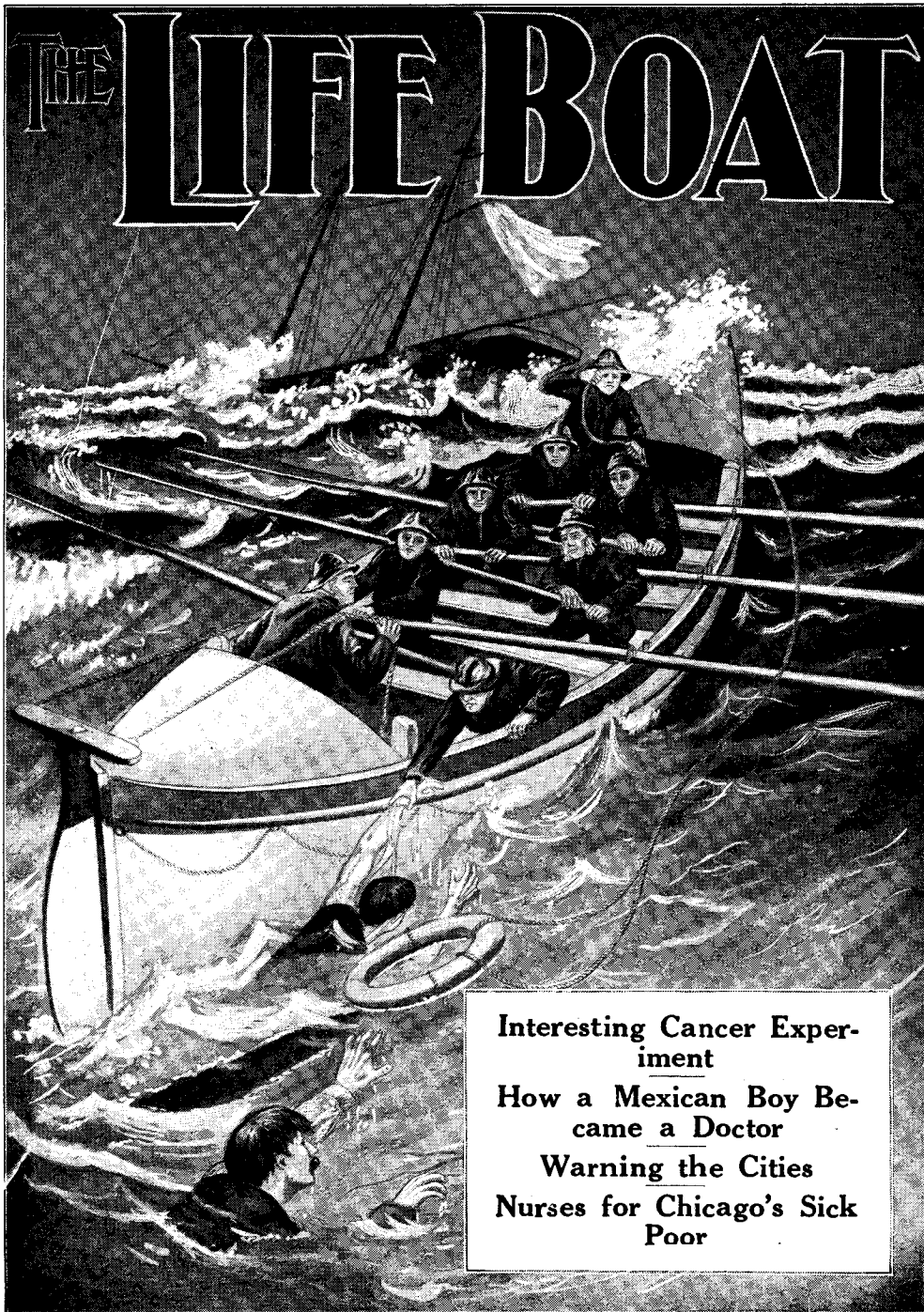


## The Problem of Our Large Cities

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Volume Thirteen  
Number Six

Chinsdale, Ill.

June, 1910

Is the World Any Better Because You Live in It?

## Are You Interested in Gold, Silver, Ivory, Apes and Peacocks?

A considerable portion of Chicago contains as many as seven hundred and fifty people to the acre, and where the population is the most concentrated the churches are moving out. There are vacated churches in the heart of all our large cities that are now being used for livery stables, store rooms, or even saloons and gambling dens.

Giving the gospel to our large cities is a tremendous problem. The ten spies among the children of Israel became discouraged after they had visited the promised land, saying the cities were great and walled up to heaven. The city missionary is often tempted to sympathize with the ten spies. He needs the spirit of Caleb and Joshua who said they were *abundantly able* to go up and take the land. He must have absolute faith in Zech. 4:6, "Not by might, nor by power, but *by My Spirit*, saith the Lord."

I am interested in Jonah, for he was a city missionary. But when the Lord told him to go to Nineveh to give the gospel he started off in the opposite direction toward Tarshish. It was not because he was afraid of Nineveh. A man who could say to the sailors, "Cast me forth into the sea," had plenty of nerve, Jonah 1:12. But there was something over in Tarshish that looked more attractive to him than the prospect of saving lost souls in Nineveh, and that was "gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." 2 Chron. 9:21.

Chicago needs today some wholehearted young women who will come and prepare themselves to be nurses in the homes of the sick poor, healing their bodies and at the same time bringing the gospel of peace to their souls. Will you volunteer? Such a work holds out no inducements in the way of gold, and silver, ivory, apes or peacocks. Do these look more attractive to you than an opportunity to be medical missionaries in darkest Chicago? If so, go and read the story of Jonah, for *you* belong to his tribe. But even then remember that when Jonah finally repented the Lord was willing to give him another trial and made a great city missionary out of him.

If you have permitted the prospects of "gold, silver, ivory, apes or peacocks" to stand in your way of becoming a genuine city missionary, ask God to forgive you and cleanse you from that kind of an ambition, and then He will yet accept you as a worker for souls.

Write to us for information concerning a special six months' medical missionary preparation for work in needy Chicago.



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

*Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the Postoffice at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.*

**Volume XIII**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: JUNE, 1910**

**Number 6**

## **An Interesting Cancer Experiment**

**David Paulson, M. D.**

**I**T is estimated that cancer is now responsible for one out of every eight deaths that occur in women after the age of thirty-five years, yet up to the present time the efforts of our greatest physicians to stay its progress have been just as useless as the simple remedies administered by well-meaning but ignorant neighbors.

But during the last few months light has begun to burst in. A New York woman was afflicted with cancer. The growth was removed by a surgeon, but it returned in various other parts of the body, including the liver. Then she began to be dropsical and her abdomen filled with fluid. It was then observed that the cancerous growths began to disappear. Her physicians assumed that this dropsical fluid contained an antitoxin made by her own body which was curing her cancer. The dropsy continued to increase until it was necessary to withdraw the fluid, and this process has had to be repeated every few weeks.

Her doctor, who was one of New York's most eminent physicians, was bright enough to conceive the idea that if there was something in this fluid that was able to cure the

woman herself of cancer, it might also cure others; so after trying it first on mice who had cancer and finding that it promptly cured them, he began to inject it into the cancerous tumors of other patients, until forty-seven different patients had been treated with it. The result has been most surprising. In some cases the cancers have disappeared entirely; most of the others have been remarkably benefited.

Among the various accounts of this remarkable experiment is an article in the May *McClure's* by Berton J. Hendrick. After describing some of these things in detail he writes concerning this doctor:

"At present the amount of his curative serum is limited—its continued supply depends upon a single human life, now in the advanced stages of a mortal disease. When this fluid, which for cancerous patients seems a veritable elixir of life, is exhausted, where will it be possible to obtain more? \* \* \* In many ways, his present position is an extremely difficult and pathetic one. He has in his possession tremendous power to dissolve cancer tissue. Whether, after the present supply is exhausted, he will ever be able to

get any more he does not positively know.

