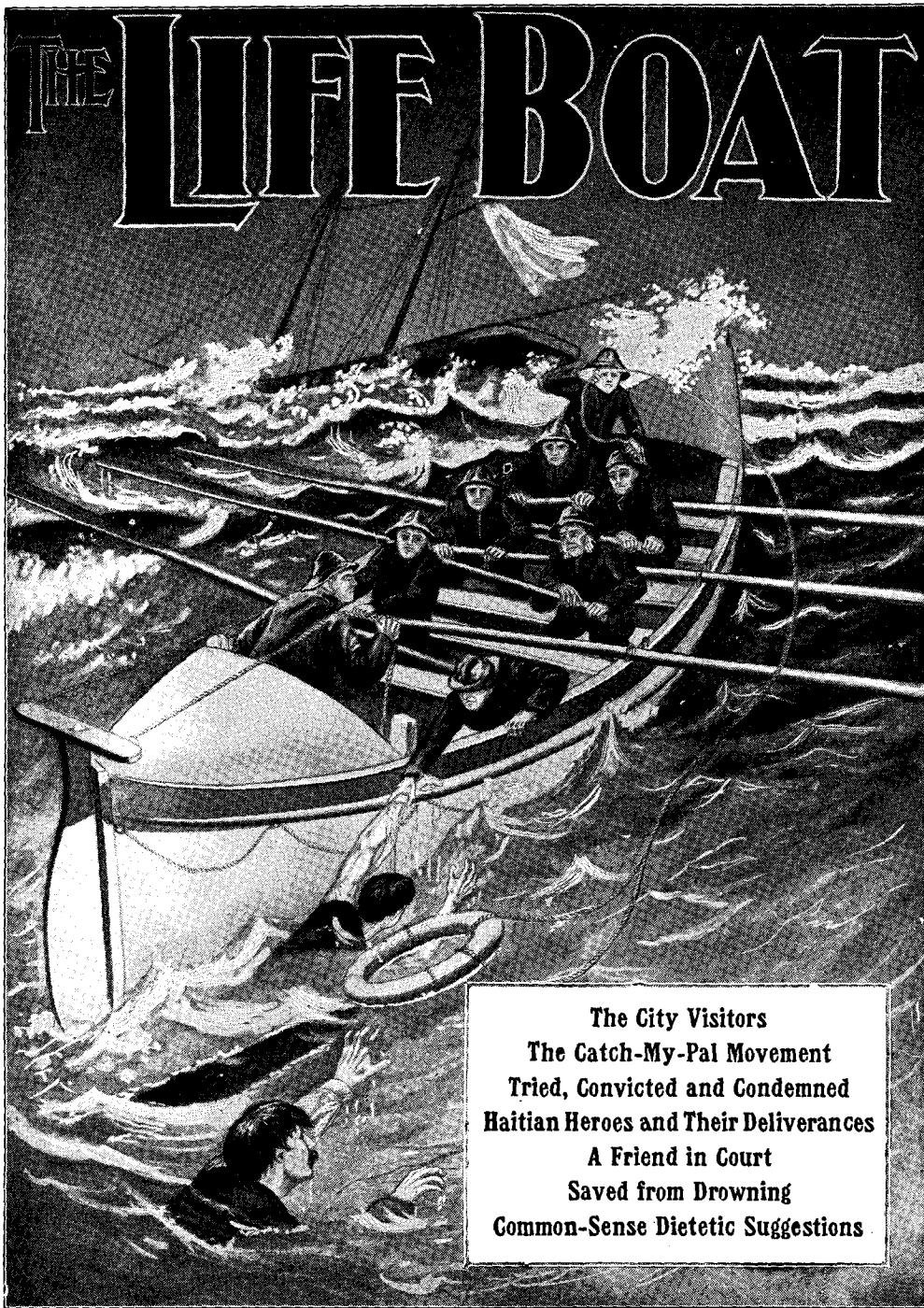


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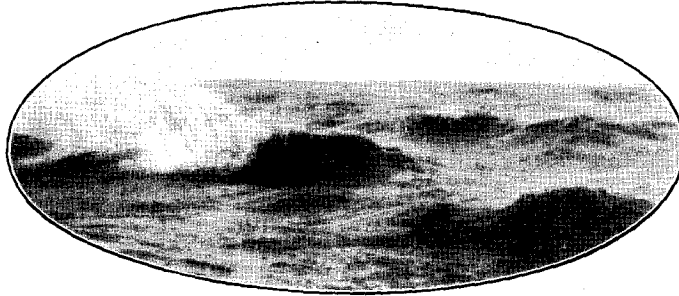
The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations

Volume Eighteen
Number Five

Windsor, Ill.

May, 1915

My Third Visit to Berea College—by the Editor



TROUBLED WATERS

PEARL WAGGONER

Hast ever witnessed an ocean storm,
Or watched as the waves dashed high
And reeled like drunken, then raised huge form
Like mountains toward the sky?
If we might gather each shipwreck's cost,
How great would the record be!
Yet myriads more in *life's* storms are lost
Than ever went down at sea.

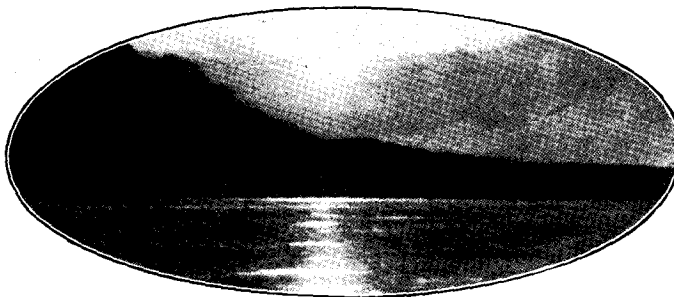
Hast ever been in the depths, my friend—
Perchance even *now*, art there?
On trouble's waves? at thine own wit's end?
A prey to a dark despair?
Does heaven above like brass appear,
And life like a stormy sea
Whose waves, in thoughts of remorse and fear,
Are lashing relentlessly?

As result of sin come storms within,
And life lacks aim and zest;
It is like the troubled waters
That can not be at rest.

But One who just by a word brought calm
To storm-swept Galilee,
Still lives today, nor is far away
From sailors on *life's* rough sea.
Oh, acquaint thyself with this God of peace—
Give *Him* control at the helm:
At His command will the tumult cease
Which threatens to overwhelm.

And when He giveth us quietness,
No other can trouble make;
No trial nor sorrow nor wild distress
His peace from the soul can take.
For like a river that quiet flows,
Unchanged by ebb or tide—
The wondrous peace that the Lord bestows
To those who in Him abide.

O thou tempest-stirred, accept this Word,
Peruse it o'er and o'er;
It will guide thee to the haven
Where storms shall come no more.



THE LIFE BOAT

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Ten cents a copy

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HINSDALE, ILL.

:: MAY, 1915

Number 5

My Third Visit to Berea College

David Paulson, M. D.

DR. D. K. PEARSONS, the millionaire philanthropist, who gave so many millions of dollars to needy colleges, frequently said to me: "I want you to visit Berea College. I take more satisfaction in the half million dollars that I have given them at various times than in any of my other gifts."

Finally President Frost invited me to visit Berea and give some talks to his students. I eagerly accepted the invitation. I found the school located in the hill country of Kentucky and the students drawn almost entirely from the mountain districts of the South.

I saw young men who had come a hundred miles or more riding on a mule, with a little sister on behind to take the beast back home again. I also

found young men who had walked one hundred and fifty miles, thirsting for that education which their fathers had never dreamed of.

A couple of years later President Frost again urged me to visit them. At that time one of the teachers took me far up

in the hill country. I saw the people living under more or less primitive conditions trying to subdue the sterile soil, and some of them plowing on mountain sides so steep that the mule almost leaned

up against the hillside, where, as some one expressed it, a cow could stand and look down the chimney. I saw the little one-room cabins, some of them with a door and only one window and some of them minus even the one window.

Berea College was founded in the stormy days just preceding the war. The story of brave deeds, Christian heroism, self-denial and self-sacrifice that was manifested by those early workers stirs one's blood and makes some of us ashamed for ever thinking we had hard

times trying to do something for the Lord.

Years rolled on, the work grew, and more and more of those hardy mountaineers' children received a Christian education and went back to be lights in their own neighborhood. Finally, twenty years ago, Professor Frost became president of



PRESIDENT WILLIAM GOODELL FROST

the school—a position which he has held ever since. During these years the work has grown marvelously until now nearly two thousand students are in attendance during the winter months. There were twelve hundred there on my recent visit.

The students pay only one hundred dollars a year for room, board, and educational opportunities. But in addition to this and the income from the endowment, President Frost still has to raise sixty thousand dollars a year additional to meet the running expenses.

What President Wilson Said About Berea

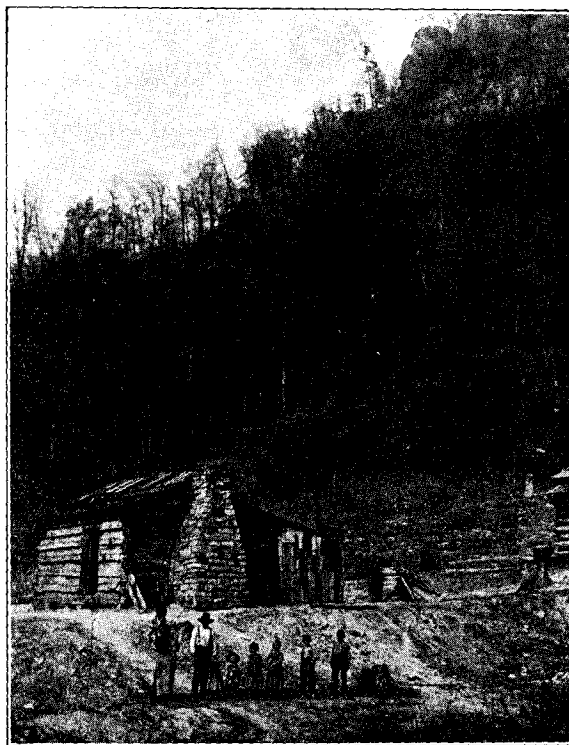
A notable meeting in the interests of Berea College was held in Washington, D. C., on the evening of February 24. It was presided over by Chief Justice Hughes of the United States Supreme Court, and among the other prominent men who were there to speak a good word in behalf of Berea was Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. President Wilson said among other things:

"I remember when I first met Doctor Frost, I envied him. I envy him now, because he is going straight at the heart of one of the most interesting problems of American life. The only thing that is worth while in human intercourse, after all, is to wake somebody up, provided you wake them up to see something that is worth seeing and to comprehend something that their spirits have not hitherto comprehended.

"These men at Berea are starting at the right place. They are starting with the simplicities of life, which are the foundations of life, and are leaving out its sophistries which are of no account. . . .

