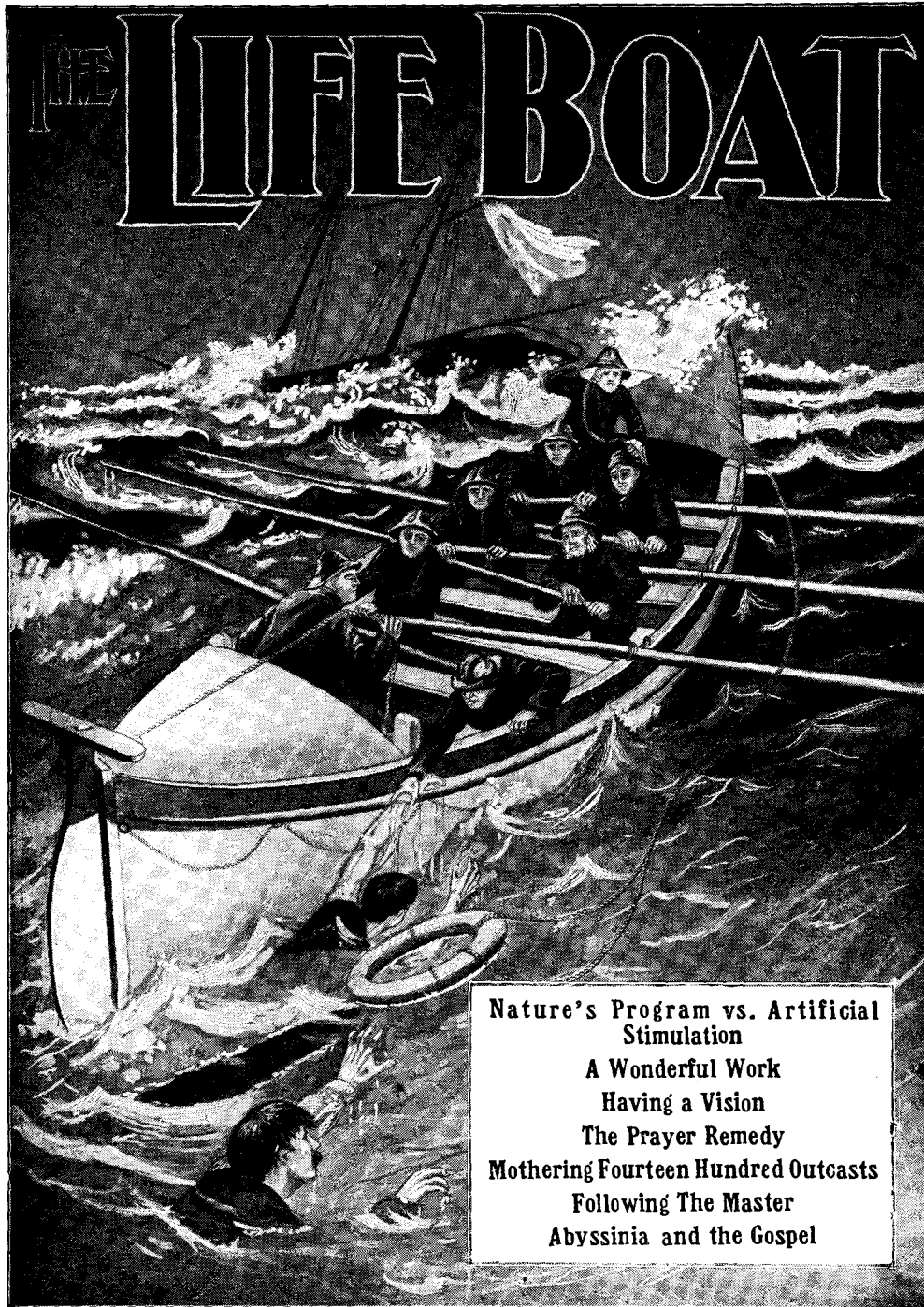


Hope For the Hopeless

One Dollar a Year

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The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations

Nature's Program vs. Artificial
Stimulation
A Wonderful Work
Having a Vision
The Prayer Remedy
Mothering Fourteen Hundred Outcasts
Following The Master
Abyssinia and the Gospel

Volume Eighteen
Number Ten

Windsor, Ill.

October, 1915

Helping the Sick Poor and Yourself—by the Editor



HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS

PEARL WAGGONER

° ° °

Have you ever done an action
Causing wild and vain regret,
That with all your constant striving
Somehow you can not forget?—
Sinners, Christ is still receiving;
Go to Him, your burden leaving,
Then just cease the useless grieving,
For His mercy lasteth yet.

He has said, whoever cometh,
He in no wise will cast out;
Is His promise not sufficient
To remove your fear and doubt?
Go to Him, your sins confessing,
Seek and claim His promised blessing;
Claim HIS power to cease transgressing
And to put the foe to rout.

Sins the blackest He has promised
Whiter than the snow shall be,
Captives bound in chains the strongest
He is able to make free.
Freedom is not gained by trying—
Not by worry, tears, or sighing;
All was done by Christ's own dying,
And to trust HIM is the key.

THE LIFE BOAT

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

One Dollar a Year

Ten cents a copy

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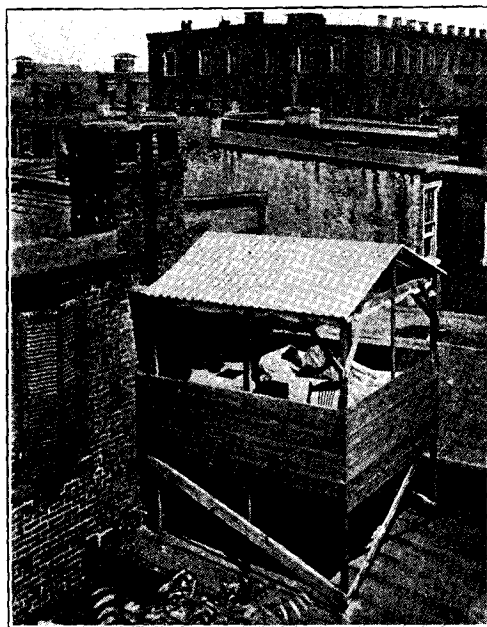
Number 10

Nature's Program vs. Artificial Stimulation*

Dr. Mary Paulson

THE question of medical temperance must be dealt with differently now than we did in past years, because so much advance has been made in the treatment of disease. Doctors almost invariably used to give pneumonia patients alcohol and brandy, with the mistaken

I visited a large hospital not long ago, where they cared for sick children and they had a great many cases of pneumonia. I asked to see them, and they took me up on top of the building. I asked what they were doing for them and it was simply this: giv-



AN INEXPENSIVE ROOF BEDROOM

idea that by so doing they were stimulating them and assisting the heart, but now they put them out doors, and the fresh air does for the patient what alcohol failed to do.

*Talk given to Du Page County W. C. T. U. at Downers Grove, Ill., Sept. 16, 1915.



A TWENTY-DOLLAR OUTDOOR BEDROOM

ing them fresh air, and looking after their diet. No drugs were used at all. They were just curing them with fresh air and good nursing.

Doctors used to "stimulate" tubercular patients by giving them whisky and egg nog.

I am very thankful we know a *better* way now. We don't put whisky into egg nog. It is better without it, for whisky spoils a good egg. We leave the whisky out, and give them fresh air. And what is now happening to tubercular patients? The majority recover. We have won a great victory over whisky in that respect. Patients now get well whereas before most of them died.

Domestic Dope

I also remember how whisky was used in stomach troubles. Most housewives used to keep a little bottle of whisky so if any member of the family got stomach ache, they could have some drops. I remember once being away from home, and, having eaten something that disagreed with me, the good woman of the house told me she would do something for me. "Here, take this." Fortunately my sense of smell wasn't gone, and I said I would suffer the pain rather than take that. I had a good mother, who taught me to let the intoxicating cup alone under all circumstances, and I wouldn't take whisky even in sickness.

I have a patient under my care now with gastritis. It is a very severe case. She had an ordinary case of indigestion and took whisky for it, which changed it to inflammation of the stomach. I fear there are others who still do that very thing. I certainly hope the day may come when we can see whisky eliminated from the home entirely in the treatment of disease.

By prayer and careful treatment we have gotten this dear little woman so well, that she was saying to the nurse a day or two ago, what a blessed experience it was to go to a place where through prayer and rational treatment she could get well.

There are other ways in which we need to remember temperance in the treatment of disease. We dope children too much. A child rarely needs any drugs. The very best authorities on children's diseases in the country agree on this. If you have a good combination enema outfit, some castor oil and a good lot of common sense then under ordinary circumstances nothing more is needed.

Let us not put a block on the heads of our children by giving them poisonous drugs.

Let us instead be more thorough in our study of physiologic methods.

The Patent Medicine Deception

Speaking of patent medicines, we may put the whisky and alcohol aside, and yet be badly deceived on patent medicines. In the first place, they are unnecessary. W. C. T. U. people above all others should not use them, and they should train their neighbors to leave them alone. There are very few patent medicines that do not have alcohol in them. There is a patent medicine that is very widely advertised for the stomach, so I thought I would investigate it a little. I poured some out in a dish and then touched a match to it and it caught fire and soon nearly half of my medicine went up in smoke.

What to Do for Autointoxication

In studying nature's laws, let me call your attention to the fact that most diseases are dependent upon faulty elimination through the kidneys and bowels. Nearly all chronic diseases, liver troubles, and headaches, etc., are due to this. We used to treat this by giving large doses of calomel, tonics and other drugs, and so finally ruined the patient's stomach, but that did not cure the constipation.

What do we do today? We tell patients to chew their food thoroughly, to eat coarse bread, and plenty of fruits, and woody vegetables, including green garden truck, to take olive oil, to use liquid paraffin, to walk a good deal and drink plenty of water, and use other hygienic measures and we now cure constipation by such methods, and at the same time *cure* the patients. Before, we simply relieved the *symptoms*, but made the patient worse.

The Artificial Stimulant Folly

All this comes in up-to-date medical temperance. For the trouble is, one stimulant *leads* to another. Just as young persons go to a very simple dance, become intoxicated with the idea, and they want to go again and then to places that are not so innocent but rather questionable, until it takes some exciting play to satisfy them. We don't *need* any artificial stimulants. We shorten our lives, promote nervous troubles, and all that sort of thing as a result of

artificial stimulants. On this point Dr. Evans, formerly health commissioner of the city of Chicago writes:

"Drug habits are more or less interchangeable. When a person has one drug habit he is prone to pick up another. It is the rule that a person with one drug habit is addicted to the use of more than one drug. A fiend will drop one habit and pick up another.