"Naturally he is overwhelmed with requests from every side for even small quantities of this precious medicament. His daily mail is large and heart-rending. It seems as if every victim sick with the disease, every man and woman with stricken friends or relatives, every doctor with afflicted patients,—all are begging, imploring Dr. Hodenpyl for his fluid. If he acceded to even a small proportion of these requests he would soon exhaust the supply. Of course he has to ignore them all."

It is this last feature that especially impressed me. Here is a terrible disease and it seems almost certain that the dropsical fluid of this one woman, herself on the verge of the grave, contains enough of a curative principle to go around to forty-seven patients. Others who are equally afflicted are clamoring, but have to be refused.

That reminded me of that terrible affliction that broke out among the children of Israel,—not cancer, but the sting of those horrible fiery serpents; and when Moses prayed for the people the Lord told him to make a serpent of brass and set it upon a pole. "And it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he (*any one*, not merely forty-seven sufferers) beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." Num. 21:9.

Fortunately only a few of those who shall read this article are afflicted with cancer. But *every one* of us have at some time or other been bitten by "that old serpent, which is the devil," Rev. 20:2. And that infection of sin planted in our systems is a more real and a

more terrible, and, from any human standpoint, a more *incurable* disease than cancer.

We may even be so benumbed by its toxins that we actually do not appreciate what a terrible thing it is, but in that case we are in even greater need of treatment than those patients who appreciate their great need of it; and fortunately this treatment is not limited to forty-seven sufferers and there is no danger of the source of supply being cut off as long as there are any who will avail themselves of it. For, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." John 3:14, 15.

The Word of God today accepted into the soul in humility and with prayer is the "sure cure" antitoxin for a more horrible disease than cancer,—that is, sin. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." John 6:63. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart (not upon the shelf,) that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:11.

Are you satisfied with a mere form of the truth or are you hungering and thirsting to have this antitoxin in your very soul? If you come like a hungry child, beseeching God to be fed at His table, He will satisfy your desire, sin will be killed at its very roots, and you will be cured, everlastingly cured of sin and its bewitching snares.

(Just as we go to press word comes that Dr. Hodenpyl, worn down by the additional burdens that caring for these cancer cases has placed upon him, contracted pneumonia, which in a few days caused his death. This is a sad and pathetic ending of a great man, who seemed almost on the threshold of a real remedy for a terrible disease.—Ed.)

### DO YOU NEED THE SAME FOR YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD?

(As we meet men and women in the workshop, in the office, on the farm or on the street, they will receive a moral uplift by merely coming in contact with us if we are in contact with heaven. In view of this, we have been profoundly impressed by the following words written by Dr. Livingstone, who was the great African missionary explorer.—Ed.)

I think nothing has struck my mind so forcibly in this country as the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influence in the work of conversion. At home I felt it; but here no sooner do we become intimately acquainted with

the character of the people than the mind is overwhelmingly convinced that without divine aid nothing can be done with them. This makes me entreat the earnest prayers of all my friends. I entreat yours. I feel that I might live all my life here and do nothing to advance that period when the Redeemer shall see the travail of His soul and be satisfied. I implore your prayers that I may be made wise to win souls.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

(From a letter dated 1843, first published in 1910.)

## How a Little Mexican Boy Became a Missionary Doctor

(The following experience was told us by a young man who graduates from the American Medical Missionary College this month. He is one of the brightest students that ever entered the school. We publish his story with the hope that it may inspire others to surmount, through prayers and faith in God, the greatest of obstacles in order to secure a training for a life of usefulness. What the little Mexican boy did any young man can do.—Ed.)

WHEN I was but two years old, down in Mexico, my father became Protestant. Our people, when once they accept the Protestant faith, are thorough believers in prayer, so my mother believed in prayer and taught her children to pray.

My father and mother were real poor people, and once or twice we were without any money at all. It was their custom, on Sundays, to get a little fruit for us children. Two or three times my mother had simply called us children together and said, "Children, you want some fruit; let us pray for it." We knelt down and prayed for it, and twice I remember we found money afterwards. Although we children could not understand it, yet the experience impressed upon us the importance of prayer. One time I found a dime which was dropped by an old drunkard. I took the dime to him, and he said, "Oh, keep it yourself."

When I was about nine years old, one night a traveling missionary or evangelist was to speak. He was selling temperance tracts. He wanted the people to select one of their boys to help him sell these tracts in the city, and it fell to my good fortune to be chosen. The fact that these people were Americans put into my childish heart the thought that since I was connected with an American I could pull strings so as to get to America. That night I prayed; then I told my father I was going to America. Of course he opened his eyes wide and laughed at me. He said, "How do you know you are going to America? What makes you think that? I have no money to send you."

I told him I prayed for it. He did not like to break my faith in prayer, but he said it was impossible, I could not go to America.

The next day I went out and sold tracts. I went to see the missionary. His wife was at home and she received me just as a mother would receive her child. She was nice to me.

Then I went out another day and sold tracts. After the second day she offered me five cents, Mexican money, as a reward for the work I had done. Of course I wanted the money, but I thought this was a good chance to spring my wish on them, so I said to her:

"Instead of you giving me this nickel I would prefer to go to America." She laughed and took me in her arms, and said, "Child, this money would not take you one mile, much less go to America." Of course I knew this was coming, but I told her I wanted to go to America.

She said, "What for?"

"So I can be a missionary like you are."

She said, "I wish we could take you to America, but I don't know what we could do for you."

She did not make me think I could go, and still she did not discourage me. She simply said she did not see how I could go.

I went home, but did not tell my father what had happened, as I thought he would laugh at me.

About a week after these missionaries had left the town they came back again and sent a notice to my father and mother that they wanted to see them on a certain date with their children. My parents went and talked the matter over with them. After my first prayer I continued to have a feeling within me that I was going to America anyway. I felt I would go.

After several weeks these missionaries came back again and asked my father to see them. He went and talked over certain matters with them, but would not let us children be with them. Then my father said there might possibly be a chance of my going to America yet. My father finally got a letter that we, my sister and I, could go and my mother was to take us to a place where we were to meet the missionary and his wife; and they brought

us up here to America. That was about eleven or twelve years ago.

The results of my praying are these. I went to the Haskell Home for children in Battle Creek, Mich., and remained there for five years, during which time I finished my common school work. I then spent nearly two years at Dr. Kellogg's house and during that time I had private teachers; then, after some work in the preparatory school, I entered the medical course, from which I graduate this year.

As long as I keep before my mind this idea of missionary work, I feel that I can be a success; but as soon as I encourage the least tendency toward worldly ambition, I feel that the future I have before me is insurmountable. I have made up my mind that if a man does the thing God wants him to do he is going to be a success. After God had chosen me to be a missionary, if I had chosen to be anything else, I am certain I would have been a failure. In my own mind I attribute failures to getting out of the divine order.

My future program is to educate my people in Mexico, do all I can to get them out of the ignorance in which they are at present. My people are fully as capable as I am. I am simply one out of a mass, and it just happened that I had an opportunity for success, and I feel it my duty to give to all of them that same chance.

I am going to work in Dr. Salmon's hospital in Mexico for about two years; then I shall study and make myself a specialist in some particular line in medicine. After that I intend to establish a dispensary which in time I hope will become a sanitarium, and along with that I want to adopt a good system of educating my people. I want to help my people to better themselves. I have never cared to drop the idea of helping my people. I have had visions of enhancing myself, but when I did not connect them with my missionary work, I would feel rather weak. I have come to believe that whatever God tells me I want to do, then I know I shall be right.

## A Sad Day in Our Home

Mrs. Hannah L. Swanson, Matron Rescue Home,  
HINSDALE, ILL.