"I do not see how anybody can think of Berea and the work it has to do without catching fire. The trouble about the world is that there are so many interesting things to do that one hates to confine himself to one

or two of them. I find myself envying missionaries, envying engineers, envying pioneers of all sorts, envying those who touch with the closest possible contact the genuine stuffs, whether of the animate or inanimate world, because they must have the sense, if they have any imagination at all, of in some way carrying the great world upon their shoulders and



MOUNTAIN COTTAGE NEAR BEREA

making it serviceable for mankind."

No one can tell what possibilities God has hid away among the three million people who are scattered on the lonely hills and gullies of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, as well as portions of Virginia. Mr. Hughes, speaking on this point, said: "Who shall say that another Lincoln will not come from these rail-splitters?"

Isolation in America

At that same notable meeting President Frost said: "You will never know what isolation

means until you have ridden with me a hundred miles, threading the beds of streams. When I ask the way from one county seat to another, the reply is, "Why, President, you go up the middle fork of the Kentucky River, and you take the second creek to the right, and the fourth branch to the left, and go to the headwaters and pass over the divide, and come to the headwaters of another creek." That is isolation."

President Frost went on to tell of one time his wife accompanied him on one of these trips, and after taking dinner at one of these mountain cabin homes, Mrs. Frost asked her hostess: "When you can not get what you need at this store down by the branch, where do you go?" The mountain woman smiled and said, "I go *without*." And it appeared she had never been to any town or city in her life!

The following are the closing words of President Frost's speech at Washington: "The whole case of the mountaineer is summed up in the case of Lincoln, who was one of them. People have wondered how he became the great American. His mother had six books! They were the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, for religion; Aesop's Fables and Robinson Crusoe, for literature; a history of the United

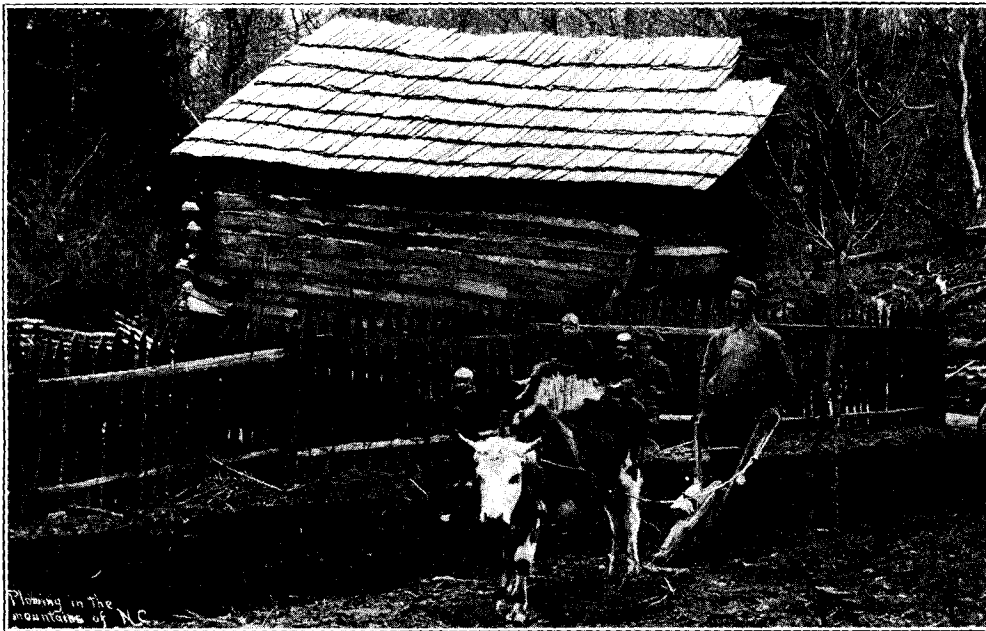


CHAPEL BUILT ENTIRELY BY STUDENT LABOR

States and the life of Washington, for politics. He read these books; he learned them by heart, as shown by his state papers to the very last. He fletcherized those books! Without those books his soul would have been strangled in the birth."

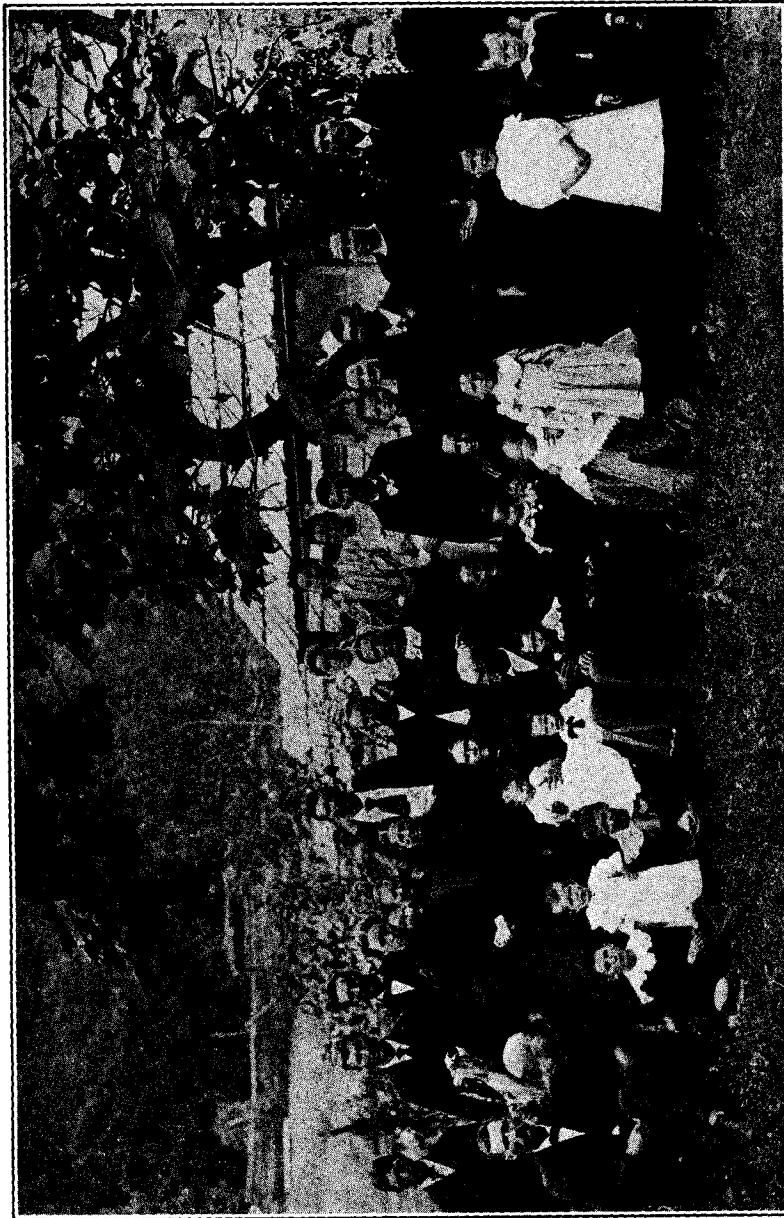
The Narrow Gap Sunday School

I arrived in Berea, Ky., Sunday noon. An hour later a team was in waiting to take me and a few other Berea workers out to Narrow Gap Sunday school. This was a locality where twenty years ago it was the risk of one's life



A TYPICAL HOMESTEAD IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH CAROLINA

to pass through it after sundown. But Miss Fox, a brave, heroic Berea worker, started a school for mountaineers' children in that and today that section is a model neighborhood. Miss Fox has stuck to her post of duty during all these years and conducted the



A MOUNTAINEER'S FAMILY REUNION NEAR BEREA

locality, established a Sunday school and lived right there among them. Evangelistic services were blessed of God so that the hearts of some of those parents were transformed; very Sunday school that I attended. I was glad to speak a few words to the parents and children that assembled there. One of the workers who accompanied me

told a little story that I shall not soon forget. It was of a lighthouse keeper who rode to the mainland for supplies. A terrific storm prevented his return. As night was coming on his little daughter and her younger brother, knowing the seriousness of the situation, undertook to light the lamp, but were unable to do so. Then the little girl suggested she would climb downstairs and get the lamp and try to hold that up in front of the reflector. Pretty soon she came climbing back up the ladder with the lighted lamp, but found that she was not quite tall enough to hold it up in front of the powerful reflector. Then her little brother suggested that he would lie down and have her stand on him; and this just enabled her to reach.

Pretty soon she said, "Johnny, does it *hurt* to have me stand on you?" "Oh, yes, but keep the light *shining!*" And the great lesson that this Berea worker drew from this story was the importance of doing good when it *hurts*. It is easy enough to do so when it is pleasant, but to persist in doing good when it hurts is something we must learn to do.

Bless Us to Be a Blessing

That evening I had the privilege of giving a Bible study to those twelve hundred Berea students. I considered it one of the great opportunities of my life. I emphasized these wonderful words: "I will bless *thee*, . . . and *thou* shalt be a *blessing*." Gen. 12:2. God's great purpose for us in this world was to *save* us, bless us, and then make us *useful* rather than merely making us *happy*; there is plenty of time for happiness in the next world.

In fact, in becoming converted we may even be more miserable than we were before. While a patient is under an anesthetic you can cut a leg off and he is perfectly comfortable. It is when he begins to come out from under the anesthetic he *begins* to be miserable. In a similar way sin is an anesthetic. Plenty of people are contented merely because they are morally *paralyzed*. Let them begin to come to and they will begin to be miserable. When a man's fingers are frozen they are perfectly comfortable; it is when they begin to thaw out by the warm stove that the *pain* begins.

A Definite Work and a Definite Plan

I assured them that God had a *definite* work and a definite plan for each of their lives (Mark 13:34); that God "is a Friend that

sticketh *closer* than a brother" (Prov. 18:24); that without Him we will be certain to lose the way for "it is not in man that walketh to *direct* his steps" (Jer. 10:23); that instead of trying to "hitch our wagon to a star," as we are so frequently advised, it is better to hitch it to a *providence* and to pin our faith in these divinely inspired words: "I am with thee, and will *keep thee* in all places whither thou goest, . . . for I will not *leave thee*" (Gen. 28:15); that the obstacles and trials and tribulations that we meet drive us to prayer and make us *stronger* men; when we have no troubles we are likely to only "say prayers," but when we have plenty of difficulties then we *pray*. Even if our trouble is inspired by mean and contemptible men God can and will overrule it for *our* good either here or hereafter. For "surely the wrath of man shall *praise Thee*: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou *restrain*." Ps. 76:10.

The difficulties that we have today are permitted of God to *prepare* us for those that will confront us on the morrow. For "if thou hast run with the *footmen*, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with *horses?*" Jer. 12:5.

Bodily Defenses the Great Work in Health

On Monday night I gave them a lecture on health, emphasizing particularly that disease does not "happen," that it does not rain down ready-made from heaven—that we ourselves set its causes in operation; that God has put in the human body natural defenses and recuperative power; that sickness comes when by our own wrong-doing we *batter* down these natural defenses.