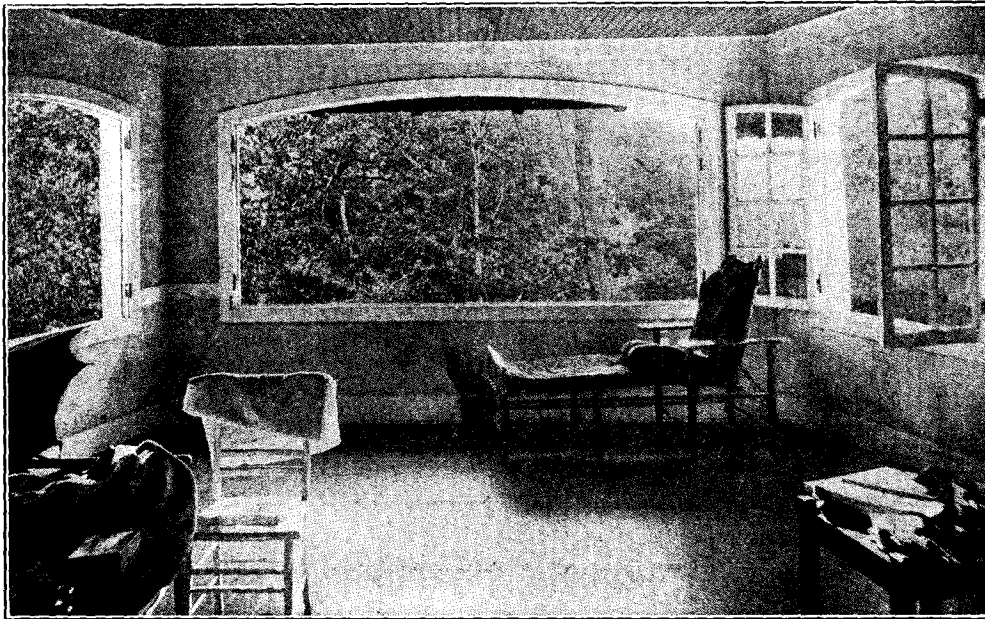
"In order that no misunderstanding may arise, I should say that physiologists regard coffee, tea, tobacco, and whisky as drugs in the same sense that opium and cocaine are. From coffee at one end of the line to cocaine

drinking a cup of coffee. One cigarette leads to another."

Now I know sometimes we think we can not accomplish what we must do today without taking some stimulant, but if we will ask God to help us through and be willing to bear some suffering today, tomorrow we will not feel the need of the stimulant, and the day after tomorrow, we will be a great deal better off.

It Hurts to Do Right

I remember a girl who came to us to be built up physically. One day I found her in the bath-room nearly dead. She had se-



SUCH AN OUTDOOR SLEEPING PORCH COMBINES JOY, COMFORT AND HEALTH

at the other, no pot has the right to call the kettle black.

"The craving for tea and that for whisky, the hunger for a cigarette and that for a dose of morphine are of the same kind. Each comes of inborn willingness to *cheat* in playing the game of life. As a result, let us say of a period of overwork, a person is nervous. If he is perfectly poised, he will hold himself in hand by exercise of will power until he can recuperate through rest. If he is not thoroughly balanced, he will *soothe* his nerves by smoking a cigarette or

cured a great big chunk of camphor and had chewed it for its stimulating effect until it nearly killed her. Did she do that because she wanted to? No, but because she couldn't help it. The craving *demand*ed it. I know it is hard to give up these things.

To give up some of these things means pain. Some people are not willing to go through all this pain, and so they continue as slaves. Just as we can not give up some of our darling sins without mental anguish, so we can not give up our wretched habits of living without physical pain.

A woman came a few days ago and wanted to get rid of the morphine habit, but when she reached the point where pain began that was too much, and she gave up. We must endure some pain to obtain what the Lord has to give us in return. This point is well illustrated in morphine cases. After the patients get through the pain stage they are absolutely changed. From being dishonest and deceptive they are now honest. Before, everything was wrong, now, everything is right and they meet the world with a smile. It is a blessed work to relieve a troubled heart like that.

Temperance In All Things

As I said before medical temperance includes temperance in *all* things. In eating and drinking, whatsoever we do, let us do it all to the glory of God and God will cooperate with us physically as well as spiritually, and I also believe God will *forgive* us of *physical* sins in the same way He does of spiritual sin.

I remember a terribly sick woman who had transgressed nature's laws. She was dying from an incurable disease, and I whispered in her ear and told her she could not live. She whispered, for she could not talk above a whisper, "Pray for me." I sent for Dr. Paulson, and we knelt at her bedside and asked God to restore her if it was consistent with

His will and the Lord answered our prayers and she recovered. In answering that prayer, the Lord certainly forgave *physical* sin. Now that woman is devoting her life to God. So we can thank God that He is willing to forgive us even of our physical sins, but in the forgiving of them, He expects us to *reform* and not keep on committing the same sins over and over again.

So I feel confident that we shall not win out in medical temperance and in the care of the human body which He has given us, without much prayer and intelligent painstaking study and self-denial and full surrender of ourselves to God.

"PRAY ONE FOR ANOTHER"

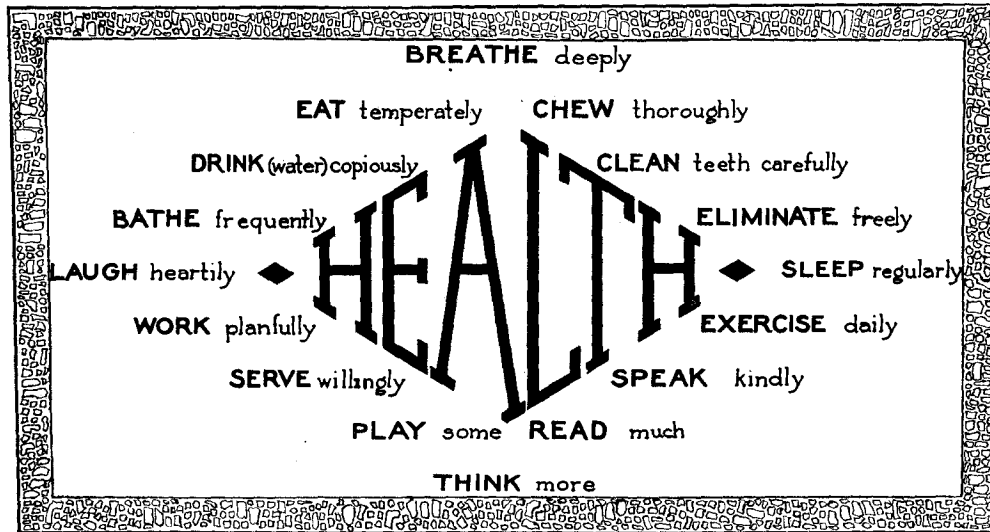
JAMES 5:16

"I cannot tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and miles away;
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless a need there be that I should pray.

Too hurried oft are we to spare the thought,
For days together, of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read His signal as a call to pray.

Perhaps, just then, my friend has fiercer fight,
And more appalling weakness, and decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right;
And so, in case he needs my prayer, I pray.

Friend, do the same for me. If I intrude
Unmasked upon you, on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude;
Be very sure I need it, therefore pray."
—Marianne Farningham.



THE ABOVE ADMIRABLE HEALTH PRESCRIPTION WAS PUBLISHED IN THE CHICAGO DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH BULLETIN OF SEPT. 4, 1915

Mothering Fourteen Hundred Outcasts

Mrs. A. S. Steele,

Chattanooga, Tenn.

[On a recent visit to Hinsdale Mrs. Steele gave the medical evangelistic class an inspiring account of her personal experiences in building up alone her great work for unfortunate black children. We give here a portion of her talk.—Ed.]

THIRTY-FIVE years ago I went down South to start a school among the blacks, and I organized eleven schools. They were so eager to learn. On one plantation there were over 1,000 negroes. It was a big task for me, but I did so enjoy it. Petitions would come in from all along the road, "Please come and start a school in our neighborhood."

It has been a great source of joy to my heart. There are thousands of young people who are today enjoying great advantages as the result of those first schools in eleven different localities. One of the pupils is today president of Allen University, South Carolina. I didn't know he had been called to that position, but as I entered that school recently, they said, "We have a new president," and one said, "I will introduce you." We entered the president's office, and he looked up and said, "Here is my mother." That boy had been in our school for seven years. You don't know the joy that caused me, and you never will know until you get into some such work yourself.

Then I was transferred from the first field in South Carolina because of a lot of bad men who didn't want to see anyone teach negroes, and they banded themselves together and one night under the influence of whisky were laying a plot to murder me and my little daughter. A colored man passing through there overheard the plot and warned me.

Then I went to Chattanooga. I found there a good home for white orphans, but none for colored. Many had a hard time. They would be put in the chain-gang and in the work-house for trifling offences, and no way for them to be cared for as Christians. So I bought a piece of land, with money that my husband had left me and that I had. I paid for it, built a home and furnished it simply and started with three little girls, and since then I have taken in 1,400 children. I never ran in debt, never asked for money, never begged. It took all I had, but we are still

running and the Lord has blessed. My husband's aunt left my daughter quite a fortune and without a word from me, she said, "I want you to use it all." I took it and used it. I said, "If I live, I will see that you are educated, but if I die, they will say I robbed you." But she said, "Don't worry, I want you to use it."

Undergoing Persecutions

I left it all with the Lord. The devil has made several attempts to wind it up. They tried to put me in the penitentiary. They said I killed one of my boys. Of course, they sent out and investigated and found out there was nothing to it. You can hardly imagine how it made me feel. I didn't know but what the Lord wanted me to go to the penitentiary, and had something for me to do there, and I was willing to go if He wanted me there, and I told Him so, but I am still here.

I have lost eleven buildings by fire. My home was dedicated in 1884, three buildings. And just eighteen months after that time they were burned. I was not there. I had gone to Boston to speak in churches. On Sunday morning just as they were getting out of bed—fifty-four children and four northern helpers—the three buildings were all ablaze. They barely got out alive. Some kind northern friends secured for us a dilapidated old school house. Not a chair, not a table, not a shelf, nothing but the walls and a roof, but there they were moved.

I don't know who did it. I have never tried to find out. The best white people today are my friends.

Our Source of Supply

When we need anything I tell the Lord about it. "Father, here we are. We are yours. If there is anything more I can do, tell me and I will do it. I leave it to You to supply."

Seven years ago I was going into a bank. A lady came up behind me and said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Steele, you don't know me, but I

know you. It is so hard for me to get long white hair for ladies' switches. If you will give me your combings, I will pay you for them." I said, "Sure. Thank the Lord for another source of revenue." Since then I have sold enough hair to pay for one thousand loaves of bread for my children.

A merchant sent his wife and daughter to visit us. He gave us a cow. Five years afterwards, he heard the cow had died and said to buy the best cow with a heifer calf we could find and he would pay for it.

How the Children Come

One night before retiring I had been reading and some neighbors came in and said, "We hear a noise on the front porch. I believe it is a baby." So I went out and investigated, and there was a little brown boy all wrapped up and lying there in a basket. I took him in and named him Moses because he was left in a basket. The next month a naked little brown boy arrived so I named him Aaron, and later a little girl came the same way, and so I named her Miriam, following the names of that illustrious family.

Recently I had a letter from a man saying, "Will you take my children? I am in jail." I wrote to a clergyman I knew and said, "This man asks me to take his children. He is in jail. Please investigate and let me know about it." He did so and said the man lived six miles out in the country. Some white man had accused him of stealing a cow and he must go to the penitentiary and probably will never live to see his family again. That was in Alabama and there they put them in the coal mines down in the very dangerous places and they seldom live to get out. Since he was arrested, his wife had died leaving eight children.

I said, "Send those children as quick as you can. Put them on the train in the care of the colored porter, and the Lord and I will make a place for them and take care of them." I had a letter from the father saying they were coming.

I had a letter from a preacher saying, "I am not on a salary. I am just a traveling preacher. My wife died and left me the children to take care of. Will you take them?" And this is the way they come.

Educating the Outcasts

It is such a privilege to be in partnership

with Jesus. I say, "What I am after is your souls. It is an awful bother to teach you how to wash and scrub and eat properly and give you an education, but what I am after is giving you good, big doses of Bible every day."

