half way across the yard to the mound of earth when another lieutenant appeared and gave an order to halt. He talked to the sergeant and then gave the order to about face. They marched me through the gateway into the street, in which I found our automobile with a soldier chauffeur and guard and I was ordered to enter the machine. I was astounded at the developments. From here we proceeded to Lobbes."

Then followed a more detailed account of his varied experiences before he was entirely set at liberty. Unquestionably God heard this man's prayer and as a result changed the program.

God does not always send deliverance in answer to prayer; sometimes it would not be the best. But He is always ready and willing to answer our prayers for forgiveness, for spiritual help, and for salvation.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor



THANKSGIVING DAY

If there ever was a time when our people should lay aside their feasting, their turkey dinners and their hilarity and frivolity, it is on the coming Thanksgiving day. Half the world is plunged in a cruel war; misery and human suffering are stalking through those ill-fated countries—while we are enjoying peace and not only comforts but even luxuries.

We trust that none of our readers will have the presumption to mock God by observing Thanksgiving in the ordinary popular style. Indeed every day this season should be a thanksgiving day.

THE NEXT HINSDALE MID-WINTER CONVENTION

Our next holiday medical missionary convention will begin Thursday, December 24, and end Tuesday evening December 29. Everything indicates that it will be the most important gathering of its kind that we have ever held. Special instruction will be given on how to do aggressive medical missionary work and how to do personal work for souls. A careful study will be made of what are the most essential medical missionary principles and methods to acquire in order to do useful work for needy humanity.

F. W. Paap of Baltimore will be with us and from an exceedingly rich experience will give us most helpful instruction on practical missionary methods. Pastor L. H. Christian will conduct several vitally important Bible lessons. O. A. Olsen will bring us some of those deeply spiritual lessons that these stirring times demand. Representatives of the Southern work will be here, bringing us helpful lessons that God has taught them from their work in that field. Those who have gone out from us to establish medical missionary centers will attend and report their encouraging and inspiring experiences for the benefit of those who have the same work in mind.

We believe this convention will mark a special epoch in the history of this work. We ask our friends everywhere to join us in earnest prayer that it may be a time of special visitation from on high.

HAVE YOU BECOME DIS-HEARTENED?

The devil sometimes leads people who are trying to do good to take some unwise position which serves to jar some one else out of God's program, and the first thing they know they are simply building for time instead of for eternity. Soon a blight begins to come over their Christian experience. Spiritual things begin to grow dim and do not grip the soul in any decided manner. The higher aspirations are benumbed.

If you who read these words have permitted the mistakes of others to dim your spiritual vision, I beg of you to take a new inventory. Worldly prosperity and worldly success and human flattery are poor substitutes for the satisfaction in the very depths of your soul that you are filling, in an acceptable manner, the humble place God intends you to fill, and the sweet conviction every evening before you lay your head on the pillow that He has forgiven your sins for that day.

HAVE YOU RUN OUT OF OIL?

The Bible tells about five foolish virgins who were looking for Christ's return. They had the right kind of lamps so they must have belonged to the right church; but they had no *oil*. In other words they had no *definite* Christian experience (Mat. 25:1-13). It would have been time wasted to have told these five virgins that there were fly specks on their lamps. There is a good deal of that kind of work done for this class of Christians in these days. They are advised to give up this thing or get right on some other thing, but no one tells them their *great* need is a new heart and

a new experience with God. Remember these five foolish virgins were with God's people. They marched along with those who had oil. They may even have "done many wonderful works." Matt. 7:22. But Christ will finally say to them, "I *never* knew you." They had not even backslid, for they had *never* been converted.

Treating symptoms instead of fundamental conditions is a popular way of dealing with the physically sick. It is so much more convenient to take headache powders than it is to reform the diet. That sort of thing is creeping into spiritual disorders. But remember that Christ did not waste any of His time treating Nicodemus' spiritual symptoms.

Nicodemus no doubt was a good Sabbath keeper. He believed in Christ (John 3:2) and would have passed, I suppose, in these days for a good church member. But he had *one* great shortcoming: he needed to be born again; and Christ concentrated his efforts on this great need. It is safe to say that the average professed Christian is in just the same situation Nicodemus was in. Modern Israel is no more prepared to go into the promised land than was ancient Israel. God's children should call upon such to flee from the wrath to come and to make their calling and election *sure*. This is a time when God is calling upon the priests and ministers of the Lord to "weep between the porch and the altar," saying, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them." Joel 2:17. Have you begun this? or are you drifting along carelessly?

We must permit ourselves to be "hewed by the prophets" (Hosea 6:5) or we shall find ourselves at the end of the journey unfitted to meet our Maker. Being hewed by the prophets is never a *pleasant* experience. It is as painful as a surgical operation; but God only wounds that He may heal. None will accept such an experience who do not feel from the very depths of their soul that they are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Rev. 3:17. Those who have discovered that fact will not be seriously hurt if some one else should point out the same to them; and to those who have not already discovered it how fortunate it is if God should

place the burden on some one else to help them find it out.