The healthy mucus of the nose and throat and lungs has the power to destroy disease germs. One important duty of the liver is to destroy poisons. The white blood cells of the blood capture germs and thus save us from many a serious infection. Strong drink, tobacco, intemperate living, vicious eating, too much foul air, rich dinners, late suppers, nights spent in dissipation instead of sleep, all fritter away our health heritage and *invite* disease.

The next morning at chapel exercises I gave the students another talk on some of the most important dietetic commandments, and then hurried on my further journey to the sunny South, visiting Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, and some other smaller places.

A GOD-DIRECTED JOURNEY

An incident related by Mr. Moody is thus reported by Mr. H. J. Latham in his excellent little work, "God in Business."

"A short while ago I needed five hundred dollars for a church purpose. I had no idea where I could get the money, but I felt confident that if the Lord wanted me to have that money He would send it to me. One morning I felt impressed to take a railroad journey. I boarded the train. The conductor came along and asked for my ticket. I told him I had none.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"No." I felt in my pocket, took out all the change I had, and said: "Take me as far as that money will carry me."

"In an hour or so the train stopped at a little station, and the conductor told me this was as far as my money would take me. I alighted. It was a place where I had never been before. I stood on the platform wondering what I should do, when a gentleman came up to me and said:

"Is this Mr. Moody?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I want you to take this money and use it for the Lord's work."

"I counted the money. There was just five hundred dollars."

SOMETHING BETTER

The following is a marked illustration of those words of George Müller: "God never *withholds* anything from His children except to give them something better." (Ps. 84:11.)

The young couple to whom this occurred were poor and had rented rooms, the owner living in the same house. In the spring each of them had two hives of bees. The landlord's bees swarmed three or more times. The tenant's bees swarmed only once. Then the landlord's bees swarmed again and while they were being hived the tenant's young wife with baby in her arms was in the shade of the house watching the process. The old father, near eighty, came there, too.

"Too bad," said he, "that your bees don't swarm again."

"Oh, no!" she said brightly. "I've lately read

that George Müller says that God never withholds anything from His children except to give them something better. I expect He has something better for us. I don't know what it is, but He will give us something better." "Well," the old man sighed, rather dubiously, "I hope so."

"I expect Him to," she reaffirmed.

When the honey season was over, moths were found among the landlord's bees; he had no honey and very few bees.

The young tenant went to his bees around on the other side of the house and found them heavy with honey. They had honey to sell and plenty to eat.

So his wife received both a spiritual and a temporal answer to her faith in God. She had grace and honey.

LONG-RANGE PRAYER

The Swiss mountaineers have a custom of calling through speaking trumpets at dusk each evening: "Praise the Lord God!" This call may be started by one herdsman and is answered by others from neighboring peaks, the sound being much prolonged as it reverberates from one mountain to another. After a short interval, supposedly devoted to prayer, a herdsman calls in the same manner, "Good night," this, too, being repeated by his fellows. Then all retire to their huts. The impressiveness of these calls, echoing and re-echoing from rock to rock and mountain to mountain, can easily be imagined.

YOUR PLACE

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think He has chosen you for it;
Work loyally.

Gird on your armor, be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whiche'er it be, never doubting
God's way is best.
Out in the fight or on picket
Stand firm and true;
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do." —Churchman.

Haitian Heroes and Their Remarkable Deliverances

A. F. Prieger

Haiti, West Indies.

[According to our promise last March, we publish here an account of some of the personal experiences of the native Haiti converts, as told by Brother Prieger, one of our missionaries to Haiti, on a recent visit to Hinsdale. The staunch faith and loyalty to what they learn to be right exhibited by these people is worth emulating.—Ed.]

Seventy-five Miles Through the War Zone

DURING the time of war a little girl nineteen years of age, small for her age and very black, volunteered to come seventy-five miles to bring to me a report from her church. On the way she came in contact with some of our other churches and brought some of their tithes and offerings to the mission home, amounting to about four dollars and a half.

We were surprised, and said: "Were you not afraid?"

She said, "No; Jesus was with me."

We said, "Aren't you afraid to go back and encounter all those soldiers?"

"No," she said, "Jesus is with me."

They have faith that He protects His children and that everything is well.

Old Women Learned to Read

It is a pleasure to work among such a people and to see how they study. One place I came to there were eleven old women ready for baptism. I questioned them and found they were really candidates for baptism. I asked if they could read and write, but found only their leader could read, but could not write. So I said I would come again; I would not baptize them that time but wanted to see if they were really faithful.

I baptized one hundred and ten that one year. I felt perhaps some of them did not fully understand the gospel before they accepted it. And so I was a little stronger with them than I would have been otherwise. But three months from this time I received a letter from one of those women who had been elected as Sabbath school secretary.

I said to the man who brought the letter, "Who wrote that letter?"

He said, "She wrote that herself."

I said, "I thought she could not read or write."

"No," he said, "but she can now."

I learned that these women had put their

little pittances together and hired a teacher to teach them their own language so they could read and write. So now they sit down and read their own Bibles. Just as soon as they learn this gospel they want to work—and they fence in their ground and begin to till it. They educate their children and want schools.

Had Received the Gospel of Peace Instead of War

When the revolution broke out and our converts saw they would be asked to join the army they decided to refuse. In most cases it meant death. One young man had studied as medical doctor while his father was senator of Haiti, but during one of the revolutions the father was slain in battle and therefore the son could not finish his course. Yet he knew enough of medicine so he could have a little drug store.

When the government troops came to the city they said to him, "You must join the army."

He said, "I can not."

They said, "Then we will have to shoot you."

He said, "You can do as you please. I have the gospel of peace and must give that to my fellow men but can not go and take the gun and shoot."

I often wish that spirit were manifest throughout the world. How quickly this war problem would be solved!

Condemned to Death Three Times

Well, they would not parley with him; they lined him up with twelve other men to be shot. They shot, and the twelve other men dropped dead and this man escaped. The soldiers immediately ran away—I do not know why.

The rebels came to the city a few days later and tried to compel this same young man to take up arms, but he refused. They captured eleven generals under a tree, and this brother of ours with them. They lined him up with

the eleven to be shot. They shot. The eleven dropped down dead. He was left standing with his hands tied. A man in the house adjoining, when he saw him, came and untied him. He then went to take care of some of the others who were dying in their agony. He had to have some bandages and so started for the drug store, but when he returned he found the rebels had come back and chopped off their heads, so he could do no more.

A third time this same young man was captured by the government force. The third time he was lined up and shot at and the

Christ. As he came to that corner the government soldiers were entrapped. The rebels were all around in the mountains and shot a volley of fire down among them. Three hundred of them were killed, and out of all that bunch of soldiers only four or five escaped. He was one who escaped and he came to our mission home and told us about it. A bullet struck him through the coat in the back, another through the sleeve, and one bullet struck him through the hat.

I said, "What did you think when this thing was going on?"



A POLITICAL SCENE IN HAITI

third time he was missed, and is living today, a witness for Jesus Christ.

Worried About a Debt

One young man who was anxious to come to the United States to learn so he might give the gospel to Haiti, was forced into the army. His mother was very much opposed to him when he became a Christian, so she went to the general and told the general where he was hiding, and they went and got him and forced him into the army, and compelled him to take the gun. He refused to shoot but he had to go along.

He came to a place called the Cross of

"Why," he said, "the *only* thing that worried me was the bill I owed you."

He had sold some books for us at our mission home and he could see nothing before him but the bill he owed, and he only wished he had paid it before. Now this is what the gospel does.

A Missionary in Prison

One of our converts was sitting in his home looking out of the window when he saw a Haitian soldier walking up and down in front. He said to his wife, "I wonder what that soldier wants out there." She said, "Why in the world don't you go out and ask him?"

So he took his hat and went out, and said, "Why are you walking up and down here?" "Why," he said, "to arrest you; forward march!" and away he went to prison. That is the way it goes sometimes.

When they got him there he found another man in prison, who said to him, "Excuse me, but where are you from?" He told him about being a Christian, and the other man said: "I have bought one of your tracts from one of your colporteurs; now I would like to find out more about them." The fellow began to tell him more about Jesus and how Jesus was crucified and then rose again and was with God and was going to come again to gather to Himself all people that believed in Him and were faithful in obeying Him, and would take them to Himself again at the end of this world's history. For two days he spoke concerning the truth with this man, who then said: "I do believe; what must I do to be baptized?" It is a dark place, but I tell you there are *bright* black jewels there.

Hurried Off to Prison

The next few days after that the general sent for our leader of the church there. He came, and said:

"You don't want me to do military service? I can not do it. Why, I would do poor service; I would run away if the enemy did come, and if not I would not shoot them."

"Well," he said, "the best I can do for you is to send you to the minister of the interior and let him decide on your case."

So he and some others were sent to the city where we were living, and arrived after quite a journey. We could not do anything for him. The Americans could not do anything for the Haitians, only for foreigners. So we said, "You must put your faith in God. All we can do is to pray for you and for your fellow men." Well, he thanked us for that; he was glad to know we were praying for him, and he believed God could do much.

The next morning at 7 o'clock he was called to the minister of the interior, who, as he entered the door, said:

"And your name?"

"Joseph Blow."

"And what is the trouble?"

"Why," he said, "I come from the general of the aggrandizement and he had an order

from the president we should take up arms, but I had to refuse."

He thundered, "Refuse? To prison!" And immediately he was taken to prison. The others were given no hearing at all.

We had sent our little Haitian boy to the place to see what was going on, and he came back and reported to us what had happened. We felt a little discouraged; but we did not know God's ways. Then as I passed through the Scriptures I just struck the verse that says God's people are in His sight as the apple of His eye. We do not care to take a finger and poke it into the eye, do we? And yet that is the way God looks upon us. He does not want any one to touch us. So I said to my wife, "There is a chance yet."

Could Not Get Away From It

Well, he was put into prison, and I sent a bundle of tracts there by the boy. There were a lot of people in there. There are plenty of people in this world who would rather hear anything than the gospel; if you should hold them by the coat they would run away and leave their coat with you. Some of those people were in this prison, and it seemed the Lord's will they were brought there just to hear the gospel. This old Christian Haitian distributed tracts among them and then got on an old soap box and began to preach to them of Jesus and His coming. They stood and listened because they could not get away. That man kept preaching day after day and two of them were converted.

Then some one complained to the jailer and he complained to the minister. The minister sent a note back saying this man should be put in the inner prison.

We sent more tracts, and there were people in that place also who had to hear the truth. The second day this man felt discouraged, as if God had forsaken him. He prayed God would let him out of that place or let some one come in to relieve him of his anxiety. Everybody was mocking him. The next day four more of our converts were brought in, and so they began to preach and teach the people that were therein.

When Friday came it was reported that the minister of the interior had sent a message that the men in this inner prison should all be put to death. Sabbath came and we had a meeting—and such a meeting it was!

There was praying, not any excitement, but every one was seeking to know how to walk with God. Sins were laid aside and peace was made with God.

Sabbath evening a sister came to us and said, "We can't do anything. I saw Brother Blow and he looked sad and would hardly speak to me." Report had been sent that they were all to die. We loved the man very much, he had been so faithful.