I don't teach them fairy stories. There is no such thing as fairies. That is all foolishness. Those little empty boxes need to be filled with something solid. I try to make God's word so interesting that the lessons will make everlasting impressions.

In the South there is no compulsory educational law. I am speaking advisedly when I tell you hundreds of thousands of children living today will never learn their letters unless you and I do something for them. I have never wished I was a man, but I wish I was 1,000 healthy young ladies. I would plant 500 schools in that dark land, going two and two, 250 for white and 250 for colored.

You know a plant if put in the cellar will never bear fruit. Our souls must have sufficient light, too. We are nothing but earthen vessels. God has used me like a garden sprinkler. There are hundreds of little holes in it and hundreds of little streams of water flow out and sprinkle the lawn. Through me He has spread money. I don't want the money myself, but for the children. I have sent children to sixty-nine schools. College View, Loma Linda, Beachwood and others. I have never spent a cent for chewing gum, or talcum powder, and I have better health for it. Every nickel looks to me like the price of a loaf of bread, so I count the nickels.

The Biggest Mother You Ever Saw

Friends, when you think of me, think of the biggest mother you ever saw. I have had the privilege of helping in the home with the children. The people condemn me because they say I am practicing social equality. Jesus came down and lived with publicans and sinners. He didn't have it understood He was just going to associate with the good people. I can not think I have lowered myself in the least. It is the spirit of the Master.

I have seen folks take poodles and let them run their dirty tongues over their faces, and some ladies sleep with them and go around with one on their arm, and come to me and say, "I pity your taste. How can you love

those niggers?" I say, "The Lord pities *your* taste." I like the dogs all right in their place, but think of the souls of those little colored children. How much of our time and money are we going to put on other things when we could so easily find the joy which the world can never give or take away.

To be in partnership with Jesus Christ, working and planning with Him, *He* supplying the brains and *we* doing the work, is wonderful. He has it for every one of us and

has a plan for each of us to follow. Don't wait for a call. He is not going to speak from heaven. There are His needy people. Take a *step* and He will shed light for another step and so on until our life's work be done.

"I'd rather be the least of those
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
Or sit upon a throne."

The Prayer Remedy

David Paulson, M. D.

THE Bible recognizes different remedies for disease, such as baths in the case of Nehemiah, poultice and prayers as in the case of Hezekiah, Christian psychotherapy as brought to view in Proverbs 17:22. Loving service as emphasized in Isaiah 58. Clay ointment and hydrotherapy as suggested in John 9. Regulation of diet as advised by Paul in 1 Tim. 5:23, etc.

These and many other remedial measures are resources that God has put into our hands, and He expects us to utilize them in an intelligent manner. But the prayer remedy is also one of God's appointed means. It not only blends advantageously with all other remedies, but is honored of God, when all other means have failed. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Only recently, Pastor R. A. Underwood told me of an interesting experience in early life, when he was snatched from the very brink of the grave in answer to the prayers of two humble but very earnest workers who knelt at his bedside in that critical hour. Believing that the account of this incident will be as interesting and encouraging to many others as it was to me personally, I am taking the responsibility of passing it on to our large circle of readers, just as he told it to me:

"It was way back in 1873, shortly after I had been exposed to measles, I was out all day in a terribly cold blizzard. I was just then breaking out, and I became so thoroughly chilled that before night I was suffer-

ing from a severe cold and the measles had struck in, and I became deathly sick. In about two weeks' time, I was so low that I could only speak in whispers. A little later I began to suffer the most excruciating pain across the small of my back, and a spot about as large as my hand turned black. The physician who had my case in charge, believed that mortification was about to set in. Three physicians were called in counsel and none of them held out any hope for my recovery.

"Miss Reynolds, to whom I was engaged to be married, had been with me for two weeks assisting constantly in my care. Finally, I failed so rapidly that the doctor told her and the members of the family that if they wished to say anything to me they better do it now, and that as he returned to the village he would tell the undertaker to come out to the house to lay me out, because I could not possibly live over two hours at the most.

"Immediately after the doctor left my room I seemed to see standing at the foot of my bed a tall personage whose features in every way showed marked intelligence, but with a keen, shrewd eye that would almost pierce you through, and with a sort of a hellish grin he pointed to me and said, 'I've got him.' The impression that was made on my mind was that this was the devil *contending* for my life. Standing about three feet nearer to me at the side of my bed, was another being, the most beautiful I have ever beheld, who with a wave of his hand, seemed to be

beckoning away the one standing at the foot of the bed, and said, 'Not so *sure*.' As I had given my heart to God I was not afraid to die, but the impression was left on my mind that in some way the devil would triumph if I did die. When this angel or being at my bedside made the wave of his hand, the whole scene passed from my vision. As far as I know I was in my right mind. I was not asleep; it was not a dream.

"Miss Reynolds, having heard what the doctor said, came in directly and knelt by my bedside. In a whisper she said to me, 'Rufus do you know how sick you are?' in a low whisper I said, 'Yes.' Miss Reynolds continued, 'I feel you will not be with us long.' I answered in a whisper, 'A very short time unless God heals *at once*.' Then I said, 'Ellen, have you any faith?' She said, 'Yes.' Then I asked her to call in Brother Rogers the elder of the church to which I belonged to join her in prayer for my recovery.

"They both bowed at my bedside. I shall never forget Brother Rogers' brief prayer. He asked, in substance, if it could please God and glorify His name that the angel of the Lord might touch me *that instant with healing power*. No sooner had those words been spoken than the pain that was then so severe, as if it was cutting me in two, ceased instantly and a thrill of power went through my being. I rose up in a sitting posture in the bed and with a clear voice said, 'Praise God, I shall live and not die.' Brother Rogers closed his prayer with a word of thanksgiving. Then Miss Reynolds began to pray that the Lord might heal me. I said, 'Ellen, do not ask the Lord to do what He has *already done*. Just thank him for it.'

"I had not slept a moment for nearly three

days. I had apparently been in the very agonies of death, but now I said to Miss Reynolds, 'I am all right now, God has healed me, and all I desire is to be left alone so that I may sleep. I would like to rest.'

"Within half an hour the village undertaker, accompanied by another gentleman came to lay me out, as the doctor had informed them that I would be dead by the time they reached the house. Miss Reynolds told him as he came in that I was better and that she did not think he would be needed, but he insisted on staying and said he would stay and look after me.

"I persuaded Miss Reynolds to retire as she had lost so much sleep. About midnight her anxiety led her to come down to see how I was getting along. She asked the undertaker, 'How is Mr. Underwood?' I shall never forget his remark. He was a profane man, and he said, 'Miss Reynolds, its beats the devil. I came here to lay this man out and he just gets up and helps himself. When I watched over him a week ago, he couldn't help himself in the least.' Miss Reynolds remarked, 'It has *beat the devil*. Mr. Underwood has been healed.'

The Bible assures us that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man *availeth much*." James 5:16. I count it a precious privilege whenever I am brought face to face with sickness and suffering, no matter what else I order done for the patient, to commit the case to the care of the great Healer of both soul and body.

A day that is well hemmed with prayer will not ravel out.

Be sure to read "How to Help the Sick Poor and Yourself" on page 301.



A Wonderful Work

Mrs. Kittie Polmanteer,

Acting Matron, Life Boat Rescue Home

I HAVE now been at the Home a little over four months. During this time, thirteen girls have come and twelve babies have been born. We have at present twenty-five in the Home family, including ten babies. We have two little boys and one girl for adoption.

It is encouraging to see how quickly the little ones respond to care and kindness. I have in mind our eighteen-months' old baby

tain. Toot, toot, tain." I often think of what the Saviour said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40. My heart goes out to little children and babies, who do not have a mother's love and care.

We are enjoying our own garden this summer. How much more pleasant to go to the garden and get food which God has prepared for us than it would be to go to a meat market for second-hand food.

We spend many a pleasant hour during these warm afternoons on our large cool and shady porches. Sometime ago, we organized a noon-hour prayer band inviting any girl that felt impressed to come. We seek God for strength to help us in whatever may arise from day to day. Each one of us have some special fault to overcome. Some are too quick tempered, some impatient or complaining, or whatever it may be, but we know we can not overcome it in our own strength, so we tell it to Jesus and He will help us through.

We should pray often, and as the Canaanitish woman in our last Sabbath school lesson—press our petitions to God. What seems impossible with us is possible with God. Jesus can take us as sinful as we are and make us beautiful, not of face, but of character. But we must be willing to be led by Him. Oftentimes He permits some sorrow or disappointment to come upon us to humble us or to save us. A great many people do not stop to think of God, until they are in some difficulty or trouble, so whatever comes to us we can look to Jesus at all times and in all places.

Soon the summer will be gone and winter will be here, which means more clothes, heat, light, etc. Anyone that feels impressed to help us in any way will receive a blessing from God.

OUR NEEDS AT THE HOME

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

"Lest we forget" that there are necessary expenses that must be taken care of in con-



A WHEELBARROW LOAD. PART OF THE TEN BABIES IN THE HOME JUST NOW

boy, who was brought to us last winter by our city workers. When he came to us, he was sick and looked a pitiful sight. Now he runs all around and is so much brighter. We can see the trains as they pass and every time he hears or sees one he will say, "Toot, toot,

ducting this good work and that part of the "blessing of doing" comes in increased faith and dependence on God as we struggle with this problem, we are taking this occasion to tell you of our needs.

At present we have a family of twenty-five, including the babies. As usual, a very, very small per cent can pay the regular rate of five dollars per week. The grocery bill amounts to about one hundred dollars per month besides other household expenses such as water, heat and light. The heating question will soon be an *added* problem during the winter months.

We are grateful to the Lord and to our friends for helping us to renew our household linen during the summer. We also want to mention the goodness of God in sending us fifty dollars at two different times during the

past week and another fifty dollars to apply on a previous board account. All this came in answer to prayer. Our treasury was not only empty, but we were behind over one hundred dollars.

These experiences increase our faith in God and we trust Him for the future. When we see hearts softened by the Spirit of God, and eyes that have been bold in sin subdued and lit by the love of Christ, when we see hasty tempers controlled, and the careless and indifferent growing more thoughtful; when we see the desire for novels and trashy reading going out of the life and a love for the Bible taking its place, we know it *pays*. And sometimes I think our greatest need is for the prayers of those of you who are in touch with Heaven. Will you also help us to buy groceries and coal?

Following the Master

Miss Pearl Stiles

[Miss Stiles, who is a member of the present medical evangelistic class, has spent the first two months of her course in city work. She has proved literally the promise: "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over," Luke 6:38, for her soul has been enriched a hundredfold, as she has given her time and her energy in helping others.—Ed.]

OUR work in Chicago is not in the high-ways, but we are working among a class of people between the middle class and those in the slums. We visit the homes from house to house. We introduce ourselves and give them literature, and by entering the homes we can come in closer contact with them. We find those who are hungering for a deeper knowledge of the Bible. We find those who are sick and are anxious to know how to get well and to keep well.

Each day this work is growing more dear to my heart, so much so that, at times, in planning for my work and thinking about the people I have met in it, I find myself neglecting other duties.

With each day come new experiences and new interests. Some whom we meet are sick physically and want us to do something for them to relieve their pains. This we do, by the application of simple water treatments and if the case is serious we consult a physician, but we always commune in the meantime with our unseen Helper asking for His help and guidance.

Many times after we have treated a patient and she is so wonderfully relieved of her suffering, she expresses her gratitude in tears, and wonders at the great relief from such simple treatments. But we know while the treatments help, yet the power of healing is in God, and it is He to whom we are endeavoring to introduce them, for greater is the number who are sin-sick and need the Great Physician, but are so paralyzed by the influences of Satan that they do not realize it, than those who are suffering from physical ailments only.