I HAVE been informed that another LIFE BOAT is going to press, so I snatch the time to write an article. Since our last month's letter we have had our first funeral in the home. Little Bernice, fifteen months old, died of broncho-pneumonia after an illness of only a few hours. The funeral service was held in the large parlor in the home, in one corner of which we placed the little white casket, draped with flowers, while relatives and sympathizing friends nearly filled the room.

Pastor Burdick from Chicago came out for the occasion and spoke words of comfort and encouragement, and exhorted the mother to be faithful and she would meet her darling again when Jesus comes. Oh, the blessed hope of the first resurrection! The mother, who has learned to trust in Jesus through all her trying experiences, bore up bravely in this hour of sorrow. The other girls in the home sympathized with the one who was afflicted

and tried to make her burdens lighter. I believe that this experience of one of our girls having to lay away her little one has made its impression on the minds of the others and made them more tender.

A quartette sang, at the mother's request, her favorite hymn:

"Does Jesus care when my heart is pained  
Too deeply for mirth or song;  
As the burdens press, and the cares distress,  
And the way grows weary and long?

"Does Jesus care when I've said 'good-bye'  
To the dearest on earth to me,  
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—  
Is this aught to Him? Does He see?"

I have been alone in the home for the past month with no one to help me but the girls, (Mrs. Wade, our housekeeper, being in the city superintending the work there in the new Life Boat Home), but the girls have been

faithful, taking a deep interest in the work and in each other.

I must tell you about two girls I met Sunday morning in a cell in the Harrison street police station. One said she left her home in Canada about eight years ago; she said her father was a minister, but that was the first religious service she had attended since leaving home, and she said, with sobs, "To think I am in a cell!"

When we gave the invitation, in closing our service, for all who desired to be remembered in our prayer to raise their hands, she threw up both hands, and as we knelt outside the bars she knelt inside. Afterwards she told me her story. She said she wanted to lead a better life.

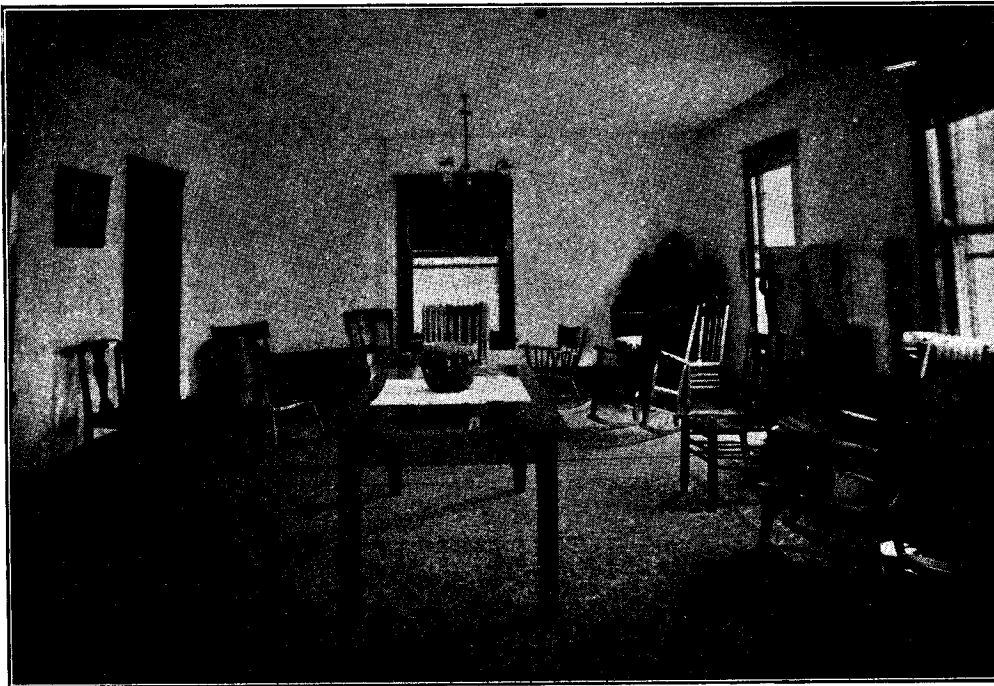
I asked her if she would not write to her father. She drew back with a horrified look, and said, "Oh, he thinks I am dead. I had some one write him that I was dead." I said, "But you must write him if you want God to help you give up this old life; you must make everything right that you possibly can."

She said, "Oh, I know it; I was once a Christian; you can't serve two masters."

The other young woman said she left her home in Cincinnati about one year ago, and now her mother would have nothing to do with her. We three knelt down, they behind the bars and I on the outside, holding the hand of each. I earnestly prayed God to help them. They, in turn, prayed the publican's prayer, and I can not help but think there was joy in heaven over those prayers that morning.

I gave them the address of our new Home at 528 East Thirty-third Place in the city; one of them seemed especially anxious to go where she could have help to lead a better life, and said she hoped to see me again. Thus, we sow the seed beside all waters.

I have just received an estimate on the roofing and screening of our second floor porch upstairs, so that our babies can sleep out there day and night through the summer months. It will cost just one hundred and two dollars to put a roof over the entire



The Large Sunny Parlor in the Home.



The Life Boat Rescue Home for Girls in Hinsdale, Ill.





This baby has been adopted into a good Christian home, where he gets just as much love and attention as though he were born there.

porch, cover it with tar, screen in the sides all around and provide awnings to protect from rain. Please help us to make it possible to have this done right away before the flies come.

We also need money to pay our regular running expenses. We have no endowment and no regular income to meet our expenses; we are dependent on the Lord to stir up our friends to help us, and he has never forsaken us yet and we believe He is not going to in the future.

Every movement must from time to time fertilize itself or it will gradually run out and ultimately perish.

### FROM ONE OF THE GIRLS.

The other evening our matron was not at home to lead worship, so the dear little lady that stays with us led it. She read a chapter from "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and it made clear a good many things that I could not see before. One thing that makes me feel very happy is to see how all the girls work in the interest of one another here in the home, the strongest ones trying as best they can to lift the burdens of the weaker.

Just the other evening I happened in the sewing room and saw two of the girls studying the Bible; and a great many other times, even though no one sees, there is some one girl helping another with a kind word or deed, and I realize how happy it must make Mrs. Swanson feel.

We are all hearty eaters here, our grocery bill being \$99.66 this month, our milk bill \$29.34. So if you have any money laid aside for some missionary purpose, send it and we can make good use of it; or if you have a cow or two to donate, that would help us. A short time ago we had nine babies on the bottle, and you all must know what that means.

I want to shine in my little corner and do what little I can to forward the Lord's work, and in the interest of the home, as I feel that I can never repay all that has been done for me while here. I want to be an overcomer, and be found faithful when Jesus comes.

### TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

We shall be glad to correspond with any young woman who is in need of a friend. If you are discouraged do not give up for we will help you to get a new start in life. Write to us. Address Dr. Mary W. Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

### LONESOME WITHOUT IT.

From an inmate of the Indiana State Penitentiary:

"I saw a LIFE BOAT that was left in the cell when I came here. I think it is the best little paper I have ever read. It has been the means of drawing me near to God.

"I thank God I know I am saved, and God through Jesus Christ has done it.

## Warning the Cities

THE spiritual darkness that covers the whole earth today is intensified in the crowded centers of population. It is in the cities of the nation that the gospel worker finds the greatest impenitence and the greatest need.

In these same wicked cities there are presented to soul winners some of the greatest opportunities. Mingled with the multitudes who have no thought of God and heaven, are many who long for light and for purity of heart. Even among the careless and indifferent there are not a few whose attention may be arrested by a revelation of God's love for the human soul.

The spirit of the Lord is still urging men to undertake this work with new courage and zeal, and never cease the effort until a thorough work is done.

As those who have talent to labor in the cities, enter upon this work, even at considerable personal sacrifice, the blessing of heaven will rest upon them. The cities everywhere are calling for earnest, whole-hearted labor from the servants of God.