The next day we saw two American soldiers going past our mission home. I said, "Boys, what is the trouble?" And they said, "The American soldiers have been landed. We have just given these people one hour's notice to leave the town." There were only four Americans in the town—myself and wife, the consul and railroad agent.

About 11 o'clock we heard the shooting; the rebels were coming into the city. We could hear the cannon and the bullets coming over our house. We had to barricade ourselves the best we could and await events.

We were in hopes something would occur to save our people anyway. After a while we retired. Nothing happened of any great event seemingly, but during this time the minister of the interior, with a number of his soldiers, marched to the prison to put these men to death. Just within a block they saw the American soldiers rushing up, manipulating the machine guns, and did not know what they were going to do and so went back.

Now in prison a peculiar thing happened. The prisoners got unruly as soon as they heard these shots being fired and so they demanded the jailer he should allow five of them to go to the minister of the interior to find out what

was going to happen to them. To save himself the jailer had to go with the crowd and so he filed them out one by one and every one went out except those in the inner prison.

Like Peter's Wonderful Deliverance

When the last one was out, they said: "But what about those in the inner prison?" Some said, "That is not our business: let us get away from here as quick as we can." But our brethren were in there praying that if it was God's will He should cause those doors to be opened and if it was not His will and was safer for them inside that He would not open the doors. But the soldiers went back and opened the doors.

Three o'clock in the morning we heard a rap at our gate and I got up and went to the window and looked out, and said, "Who is there?" A voice said, "It is Blow. We are out of prison."

Friends, we have the same God today as the early apostles had. As we work with God we know the power of God, and this I know was the work of God.

I am so thankful we have the true God. I am so thankful we have gone through these experiences. It is difficult to work in a field like that but it is worth it. I would not miss it for anything in the world. It gives faith in Jesus Christ. And I hope and pray that in the earth made new you and I may see and hear these that have been won to Him; and that many more will be added to the cause is my prayer.

Queen Caroline wrote with a diamond on the window of her palace, "Lord, make others great, keep me innocent."

DID YOU?

"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 downcast 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 using 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?

"Do you know what it means to be losing the fight,
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just a clasp of a hand,
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?

"Did you ask why it was—why the quivering lip?
Why the half-suppressed sob, and the scalding tears
drip?
Were you brother of his when the time came of
need?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you heed?"

—Selected.

The Catch-My-Pal Movement

R. J. Patterson

[Recently Mr. Patterson, a prominent Irish pastor, told in the Hinsdale sanitarium gymnasium his wonderful experience in starting the great temperance movement which has been sweeping all the British kingdom during the last few years and is now spreading all over the world under the name of the "Catch-My-Pal" movement. We publish here a very brief abstract of how this work started, believing it will be suggestive to many who are letting similar opportunities go by unimproved.—E.d.]

ON the 13th of July, 1909, I was going along a street to my Manse in the main street of Armagh, Ireland, when I saw six men standing near a lamp-post, around which it was the custom to talk and smoke. As I drew near, one of them detached himself from the others, passed me, and went down a side street. Just after passing he looked back at me and, pointing with his left thumb over his shoulder at the lamp-post, he said in a cheery, jaunty manner: "There are some men at the lamp-post, your reverence, you ought to get to *sign* the pledge." Then John went on. His remark was seemingly a joke; but it was a joke turned to the glory of God.

Always be on the *lookout* for God's inspirations along life's highways and life's byways and turning around life's corners. You may never know when a thought will come into your mind and simply turn you inside out and upside down and give you a new vision of duty and send you along a course you never knew before and never could have imagined in your fondest moments.

Caught a Good Suggestion

I soon saw that was a good suggestion, and caught it. I said, "Come along, John!" He hesitatingly came back to me and the two of us went to the other five.

I said, "Boys, here is one of yourselves and he says he thinks it would be a good thing if I got you to sign the pledge. What do you say?"

One said one thing and another said another thing, but I finally got the six to agree that it would be a good thing to sign.

"All right, men," I said, "you'll all come over to my house there with the white door and sign the pledge——"

"Oh, no! your reverence, we will not do it so *quick* as that," said one.

"But," I answered, "I was not going to ask you to do it now. I don't want you to do it in a hurry. If you do you will likely undo it in a hurry. If you had not interrupted I was going to say that I want you all to come

together to my house on next Friday evening, at 9 o'clock, when the curfew rings in the Cathedral tower up there. Go home and think about it; talk about it; pray about it; and come with your minds made up on Friday at 9 o'clock."

"Well, we'll go one by one. We'll not all go together."

"If you dont all come *together* I will not have you at all," I answered.

I said to myself, "If I can get those six men to sign the pledge in one another's presence then there will always be *five* men watching the sixth one, and no matter where that fellow goes he will feel those five pair of eyes on him."

I struggled with those men for about ten minutes and got them all to agree to come the following Friday.

This was Tuesday. My problem was, what in the world should I do with these six men if they came?

I remembered it says in James 1:5: "If any of you *lack* wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." So I prayed, as perhaps I never prayed before, that the men might come, and for wisdom that I might deal wisely with them when they came.

The Critical Hour

When the curfew bell began to ring Friday night my heart began to thump with a great expectancy. Would the men come? I waited almost ten minutes. There was a knock. I ran and opened the door and there on the doorstep were the *six* men. My heart rejoiced that they had kept their word. I threw the door wide open, welcomed each with a warm handshake, showed them into the dining room and there, around the table, we seven sat down and looked at ourselves in surprise to see ourselves there.

We settled down into serious talk, and I said: "Men, if there were no drinkers there would be no drink problem; and I want the men who *make* the problem to go and *solve*

the problem. The way I want you to do it is for each one of you to take the pledge of total abstinence, and each one of you to go and *catch* the biggest drinker you can lay your hands on. And I'll not let you take the pledge tonight unless each one of you undertakes to go out and catch another fellow and come back here with him on tomorrow night a week at nine o'clock."

The men looked at one another wondering if they should consent. I appealed to them: "Men, go and do as I ask you. There are six of you tonight; and there will be *twelve* the next night; and there will be twenty-four the next; forty-eight the next; and ninety-six the next, and in a few weeks we shall have the *whole* country-side."

The six signed a pledge of total abstinence, and each solemnly promised to do his best to get another and bring him in, and we knelt down and asked God's blessing. I felt that night as if the Spirit of the Lord God Almighty came down on me and anointed me to *preach* good news to the drunkards, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound in drink.

Seven Men on Fire

Out of that room there went seven men on fire. Six went into the street to do their wonderful work. I went into my study and said to my wife, "Do you know, something *wonderful* is going to happen." And, by the grace of God, the wonderful thing did happen, as hundreds of transformed firesides all over the world, but especially in my dear old Ireland, can testify today.

I had an anxious week of waiting and of curiosity. But the week's wait was worth while. I was not disappointed. I had *trusted* the men, and I had my reward. A few minutes after nine o'clock I heard the expected knock. Again I ran to the door. There on the step were eleven men. One of the first six could not come, owing to his mother's illness; but if he did not catch his pal and *bring* him, he caught his pal and *sent* him.

They brought in some of the *greatest* drinkers in the city. These men signed the total abstinence pledge, and each one undertook to bring in *another*.

I said, "Men, there is no time to lose, because there are too many men being lost. Go out and scour the town!"

At half-past nine on the following Monday evening I found a crowd of men standing around my door. I threw the door wide open and asked them to come in, saying: "This is grand, men, this is simply grand! I'm delighted to see you!" I found that some of the biggest toppers of the city had been brought in. The bigger the drinker the more applause he got as he came to the end of the table to sign the pledge.

A Wonderful Hour

At the close of the prayers I saw the tears running down some of the men's cheeks, and I felt that if the Lord Jesus Christ was anywhere in the world He was in *my* dining-room that night, with the *old power* "to seek and to save that which was lost," and that He was seeking and saving those men who were there. I had such joy in my own bosom, and saw such joy in the faces of the men who brought in those great drinkers, that I could not help thinking, "If this is the sort of joy that Jesus was looking forward to on the other side of the Cross, it is no wonder it was said of Him, "Who for the *joy* that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame."

I have enjoyed many good things at my dining-room table, but never did I enjoy such a feast of satisfaction in the very depths of my being as on that wonderful Monday night. The experience and the memory of it I have as my heritage for ever; they are the rejoicing of my heart.

On the following Friday at a quarter past eight *one hundred and five* men walked into the church hall. Sixty-seven *new* men signed the pledge that night, and among these were some of the biggest drinkers in the city.

And then what happened? The tailors, bakers and grocers began to reap a rich harvest from what was saved from the saloon keeper's till. There were more shoes sold that winter than ever before. The first thing a man did was to go and get a new suit of clothes after signing the pledge and come to church. Sometimes a poor woman whom I did not know would come across the street to shake my hand, and with tears in her eyes would say, "Oh, I thank you so much for what you are doing in the temperance line. I never knew what it was to be happy until my husband signed the pledge."

A REFORMATORY IN ITSELF

This letter has just arrived from an inmate of the Florida prison camp, who is also president of the prison Young Men's Christian League, which has been receiving a club of LIFE BOATS every month during the past year:

"This being my first letter to you, I truly hope that you will receive the same. Knowing that you have been acquainted with this organization and have also extended such a broad and helping hand, I am compelled to thank you in person.

"I can not express my thanks to you, as I desire, for I can't find words to extend such gracious thanks for what you have done for our camp.

"First upon being introduced to THE LIFE BOAT I simply passed it up as I did all other little books, but after becoming acquainted with it I found out what a bad mistake I had made in not reading it.

"I quickly retraced my mistake and searched our place over to find the very first copy and began to read and continued until late hours at night. And now there are no other books that come to our camp that I look for with such eagerness as I do THE LIFE BOAT. THE LIFE BOAT is a reformatory in itself. There is not enough praise in words that could be spoken for it.

"I am soon to be a free man and I hope to be a better man in every respect in the future than I have been in the past. I am now a Christian. It was a blessing for us that these little books found their way to our camp and oh! how they are welcomed by us! I thank you so much for your kindness that you have extended to us in cutting a roadway that these little books come so steadily to us.

"I pray God's blessings upon you and may you continue in the faith. I hope some day to help you in your work. I hope that next month's issue will reach a goodly portion of prisoners throughout our country as I know they will be greatly inspired by its reading."

Look up and not down,
Look out and not in,
Look forward and not back,
And lend a hand!

—Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

AN INSPIRING INCIDENT

Arthur Burrage Farwell, superintendent of the Chicago Law and Order League, has called our attention to the following touching and inspiring incident, which contains a lesson for all of us:

"Twenty-two years ago, a young girl, named Amy Judd, went out as a missionary from Liverpool, England, to the Congo, and there lived and died.

"She had just obtained a furlough and was to start in forty-eight hours from the Congo for Liverpool. Her baggage had been put on board the steamer at the Congo, but the night before she was stricken with Congo fever and in a few hours died. Her baggage came to Liverpool, but no Amy Judd."