The sweetest part of our work is to listen to the testimonies of those who have been brought closer to Jesus through our efforts, because of the assurance that He is co-working with us and can work through us to the help of others.

One dear old lady, when we found her, had been badly injured. We gave her treatments, and in a few days she was much relieved. Many times we read the Bible with her and had prayer, and had many good spiritual talks together. One morning later, on my way to

work I called to see her and in our visit together she said, "I do not know why all this trouble had to come to me, but I do know that had it not occurred I probably never would have met you girls, and had I not met you, I never would have learned to love my Bible as I do now." Just such experiences as this are what make the evening after a long, hard day's work seem full of calm and joy and peace. We forget to be tired when we are unselfishly working for souls.

One lady we met one morning felt that she needed treatment. She had rheumatism. We applied hot applications four times, and after the treatment, when she had put her shoe

tritis. She was in such agony that immediate relief was demanded. As soon as we could we put hot applications to the abdomen and with some other simple treatments she soon was so relieved and comfortable, that she began making plans to go to the sanitarium for treatment. This she did and within a few days was almost like another woman, enjoying the sweet, pure, fresh, country air and sunshine and living in an atmosphere charged with the presence of God.

During the week days we are meeting the people in their homes, from door to door. On Sundays, we hold services at the Harrison street police station. These meetings are



A CHARACTERISTIC GROUP OF CHICAGO STREET LADS. WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

and stocking back on, she said, "Well, how light my foot feels, and I can wiggle my toes. I haven't been able to do that for so long." She cried, and said, "I haven't a cent to pay you." But I told her we didn't want her money.

One lady who had taken THE LIFE BOAT asked us to find some Scriptures about a topic mentioned in the magazine. I told her I would. She had gotten out her large Bible that she hadn't used for a long time.

One morning in the first home we visited, we found a lady suffering intensely with gas-

touching beyond explanation. I can look upon the inmates only as my own brothers and sisters. How awful to see them locked behind those iron bars with a piece of bread stuck in between the iron railing, for them to eat, and a pail of water, on a shelf fastened to the outside of the door of the cells, that each one in the cell may reach through the bars with a tin cup and get a drink. Yet more awful is the prison of sin into which every soul of us have been, the doors of which it takes an unseen Hand to unlock. To these people we take the message of Salvation, and free-

dom, and love; and each week there are those who come to Jesus with a broken and contrite heart and find forgiveness and heaven is made to rejoice.

In our house to house work we speak about the nearness of Christ's coming before leaving any home. I left a pamphlet with one lady who seemed quite interested, but said very little about it. I called again next week, and she said, "I am so thankful you brought that to me. I never had thought of the second coming of Christ and that it will be so soon." She asked for Bible readings.

We visited another home where we found an old gentleman. We told him what our



SOME CHICAGO YOUNGSTERS

work was. We always present the medical work first and then we speak to them of the spiritual work. He seemed to be so interested

and said he was a Bible student. He felt so thankful that we came to him at that time.

In working with those people, it only brings us in closer contact with the Lord, because we have asked Him to go before us and bring us closer to the people who need our help. This work is doing a wonderful thing in my own life. It takes the defects out of my life; It is purifying my life. I can see the good there is in others. The burden for others is growing more and more each day in my life and the desire is becoming greater and greater every day to give myself over to the Lord.

I can not find words to express my gratitude to God for giving me these experiences in His work. Sometimes, when I reach home at night, I long to find a place in the quiet where I can in tears pour out my soul to Him alone. I thank Him more and more every day for bringing me to Hinsdale, for through my work here I have been drawn closer to Him than I have been for years. I feel like praying with Job, "That which I see not teach thou me: if I have done iniquity, I will do no more," Job. 34:32.

A FRUITFUL MORNING

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

Mrs. Abrams and I attended recently the Sunday service in the woman's department of one of our large State Penitentiaries. There was assembled a large company of women in their customary uniform. We were requested to tell these women some of our experiences. We had a sweet little service together. The Spirit of the Lord came into the meeting and souls were born into the kingdom.

After drawing some lessons from the blessing of trials and telling some of my experiences, Mrs. Abrams stood up and in a simple way told the story of her conversion. She told how she had lived for money and fine

What Time Is It?

Time to do well—
Time to live better;
Give up that grudge,
Answer that letter—
Speak that kind word
To sweeten a sorrow,
Do that good deed
You would leave till tomorrow.

Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure.
Loving stern justice
Of truth being fond;
Making your word
Just as good as your bond.

—Driftwood.

clothes, and that it had brought her into trouble and sorrow. She told how she had been seeking worldly pleasures and the attractions of this life and that she was miserable all the time. She told how that everybody looked down on her when she got into trouble, and told her she should have known better, but no one pointed her to Christ or told her that Jesus loved her. She also told that one night she was passing a mission and felt impressed to go in and she did so, and gave her heart to the Lord that night. Her testimony reached hearts and tears were trickling down many a cheek.

At the close of our service a dear woman in prison attire with tears in her eyes and with a trembling voice grabbed my hand, and said, "Oh, I want you to pray for me." Then another broken in spirit came with the same request. As we knelt in prayer I discovered that another woman had come back from her cell and knelt beside me, putting her arm around my waist. Her request was that we pray for her children. Before we left they were rejoicing in a new found Saviour. Our hearts were warmed and the Lord was very near us all. We felt that the morning was well spent.

Helping the Sick Poor and Yourself

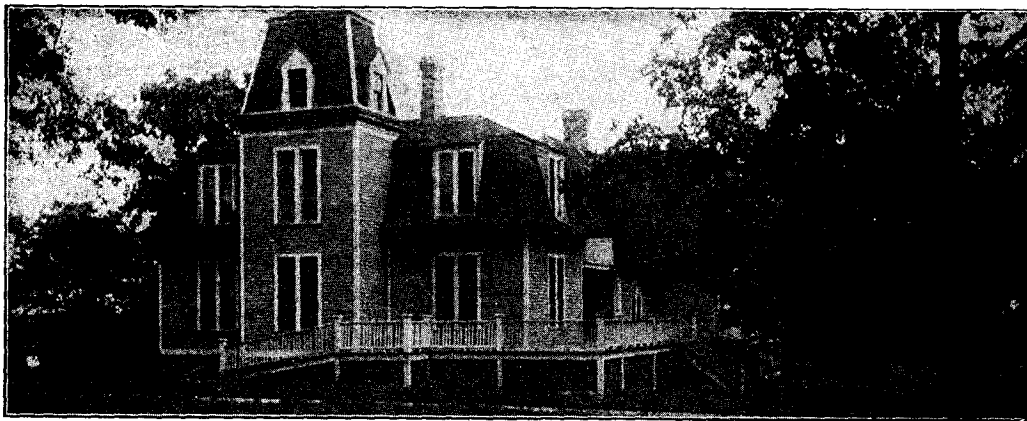
David Paulson, M. D.

YOU have already read about the Good Samaritan Inn, our unique sanitarium for the sick poor. Here patients are charged from \$3.50 to \$4.00 a week for room and house expense; they are boarded on the European plan, paying only a few cents a dish, essentially the actual cost, and are given treatments at half price, and are furnished nursing at half price, and if they are too poor to pay for it, the medical evangelistic students take care of them for nothing. It is all a labor of love.

Those who are too poor to pay anything are not refused admittance. We feel that

physical salvation should be just as *free* as spiritual salvation. Christ turned *no one* away because of his poverty.

The Good Samaritan Inn is full of sick people all the time. Only recently we had a good woman come from a distant state who was afflicted with the morphine habit. She had spent all her money for the drug, and could not rid herself of the enslaving habit. She plead to be allowed to come and have us help break this terrible thralldom. She came and was carried through the necessary time without money and without price. The medical evangelistic girls knelt at her bed-



THE GOOD SAMARITAN INN, WHICH IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING WITH A GROUP OF APPRECIATIVE PATIENTS. A 135-FOOT TWO-STORY ADDITION WILL BE MADE AS SPEEDILY AS PROVIDENCE OPENS THE WAY

side and prayed for her, and gave her loving ministry and now she is a well woman.

Does it pay to do such things? Most assuredly. Put yourself in that poor woman's place if you have any *doubt* about it. We want to make a substantial enlargement to the Good Samaritan Inn, so we can do more of this sort of work. It will take money to do this. But as certainly as God is bidding us to do this work for His poor afflicted children, just so certainly He will put it in the hearts of others who have the necessary means to make it possible.

A Unique Plan That Will Appeal to You

After reading those gems from the book, Ministry of Healing, which we quote in the next article, I am sure you will have an *appetite* for the entire book. There is no other book like it. It is a dedicated work for it was given by the author to the blessed service of sick and suffering humanity. The publishing house printed it without a cent of profit. The plan of both author and publishers was that the proceeds and earnings should go entirely to the relief of the sick and suffering.

Every page of this book is filled brim full of inspiring instruction, both to the sick and the well, for the unconverted and for the converted. It is a book to lay on the center-table. It catches the eye of the visitor instantly. It appeals to the heart and instructs the mind.

Send us \$1.50 for this 516-page book. We will turn over the entire profit into the Good Samaritan Inn fund, and credit it to you just the same as if you had sent a donation directly. You will thereby *assist us* in establishing this unique work of charity for the sick poor. You will in addition, procure for *yourself* one of the most magnificent books on health for both soul and body that has been issued in this generation. Will you not persuade several of your friends to join you in this labor of love and at the same time receive this substantial benefit for themselves.

If 5,000 of our readers will each one buy a copy of the book, "Ministry of Healing," we will be able to turn over nearly \$5,000 into the Good Samaritan Inn fund. Wouldn't that be a splendid thing?

Books Sent on Trial

If any of our readers have a doubt about the remarkable value of this book, if you

will send us \$1.50 we will send the book to you on trial. You will find it more than we have represented it to be. If you are not profoundly impressed with its instructions on what to do in the sick room, on the proper use of remedies, with its sensible words on dress, and diet and health, with its cautions regarding extremes in diet, its wonderful words on stimulants and narcotics, its burning words regarding the liquor traffic, its instruction to the mothers, and a hundred and one other useful and practical topics; then you may return the book to us, and we will return you the money. So you run absolutely no risk in ordering it.

GREAT PRINCIPLES FROM A WONDERFUL BOOK

How many of our readers have read the book, "Ministry of Healing?" It is a unique work full of the choicest principles that are nourishing food for the soul and precious instruction for the care of the body.

Are you sometimes in deep distress to know how to meet the many calls that are made upon your strength and generosity? Then take courage from this helpful statement from page 49:

"What avails our feeble strength and slender resources to supply this terrible necessity? Shall we not wait for some one of *greater* ability to direct the work, or for some organization to undertake it? Christ said, 'Give ye them to eat.' Use the means, the time, the ability you have. Bring *your* barley loaves to Jesus."

Only a few of our readers have visited the Holy Land. Many more wish they had a chance to do so. Such should digest this statement on page 105:

"Many feel that it would be a great privilege to visit the scenes of Christ's life on earth, to walk where He trod, to look upon the lake beside which He loved to teach, and the hills and the valleys on which His eyes so often rested. But we need *not* go to Nazareth, or to Capernaum, or to Bethany, in order to walk in the steps of Jesus. We shall *find* his footprints beside the sick-bed, in the hovels of poverty, in the crowded alleys of the great cities, and in every place where there are human hearts in need of consolation."