The work in the cities is now to be regarded as of special importance. Let workers be carefully selected, to labor two and two in the cities, in harmony with the counsel of experienced leaders, and under the direction and commission of Jesus Christ.

Let not ill-advised lips utter words of discouragement, but let every one in responsibility unite in planning for the accomplishment of this work, knowing that He who has led His servants hitherto will not fail them in this time of special need. Angels of God will go before the workers, and will be their sufficiency.

The believers in every church should be aroused to take hold of this work. Let ministers, physicians, and all who know the truth, go about the Lord's work in a sensible way, with Bible in hand, and with heart open to receive divine instruction.

The ordained ministers alone are not equal to the task. God is calling not only upon ministers, but also upon physicians, nurses, canvassers, Bible workers, and other consecrated laymen of varied talent who have a

knowledge of the present truth, to consider the needs of the unwarned cities.

There should be one hundred believers actively engaged in personal missionary work, where now there is but one. Time is rapidly passing. There is much work to be done before satanic opposition shall close up the way. Every agency must be set in operation, that present opportunities may be wisely improved.

There are great blessings in store for those who fully surrender to the call of God. As such workers undertake to win souls to Jesus, they will find that many who never could be reached in any other way, will respond to intelligent, personal effort.

Some have been fearful of undertaking work in the cities, because this would mean hard and continuous labor and the investment of considerable means.

The Lord can not accept as workers those who, knowing the truth, can go on day by day, carrying no real burden for those who know it not. Many are in need of a new conversion.

When truth really finds entrance to the heart, it works with convincing power. Truth is a divine sentiment, a living element that can not help revealing itself in the life of the receiver; it will work with convincing power in the soul of every one who gives himself unreservedly to God to be used as a messenger for the saving of the lost.

The labors of the apostles in the early Christian church were characterized by wonderful manifestations of the power of God in the lives of the believers. Through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, multitudes were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. The needs of the world today are no less than they were in the days of the apostles.

Those who labor for souls in these times of impenitence and unbelief must yield themselves wholly to God, and work in unison with heavenly intelligences. The power of the Holy Spirit will accompany the labors of those who dedicate their energies and their all unreservedly to the completion of the work that must be done in the last days. Angels from

heaven will co-operate with them, and many will be brought to a knowledge of the truth, and will gladly cast their lot with God's commandment-keeping people. Means will flow into the treasury; strong laborers will be

raised up; the unwarned fields of the great regions beyond will be entered, and the work will soon close in triumph.

—E. G. W. in *Review and Herald*, April 7, 1910.

## Special Nurses for Chicago's Sick Poor

David Paulson, M. D.

THE proportion of the poor in our large cities is constantly increasing and the sick among them are becoming more numerous. The average doctor responds to calls from the rich and poor alike, but the ordinary nurses' bureau or exchange only sends out nurses at rates that are beyond the reach of ninety per cent of the sick poor in our large cities.

I have felt for years that if a group of consecrated young women were given a thorough-going six months' nurses' training they would be welcomed into the homes of the sick poor who could afford to pay them five to twelve dollars a week. At the same time they would have ten times better opportunities to bring the gospel to the sick one and to win the family to Christ than they could have if they were merely Bible workers.

In Albany, N. Y., a prominent physician, recognizing that the charges of the average graduate nurse are entirely beyond the reach of the poor, organized several years ago a training course for what he calls "Domestic Nurses." It is six months in length. He has secured the endorsement of the governor of New York and leading citizens, as well as that of the medical society of the state of New York. He has graduated in the last four years one hundred and fifty nurses of this class of nurses. He has had wonderful success. What he is doing for Albany we believe the Lord will help us to do for Chicago, and our domestic nurses may go out with the additional equipment of being genuine missionaries of the cross.

The up-to-date physician now respects and recognizes the value of *spiritual influences* at the bedside. Ten years ago some doctors sneered at the Christian nurse who sought for a chance to pray with her patients. To-

day many of those same doctors will stand up in the medical society meeting and advocate it as a *curative agent*. Psychotherapy is a word to conjure by among the doctors to-day.

So it is actually true that such a type of domestic missionary nurses, who would be prepared not only to treat the maladies of the body, but also to bless the souls of the sick patients, would today be considered a valuable asset by leading physicians. It is all in the providence of God, for it paves the way for the medical missionary.

These missionary nurses will have a distinctive uniform from the ordinary nurse. After this training school becomes thoroughly established we will notify doctors in the city of Chicago, the pastors, the women's clubs and the police force that we are able to supply this special type of nurses to those who are unable to pay regular nurses' rates, at such prices as they can reasonably afford, and that furthermore they will be willing to administer to those who are in abject poverty absolutely free for Christ's sake.

Some one said to me the other day, "Where will you find such consecrated young women to train for this work?" I am bound to say that I know of but precious few young women who possess the genuine consecration that is needed to resist the commercial allurements that lie before the nurse, and to dedicate her life so unreservedly to the saving of human souls so that God may go before her and *prepare* hearts for her, and have His holy angels attend her.

But I firmly believe there are such women, and if God is leading us to do this work He will just as certainly send us genuine missionary workers. I believe in my very soul that no other kind will ever accomplish what God

wants done in our large cities. The forces of evil are too firmly entrenched to be dislodged by half-hearted instruments.

I believe that as we move out in this work, although the project may look as formidable as taking the land of Canaan did to the spies, yet if we have implicit trust in God's power to remove obstacles we shall see the Red Sea open and the same merciful Providence at work that has gone out so clearly before in this effort, as He has in the establishment of our institutions here in Hinsdale.

### COME WITH US AND VISIT THE LIFE BOAT HOME FOR WOMEN.

MARY D. HALL.

362 East 59th street, Chicago.

You wish to know more about the Life Boat Home for Women. Well, we believe we are going to have a very nice one. First, the grounds are so large and will be made attractive. Next the building—light and air every place. There is now, even in the midst of all the cleaning, papering and painting, a good, happy, wholesome atmosphere. Come with me,—let us go over it; four stories, you know.

The room on the left of the entrance is the office, all done in tan, having a lovely window, with a tree just close to it. It is always restful to sit by a window thus shaded and watch the sun trying to peep through the leaves at you. Across are the baths, and back of them still more baths, all of which will eventually be used as occasion needs. See, here is the electric elevator. But to save expense, we shall not use it until we become quite rich. Isn't this hall pleasant, going right through the building? Every floor is just the same,—good, broad and light, with splendid air. Come upstairs. On the left the two big rooms in front are to be used as the living rooms, all papered in a beautiful Quaker gray with the border running into the old blue.

Siegel, Cooper & Company have given us some lovely madras curtains for this room. Aren't these two small rooms opening off to the left lovely, done in a charming blue? Just across is this beautiful bedroom in the softest green, and in the back of the building

the great dining room, which will be used as an assembly hall as well. It is tasty, done in a rich dark green. We expect to do much good neighborhood work in this room.

Just to the right of that is the large kitchen, all finished in blue and white oil cloth paper.

Now the bedrooms: aren't there a lot of them? Clean paint, pretty paper, light, sunshine, pleasant views. The home is to be always attractive and up to date. It looks as though everything had been arranged for us to go to work. No better building can be found in Chicago for this purpose. It was built for helpful work, and we pray God we may be led to do the work as He wishes it done. We shall be in full running order soon, and will then have a good woman in attendance at the Municipal courts to take charge of any of our sisters in trouble who may need and desire our care.

The club women have shown great interest in the home and have voted to help maintain it. Other women are interesting themselves in forming sewing societies, each paying a small amount for the privilege of being a member of such a circle, the money being used to buy, while the women make the small articles, such as sash curtains, bureau covers, etc., etc.

Then comes a splendid work. Young women will be trained for missionary nurses for the poor (though I think the rich also need just such nurses.) Do you wonder just what a missionary nurse is? It is an experienced nurse, who will go into the homes with love in her heart and knowledge in her head, which will make her hands both deft and tender. She will so understand the Divine Spirit that she will bring hope and strength to lonely, aching hearts, such hearts sometimes being the real cause of the illness.