On opening the trunk a few days afterwards there was found on the inside cover of her Bible, drawn in most beautiful characters, engraved in different colored inks, showing it to be a work of love, this poem of George MacDonald's:

"I said: 'Let me walk in the field.'
He said: 'No, walk in the town.'
I said: 'There are no flowers there,'
He said: 'No flowers, but a crown.'

"I said: 'But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din.'
And He wept as He sent me back—
'There is more,' He said; 'there is sin.'

"I said: 'But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun.'
He answered: 'Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone!'

"I said: 'I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say.'
He answered: 'Choose tonight
If I am to miss you or they.'

"I pleaded for time to be given.
He said: 'Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem so hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide.'

"Then into His hand went mine;
And into my heart came He;
And I walk in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see."

"The natives of the Congo River simply adored her; her consecration, her purity of life and her personal love for them made her like a queen among them."

The silent man is never misquoted.

Tried, Convicted and Condemned

A Sentence Against the Cigarette

Dr. D. H. Kress

[This is the last of Dr. Kress's valuable articles on the tobacco evil which have appeared in THE LIFE BOAT each month for several months past and which have been splendid literature to use in the fight against this great evil among young men.—Ed.]

THE rapid increase in the use of cigarettes by boys is responsible to a great extent for the crime wave that is year by year sweeping over our large cities. Judges of juvenile courts everywhere recognize the intimate relations existing between the cigarette and crime. Dr. Hutchinson of the Kansas State Reformatory has said, "Cigarettes are the cause of the downfall of more boys in this institution than all other vicious habits combined."

A police magistrate of New York said that ninety-nine out of every one hundred boys between the ages of ten and seventeen who come before him charged with crime have their fingers stained with the nicotin from cigarettes.

Judge Pollock of Fargo, N. D., recently said that every boy brought into his court in the past sixteen years, charged with misdemeanor, was a cigarette smoker.

Dr. Coffin, who has for a number of years been connected with the Whittier Reform School of California, informed me that fully ninety-eight per cent of all youthful criminals who had been confined in that institution were cigarette users, and that they began their downward career with their use.

Produces Criminal Insanity

The cigarette produces not merely a criminal tendency in the boy but what may be more properly termed a *criminal insanity*—a condition in which deception, theft, murder, etc., become an impelling force. The cigarette develops a special type of youthful criminals—the automobile bandit type. The seeming delight taken in the excitement, the hair-breadth escapes, the fight with guns at short range, are some of the most pronounced maniacal symptoms which are apt to develop in the boy of inferior heredity who resorts to cigarettes early in life.

Whenever I read or hear of some dastardly crime committed by a youthful offender, I am prepared for the information which I in

almost every case have been able to obtain on investigation, that the criminal is a victim of the cigarette habit. Many of these young fellows are irresponsible. Judge Brum of Pottsville, Pa., in charging a jury in the case of a young man, a cigarette fiend, accused of murder, in giving his charge to the jury, said: "The fact that the prisoner is a cigarette fiend must be taken into consideration." He then pointed to the cigarette-stained fingers and said that the number of cigarettes used by him was proof in *his* mind that the prisoner's *brain* was affected. The jury cleared the prisoner, requesting the judge to make the defendant swear never to smoke another cigarette. Criminals of this type should be placed under restraint for at least one year and treated for mental condition.

We pass rigid laws to *shut out* of our country defectives and criminals, but we sanction by law an evil in the sale of cigarettes, which is daily turning hundreds of the boys into defectives and criminals. Look at this traffic from any viewpoint and its results are ruinous to our national life.

Our Cotton Crop and Boy Crop Compared

When our national cotton crop was threatened by the boll-weevil a few years ago the government spared no pains or means in eradicating the pest. Can we afford to manifest *less* concern in regard to our national crop of boys?

The time is coming when we shall be *forced* to recognize this evil and stop by law the sale of cigarettes and possibly tobacco in all its forms, as in England they checked the smoking of tobacco in the 17th century and, as in China, they have been compelled to stop the use of opium.

This traffic, created by law for the support of the government, must be suppressed by law for the good of the government. When the people are sufficiently aroused to take the mat-

ter seriously, the sale of cigarettes and tobacco in any form to minors will be at an end.

Ministers and physicians should take the lead in this work of reform. If division exists on points of faith we may all safely unite upon this one issue, in regard to which there can be no possible disagreement. Let organized, well-directed efforts be put forth to protect our boys and thus protect our national life; for, as stated by Dr. Gunsaulus, "The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization."

SOME REAL MISSIONARIES

ANNA J. DICKENSON

[Miss Dickenson, the motherly old lady who lives in the Life Boat Rescue Home, has written the following interesting account of helpful work done for prisoners and their families by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons of Des Moines, Iowa, who are her old-time friends.—Ed.]

A loved young pastor and his wife of our early pioneer days in South Dakota, had a call later to labor as superintendent and matron of the Iowa division of the Society for the Friendless. I give a brief résumé of their work that has been furnished me:

"A large number of the men from the Iowa institutions are paroled to Superintendent and Mrs. Parsons, and their interests are guarded with a parental care more constant than most young people receive from their own parents.

"Many of these men from these prisons upon expiration of sentence or parole are taken into the home and cared for temporarily. No mother is more faithful in looking after her own boy than is Mrs. Parsons in giving a mother's care to these wanderers, who are away from home and friends. Mrs. Parsons does much toward helping clothe the children in many of the families of prisoners.

"When a man goes to prison, frequently his family goes to destruction through the influence of evil that preys upon them. This side of the crime problem is watched by Mr. Parsons and through his influence and care a number of families have been saved from the divorce courts during the past year. A number of children in Iowa are enjoying the protection and care of their own parents, who would have no home and only one parent had it not been for the kindly Christian intervention of these guardians of the weak and helpless.

"A prisoner whose threatened home was

saved in this way, recently sent this message to his benefactor: 'God bless you in the work you are doing. I feel that you are the one who saved my family and I don't know how I can ever repay you for what you have done for us.'

"Another sends this message: 'I feel greatly indebted to you for what you have done for me; a great load has been lifted. Your continued association with those who are burdened, as I was, enables you to grasp the situation and apply the balm where it does the most good.



MR. PARSONS

I hope that God may continue to bless you and use you as His ministering angel to those whose burdens are heavy.'

"Unfortunate girls and women are not overlooked in the ministrations of these workers. Several girls in their teens have been rescued from county jails during the last year; a number from the reformatory have also been cared for."

Christ identified Himself with the hopeless, wretched condition of prisoners, when He said, "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me"; again, "I was in prison, and ye visited Me

not." The so-called Christian world has been very slow to find Christ in the prison and to minister unto Him. But noble men and women have pioneered the way and brought to light the hidden depths of prison misery and too often prison injustice and cruelty. The work of prison reform is progressing blessedly; the saving love of Christ is being preached to the prisoner, and the responsibility of the public for prison conditions brought to light as never before.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

KATE D. SANBORN,

Matron, Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

I have been here almost eight months and this morning I praise the Lord more than ever for the privilege of helping in this blessed work. When I dropped my music work to take the nurses' course that I might become a medical missionary, my friends tried to persuade me that I was very foolish. One member of my family went so far as to refuse to write to me for a long time. I was told that music was a gift of God. I knew this was true, and believed that there was truth in the words of Longfellow:

"God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

But the words that rang more often in my ears were those found in Luke 4:18: "He had anointed me to preach the gospel to the *poor*; He hath sent me to heal the *broken-hearted*, to preach deliverance to the *captives*." And I believed I could better do this if I had some medical training.

Since coming here I am more convinced than ever that God led me to take the nurses' course. I can not say that I am never tempted with discouragement, for some of my experiences remind me of these lines by Pearl Waggoner:

"'Tis true, discouragement would oft assail
And some would think their work of no avail,
And some would faint at times, and some would fall;
But still there brightly shone above it all
God's guiding star, which glows with steady light,
And tho' one fall, can it be failure quite
If he shall rise again?"

Most of the time I am happy watching for opportunities to plant seed for my Master. I think I never despised the devil

as I have since I came to the Life Boat Home. How he holds out beautiful flowers to these poor dear girls, making them think that only by following him may they find happiness, when at the same time he is concealing the thorns that are full of poison and death!

I long to warn every young girl and tell her what these girls suffer because of sin. You know it was not the physical suffering that killed Christ but it was the weight of the sins of the world that broke the heart of our Lord. So with our girls: their physical suffering is nothing compared with the mental anguish. *Sin is like leprosy.*



LOVED BY ALL

The beginning is small and painless but the results are fearful.

Most of our rescue home babies are now sleeping out of doors during the daytime; and as soon as our large screened porch is repaired our entire family as far as possible will be sleeping out at night.

Two of our girls who have been with us for several months left us this month, having been placed in good homes. I must tell you of one foreign girl who was brought to us from the Immigrant Protective Association. She could neither speak nor understand English and we had to communicate to her by signs. I wondered why the Lord allowed her to come to us as we could not teach her anything, yet I know what a blessing our Home was

to a woman like her in a strange land. While she could not understand our language, she understood the loving spirit of the Home and learned to trust us implicitly.



A GOOD START—PICTURE OF A HOME BABY TAKEN WHEN ONLY FIVE DAYS OLD

We believe that the Lord is working on hearts here in our little corner. Occasionally we see the girls leave the worship hour with their eyes dimmed with tears and later in the evening we find them, Bible in hand, hunting some one to explain the Scriptures to them. We certainly thank the Lord for this blessed Home and for the privilege of working with Him for the salvation of souls.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

"If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her,
Before it is too late.

"If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait,
So make your loved ones happy,
Before it is too late.

"We live but in the present;
The future is unknown;
Tomorrow is a mystery—
Today is all our own.
The Chance that fortune leads to
May vanish while you wait,
So spend your life's rich pleasure
Before it is too late.

"The tender word unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,

The wealth of love unspent,
For these some hearts are breaking—
For these some loved ones wait;
Show them that you care for them
Before it is too late."

—Selected.

SAVED FROM DROWNING

MRS. N. H. DRUILLARD

[The following wonderful experience of faith was told by Mrs. Druillard in a talk given at a Hinsdale midwinter convention. Mrs. Druillard is now engaged in medical missionary work in the needy southland.—Ed.]

When my husband and I first went to Africa the Foreign Mission Board told us to go, and, of course, I thought then I *must* go. Mr. Druillard had told me *before* that he was going to Africa as a missionary, and I had laughingly said, "It will not be with me." "No," he said very solemnly, "I made a contract with the Lord for a certain thing; and God asked me if I was willing to go to Africa and I said I was, and He said to go there." My husband would never tell me how that was revealed to him that he was to go. So when the Mission Board said "Go," he *knew* he had to go.

They gave us passage on the old steamship, "City of Rome," and I think it was the last voyage it ever made. Within ten minutes after that boat started it seemed to me I was the sickest being that ever could be and live; and after that I took a fever and did not have sense enough to be afraid. We were in a storm and the vessel was in a high sea and broke a hatchway. The dishes and bread and things were floating around in the water and I was so sick I did not care if the ship went down or not; if it just got quiet what did I care?