That is much cheaper than going to Palestine, and also much more satisfying. Have you tried it? If not, do so.

True Love a Healer

These words on page 115 have made a great impression on my heart:

"The love which Christ diffuses through the whole being is a *vitalizing* power. Every vital part—the brain, the heart, the nerves—it touches with feeling. By it the highest energies of the being are aroused to activity."

Have you brought yourself in contact with this? If not, you have missed something in your life.

Dr. Crile, the eminent Cleveland surgeon, has impressed the entire medical profession with the importance of calming the nerves of the patients before they take an anesthetic. He has shown that shock is much more unlikely, and the patient's recovery is greatly assured when they go under the anesthetic in a peaceful state of mind. On this point observe the following on page 118:

"Before performing a critical operation, let the physician asked for the aid of the Great Physician. Let him assure the suffering one that God can bring him safely through the ordeal, that in all times of distress He is a sure refuge for those who trust in Him. The physician who can not do this loses case after case that otherwise *might* have been saved. Only He who reads the heart can know with what trembling and terror many patients consent to an operation under the surgeon's hand. But as they see the physician bowed in prayer, asking help from God, they are inspired with confidence. Gratitude and trust open the heart to the healing power of God, the energies of the whole being are *vitalized* and the life forces triumph."

Leaves From the Tree of Life

You know there are some herbs that have special medicinal properties. The same is true of some portions of the Bible. Do you know this from personal experience? If not, notice this statement on page 122:

"The promises of God's word, are leaves from that tree which is 'for the *healing* of the nations.' Received, assimilated, they are to be the strength of the character, the inspiration and sustenance of the life. Nothing besides can impart the courage and

faith, which give *vital* energy to the whole being."

Health Principles Antidotes for Physical Degeneracy

On page 125 are these words:

"Education in health principles was never more needed than now. Notwithstanding the wonderful progress in so many lines relating to the comforts and conveniences of life, even to sanitary matters and to the treatment of disease, the decline of physical vigor and power of endurance is alarming. It demands the attention of all who have at heart the well-being of their fellow men.

"Our artificial civilization is encouraging evils destructive of sound principles. Custom and fashion are at war with nature."

The divine plan is to reach the *causes*. Man's plan is to merely smother *symptoms* and let the causes remain. We use in this country, according to United States official reports, half a billion dollars worth of drugs. Many of these are swallowed simply to smother some symptoms so as to avoid the necessity of reform. On this point we read the following from page 127:

"Many of the popular nostrums called patent medicines, and even some of the drugs dispensed by physicians, act a part in laying the foundation of the liquor habit, the opium habit, the morphine habit, that are so terrible a curse to society. Pure air, sunlight, abstemiousness, rest, exercise, proper diet, the use of water, trust in divine power—these are true remedies."

The Importance of Individual Work

Every one of our readers must have given some thought to the truths brought to view in this statement on page 147:

"Everywhere there is a tendency to *substitute* the work of organizations for individual effort. Human wisdom tends to consolidation, to centralization, to the building up of great churches and institutions. Multitudes leave to institutions and organizations, the work of benevolence. Christ commits to his followers, an individual work—a work that can not be done by proxy. Ministry to the sick and the poor, the giving of the gospel to the lost, is not to be left to committees or organized charities. Individ-

ual responsibility, individual effort, personal sacrifice, is the requirement of the Gospel."

One great mission of the church is to train its members for just such *individual* service. On page 149 is a pen picture of an *ideal* church. Do you belong to such a church today? If not, will you not hope and pray that you may, ere you go hence?

"Every church should be a *training-school* for Christian workers. Its members should be taught how to give Bible readings, how to conduct and teach Sabbath-school classes, how best to help the poor and to care for the sick, how to work for the unconverted. There should be schools of health, cooking schools, and classes in various lines of Christian-help work. There should not only be teaching, but actual work under experienced instructors. Let the teachers lead the way in working among the people, and others, uniting with them, will learn from their example. One example is worth more than many precepts."

The above quotations are selected at random from the first half of the book, "Ministry of Healing." The last half is especially devoted to practical health questions, such as food, dietetics, care of the sick, sanitation and general hygiene. This entire 516-page book is furnished for \$1.50. The author's work was donated, the publishers printed it without profit, so that all the earnings might be dedicated to institutions caring for the sick and suffering. By this remarkable arrangement we are able to turn a dollar into our Good Samaritan Inn fund for every book sold.

Persuade several of your friends to order each a book and thus have a share in this unique enterprise for the sick poor.

HAVE YOU A VISION?*

PASTOR G. B. THOMPSON.

"Where there is *no* vision, the people *perish*," Prov. 29:18.

That applies doubtless to the prophetic vision primarily. That was a gift in the church and a great blessing. But I have come to the conclusion lately it is time we *all* had some visions.

Judson got a vision of Burma and became

*Report of talk given at the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

the great Judson. Morrison got a vision of China's needs and that made him the mighty Morrison; and Paton had beautiful surroundings and a nice time, but he had a vision and concluded to go to the New Hebrides. One of the old deacons came up to him, and said, "Well, Brother Paton, I would not go out among all those cannibals; they will eat you up." Paton said, "Look here, you are an old man and in a few years worms will eat you up. Now it does not make much difference if worms eat me or a cannibal." He tells of the trials and privations he went through, but when he saw those hands that had been dipped in human blood reach out to take the emblems, he said, "I will never be happier until I see Jesus face to face."

The Devil's Magnifying Glass

Now we all ought to have a vision of our own. We get a vision sometimes of each other. You know the devil has a magnifying glass he sometimes sends around; and he says, "Would you like to know what kind of a man the doctor, or the deacon in the church is?"

"If you please."

"Well, take a look at him."

"Oh!"

"Would you like to know how Sister So-and-So is?"

"Yes."

"Just take a look!"

"Oh," you say, "Is it as bad as that?"

Then he says, "Would you like to know how you look?"

"Yes."

Then he changes to the other end and you look through the big end, and you look pretty good way off there. Did you ever use one? We need God to give us a vision of our *own* imperfections, of our own needs and the need of the Holy Spirit.

Now the Bible talks about being delivered from this present evil world. Where is the evil world? It does not float around in the air somewhere, but when I am delivered from the evil in my own heart I have deliverance from this present evil world. We need a vision of our own needs, and we get that from God.

We need a vision of our responsibility to other people and the value of a human soul. Do you know how much a human soul is

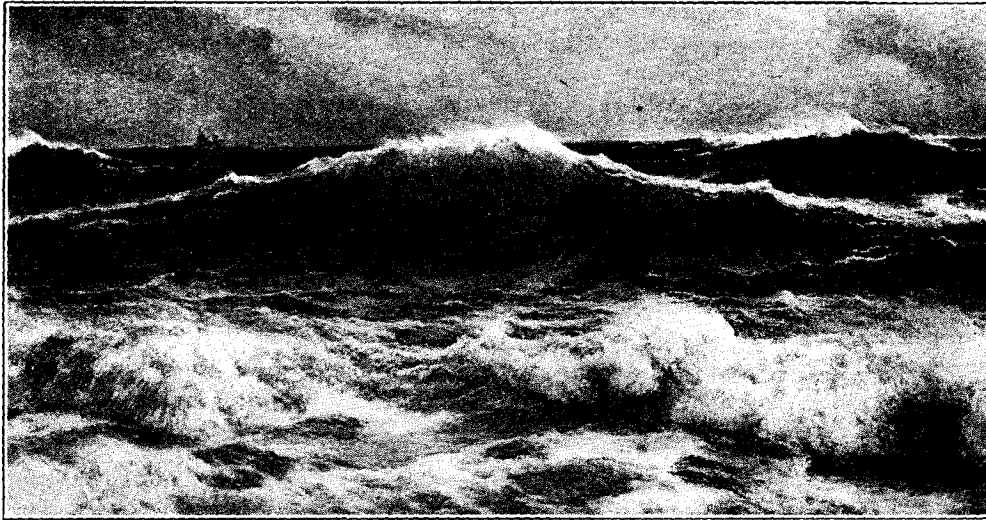
worth? I read a little tract somewhere called, "Suppose," and one paragraph read like this: "Suppose I am saved, but that through all eternity I am unable to find a single soul I have ever brought to Christ. What would heaven mean to me?"

I was reading the other day about a good old woman who had a dream, in which she died and knocked at the city of God, and some one looked out and said, "Who's here?" and she told him. He said, "Alone?" "Yes." And the gate shut and he said, "Can't come in here alone." And she woke up and she had a vision. I have thought about that. I tell you if we ever get through the gates I am

other fellow in the boat. And that is the vision we need: the vision of the value of a lost soul; and when we get that the whole ambition of our heart will be to save somebody.

"It's Brother William"

When I was going to Australia some years ago I picked up a little paper and read it and got good from it: it was a story about a sailing vessel wrecked off the coast of Ireland. And the life-saving crew went out to get the crew off this little sailing vessel. The wind was driving the waves and battering the ship and the rock was there and the thing was going to pieces. But they got down by the



"HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM SO THAT THE WAVES THEREOF ARE STILL."

of the opinion we will have to take some one in with us.

"Another Man in the Boat!"

On a great ocean liner they looked out and saw way over there through the telescope a little speck on the ocean. They sent out and got it and found it was a boat and there was a man in it, about dead. But they got him out and revived him, and as soon as he woke up he said, "There is *another* man in the boat." Just as soon as he was saved his first thought was about the other man in the boat. And I think that is our experience: when a man is saved himself his first thought is about the

side of the ship with their boat and they got out the crew, as they supposed. But when they had gotten away a little they looked back and clinging to the spar was a poor fellow, numb and cold, who had been overlooked. But they said, "Well, we can't get him; if we go back we will all be dashed against the rock and will all perish in the sea." So they pulled for the shore and left him.

When they reached the shore one big man said, "If somebody will go with me I will go and get that other fellow." His old mother was there and she had her arms around his neck, and said, "You *must not* go, my boy.

Your father was a sailor and perished in the sea, and you remember your brother William went three years ago and we have not heard from him, and he has doubtless perished, and what will become of you?" But he said, "Mother, I am going out to get him." So the two fellows pushed out in the storm and roar, and were soon lost to view; and the people waited and waited and watched and looked; and finally they saw in the distance the boat coming, trying to make the shore. And when they got within speaking distance they called, and said, "Have you got him?" and he shouted back, "Yes, we have him, and tell mother it's brother William!"

That is the job God has cut out for every Christian: to get brother William. They are all around us. Chicago is full of them. They are going down into perdition, and our business is to go and get brother William out of the wreck. I believe that should be our business always, for the time of rescue is about over.

Never Been Such a Time

Never since the garden of Eden has the world looked on such a scene as tonight. There has never been such a time. You can't get it anywhere in history, when so many nations, when so many millions of men were in war, being fed to the cannon, when the warfare is being carried on under the sea and on the sea, in the air, and on the land, and when such scenes of carnage are all around. I do not know how it is all going to stop.

It may be a foolish illustration, but I think of the man who saw a railway engine for the first time. He walked all around the thing and said, "That thing will never start." And then the engineer turned the throttle and as the man saw it go down the track, he said, "That thing will never stop." It looked as though such a thing as this war could never start; and now it can never stop; it is *on the way* to Armageddon. The time of peace is gone forever.

Abyssinia and the Gospel

Hans Steiner

Asmara, Abyssinia, E. Africa

[The following report has been received from Bro. Steiner, a German-Swiss missionary in Abyssinia. In his letter he writes: "I was a subscriber of THE LIFE BOAT eleven years ago when a student in Fried-ensau, Germany, and I enjoyed it much at that time."—Ed.]