Such a nurse will help them to find the right path out of the tangled underbrush. She will be able, when some soul reaches the end of the journey, to be a comfort to that soul as the eyes close upon earthly vision; she will be able to put her arms about little children and give them of her tenderness. A missionary nurse! Can we think of any life more useful or more beautiful? The sweetness of it—like a perfume! We hope that among the girls who come to us some may desire to take up such a study and work.

Surely I have written enough. Come and see our home, 528 East Thirty-third Place, near Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago. Send us your kindest thoughts, not forgetting the busy man in the east who found time to be interested and encouraged us so substantially in starting this home.

Should you have a bit of money to spare, don't forget us. Much will be needed to carry on this good work. We shall be thankful for anything you can do for us.

#### FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT OF REPAIRS.

A. C. GAYLORD.

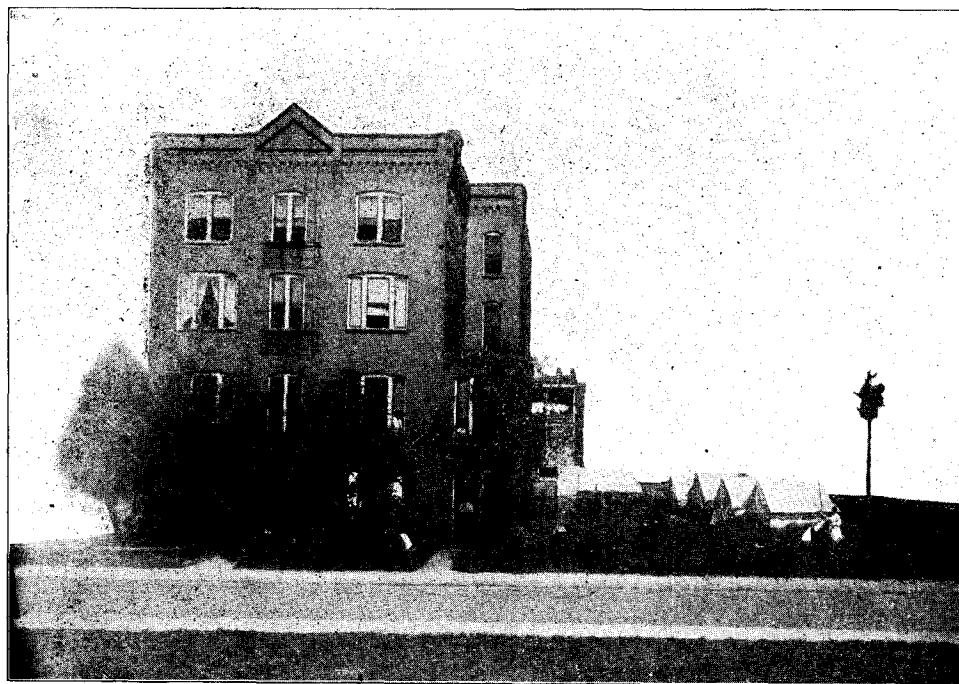
[Mr. Gaylord, who has been looking after the remodeling of the new Life Boat home which is being opened up in Chicago at 528 East Thirty-third Place, reports the following concerning progress of the work there. We trust our friends will join with us in prayer that this work may be a success, and that the means necessary to get it established may be forthcoming. We believe the Lord has

a great work to be done yet for Chicago.—Ed.]

We have the third floor practically ready for occupancy as far as the walls and painting of the wood work is concerned, except the floors, which have not yet been provided for.

The second floor, on which are the dining room, kitchen, matron's office and private room, is finished in the front part of the building. The dining room and kitchen are not repapered nor the floor covered. The first floor office and reception room is finished and the furniture in. The rooms to be done now are the dining room and kitchen. When they are completed then we will feel like beginning work in earnest.

The outside of the building is being painted also. We have the front and west side all finished. We are going to repair the gutters, which will prevent the water from running into the basement every time it rains. We are far enough along now so that if several young women should apply for admittance we could take care of them.



THE LIFE BOAT HOME FOR WOMEN.

The first woman to be helped came yesterday. We trust she will prove a credit to the new home and a blessing to others.

## A Fatal Mistake

Rev. Capt. Kingsbury

SANTA ANA, CAL.

TWO men travel along the road. We catch the words they speak as they pass by. "The saloon, why that's a good thing; never does any harm."

"I'll tell ye, ye are just right, pard, a saloon in town is a good thing,—builds up business, makes things go. Those folks as vote agin it are just cutting off their own noses. Whisky never hurts anybody but just them few men that is unreasonable and drink too much av it."

"Right you are, Pat, and we will vote for the saloon every time. Oh, here we are, right at 'The First Chance'; come along and take a drink."

PICTURE NUMBER ONE.

Not far away stands a sort of apology for a house. In the dusky twilight its outlines are plainly seen. A rickety door stands wide open. A voice,—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take,  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

A tiny white-robed three-year-old boy rises from the mother's knee. A loving arm is outstretched and gathers the little figure in. A sad, tear-marked face bends, and a kiss falls upon the boy's lips. The face is thin and careworn, with an expression of sadness and grief. The boy is fair and thin of face and figure, old beyond his years, evidently used to suffering.

Now the mother speaks slowly lest the boy fail to grasp all the truth. Back yonder in the cemetery, in the pauper's corner, is a new-made grave. If the truth were told, the headstone, if any is ever placed there, would need only this to tell the whole story,—"Tremens." The saloon did it, that's all.

It is this that the mother is talking about. She tells the boy in simple, plain language why, how it all came about: the death of the strong, stalwart man, just in the prime of life, the lad's father, who that day had been

buried in a drunkard's grave. The story told, and the cause of it all explained, the anxious mother exacts a promise from her wee boy that he will never, never touch the cursed drink. A tiny boy! Does he understand? Yes, yes. In three years of his wee life the bitter woes of the drink have cursed his little being; yet in spite of debaucheries, revelings, and beatings of a besotted father, the little fellow lives.

Friends and neighbors are kind to the widow and the orphan boy. The mother's heart is wrapped up in the lad. She loves, watches over, prays and toils for him and him alone, and he develops into a noble, manly little fellow, proves an apt scholar, and in the race for knowledge outspeeds the best among his companions.

By the time his education is completed, he has become a big, broad-shouldered, handsome young man, a very king among men; a young man, not only of splendid physical development, but of noble principles and sterling character, which won for him an enviable place among men. He is a success.

By and by he is attracted to the side of the most gifted and beautiful young lady of the neighborhood city. This lady, the daughter of a wealthy and learned judge of highest standing, gladly receives the attentions of the young fellow. The judge, though quite aristocratic, never objected. Character and sterling worth counted above all else with him. So when the young fellow asked for the daughter, the judge said "Yes"; that, though his daughter was his rarest treasure, yet he could trust all her happiness and years with such a man as he.

How bright the prospects,—good business connections, the respect and admiration of a wide circle of acquaintances, bounding health. So, when the wedding bells sounded, everybody said, "Yes, yes, that is as it should be; made for each other." A life, a future of great happiness, wealth and prosperity and usefulness was predicted by all.

## PICTURE NUMBER TWO.

This scene is laid at the home of the distinguished jurist. Fine horses, carriages, and liveried coachmen and attendants are seen all about the beautiful grounds. The house is brilliantly lighted, and in the big parlors the wedding ceremony is on. Amid the flowers, the music, the charm, the noble words of the marriage service roll out, and a right royal and kingly young man and a queenly and beautiful woman become one. Then come the congratulations, then to the big dining room where a splendid wedding feast is spread.