But finally the officers held out the life preservers and wanted us to put them on. Everybody was crying and howling and sobbing; and then I saw Mr. Druillard come down into the water and he called out to the officer and said, "Why, *this* ship won't go down. The Lord has sent me to Africa and has given me a work to do, and there is not water enough in the whole Atlantic Ocean to drown me!"

The captain and all the people just cheered and cheered him; and the captain and Mr. Druillard were friends to the day of my husband's death.

We had a hard time pumping the water out

and things were in pretty bad shape, but my husband was just as sure that we would never go to the bottom. He knew he was going to Africa. And I think there is no one who knows of his work in Africa who would doubt that man was called of God and was given a special work; and he did that work and many had a chance to know the truth from the work which he did. Not until that great day will his labor and his reward be known. But he knew his work and it cheered him all through that work.

You know the Lord has said to cast "all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." 1 Pet. 5:7. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Ps. 37:5. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." Ps. 55:22. "Ask, and it shall be given you." Matt. 7:7.

We are generally afraid to undertake a work until we have just about so much to do with. I believe we have got to come back to more simplicity. God wants us to work with consecration and simplicity. And if we can firmly believe that God has a work to do and that He has set us to do that work, we will not be afraid to start out if we haven't a cent, knowing that God will help us.

A FRIEND IN COURT

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS

3529 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago

Ever since I was converted I have had a burden for souls and have prayed that Jesus would bring me in contact with old friends and schoolmates that I once associated with that I might tell them about Jesus and His love. The Lord has heard and answered prayer, and is answering prayer; for He not only brings me in touch with friends and schoolmates who are now married and have families and homes of their own, but sends their children to me.

Just recently two of the daughters of one of my old schoolmates came to me. One was in trouble and sorrow. As they told me the trouble they were in my heart ached, and how sad it made me feel when I saw what sin had done! But I knew Jesus my Saviour loved them and would save them from their sins if they would only let Him. So we prayed together and asked the Lord to go

with us into court and give us wisdom and judgment and love, and that justice and mercy might be meted out so that His name might be honored and glorified and that souls would be saved as a result.

I don't know that I ever experienced in such a marked manner the strife between Christ and Satan over a human soul. But Christ prevailed and it was wonderful how the Lord worked in this case and how quick the work was done and wrongs made right. The two sisters were soon on their way home, happy to know that Jesus had come to their help in time of need. I believe they were all made better by their sad experience and that they have learned a lesson that will go with them through life.

I thank God for the privilege I had in helping them. I talked with them and prayed with them and told them Jesus was soon coming and that they had no time to lose for they had souls to save or to lose. Pray for these two sisters. Before we parted they asked me to pray for their father and mother. They also subscribed for THE LIFE BOAT for their mother.

While waiting in the court room, who should come in but a woman whom I have known for years, with two friends. She, too, was in trouble. Her husband had tried to kill her the night before. She was there to get out a warrant for his arrest. As she told me the sad story of her life I tried to comfort her and help her in every way I could. How I pitied her and longed to help her! She needs our prayers.

That day in court reminded me of the day of judgment when all will have to appear before the bar of God. It will be court week in heaven, but oh, how different it will be in heaven than on earth! In heaven, as we stand before God to be judged, we will have to stand alone, but on earth we sometimes have a friend or relative to stand with us before the judge.

"When," you may say, "will I have to meet this fearful account?"

Read Rev. 14:6, 7, and you will learn that God has appointed the day. In Acts 17:30, 31 you will find that Paul looked forward to it; and a king trembled at the thought of it (Acts 24:25). Well may we tremble now, for

that day is right upon us. An angel goes forth to warn the world, every nation, kindred, tongue and people. May God help us to pray!

In Isaiah 1:18 we find that Jesus so loved us that He was willing to reason with us. He invites us to come. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." We can come to Him just as we are with all our sins, and "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.

Life is serious. Life is a sacred trust. If we live for Christ we shall live again. If we live for self we live in vain. To live for Jesus and work with Him is a life worth living.

THE CITY VISITORS

ZADA V. HIBBEN

Possibly the readers of this magazine would be interested in the following experiences cited from two members of the medical evangelistic class who are visiting the poor and needy in Chicago. Following the example of the seventy sent out by Christ, these workers also go out two by two. Miss Mercer writes:

"We spent one day hunting for poor families who are in need of clothing. We found six such places, all located in very poor quarters. Some of these homes were neatly and cleanly kept while others were untidy and not ventilated.

"It is surprising to see the number of people who keep their windows and doors closed even on pleasant days. They are so sure to catch a cold if any of the outdoor air strikes them while they are indoors. We are handicapped to a great extent in teaching these people how to live because most of them are foreigners and can not speak English. The only way to reach them is through their children. We meet them in nearby play grounds, giving them flowers, papers, cards, and telling them Bible stories. In one home we found a nine-year-old crippled boy. His limbs were drawn up in an uncomfortable position and his piteous cries told us that he must be in pain. He has been in that condition since his birth. The doctors can not do anything for him, so he is only a constant care to his parents.

"A few days later we brought bundles of clothing for these families, for which they were grateful. The mothers had sewing machines so could make over these articles for the children or themselves."

Miss Holberg writes the following concerning her first day's experience in the city:

"Early this morning my partner and I sorted and tied up four large packages of clothing to take to the city, where we gave



MISS HOLBERG AND HER TINY PATIENT

them to people who were very much in need. At the first place we called the mother is not well but is trying to keep her children with her and send them to school. The husband left her over a year ago. She met us with tears in her eyes, saying: 'God was certainly good to send you to help us,' and when we left she made this remark, 'I know if I can't ever reward you, God will.'

"One day just as we had finished caring for a mother and baby the doctor called to see how they were getting along and asked us if

we would like another case to care for, which we gladly accepted. There we found a young girl lying in a little dark bedroom with an infant beside her wrapped in a piece of blanket, the only garment the child possessed. No care had been taken of either all night or day, so we went to work with a will and made them both as comfortable as we could with what we found in the house. She could understand but very little we said to her, thus we worked under difficulties each morning.

"I am happy when I feel I am doing real missionary work, and praise God for giving me a chance to do this work. It has been said, 'As the Lord's army of workers here below sing songs of praise, the choir above join with them in thanksgiving.'"

Surely there are lonely hearts to cherish and weary souls who perish, while these days are passing by. No one can give place in his own heart and life for the streams of God's blessing to flow to others without receiving in himself a rich reward. God reckons our service not by our ability but by our willingness. It is as we give ourselves to God for service of humanity that He gives Himself to us.

MEDICAL EVANGELISTIC WORK

MRS. KITTIE POLMANTEER

[The Hinsdale missionary nurses' class is three years in length and meets the highest nursing standards. The first year is called the medical evangelistic class. The students instead of spending their time doing domestic work and other things they already know, are given, in addition to the ordinary first year's instruction, special training for work in the homes of people who need their service. The next class begins July 7. A few more can be admitted. If you are interested and longing to have a part in just such work as Mrs. Polmanteer and the other members of the class have been doing, send at once for application blank.—Ed.]

We were directed to a very poor family where the father was sick. We called on Thursday and learned that the father had died on Wednesday night. We stayed and helped the mother clean up the house after the funeral. One of the children was sick with tonsillitis at the same time the father was sick. We have given them some clothing, and the mother says she only wished we had come there about two weeks sooner.

She and her little daughters had taken care of the bedridden father for months. The mother sat up with him till eleven o'clock at night and then the little girls from eleven o'clock on. They were all tired out. They were very thankful for what we had done for them. We had prayer with them. She does



THE SENIOR NURSES' CLASS

Recently Dr. Mary Paulson Took the Senior Nurses' Class for a Day's Outing, During Which They Visited the New Magnificent Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium in Chicago, the Home for Destitute Crippled Children and Also the Cook County Hospital.

not profess religion, but believes in the Bible and prayer.

We visited two families where there were blind folks. The son in one of the families has been blind for ten years. We took clothing to them and gave Bible readings. We also held Bible readings with a blind lady and had prayer with her. She was very thankful because we came there. She has never been able to go to church and never has any callers.

We called on one woman who keeps a nursery. She cares for five little children. Those who are able pay two dollars a week, while others pay nothing, but she cares for them just the same. She is kind to the children and they all seem to love her.

We are not holding any regular Bible readings now, but have prayer and Bible study in every home we can. Some are willing to let us read the Bible to them, while others do not care for anything like that.

One patient that Miss Borg and I visited lived in Park avenue. She was very poor and we went there several times and asked her if we could not help her in her work. She said she could help herself. But a couple of months later we received a letter from her, asking that the visiting nurses that used to come to Park avenue to see her would call on her now. She was then living with her niece. They have a very nice home and are wealthy people. We go there now and give her treatments. They like the treatments and are very much encouraged with the results. It shows that our work is not only appreciated among the poorer class, but among the better class as well.

We called on another lady and asked her if any one was sick or if there was anything we could do to help her. She said: no, that she was taking treatments of a hypnotist doctor and that she was feeling very much better. She acted sleepy all the time. She accepted some clothing, as she had a little girl and they are poor people.

“No iron so hard, but rust will fret it;
No perch so high but climbing will get it;
Nothing so lost, but seeking will find it;
No night so dark, but there's daylight behind
it.”

HUNTING FOR THE NEEDY

JOSEPHINE HANSON,
(Member Medical Evangelistic Class)

We visited one woman and told her that we were missionary nurses and were working and helping where we could. We asked her if there was any one sick in her house, that we could help, or if there was any one in poor circumstances who needed other assistance. We told her our mission was to help others and that we did it for the love of Christ.

She thought it was a wonderful work but she said that they were all well and she did not know of anybody that was in need of help. We then told her if she did hear of any one that needed help to let us know. We gave her a LIFE BOAT; as soon as she saw it she asked us to come in, and we had a very good Bible study and talk with her. She seems to have her heart open to everything that we would give her. She said she had attended our church and wanted to know if there were any meetings on Sunday night, as she would like to go.

At one house a man came to the door and we told him about our work; he said they were all well. We opened a conversation about the work and about the Bible. He said he did not believe the Bible and did not believe there was any truth in it. He had lost his belief in God. But we talked to him and explained things out of the Bible, telling him about the prophecies in the Bible. He seemed to be much surprised that this war was foretold in the Bible. We told him to read about it and gave him some papers. He promised to look up these things and study them for himself.

We have found many poor to whom we have been able to distribute the clothing which is sent to us. We have gained personally a wide experience in the work by going into these poor families and seeing the way they live.

This work is getting more and more interesting and I am glad that I am able to be in my Master's service trying to help the needy, cheer the sorrowing and relieve the suffering. May God help us to do our part faithfully! May He give us strength and much of His Holy Spirit that we may be the right messengers doing the work that Christ wants us to do.