A growing Christian is converted daily. Conversion is not a pleasant experience. It is going over the very ground that Jacob did in his night of trouble (Gen. 32:24-28). Spiritual labor pains are no more pleasant than physical birth pains, but there is no physical birth without labor pains and there is no spiritual birth without painful experiences. To separate from us inherited and cultivated traits of character, especially if we do not appreciate their sinful nature, is no more pleasant than having a tooth jerked out of our heads; but those who are preparing to be among the saved are willing to go through such experiences day by day.

THE NEXT MEDICAL EVANGELISTIC CLASS

We are constantly receiving applications for admittance in the next medical evangelistic class. This will be organized the first of next July.

God has in a very special manner gone out before the present class, who have now been in the work a third of a year. They are filled with courage and enthusiasm and are seeing fruit of their labors. They are engaged in genuine medical evangelistic work and are gaining a most valuable experience.

None need to apply for the next class who are not genuinely converted and who do not earnestly desire to receive an all-round medical missionary training.

"STRENGTHEN MY HANDS"

It is easy enough for us to believe that God can sustain the universe, that He can maintain the stars in their ceaseless flight, that He can bless the missionaries in the foreign field, that He can look after His work in the different parts of the world. But sometimes we find it difficult to pray the prayer of Nehemiah, "Now therefore, O God, strengthen *my* hands." Neh. 6:9.

But we do not enter into a genuine experience until we begin to believe that God has us individually in His keeping. Let us not forget that God has bidden us: Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door,

pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee *openly*." Matt. 6:6.

AN APPEAL FROM CHINA

We recently received the following appeal from a mission worker in Shanghai, China, which we pass on, thinking possibly some one who reads these lines would like to have an interest in the souls of the poor Chinese in Shanghai:

"Situated on one of the busy streets not far from the center of town, convenient to the English and French concessions as well as the native Chinese city, is the Shanghai Tract Society and free reading room, at the rear of which we have our chapel and meeting place for our Shanghai church.

"Many thousands of people pass our place every day, and as we have a good large display window we keep it filled with the latest magazines and books from all over the world.

"Our greatest volume of business is done with Chinese and English literature, divided about half and half. There are many of the Chinese who buy English books, especially anything in the line of educational books. Our magazines, such as the *Signs, Life and Health*, and the *Watchman*, sell readily to the foreign population of Shanghai as well as to the large number of sailors who swarm over Shanghai at all times of the year.

"I think we could use about ten LIFE BOATS a month at first, and if we can sell any we will be glad to pay for them. If they are not sold we will give them away where they will do the most good. There are several jails here as well as various homes for outcasts and people for whom THE LIFE BOAT makes eloquent appeals."

ORDER SOME EXTRA COPIES

This is a good time of the year to introduce THE LIFE BOAT to your friends. Order a dozen or more copies each month at wholesale rates to lend, give away, or sell to those with whom you come in contact. Many carry a few copies with them to use just as others

do tracts. There are many who do not care for tracts who find THE LIFE BOAT acceptable reading. Why not work while the day lasts? "The night cometh when no man can work."

Some of our friends are having great success in securing subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT. The people are thankful to have their attention called to the kind of a message that THE LIFE BOAT brings.

Order extra copies to use as samples.

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Dr. A. J. Sanderson of Berkeley, Cal., stopped off at Hinsdale to see old friends while on his way east recently.

Dr. and Mrs. Paulson and W. J. Walter attended the self-supporting workers' convention at Madison, Tenn., October 9-14.

The Life Boat rescue home is now ready to sell rugs. See advertisement in this number. Orders can be filled in a few days after they are received.

The Hinsdale workers were fortunate in having Brother and Sister Connerly of Panama, with them for one week. Their valuable instruction was a real inspiration to the medical missionary students.

The Hinsdale sanitarium has started a preparatory school for those desiring to take ninth grade work preparatory to entering the nurses' course. This is a wonderful opportunity for a limited number to work their way through.

Pastor Wm. Guthrie of Holly, Mich., was a recent caller at the Hinsdale headquarters.

Miss Ida Christensen of Chicago, Miss Delight Cemer of Indiana, Miss Grace Thomas of Kankakee, Mrs. H. Kemp of Hot Springs, Ark., and the Misses Mabel and Edna Eggum of Henning, Minn., have recently connected with the Hinsdale family of workers.

Mr. T. N. Rogers of Oil City, Pa., a traveling salesman and prison evangelist who has frequently attended the Life Boat jail services in Chicago, was a recent visitor to Hinsdale.

Dr. David Paulson has recently given health talks to the Theological Seminary at Elmhurst, Ill., the Young People's Civic League of Chicago, and the Sunday-school of the Gary Memorial church in Wheaton, Ill.