Alas, the unexpected has happened. On the great tables are glasses and flagons of rare and costly wines. The judge a drinker? Why, a little wine now and then, and *on this* occasion, why, to be sure! How happy everybody seems. Happiest among them all is a queenly looking woman with handsome face and snow white hair,—just a trace of sorrow in the deep blue eyes. That is because of the old time sorrow,—no, not because she sees the wines on the table. Ah, has she not the boy's promise? And has he not kept it? For this is the boy's mother.

Guests are seated, the feast proceeds; amid the merriment the clinking of glasses is heard, till the bride, full of happiness and pride, requests her husband to drink with her to health and happiness. He begs to be excused. The bride insists. The young man whispers a few words in her ear, and explains that he can not take the wine, and why.

The young woman's pride is touched. She wants this once to realize and show her power over this kingly man who is her husband. She whispers back and says, "You will drink with me just this once, John, or I'll never live with you a day." Then the young husband yields, drinks with his wife, and oh, the pity of it all! The sleeping giant of an inherited appetite is aroused; then another glass fol-

lows, ere long another. Ah, this marks the beginning of the end!

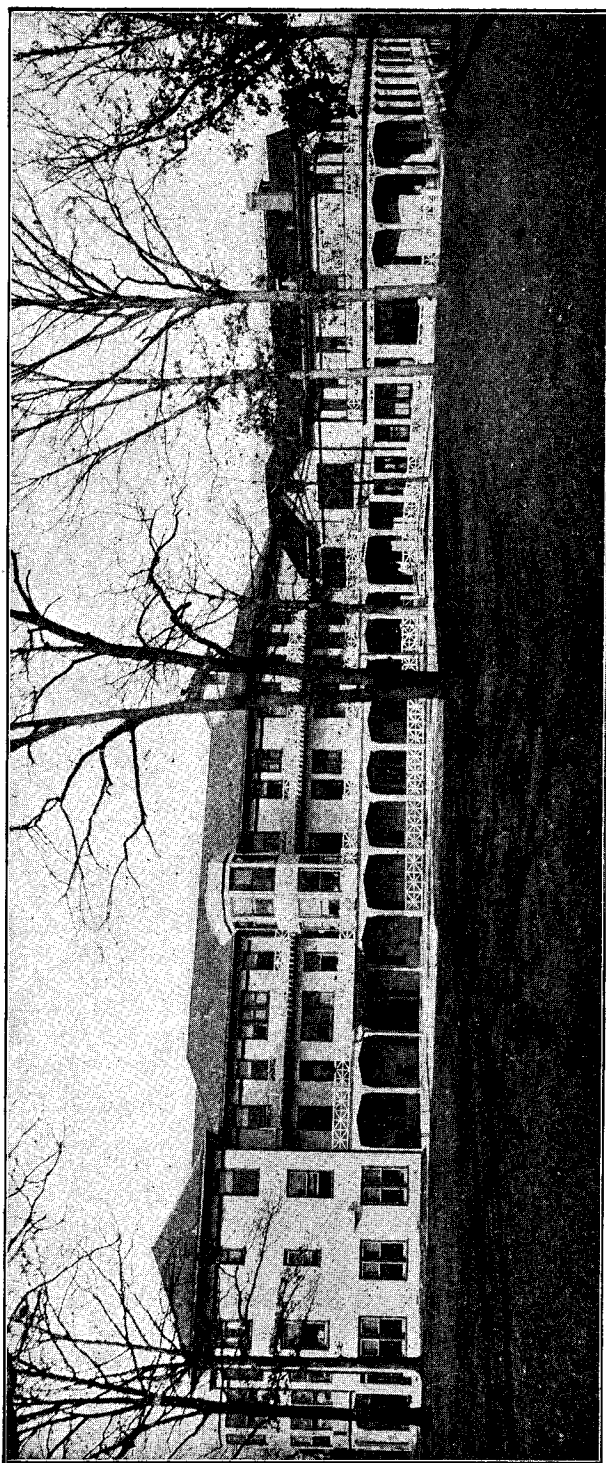
## SCENE THE THIRD.

Six months roll by, and now we see the last act in the last scene. So awful is it that I have no words to paint it as it ought to be painted. Plainly and simply stated, here it is: The form of a big, brawny man, young in years, bound to the cot on which he lies,—groaning, writhing in the agonies of tremens. Hideous beasts, serpents, and all the imps of hell and Satan seem to let loose upon this one victim. Then death! And one more drunkard's grave. That's all. Is it? Not quite.

In yonder city in a cell in an insane asylum, sits a young woman alone, a *raving maniac*. Back in the home city stands the mansion of the great and wealthy jurist. Within its walls stay two old, broken-hearted people,—the judge and his wife. Back in the old home town is the modest cottage of a widow. Look. There sits an old woman's bowed form, tear-wet face, sobbing, broken-hearted, alone, all alone, save for God,—a sorrowful, grief-stricken wreck, all that is left of the mother of the boy whose promise turned to dust and ashes in the hour of awful temptation. This is fact, not fiction. Reader, look on it all. Then read above and across the whole scene the black, blasting, withering truth: THE SALOON DID IT ALL.

Yes, that is where the father began with his first glass. Never had he been tempted till the day that institution opened up not far from his home. It was the saloon that fostered and fed the appetite that developed within his nature. It was from this appetite, this love for the accursed liquor that the son, yet unborn, inherited that appetite that slumbered and slept till awakened on that fatal wedding night. Yes, clearly, the saloon did it all; and the saloon never affects one's life without it affects other and innocent beings also.





The Hinsdale Sanitarium which was born in answer to prayer and has been providentially built up to its present dimensions in a little over five years' time.

## IS IT SAFE TO TRUST GOD FOR EVERYTHING?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

We are coming more and more to look to God to maintain the different lines of work that He has helped us to establish. It is for this reason that we have no solicitors in the field. God *knows* our needs and we look to Him to supply them.

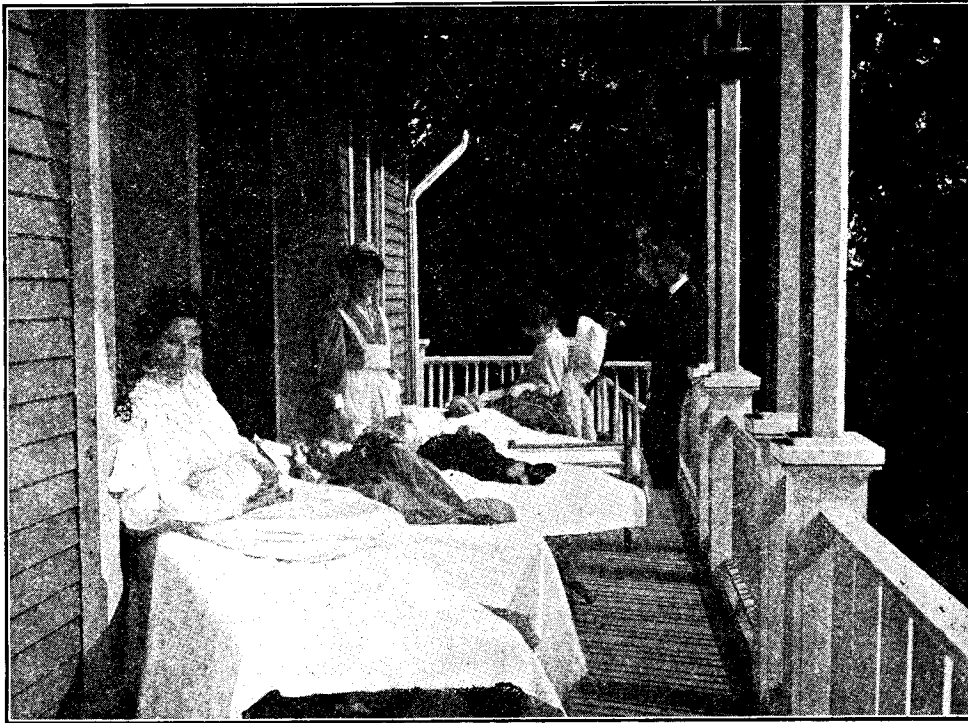
As he impresses us to make these needs known through the columns of THE LIFE BOAT and through other means we shall do it, but we want that God shall have an opportunity to demonstrate to all that He does hear and answers prayer, that it is safe to launch out and build up work for Him even when the capital is not in sight, and that He will enable us not to be put to shame before our enemies.