TIMELY HELP

MRS. WILLIAMS,

(Member Medical Evangelistic Class)

Living on the broad open prairies of the great Northwest of which South Dakota, my home state, is a part, one little realizes how people live in the large cities of our country, especially now while the war disturbances of Europe are causing so many idle men.

Only last week our attention was called to a family by a lady whom I have been visiting and giving treatments for several months. The family is Polish, and we found them in poverty and in need of clothing. The mother had gone to a dispensary doctor with the baby and we could not make the father understand us. We decided, however, to buy some groceries for them and come again the following Monday and bring them some clothing, which I did, finding the mother and three children at home this time. None of them understood what I meant by bringing a bundle of clothes so I had to find somebody that could interpret for me.

I went for a whole block and all I could hear was, "Me talk Polish." At last a little girl of thirteen years was found who could converse in both languages, but she could not leave her mamma, who had been hurt the day before by a street car and got her arm broken and was badly bruised. A doctor ordered hot applications to the arm every three minutes. I went in and talked with the mother through her daughter. They also are very poor, depending on the earnings of the oldest daughter seventeen years old, who earns five dollars per week. The mother let her little girl go with me to the first family to talk for me.

They were very thankful for the clothes. The husband said, "If you can only find work for me I ask nothing more." But of course that is very hard to do as there are too many looking for jobs. I found the baby was suffering from the effects of whooping cough and under-nourishment. The oldest girl, nine years of age, had terrible scabs on her head, but the house was clean and the mother a pleasant little woman. I promised we would do what we could for them.

I was glad when I could walk into a better territory and talk with a lady to whom I gave treatments. She told me she had decided to

obey God's Word. God is good; to Him be all the praise. "His mercy endureth forever."

HEARD THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE FIRST TIME

ELIZABETH SMITH,

(Member Medical Evangelistic Class)

For several weeks we have been giving Bible studies in the homes of two families. Both these families bought Bibles from us and have been daily reading and studying. We give them studies once every week and three of these women have decided to obey God. One of them has three children—a baby girl and two boys. They are very poor and wanted to attend church services, so we decided to fit the boys up by making clothes for them. We took an old skirt and a coat and made them two suits. It would have done your hearts good to see how happy these boys were. All three of these women are attending church now and telling their friends of the soon-coming Saviour. Our hearts indeed rejoice to see how zealous they are in preparing for the Sabbath.

Sometimes we find people in our district who can not read and have never heard of God's commandments. We called to see a sick woman one day, who had a broken arm. After doing what we could for her we asked her if she would like us to read and have prayer before leaving. She said she would appreciate it so much, so we read Revelation 22. When we read the fourteenth verse she stopped me and asked what were God's commandments, so we read Exodus 20 for her and she expressed her desire to keep His commandments. We are praying that this dear woman's heart will be responsive to every ray of light. As we come in contact with these people we feel more than ever that the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Let us pray the Lord to send more laborers.

A PRAYER AND A PLEA

MRS. O. A. OLSEN,

Washington, D. C.

[Several months ago Elder O. A. Olsen, one of God's great spiritual warriors and a father in Israel, passed away in the Hinsdale Sanitarium after a short illness. His wife, who had been an invalid for years, was so prostrated by this unexpected experience that for a time her life was despaired of. But she is recovering and wrote us that she was

now able to sit up in bed and begin to write, and she sent us this poem for THE LIFE BOAT. Knowing the circumstances under which it was written we feel assured that our readers will find from it both comfort and instruction.—Ed.]

**O Jesus, my Saviour, I am waiting for Thee,
Oh, when shall I ever from sorrow be free?
So sad and so lonely, I long for my rest,
Dear Jesus, come quickly, let me dwell with the
blest!**

**Patiently waiting, I am looking for Thee,
Oh, hasten Thy work, let the captives go free,
Open the graves, let the pilgrims arise,
And let us together mount up to the skies.**

**We then will be singing the new song so sweet,
We will bow with the angels at Jesus' dear
feet,
We will praise and adore Him for His wonder-
ful love;
Forever we then shall be home with our Lord.**

**O Jesus, come quickly, my prayer shall be,
This world is darkened with sin and dismay;
Oh, come to our rescue, come save us, we pray
Ere Satan will carry poor sinners away.**

**Oh, save the poor sinners! I earnestly pray,
They are out in the desert, they have wandered
away,
The storms now are gathering and darken the
way,
Come save them, save them from death and
dismay!**

**Oh, worker of God, come, haste thee away,
For Jesus is coming! make no more delay,
Wake up out of slumber and haste to thy work
Ere darkness o'ertake thee and sinners be lost.**

A LESSON FROM THE SUNSHINE

In the early gray of the morning the first announcement of sunrise is the beautiful rays of pink and gold and varied hues which are painted upon the eastern sky. The last that can be seen at evening when the day is done is the same display of light in its gorgeous hues on the western horizon. All through the day the sun continues to *shine*, looking always at the bright side of things and never seeing the shadows.

Learn a lesson from the sunshine. "Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings." Mal. 4:2. It is possible for us to draw our light from the throne of God, as the sun does, and to reflect it so perfectly that we can dispel the shadows and be a sun each in our own sphere. Why not try it?

A GOOD BEGINNING

We recently received the following request from Mrs. Helen W. Odell of Pontiac, Ill.:

"At last we have an opportunity for services at the County Jail here. The new sheriff and his wife gladly co-operate and tell others their feelings of satisfaction with what has been done. We have a band of eight singers, and thus far I have given the talks myself. This means three different talks each time we go, when all the floors are filled. There are twenty-nine inmates at present.

"Would you like to send three, four or five LIFE BOATS to me each month so long as I can give them out, or are you snowed under with calls already? I am filling five reading racks each week, so use a lot of literature that way, and the LIFE BOATS are always taken out."

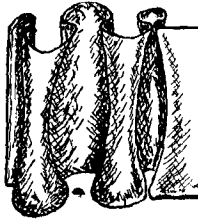
INVITE MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

The office workers in the various departments of the Hinsdale Sanitarium have banded together for more definite missionary effort than is included in the ordinary daily routine of even a missionary institution. It is proposed to study together, gathering from the Bible and other inspirational books that which will help in developing this idea, and endeavoring to discover the *fringe* of missionary opportunities that is said to be lying close to every one. Since in unity there is strength, we believe more can thus be achieved than by individual endeavor alone.

Not wishing to confine ourselves too exclusively to our own "small corner," we would be glad to visit, by letter, any other corners that we may in this way be able to brighten. Are you a "shut-in," separated from the busy world either by prison bars, sickness or isolation? Are you lonely, or in trouble? Would you enjoy regularly receiving THE LIFE BOAT or other good reading or helps to Bible study? Would you welcome a cheery, helpful letter from a Christian friend, if you but knew where you might find such a one?

In this case, we invite you to correspond with us. Address

Office Laborers' Missionary League,
c/o THE LIFE BOAT,
Hinsdale, Ill.



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor



THIS LIFE BOAT

Years ago we began to discover that all prisoners loved THE LIFE BOAT. Then it was we began to plan for an annual special prisoners' number.

This paper is a labor of love and barely meets its own expenses, so in order to make possible a free distribution on such a large scale we were compelled to enlist the friends of the prisoner everywhere in this effort. And God has so moved on the hearts of His children that it has been possible for us during the past sixteen years to issue a special number like this one each May, which we have sent out by the thousands to the great prisons of this land.

Nearly fifty thousand prisoners will read these lines. Some of you have felt that *nobody* outside of prison has any interest in your welfare. If that is really so, *what* moved the hearts of men and women, widows and orphans and even children, to send in their self-sacrificing donations to make possible this labor of love? I trust that as you grasp this fact many of you will be led to look up to that God who is "a Friend that sticketh *closer* than a brother," and who is back of it all. For it is *He* who touched the hearts of these good people and led them to do this.

I want you to appreciate that sin is the most awful *taskmaster in this world*, that there are men in prison who are *free* because God has set them free from the slavery of sin, and that there are millions outside of prison who are the most abject *slaves* of sin and who have no future beyond this life; for God is not going to transplant sin into the next world.

Some of you may have to spend some or even all of this life in prison; but if you are looking up to Christ, asking Him to forgive your sins day by day and to constantly save you from sin's awful power, you will not be in prison in the next life. And the next life

is the *real* life; this life is only an incident leading up to it.

ARE YOU COMPLETELY DISCOURAGED WITH YOURSELF?

Ahab, under the influence of Jezebel, his wicked wife, had plunged a nation into idolatry. Then because Naboth would not give him possession of his vineyard, Jezebel, in a dastardly, cruel manner, framed up a false accusation against Naboth, ordering him to be destroyed so that Ahab might have his whim gratified.

As he went down to survey this new addition to his princely park the faithful prophet Elijah met him and said: "Hast thou *killed* and also taken *possession*?" And then he brought down upon Ahab's guilty head this scathing condemnation, "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine. . . . *Because* thou hast *sold thyself* to do that which is evil in the sight of Jehovah." 1 Kings 21. And to this the inspired historian added this post-script, "But there was *none* like unto Ahab, who did sell himself to do that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel, his wife, stirred up." Verse 25.

After such a pronouncement Ahab certainly had very little hope for his future, but the record says, "And it came to pass when Ahab heard these words, that he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly." Verse 27. In other words, he showed symptoms of *genuine* repentance. And then it was that the word of the Lord came unto Elijah the Tishbite, saying, "Seest thou how Ahab *humbleth* himself before me? Because he humbleth himself before me, *I will not bring the evil in his days*; but in his son's day will I bring the evil upon his house." Verse 29. And the *only* reason that the evil came in his son's day was because his son refused to humble himself

before the Lord as his poor, sin-cursed father did.

To most of us there come dark moments in our lives when the failures of our past haunt us—when the devil suggested that God will not accept us—that we have been too sinful to be forgiven. It is then—just then—that we need to read *this story* of how God dealt with wicked Ahab when he humbled himself under the mighty hand of God.

DO YOU KNOW THIS?

An inspired writer said, "We *know* that we have passed from death unto life [genuinely converted], because we *love* the brethren." 1 John 3:14.

Of course that does not mean loving folks that we *naturally* like; any heathen can do that. It is loving some folks that we must ask the Lord to help us to really love.

Have you had any experience in that direction? If not, how do you know whether you are really converted or not?

Furthermore, "By this shall all men *know* that ye are *My* disciples, if ye have love one to another." John 13:35. That is the most *convincing* evidence that the Lord can give your unconverted friends. And remember that does not mean merely loving folks for whom we have a "natural affinity," but it is loving people that it takes a divine miracle to enable us to love.

Again, have you had any experience of that kind? If not, you have not had all that is coming to you yet in your Christian life.

DOES GOD ANSWER OUR PRAYERS?

I asked a group of Nebraska children to whom I was talking, how many of them prayed, and nearly all of them held up their hands. Then I asked them how many expected their prayers to be answered, and only about half of them raised their hands.

I fear that illustrates the attitude of many good people toward answers to prayer. And yet one thing is certain: there is nothing taught more clearly in the Bible than that there is such a thing as answers to prayer.