IT WAS in November, 1912, that we arrived here. This mission was already established some years before. The results did not seem brilliant. For this reason it was with much apprehension that my wife and I with our little boy accepted the call to come here. We knew about the responsibility and the hardships which would certainly wait us. With confidence in God, nevertheless, we decided to come. The years we have spent here we do not regret. This I think I can say for the glory of God.

Certainly there were strange habits, another climate, other tongues and so many unusual conditions, but I had worked for God a number of years in Germany and He sustained me so I had the same conviction entering the field here.

Since that time the experiences here didn't

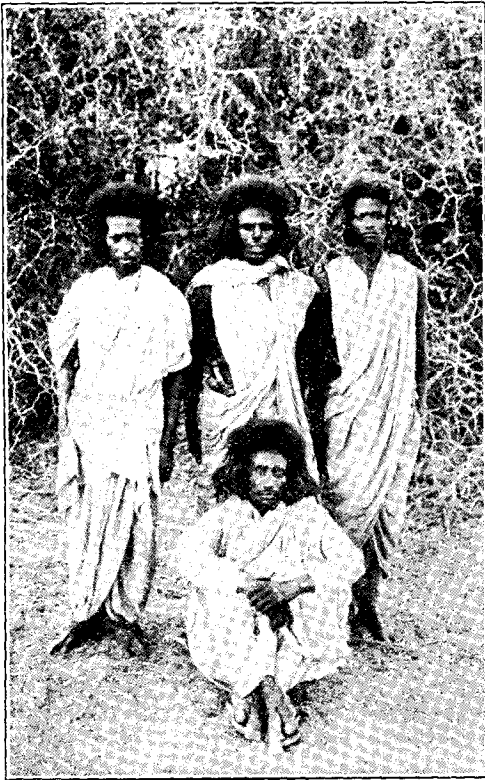
fail to come. They were of a different character, both happy and sad ones, as one will meet elsewhere. At the time we were lonely, there not being any believers here. We were told that this country was difficult to work. We had read in different books about Abyssinia before coming here. A scientific man, who was well known as an explorer had made several trips to this land. He told me, "You never will succeed in converting the Abyssinians, they are too fanatical and conservative." He himself tried it. Now, as I stated, we put our confidence in God. We felt we were sent here and with His help we shall do our best.

At first it seemed almost impossible to approach this people. We have a mission school here and our students made us much trouble. The school was near Asmara, the capital of the colony and seat of the Italian government.

The place did not seem to us, after some experience, very appropriate for real effectual mission school work. The temptations, being so near town, were too great. Many boys, some promising ones too, in this way were lost to our influence. We looked to God, He sent help.

At once, almost to say, some adults seemed to take interest in the truth, one among them an Abyssinian priest.

In general perhaps the Abyssinian does not like work. His most favorite occupation



NATIVE ABYSSINIANS

seems to talk or perhaps be a soldier. Their needs are few and they work but little. They seem very self-content with little as it is generally the case with the black races. On the other hand they are proud because they don't consider themselves as negroes. They never would unite in marriage with a common negro woman. No, that would mean a

sin for them. Their religion is the Coptic one as in Egypt—a mixture of Christian and pagan religion.

Coming back to our converts, we can say that they proved really interested. Work or other occupation would not make them backslide. They were baptized after some months



THE MISSION FARM

of study and have proved faithful since. One of them died. His grave is here on the station farm.

Another convert translated some tracts and also little books for us, such as "Steps to Christ," in which especially he took interest. We kept in touch with him through language lessons. Finally he decided to join us fully, and he was baptized recently together with one of our scholars.

All this enrages Satan. May God help, is our prayer. We stay in good courage knowing that the One who started the work here will also certainly complete it.

Beside my family, Bro. Larukz, a young brother from Karoegia stays with us and proves good help. Pray for us that God's work proceed here also for the future with power.

GLAD FOR A HELPING HAND

(From the Southern Illinois Penitentiary)

"I have been reading THE LIFE BOAT and am ever so thankful for it. It is a paper any one would be glad to have in such a place as this. It brings home joy and happiness to the ones behind the prison walls. I am glad that we have some one on the outside who is lending a hand to fallen humanity. We find that such are few.

"There are thousands of men today who have fallen and if some one would have given them a lift instead of a kick there would not have been so many criminals behind prison

walls today. And our great nation would have been far better than what it is today.

"It is a good thing that the Christians are waking up to the realization that there must be something done for fallen humanity.

"It is my desire to live for Christ and do all I can to help those poor unfortunate ones behind prison walls when I am once a free man again. I would be glad, too, if you would send me some good Christian papers as I am always ready to read anything that is about Christ or his followers. I would be very thankful for anything you send along that line."

PRECIOUS EXPERIENCES

EDITH STRONG

[Miss Strong, who is one of our graduate nurses, takes the girls in the medical evangelistic class out into field work. They are having precious experiences.—Ed.]

One day as I was walking along the street the Lord brought me face to face with a lady. I stood and talked to her forty-five minutes, and she pleaded with me to come to her home and talk with her. She said she believed I had just what she wanted. She meant Christ. She said she had been hungering for something, she did not understand what, but she was not satisfied. She had that wretched, unsettled feeling all the time until finally she took up Christian Science and had been studying it for one year.

Providence brought me to this soul just in time. I told her of my own experience with Christian Science. She wanted me to come back the next afternoon, but on account of the work I was doing I could not, but told her I would come back the next evening and since that time I have been going to her home real often.

I can assure you we have had some precious experiences with the Lord together. We just take our Bibles and sit down at the dining room table and study for several hours together. The time seems to pass so quickly.

It has been the greatest joy to work with Christ in this way. Just to be an instrument in His hands to carry light to some soul. As we water others we become watered ourselves.

She had not been feeling well physically

when we first began studying together. One night not long ago I went to her home and she met me with a shining face and said she was feeling so much better physically as well as spiritually and she praised the Lord for it.

As we study together she often clasps her hands and says, "O, it is wonderful! These things used to seem so hard to understand, but since we have been studying together God's word seems so clear and plain to me now."

She used to go to theaters and enjoy them, but now she has no desire for going any more. She went once, but her heart seemed to harden and now no one needs to tell her that it is wrong to go there as the Spirit of God has brought it home to her heart so clearly because she knows while she is there that her thoughts are not on spiritual things.

Since this sister has seen the light of the soon coming of Christ and what these things mean, she has also tried in the strength of the Lord to work for another soul that lives in the same house with her. This lady asked her if she thought I would mind if she came to the studies, and she said she was sure I would not care. Now she is coming to the studies so we have a little gathering of three in the evening. She has got a new glimpse of the Saviour and His love and grasps His promises with faith and assurance.

One afternoon I had to come back early and left the rest of the workers in the field. When I got on the car I lifted my heart to the Lord and asked Him to give me the opportunity to speak to some soul on the car. A lady came in and sat down beside me and the Lord opened the way for me to speak and she asked me some questions about the signs of the times and when the battle of Armageddon would take place. I gave her several tracts to read and talked to her about her soul's salvation and about the Saviour who died for her. After this it seemed as though the ice was broken and the Lord impressed her to tell me of an experience that would surely be of help to any one in treading the Christian way.

This lady said that though she did not consider herself a Christian she had had experiences with the Lord that she doubted that many a professed Christian had had. She

had a very sad life. It had been blighted by an unfortunate marriage and she had been left with two little children. One night she found herself and her children in a destitute condition. She had just enough money to pay her fare into the city.

She knew that the Lord was her only refuge then. She went to the quietude of her room and earnestly sought Him to open the way. She said, "Lord, I will do anything, just open the way for me. I realize now that you are the only one that can help me. Do it now." She felt assured that the Lord would open the way. The next morning she arose with a grateful heart, confident that the Lord was going to work for her that day. She took the money she had and paid her fare into the city and the Lord wonderfully opened the way for her to get a position.

I also had an experience talking to a business man that I will relate here. At first when I went into his place of business he said he did not have time to talk to me about these things. I told him that some day he may wish he had taken time to think of the things and the times in which we are living.

He said, "You don't believe this world is coming to an end do you?"

I replied that I did not think any Christian could read the Bible and not realize how near we are to the end of time.

He said he was a minister's son and had read his Bible over and over, but never thought of the end of time. I asked him what he thought about the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew and also the twenty-first chapter of Luke, where Christ speaks so plainly of the signs of the times, "So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, *know* that it is near, even at the doors."

He said, "Well, that is pinning me down too close." He said he had never read the Bible in just that way.

He thought it was true many people were just drifting along in this life and not thinking deeply enough of spiritual things.

This verse came to me in Matthew 24:39, 44: "And *knew not* until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." "Therefore be ye also *ready*: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

"STILL PRAISING HIM"

(From an Ex-Prisoner)

"Pardon me for this letter. I know you will be surprised and glad to hear from me. I was in prison at Columbus, S. C., and I never have forgotten your good letters to me. I want you to know that God has let me live to be a free man once more. So I am still praising him for saving a poor sinner like me.

"The good letters you had written me when I was in the prison have done me so much good and the dear old LIFE BOAT. Send me one copy so I can send one to some one that is in prison.

"I am glad to say I am well and still trusting in the Lord. I ask other prisoners to have faith in God. You never can be strong and noble, nor can your conduct be worthy of intelligent beings bearing God's image, if Scripture truth is not wrought into your very soul. Jesus said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Mat. 11:28."

SOUL-WINNING IN PRISON

(From the San Quentin, Cal., Penitentiary)

"Your letter of August 23rd, came safely to hand, and while giving God thanks for the spiritual tie that binds our hearts in Christian love, I am also endeavoring to express my gratitude and appreciation to you for your kindness in remembering me, knowing full well that it is only those who are trying to serve the Lord that are the real busy ones. So do not think that your labor of love will go by unnoticed. No, it is with these little services of love that Jesus is well pleased.

"I have seen the birth of my second son in the Lord. Praise His name. Today one man stood up voluntarily in our Christian Endeavor meeting and said he had accepted Jesus Christ and that he means to live right and do the square thing. A boy whose past life I know to be full of hatred and vengeance, but thank God today he is His son.

"Many thanks for your kind offer of help, but glad I could let you off in helping me with my Bible study. Besides having many good books of my own sent to me by Chris-

tian friends, I have a Bible dictionary, two Bibles and a concordance. We have a Bible teacher connected with the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, that comes here every Saturday and teaches the class he has here and leaves lessons with us for us to study.

"May God's richest blessing rest upon you and yours, and all with whom you deal and encourage all your coworkers. While they in their freedom are serving the Lord; I in my little corner am trying to do the same."

A COTTON DISPENSARY

EVA L. BORDEN,

435 Twenty-eighth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

[We cull the following from a recent personal letter from Miss Borden, who is a graduate of Hinsdale and was formerly engaged in missionary visiting nurse's work in Chicago, but is now leading out in a similar work in Los Angeles in connection with the Glendale sanitarium.—Ed.]

At the Los Angeles camp meeting we city nurses were asked to take charge of the hospital tents for the camp. We were glad to do this and three of us went down and camped on the grounds, ready for any emergency, day or night.

Much to our surprise we were kept busy. Before we were settled our first patient arrived in the form of a small boy who had cut his wrist trying to wriggle through a barbed-wire fence. The wound was neglected and we had a good case of streptococcus infection to combat. We were glad we were there to be of service.