When we started out ten years ago to establish the Hinsdale sanitarium we had not a dollar to our name and did not know where to get any, but a beautiful well-equipped institution containing today eighty guests and a splendid corps of God-fearing workers is here, and all the credit of it belongs to God. He went before us and made bare His arm at every turn of the road.

There was a little, stuffy cottage in West Hinsdale which we were using for a rescue home. It was unsanitary and unsuitable for work in every way. We prayed to God to give us something better and our beautiful, eleven-thousand - dollar rescue home equipped and furnished throughout and doing a grand work for God and humanity is the result.

We are opening up a new Life Boat home in Chicago by faith. Outside of the assistance that we shall receive regularly from the





PATIENTS OUT ON THE VERANDA OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN INN.

In this institution patients are furnished humble accommodations from a dollar a week upwards; board on the European plan, rarely exceeding fifty cents a day. Price for treatment on the same moderate basis.

kind-hearted railroad man in the east we have nothing assured, but we know that God's providence had led out in this enterprise and we trust Him to go before us.

The Good Samaritan Inn which is the sanitarium work for the sick poor in Hinsdale needs enlargement and equipment and a heating plant. There is not a dollar in sight for this purpose, but God has promised great things for those who have pity upon the poor. We expect Him to move on the hearts of some of His people to assist in this enterprise. We shall cling to His promises with unwavering faith and believe that God will use our experiences in these different directions to inspire more faith in the efficacy of prayer in the hearts of His people everywhere.

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"Let us not be weary in well doing! for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

#### IT IS KINDNESS THAT COUNTS.

The following letter is from an inmate of the Vermont State Prison:

"There is nothing like a mother, but when she is gone the dear **LIFE BOAT** cheers the heart and brings one to one's self as nothing else can, because it speaks to the heart. When one is ill and alone, with not even a blot of a pen from the outside world, as I once was, then it is kindness every time that counts and no heart will fail to respond if given in the true spirit.

"You can never cheat us poor unfortunates. No, no; there is no class of beings as quick to see as we are, and we can never be put on our feet with a club or sham friendship; but the real things have no limit; and the real thing can be found in the **LIFE BOAT** magazine."

## The Alcoholic Problem in Everyday Life

Howard A. Kelly, M. D., Professor Diseases of Women of the  
Johns Hopkins Hospital  
BALTIMORE, MD.

[The last few years the most intelligent physicians have all joined hands in the crusade against alcohol, for modern science utterly condemns its use, either in health or in the sick room.

We are glad to present the following abstract from a paper read before the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and other Drug Narcotics at a recent meeting held in Washington, D. C. Dr. Kelly is one of America's greatest surgeons, and we are thankful to say, is also a humble and earnest Christian man; a man who carries his Bible around in his medicine case, and is not ashamed to let it be known that he reads it, and believes it from cover to cover.—Ed.]

As a citizen, with eyes opened perhaps a little wider because of my medical training, I observe that alcohol has destroyed the happiness and the lives of relatives, friends, and acquaintances; that it has sometimes served to degrade the noble-minded and the godly man below the level of the pig.

I have seen that it robs the home of peace; it puts a barrier between husband and wife and kills all true parental tenderness, throwing the children back into the world for that moral training a father and a mother are alone fitted by nature to give.

As a citizen I observe with alarm an increasing tendency to its use by women in society, who take cocktails, champagne, and the various wines of the table. I have seen sweet, modest girls, flushed with wine, become loud and boisterous, and, with habitual indulgence, coarse, and at last ruined morally and physically. I have never met a man or a woman who indulged freely who loved the truth or had any clear vision of the value of spiritual things. Its use is perhaps the commonest cause of spiritual blindness.

As a citizen I further note that it is one of the most dreadful and insidious of all corrupting agents known to men in debauching legislatures and robbing our citizens of the results of their labors at the ballot box, making a government of the people, by the people, for the people a farcical phrase, while King Alco-

hol sits enthroned in the legislative hall.

As a citizen I note that it is alcohol which fills our prisons, whether taken in the form of a stronger beverage as whisky, or beer as a representative of the milder beverages. It is at the bottom of most crime, domestic infelicity, poverty, seductions, murders; it is allied to all that is evil and destructive of the high aims of civilization.

One of the greatest lessons life has taught me is that great truths grow not stale but sweeter with repetition, so I do not hesitate to remind you of certain things, though you know them. I therefore pause a moment before I approach my conclusion to consider some of the common arguments against total abstinence urged by a friend of mine a few days ago as we discussed this momentous topic. First and foremost stands that time-honored assertion so often heard on the lips of the drunkard, as well as of the moderate drinker: "It is a sign of weakness to pledge myself to abstinence. My will is strong enough; I can control myself; I can quit when I will."

Out of all the drunkards and the tens of thousands of criminals made what they are by alcoholic liquors, of the thousands who fill our insane asylums, and the tens of thousands of dependents in our poorhouses, it would be hard to find one not equally assertive of the sovereignty of his will in all his acts, and of his entire ability to take liquor or let it alone, as he might choose, when he started out.

It is pitiful to hear now and then even a poor, debauched drunkard, with one foot slipping over the edge of the grave, still reiterating this same old worn-out phrase. I think I still hear the last feeble refrain as he topples into the grave. "I can—" but all who pitifully watch him know that he can't.

What a peculiarly damnable trait it is in alcohol, that while it is literally destroying the highest centers in the brain and wiping out the fibrils of association so necessary to

the will in forming a judgment to act or to restrain it yet deludes its victim into thinking that he has quickened powers, a stronger will and a better judgment.

If it is "a sign of weakness to be a total abstainer," I hasten to confess my weakness, and I confess it for all who are dependent upon me; would that I might also make confession for the whole world. We are no stronger than many of the thousands of bright young men and fine women who thought they were strong and found out their weakness only too late.

"To condemn alcohol by not taking it in company makes one appear a faddist." Well, that may be said of every one who opposes sin in any of its forms. It is hard to go against common practice, but it is one of the hard things that puts moral fiber into one,

and that's the best thing we have in life.

He who confesses that he is his brother's keeper will let alcohol alone and will fight it as the deadliest peril that has ever threatened to engulf our race.

Finally let me add that were this whole community to adopt at once the will of this assembly and to sweep alcohol from the land, I would have no hope of any permanent betterment, unless with the movement there went that dependence on God through Christ to whom the Christian looks for all that is good and transforming and effective in his life. A real moral principle is transforming in its efficacy; mere repression is not transformation. Transformation is wrought in the soul when it stands consciously before God with the desire of seeing sin and dealing with it according to His will.

#### BETTER THAN FOOD.

Recently an inmate of the South Dakota Penitentiary sent the money for fifty of the special prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT, to distribute among his fellow inmates. We just received the following letter from him after receiving THE LIFE BOATS. The majority of the prisoners are not able to pay even for the copy they receive, but they are just as eager to get it and appreciate it just as much.

"I received the fifty copies of THE LIFE BOAT yesterday, also the ten regular numbers. I was indeed very glad to get them. I will do all I can to increase the circulation. Oh, the good this magazine is doing both in and out of the prison! The truth of the matter is I would rather do without enough to eat than to be without THE LIFE BOAT. In making this statement some may think I am a fit subject for the institution of the feeble minded, but it doesn't matter what people think, for it's the truth that God wants. I sincerely wish you the greatest of success in your good work; it is the means of cheering up many a man that is discouraged. I thank God for the faith and hope that I have, because without same life is not worth living. But with faith and hope, faith in Christ, it pays in this life, to say nothing of the life that is to come.