"BEYOND THE SHADOW"

This pleasing booklet containing 96 pages of poems by Miss Pearl Waggoner affords an opportunity to secure a fitting Christmas gift for either young or old. It may be procured in either paper (leatherette appearance), cloth, or leather binding, at 45c, 75c, and \$1.25, respectively, by addressing the author at Hinsdale, Ill.

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

WANTED.

To borrow several thousand dollars in sums of \$200 and upwards. Real estate security. Will pay five per cent interest. Address Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

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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.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

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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.

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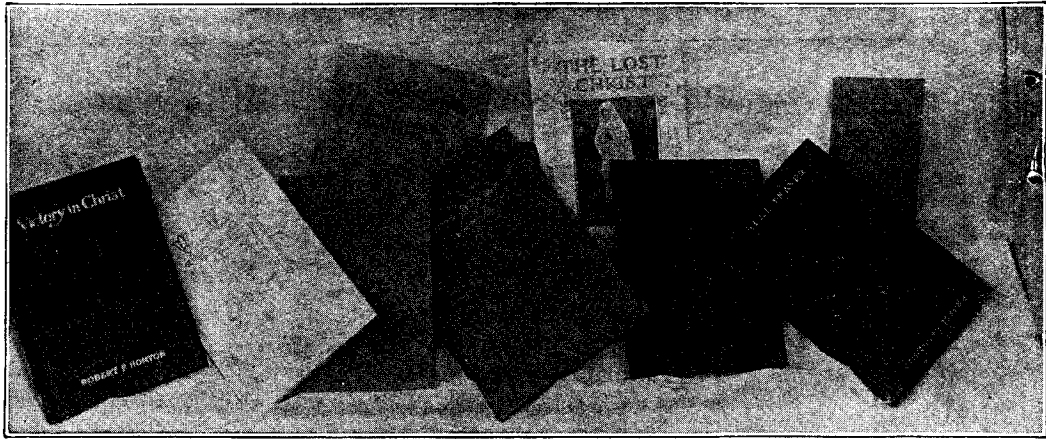
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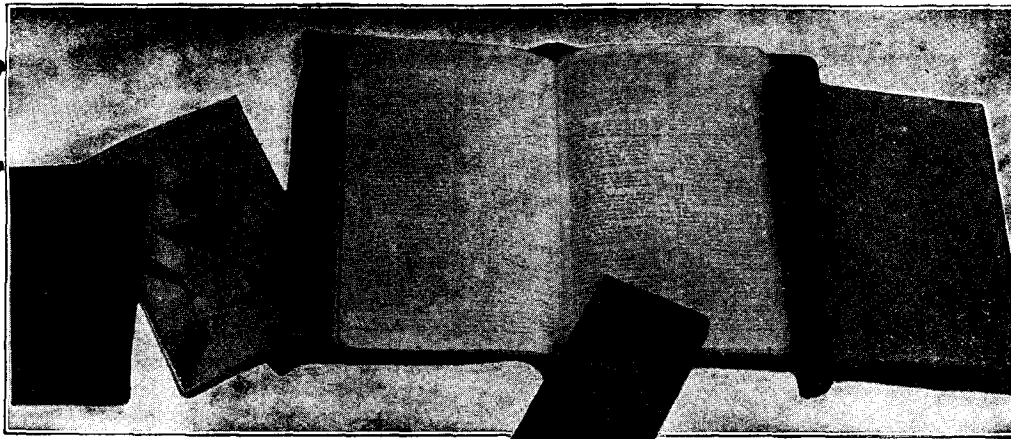
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Made by the Girls in the Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.



¶ These beautiful Rescue Home rugs are made from high quality *new* materials which will not fade and are guaranteed to give excellent service. They are made in two sizes; the larger ones are two yards long and one yard wide. The smaller ones are twenty-five by fifty-four inches. They are made of dark blue, trimmed with white, or a rich brown and white, or pink and white, and other light shades for bath room and bed room use. They can be made to order in sizes and colors to suit customer.

¶ In purchasing these rugs you are not only getting a good bargain, but you are at the same time helping the Life Boat Rescue Home and the young women in the home who make these rugs.

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Prices: Larger size \$2.50, weight for shipping 3 lbs.; smaller size \$1.25, 2 lbs.
Parcel post extra

Address:

Mrs. C. L. Clough, Supt., Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



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

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

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

Address for further information

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

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OR

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

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

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

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

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Endowed by Nature Equipped by Science



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Do not go abroad for what you have at home. Were it possible for you to see Hinsdale as it is, you would come. So pleasant as to attract many guests who have no ailment. Patients are kept so busy getting well that they have practically no time to worry over their troubles. Pleasant, refined associates. Rates as low as ordinary hotel. Atmosphere delightfully different.

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An outdoor gymnasium.

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It is completely descriptive and beautifully illustrated. Once you read this book and note the location, the charm of Hinsdale and the ability of this institution to benefit the sick, you will realize that we offer you every possible means of restoring your health and of becoming completely rested, among surroundings that are ideal.

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