Some folks say that if prayers are answered the laws of the universe would have to be reversed. That is what they told Langley,

in Washington, D. C., when he was building his flying machine and insisted that it would speedily be within the power of men to fly. They laughed at him and said the law of gravitation *forbade* it. Langley died before he was able to successfully overcome the law of gravitation. But the Wright brothers discovered how to adjust themselves to both the law of flying and the law of gravitation; and now men *do* fly and the law of gravitation is not smashed!

Likewise when one discovers the law of *prayer* none of God's great laws have to be smashed in order to enable Him to answer.

In the Smithsonian Institute in Washington there is a marvelous instrument which can measure the heat of a candle *five* miles away.

If it is within the power of man to construct such an instrument, who can doubt that there is an instrument up in heaven that can correctly register the *desires* of my heart?

But you may say, "How can God hear me?" A few weeks ago I was over in San Francisco on the very day that Alexander Graham, the man who a generation ago invented the telephone, and Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, in Washington, D. C., talked over the first long-distance line across the continent. And yet I can remember when men laughed because some lunatic had actually proposed that people miles apart would be able to carry on conversation.

Do you mean to say if Alexander Graham could accomplish this feat, that God, who made Alexander Graham, could not do something as much more wonderful as to hear my prayers?

Only recently while in San Diego, Cal., I saw the great government wireless station from which they send messages across the Pacific Ocean that can be distinctly registered in Japan. If a human being can send a wave sound across the Pacific Ocean without a wire, is it not within the Power of God, who *made* the wireless, to hear the sound of my voice?

I believe in prayer, not because of all these self-evident illustrations, but because my Bible says, "When thou prayest, *enter into thy closet*, and . . . pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall *reward thee openly*." Matt. 6:6.

And what is more, I have tried it out, and when the good Lord does not give me what I ask for I know that it would not be best for me to have it. I know I can trust Him, because "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them *that fear Him.*" Ps. 103:13.

THE BEST ANTI-CIGARETTE BOOKLET

Everybody knows something about Ford, the great automobile manufacturer, but everybody does not know that he is an unrelenting foe of the cigarette evil, and he has issued one of the finest booklets in existence on this subject. Its title is, "The Case Against the Little White Slaver." If you want all the latest facts concerning this great curse—in short, if you want to stock up with valuable ammunition, send ten cents to Mr. Ford, Detroit, Mich., for a copy of this valuable booklet, and you will have just what you are looking for.

HAVE YOU TAKEN THE ANTITOXIN TREATMENT?

Several years ago a young man on our grounds ran a rusty pitchfork clear through the thick of his leg. I feared lockjaw or tetanus infection, so I immediately rushed some one into Chicago for some antitoxin and took it up to the boy's room—not to lay it on a shelf for him to look at, but I injected it into his blood.

All of us have been *bitten* by "that old *serpent* called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the *whole* world (Rev. 12:9); and unless we have taken the antitoxin treatment there is no future for us except death—eternal death.

But fortunately an *efficient* antitoxin has been provided; only it has to be administered *daily*, for the devil tries to infect us every day. The Psalmist said, "Thy *word* have I hid *in mine heart* [not up on a dusty book shelf], that I might not *sin* against Thee." Ps. 119:11.

If you have *not* begun to take this antitoxin treatment won't you begin today?

Take one book, for instance, like Nehemiah. Read it right through from start to finish and see what an awful time that good man had

when he tried to do good. Then you need not be surprised you are having a hard time when *you* are trying to be good. Saturate your mind with the book of Nehemiah, so that when you meet some modern "Sanballat" or "Tobiah" or some thoroughly up-to-date "Gesham the Arabian" you will know *exactly* how to deal with them. For if you have not met them yet you will, and they may prove your undoing instead of your gaining a glorious *victory* over them as Nehemiah did.

Then read the book of Acts and see how God's plan succeeded in Paul's case even though *he* became a prisoner.

If you want to find out how *sin began* read the first few chapters of Genesis. If you want to have your mind carried forward to a time when sin shall be *no more*, read the last few chapters of Revelation.

It is an interesting study to observe how many times the words "overcome," "they overcame" and "they got the victory" are found in the book of Revelation. Are you having that kind of experience in *your* life? If not, you will begin to have it when you take the antitoxin treatment.

"Yes, the March LIFE BOAT is just fine. It contains food for both body and soul. I do wish you would print the first article, 'The Latest and Greatest Dietetic Discovery,' in book form.

"In closing I want to say that I enjoy THE LIFE BOAT very much. It is always full of good spiritual food. May God abundantly bless the work and workers in Chicago, is my prayer."

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Bro. I. A. Ford, manager of the Review and Herald Publishing Association of Washington, D. C., with his wife visited Hinsdale recently while en route to Mountain View, Cal.

The sanitarium family were glad to have with them again Mrs. Leaton Irwin of Quincy, Ill., and her son and three daughters, who spent a few days in the institution.

R. A. Holman of Holly, Mich., is enjoying the benefits of the Hinsdale sanitarium a few weeks.

Miss Lena Specht of Lincoln, Neb., has recently connected with the sanitarium family

of nurses. And Mr. E. C. Wood of Bluford, Ill., has connected with the institution in the capacity of bookkeeper to relieve Miss Elizabeth Runck, who has returned to her home in Republican City, Neb., for a few months' rest.

C. E. Garnsey of the Wabash Valley Sanitarium, La Fayette, Ind., spent a couple of days at Hinsdale—March 26 and 27.

Mr. C. W. Finwall, vice-president of the Norwegian Baptist Conference of America, was one of the sanitarium visitors during the month. The purpose of his visit was to give a stereopticon lecture on "Norway, the Land of the Midnight Sun," which was thoroughly enjoyed by all the patients and workers.

Dr. and Mrs. Paulson visited Flanagan, Ill., on Sunday, March 20, where Dr. Paulson gave a lecture on temperance before a union meeting of the Flanagan churches.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Kimble, from the Washington Missionary College, stopped at the sanitarium on their way to the Pacific Coast recently, from which they sailed for India where they will take up medical missionary work.

Chaplain O. L. Kiplinger of the Michigan City, Indiana, penitentiary, with his family visited the sanitarium on Wednesday, March 31. In the evening Mr. Kiplinger gave a most able address in the parlor on "The Re-making and Mending of Men."

The Hinsdale workers enjoyed a few days' visit from Dr. E. A. Sutherland of Nashville, Tenn., who gave several valuable talks on practical Christianity.

Mr. Duncan Purdon of Winnipeg, Can., who graduated from the Hinsdale nurses' course in 1912, has returned.

Dr. Paulson has just returned from a ten days' lecture trip in the South, having visited the Berea College, Berea, Ky.; the Southern Training School at Graysville, and Knoxville, Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn.

The Hinsdale sanitarium is making some valuable improvements on the lawns, having purchased several hundred new flowering shrubs and hardy plants.

Silence is golden. The wagon tongue has nothing to say, but it usually gets there ahead of the rest of the outfit.

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.

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

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EXPIRATIONS.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

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

LIFE BOAT MAGAZINE AGENCIES IN CHICAGO.

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

D. K. Abrams, wholesale nut store, 8529 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone Douglas 6743.

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

OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS

In order to make additional room for other important matter we are omitting two pages of our premium offers this month. Hence we give here a list of these offers:

J. Hudson Taylor's "Retrospect" book for one subscription.

"Victory in Christ," by Horton, for one subscription and fifteen cents.

A Rescue Home rug for two subscriptions and twenty-five cents.

An Oxford Text Bible, small size, for two subscriptions.

An Oxford Teacher's Bible for four subscriptions.

A Red Letter Teacher's Bible for five subscriptions.

A good fountain pen for only one subscription.

A valuable watch for eleven subscriptions and one dollar extra.

A Webster's pocket dictionary for one subscription.

The book, "Pastor Hsi," for one subscription.

A Vegetarian Cook Book for one subscription and thirty-five cents.

"Real Prayer," by Cortland Meyers, for one subscription and fifteen cents.

"Beyond the Shadow," by Pearl Waggoner, cloth binding, for two subscriptions, paper cover for one subscription.

Special Announcement Concerning WHITE RUSSIAN MINERAL OIL

We have received so many inquiries regarding White Russian Mineral Oil from those suffering from constipation, that we decided to furnish it from our headquarters to those who desire it.

On account of the war it has become impossible to import any more of this particular form of mineral oil, but we can furnish a similar American product at the former prices.

This mineral oil is not a laxative. It is not absorbed by the body, it merely lubricates and softens the bowel contents. It can be used with perfect safety as it does not create any laxative habit.

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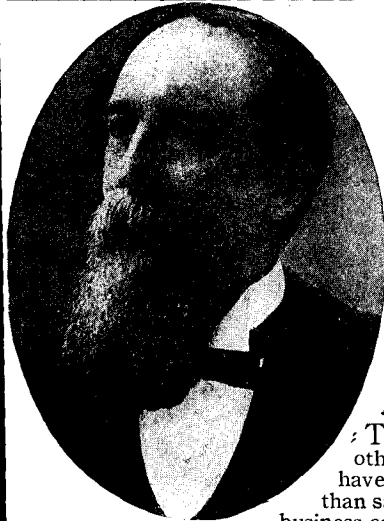
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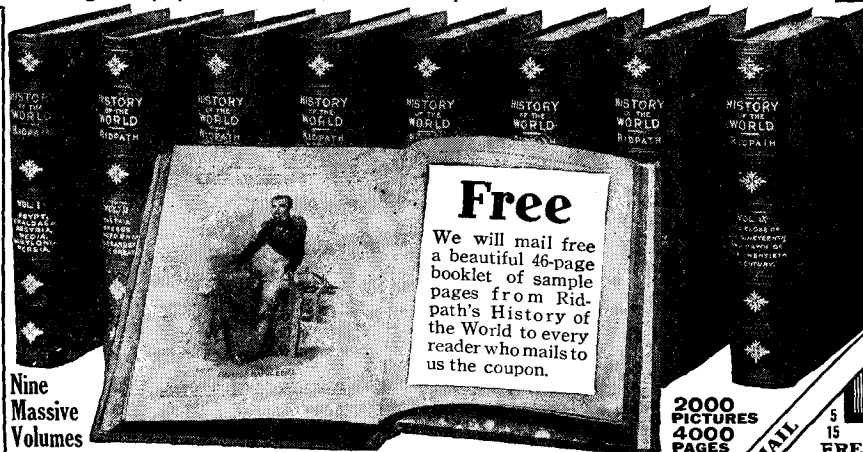
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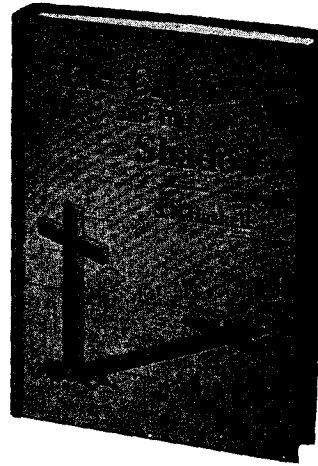
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