The next day we were called out of the Young People's meeting to attend an old lady who was found unconscious in her tent with a temperature of 106 degrees. That meant an all-night battle with the enemy. The silence was broken only by the tread of the night watchman as he made his rounds. But as we looked out at the long rows of tents standing so still and white in the moonlight, something of the beauty and peace of the night crept into our soul and we realized that we were not watching and fighting alone.

The next morning the arrival of the ambulance to take our patient to the sanitarium ended our vigil and we went back to our tent to attend to dressing various cuts, bruises, etc., so common to the lot of childhood.

A small boy who interfered with a passing automobile demanded attention with a frac-

tured clavicle. As the accident was followed by immediate conversion on the part of the youthful patient, who thought his last hour had come, we were tempted to wish some of his companions would go and do likewise. It would be good for their souls. An infant with convulsions was our next case, followed by a very sick man who required a night nurse until arrangements could be made to send him to the sanitarium.

And so it continued all the time we were there. We were busy nearly every minute and certainly enjoyed it. We have been asked to repeat the experience next year and are looking forward to doing so.

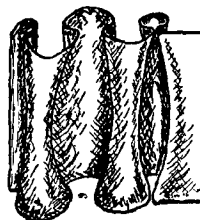
We are enjoying our city missionary work very, very much. The Lord is blessing us every day.

A WORD OF PRAISE FROM AFRICA

"I had the opportunity of being acquainted with three spiritual papers, THE LIFE BOAT and two other missionary papers. If I were asked to decide which of these would be the best, I should not hesitate for a moment, but a straightforward reply would be that THE LIFE BOAT is by far a better paper than the other two. Why? Because it responds to its name and the picture on the cover. It is a real life boat for saving, helping, strengthening, lifting up, giving light, and encouraging those who are strangers to the saving power of Christ Jesus, and those who have not the strength and courage to bring their life boat safely through all the dangers on the ocean of life."

FROM A CHILD LIFE BOAT WORKER

"I received the August number of THE LIFE BOAT. Yes, it is a very good paper this time, and all of them have been. I especially like to read the pages where the babies pictures are shown, and when I am out canvassing, I always show the baby pictures first then they are most liable to buy the paper. Please send me seven more August numbers. Hoping to get THE 'BOATS' soon as the people are sinking slow, but soon will be gone."



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor



THE HINSDALE MEDICAL MISSIONARY CONVENTION

The time during Christmas and New Years is generally one of visiting and hilarity. But this is the very time that we select each year for a most earnest and serious medical missionary convention.

Plans are already being laid for the one to be held this year. No doubt it will be the most important one of all. Special consideration will be given to the various lines of medical evangelistic work. Such as how to organize schools of health, the best ways of solving the city problem, and how to introduce the medical missionary principles into the homes of the people.

In addition there will be powerful presentations of vital truths by those whom God has especially used in this direction.

All who are interested in these various Christian activities are cordially invited to attend. Look for more detailed information next month.

PRAYERS DOING BUSINESS UP IN HEAVEN

I was so fortunate as to have a godly father, who knew how to pray. Over and over again he prayed for his children. Those earnest prayers were registered in heaven, and while he has been dead for more than twenty-five years, his prayers are not dead.

The verse in the Bible that teaches this great truth is found in 1 Kings, 8:59. Solomon had prayed an *inspired* prayer at the dedication of the temple, and it is prayers that are inspired by God's Spirit that I am talking about. After this prayer, Solomon stood up and spoke these wonderful words:

"And let these my words, wherewith I have made *supplication* before the Lord, be *nigh* unto the Lord our God *day and night*, that He maintain the cause of His servant, and

the cause of His people Israel as every day shall *require*." R. V.

Solomon appreciated that his prayer would be kept near the Lord day time, when Solomon was at work, and night time, when he was asleep, and that it would be bringing results for God's people, even when they were *not* praying.

Have you registered some prayers of *that kind* up in heaven? If not, don't put it off another day, for it will be a part of your joy in the next world to meet the *result* of such Spirit-inspired petitions.

SECURE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

The subscription list of THE LIFE BOAT is rapidly growing. This is because our friends everywhere are interesting themselves in the circulation of the magazine.

Will you not show it to your friends and explain to them the wide range of its subject matter? Call attention to the fact that THE LIFE BOAT contains only original articles. That every number touches on the very things that especially interest earnest, serious and substantial people. Then study our liberal premium offers, and send in a subscription or two.

HE COULDN'T SEE IT HIMSELF

Some years ago, I had the privilege of listening to one of the world's great educators. I was shocked to find that his face was disfigured on one side by a horrible birthmark. What should be the white of his eye was blue, the entire side of his face was discolored. As I was listening to him this great truth came to me—that man couldn't see his *own* birthmark unless he looked in a mirror.

Then the thought came to me that the same is true of each one of us. We can not

see our own narrow defects. Other people see them. It is only as we look in God's great mirror that they are revealed to ourselves. Then how careful we ought to be in criticizing the moral birthmarks of others. We should appreciate that we are afflicted with some ourselves that may be even more hideous in God's sight.

WHAT TO DO IN PERPLEXITY

We have almost, if not quite, reached the time predicted by the inspired seer on the lonely isle of Patmos, "And the nations were angry," Rev. 11:18. And as a consequence there is "Upon the earth *distress of nations*, with *perplexity*." Luke 21:25. And men's hearts, especially those who are placed in responsible positions, are "Failing them for *fear*, and for looking after those things which *are coming* on the earth," 26th verse.

Try to imagine for a moment the stress and strain to which a man like President Wilson is subjected in these times. How easily a single misstep, an unguarded statement or some blunder could bring this nation to a dangerous crisis.

An editorial in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* entitled, "Dealing With God," gives an interesting sidelight on the method that the President adopts for arriving at his conclusions.

"It is frequently said of the President by all kinds of persons observing him from a distance, that when he has a problem on his hands, instead of reaching his conclusion, as some men do, by prolonged discussion with various minds, he retires to solitude and *settles it with God*."

Isn't that a good suggestion for some of the rest of us who have to meet perplexing problems? You know God makes the promise, "If any of you *lack wisdom*, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally . . . and it *shall be given him*," James 1:5. The answer may not come so labeled that you can easily recognize it. But the Lord will let something happen that would not have happened if you had not prayed.

This kind of prayer is not mere spiritual gymnastics. It is like touching an electric button. Something happens. God has Himself made this arrangement and He stands by

it. "But let him ask *in faith*, nothing wavering," 6th verse.

HINTS FOR COMFORT

All about us are those who are carrying a heavy burden in their hearts. Outwardly they may appear cheerful and contented, but it is only a thin veneer, skin deep. Just beneath the surface they are perishing for comfort and don't know *where* to find it, because they don't look in the right place for it. There is healing medicine in the Bible for those who need comfort, but they don't seek it there. It is looked upon with contempt in our halls of learning. People are now considered old fashioned who pin their faith in it implicitly. Family prayers have disappeared in most homes. The popular magazines and the daily newspapers have nearly replaced the Bible.

These things are all right in their place, but they can no more impart comfort to a bruised heart than a suit of clothes can take the place of a good dinner. Paul expressly states that "Whatsoever things were written *aforetime*, were written for our learning, that we through *patience* and *comfort* of the scriptures might have *hope*." Romans, 15:4. Remember the only scripture Paul had in his hands was the Old Testament.

Study the characters brought to light in its pages. Learn to flee to the *same* stronghold that they clung to, when they were in the light. Seek to avoid the experiences that brought them into the dark, and then you will be reading the Bible to some purpose.

ARE YOU NEAR KIN TO SHIMEI?

When you are in deep trouble, you will soon discover who your friends are. A dark hour came to King David as sooner or later comes to all of us. He was forced to leave Jerusalem with a band of faithful men, who remained loyal to him for Absalom, his own son had organized a general uprising against him. "And as David and his men went by the way, Shimei went along on the hill's side over against him, and *cursed* as he went, and threw *stones* at him, and cast *dust*." 2 Sam. 16:13.

David sorely needed tender sympathy and

help in that trying hour. Shimei didn't have any of *that* in stock, but it doesn't require much talent to throw dust. A man with very ordinary ability can do that successfully. One of David's valiant men asked to have an opportunity to go over and chop off Shimei's head. Then and there David showed the real greatness of his nature and taught us a lesson how to act under similar circumstances. He said, "Let him curse It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will *requite me good* for his cursing this day." 2 Sam. 16:12.

Just as certainly as you are a child of God, from time to time, you will meet Shimei. So you may as well settle in advance how you are going to act. You know when a man comes behind us and throws stones at us and casts dust all over us, human nature is likely to rise up within us. Then let us remember that the same God who shut up the lions' mouths so they could not eat up Daniel, can shut a man's mouth so he can't talk about us unless it is for our best good to be talked about.

I meet people who say, "I can't *stand* this throwing dust about me. I am going to set myself *right*." I don't argue with such people. I simply read them how David dealt with Shimei, and ask them whether they belong to Shimei's church or to David's church. If David had undertaken to throw dust back at Shimei he would have brought himself down to his level. David knew that the Lord had not inspired Shimei to curse, but he also knew that Shimei could not curse unless the Lord permitted it.

If we just let the Lord deal with Shimei as David did instead of doing it ourselves, it will be all the better, both for us and for the Lord's work. For while you are straightening up one wretched, miserable lie, the Devil will probably have nine more sprouting. So you never can catch up, but if you will leave it to the Lord, He will by and by bring something out in your life that will show to everyone that it was a falsehood, and He will deal with liars too. And He will know how to deal with them right, which is more than we know how to do with our poor human judgment.

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 when it came, I took it up to the boy's room—not to lay on a shelf for him to look at, but to inject into his blood.

We have *all* 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 that 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 "Geshem 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 expressions "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.

TAKES PLEASURE IN READING IT

(From the Southern Illinois Prison)

"Your most kind and welcome letter received, I admire your good advice and thank you very much for THE LIFE BOAT. It is a good paper which I take pleasure in reading. I think with the Lord's help I may be able to lead an honest upright life when I leave here. My case will be called this month about the sixteenth, at which time I hope to get a parole."

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE

We are constantly receiving letters like the following:

"As I have decided to give my time to the Lord's work, I thought it might be a good plan to start with THE LIFE BOAT. I think I could handle 100 this month, and I will try to do more as fast as possible.

"Please write me and let me know your best offer on 100-lot orders."

Another lady writes:

"A short time ago, while in Chicago, I picked up one of your magazines, and I am writing to ask you about the agency of your paper. I am interested in your magazine, and would like to cooperate with you."

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Mr. W. D. Bowen, member of the Chicago Business Men's quartet who sang at the dedication of The Life Boat Rescue Home, July 25, 1909, and an active worker in the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, spent a few days at the Hinsdale sanitarium recently.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Butler of Holly, Mich., were among the visitors this month.

Mr. C. L. Rogers of Marshall, Mich., Miss Flora Champagne of Edmonton, Canada, and Maud Spears of McBain, Mich., have recently connected with the Hinsdale work.

Prof. J. G. Lamson and wife of Cedar Lake, Mich., were welcome guests at Hinsdale during the month.

Mrs. Lida F. Scott of Mountclair, N. J., and Miss Marguerite Coffin of Manchester, N. H., returned for a brief stay, while enroute to Nashville, Tenn., to attend the con-

vention of self-supporting workers. Dr. and Mrs. Paulson and Mrs. Herman Walen also attended the convention at Nashville.

Hon. B. L. French ex-congressman from Idaho, has recently been a patient at the sanitarium. He gave a live, inspiring address in the parlor one evening on "Odds and Ends of Life in Congress," which was much appreciated by the sanitarium family.

Mr. J. T. Wallace of St. Louis, who has been a patient in the sanitarium for more than a year, has just returned from a three months' stay at a summer resort near Lake Michigan.

Mrs. A. S. Steele, founder of the Steele Orphans Home, Chattanooga, Tenn., visited Hinsdale recently.

Mr. Irving Keck and wife of Bowling Green, Fla., were also among the visitors.

Dr. Elizabeth Jamieson of St. Louis, was a recent caller.

Mr. Louis Alberts, one of the Hinsdale workers who has been visiting at his home in Oshkosh, Wis., has returned.

Mrs. Arthur Capper, wife of Gov. Capper of Kansas, was a recent guest at the sanitarium. She was accompanied by Mrs. S. J. Crawford, who remained as a patient.

Edith H. Gregg a missionary from Melbourne, Australia, called at Hinsdale recently, while enroute to Washington, D. C.

Prof. Roy Luchenbill of Jarosa, Colo., called recently.

A large number of the Hinsdale workers were able to attend in rotation the recent camp meeting held at Joliet, Ill.

Dr. Ora Barber of the sanitarium staff, who has been spending the summer at her sister's home in California, has now returned.

Mr. Birdwell from Texas and Miss Mabel Anderson from Minnesota, have recently joined the medical evangelistic class, and Miss Youngs and Miss Leatherman also of Minnesota, have joined the family of workers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Walter, who have been connected with the institution during the past year, have returned to their former home in Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

The new addition to the sanitarium ladies' treatment rooms is about complete, and will soon be ready for occupancy.

Mrs. E. C. Jarvis of Wheaton, Ill., a for-

mer patient of the sanitarium, has now returned.

Miss Florence Fonda of Beloit, Wis., has recently connected with the Hinsdale family of workers.

Dr. David Paulson spent a few days at the camp meeting in Indianapolis, during the month.

Hinsdale enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Caroline F. Grow, a prominent worker in Anti-cigarette lines in Chicago.

Miss Zada Hibben, who had charge of our city medical missionary work last year, has accepted a call to do a similar work in Newark, N. J., for one year.

Some twenty-five students are already enrolled in the sanitarium preparatory school. Miss Fyrnn Ford a graduate of the Emmanuel Missionary College is in charge.

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

WANTED

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

SPECIAL NOTICE

Agents, your opportunity has come—the grandest state song ever written—the “Glory Song of California”—famous already all over United States. Only been out four months and the second large edition is now partly gone. Sample copy post-paid 25 cts. Write at once for agents' prices.

Waterbury Specialty Co., Pomona, Cal.

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The Life Boat

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

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Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

EXPIRATIONS

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

MISTAKES

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

PREMIUMS

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING

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

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

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

LIFE BOAT MAGAZINE AGENCIES IN CHICAGO

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

D. K. Abrams, wholesale nut store, 3529 Cottage Grove Avenue. Phone Douglas 6743.
Illinois Tract Society, 3645 Ogden Avenue. Phone, Lawndale 7022.

A NEW HEALTH GARMENT

The Patricia garment comes as a boon to many women whose conscience will not permit them to wear the ordinary stiff conventional corset or girdle, who desire to give nature every possible advantage in dressing as well as in other habits of life and yet who wish to appear neat and attractive in their dress.

This undergarment combines in one piece four garments usually worn at the same time, namely: Drawers, skirt, bust supporter or corset and skirt supporter. This garment comfortably and perfectly sustains the heaviest bust from the shoulders, relieving the individual of the discomfort of its weight, hence is a perfect substitute for the corset and a great improvement in other respects, as it permits natural circulation, perfect respiration and freedom for every muscle, with no bands or strings and countless buttons and button holes. There is no opportunity for girding the soft parts of the body, as it follows the natural curves, preserving the contour of the figure.

We are now able to furnish the Patricia health garment in stock sizes as follows: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust measures at \$3.50, \$4 and \$5 per garment. These garments are made from the very best of materials and carefully shrunken before making. The difference in price depends on the trimming; the \$3.50 garment is trimmed with a neat scalloped edge, which will launder well. The more expensive garments are more elaborately trimmed. Special rates in quantities of three or more. Write for further particulars. **The Patricia Garment Co., Hinsdale, Ill.**

TESTIMONIAL.

I have worn this garment now for three years and find it eminently satisfactory. I consider it superior in many respects to any other garment of its kind which I have worn and can heartily recommend it to other women.

MRS. C. L. CLOUGH.

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 anymore 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.

The dose is from one teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls after each meal as may be required.

PRICES		
1 Pint.....	\$.35	Shipping weight 2 lbs.
1 Quart.....	.60	" " 4 lbs.
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1 Gallon.....	1.75	" " 10 lbs.

It is put up in tin cans so that it can be sent by parcel post. These rates do not include transportation charges.

Address, **The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.**

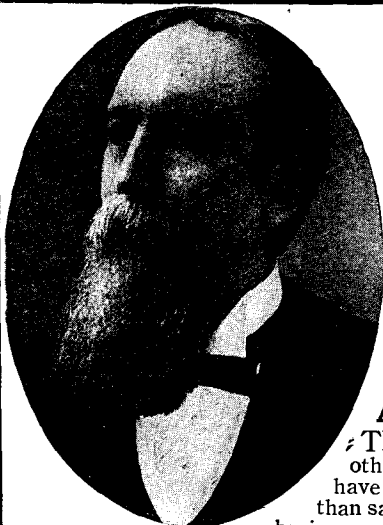
Do You Want Natural Rice?

ELEVEN-TWELFTHS of all the mineral that God put into rice is scoured off to produce the polished rice that is ordinarily eaten. What is more important, the "vitamines," the lack of which when people are fed on rice exclusively produces beri-beri, scurvy and perhaps pellagra, are also contained in the covering of the rice.

We found it difficult to purchase the natural brown rice even in the Chicago markets, hence we know that it is practically impossible for the majority of our readers to secure it. So we have decided to buy direct from the Southern growers the natural brown rice which has neither been scoured nor milled to remove its bran. It is put up in neat pound packages. Price ten cents a package. Transportation additional.

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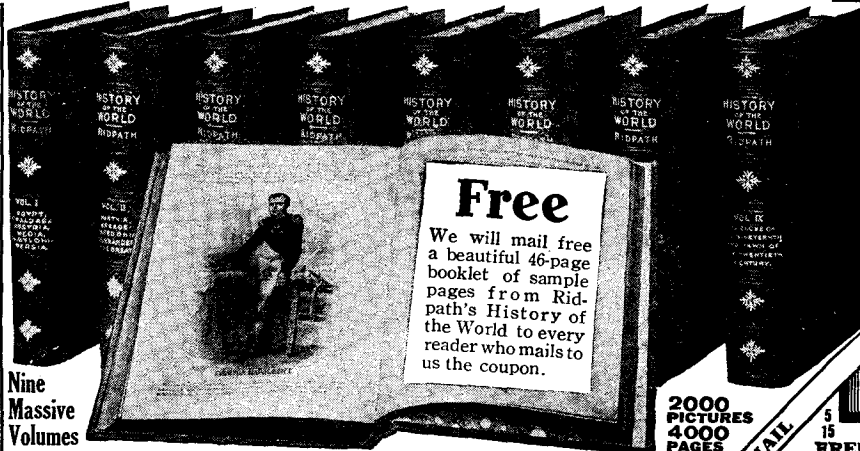
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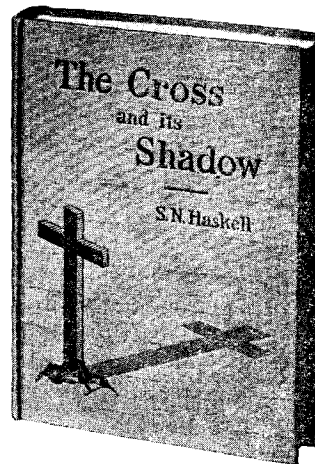
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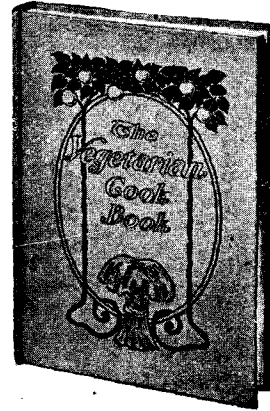
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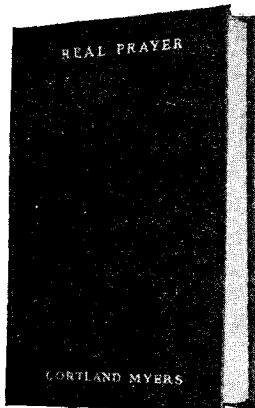
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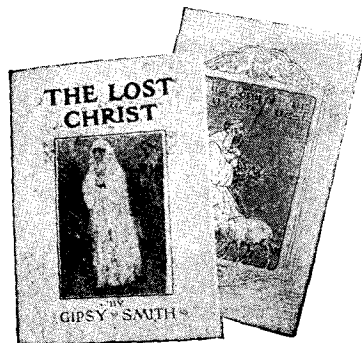
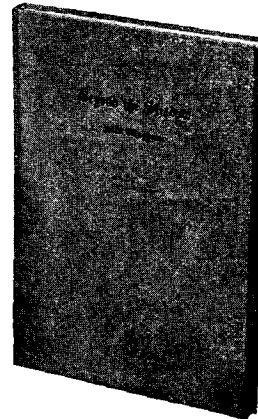


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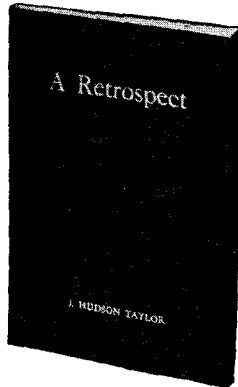
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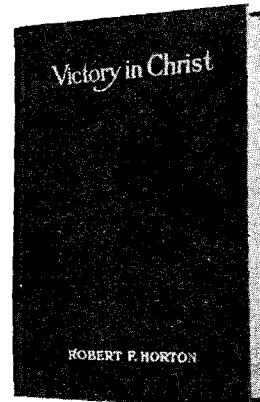
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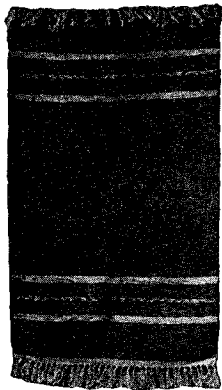


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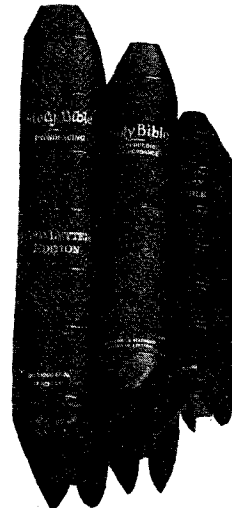
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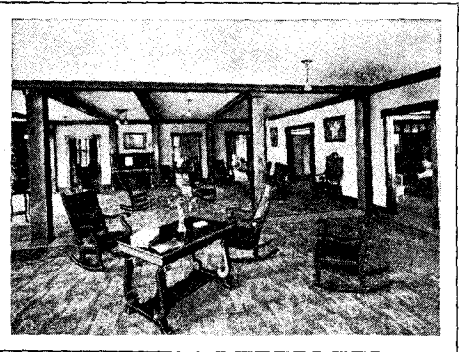
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