"The May issue is full of stirring articles, but the one on page 160, by an inmate of Jefferson City Prison, 'The Open Door to the Shut In's,' and the article by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth were just fine to say the least. I am getting along splendidly. 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.' Rom. 8:28.

"At one time in my life I would be ashamed to be caught distributing tracts, Life Boats, Bibles, etc., but Christ has taken such foolishness out of my heart. In the thirteenth chapter of St. John we read where Christ washed His disciples' feet, not because they needed it, I suppose, but to teach them to be humble, not *proud*. The inmates have a choir now, and they are getting along very well."

We are receiving most encouraging reports from our agents who are handling THE LIFE BOAT. They are meeting with the very best of success. We are praying God that He will put it in the hearts of many others to circulate THE LIFE BOAT among the people, and as a result many may be led to Christ. Write for special terms to agents.

## The Life Boat Mission in Its New Location

E. B. Van Dorn, Supt., 828 35th Place

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE last meeting of the Life Boat mission at 471 State street was held Sunday night, April 27th. The next Sunday the work was opened at the new place in the stockyards district. Circumstances were somewhat different as to place and the number of people present, but we had a good meeting.

At this place hundreds of people come for ailments of the *body*. This is a veritable pool of Bethesda, where the poor and impotent come and wait for the doctor to do something for them. Some receive encouragement, while others go away feeling downhearted and discouraged. They have all sinned, and the results of their transgression have brought them down near to the grave and their lives to the destroyers.

Of such people Job says in Chapter 33, verses 23 and 24, "If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness; then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." This is the object of this part of the work. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." John 3:14, 15.

Seven people were present at the first meeting, twelve at the next and fifteen at the third meeting. A company has been organized, and cards of invitation printed; and a permit to hold meetings on the street obtained from the police department. The police told me that it was the worst part of the city for street meetings and they thought we had better not try it. I told them we were hard workers, and had come to *stay* and do them good. They said they hoped we would succeed.

We expect to organize a Sunday school so we can gather in and instruct the children on the streets. We believe something can be done for them. We need a good woman to help us in working for women in their homes,

and teaching them how to live and care for their children.

Some plan should be arranged for outings for mothers with their children in the country, where they can have pure air, sunshine, and good food, and thus regain their health and fortify themselves for the trying things of life as they have to meet them in the city. We hope that a good work will be developed in a short time here in this new center. Will you who read this remember us at the throne of grace that many of these afflicted ones may come in touch with the great Physician and be made whole?

### THE POOR DRUNKARD IN THE GUTTER.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

A prominent society woman while passing along on the streets of Chicago one day hurrying to the depot to catch a certain train going to her home in the suburbs, noticed a young man standing on the curb stone. He had lost his overcoat, his clothing was in a mutilated condition, and he was evidently under the influence of liquor. Just then a policeman came up and tried to push him on with his club, but he was too drunk to travel. Then another came along and gave him a crack over the head with his club and left him. That touched the woman's heart and she stepped up and asked the young man if he had any place to go. He said, "No." Then taking him by the arm she said, "Come home with me."

She soon found she was not going to get him to the depot on time so she called a policeman and asked him to help her. He looked at her, then at the poor, drunken wretch at her side, and said, "What is that man to you?"

She, with only the one thought in her heart that every man is her brother, replied, "Why, he is *everything* to me." The policeman, thinking this young man to be her husband or some near relative said, "Yes, madam, I

will be glad to help you home with him," and took him to the train, never leaving him until he reached her beautiful home. Her help immediately gave him a bath and put him to bed.

That night her husband was detained in the city and did not reach home until late. He was surprised at finding his wife sitting up waiting for him, and still more surprised when she said there was a drunkard upstairs for him to reform.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you have brought one right into our home!"

"Yes, I have, and he is upstairs in the bed."

"We must get him out of the house at once. Why, he will rob us and kill us all and set the house on fire before morning."

To which this dear little woman, who was willing to risk so much to save a boy, replied:

"Alright, if you put him out I shall go too. He is everything to me."

Finally the husband was persuaded to go to the room and see him. He found the

young man fast asleep, and the perspiration which had come out on his forehead caused his hair to curl in tiny curls all around his face.

The tears came into that husband's eyes as he stood there looking at that boy—some mother's boy. Some mother's heart was breaking perhaps just then for her boy.

They kept him all night and in the morning conveyed him to a place of safety, and to their surprise they learned that he was the son of wealthy influential people living in another suburb. A letter of appreciation from the mother of that boy paid them for all their effort in his behalf.

I think it was D. L. Moody who said he could see himself in every drunkard on the street but for the grace of God. There is some good in every man and why should we not do the good Samaritan act to those who have fallen by the wayside? That kind of seed sowing will be sure to bring a harvest that we will rejoice over later on.

## Greater Than All

(John 10:29.)

### PEARL WAGGONER

Greater than all, yes, greater  
Than the cares which jar and press  
Till the heart is burdened, sad and sore,  
Is the peace of God, which hovers o'er  
With a brooding tenderness.

Greater than all, yes, greater  
Than the bitter, cruel sting  
And the aching wound earth's arrows leave  
Is the comfort for the hearts that grieve,  
Which heavenly angels bring.

Greater than all, yes, greater  
Than all our doubts and fears,  
Are the promises our God has made,  
Which endure alike through sun and shade,  
Unchanging through the years.

Greater, yes, vastly greater  
Than all earthly joy or strife,  
Are the joys our Saviour holds in store  
Which shall be our own for evermore,  
Through a never-ending life.

Greater, and far more powerful  
Than our strongest, wildest foe,  
Is the One who came to seek and save,  
Who triumphant was o'er e'en the grave,  
Whose power is ours to know.

Greater than all, yes, greater  
Than our myriad mistakes,  
Is the mercy that the Father shows,  
The forgiveness He in love bestows,  
And the gladness that it makes.

Greater than all, far greater  
Than the things which so annoy,  
Than the cutting word, though intent be kind,  
Is the love which heart to heart can bind,—  
And its fruits of peace and joy.

### A WORD TO BOYS AND THEIR PARENTS

MRS. MARGARET KEDLER,

723 East Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago, Ill.

[Mrs. Kedler has sold thousands of copies of *THE LIFE BOAT*, having traveled all over the eastern half of this country. She is now located in Chicago and is spending all her time selling this magazine.—Ed.]

Much has been said about girls keeping themselves pure and chaste and it is certainly as it ought to be; but I am afraid that many forget to warn and teach the small boy. They do not seem to realize how much trouble a boy can get into, or to take into consideration that he may have as warm and tender a heart as a girl, and that it is just as easy to hurt his feelings, crush his hopes and thus discourage him in well doing as it is a girl. All mothers who have little boys ought to be very watchful of them and very firm and tender.

My mother died before I was ten years old, and I had two younger brothers to care for. One was six and one four years old at the time. I used to go visiting to the neighbors and my little brothers wanted to go, too. Wherever I went they would follow me, and it sometimes annoyed me, and I would send them home. Sometimes too I would send them out to play when they wanted to stay around home and track in and out of the house with their muddy boots.

I noticed after they began going with all the other boys in the neighborhood that they began to form bad habits, and then I was glad enough to keep them at home and entertain them by telling them stories and playing games with them. But the friendship had been made with the other boys, and it was no easy matter to keep my brothers away from them or to break them of their bad habits.

Once I missed the younger one. I found him behind the barn with a pipe and some tobacco he was trying to smoke. But he was having a hard time of it and when I found him was as white as a corpse. He was very sick; he had swallowed nicotine. The other boys were ready to tell him how to smoke so that it would not make him sick, and to encourage him to try again, but I never knew him to make another attempt; that one lesson seemed to satisfy him.

I often meet men and boys who say they acquired drink and evil habits from their associates. How well it would be to train them to choose good companions while they are young.

A few years ago I was visiting a young woman who had a bright baby boy a few months old. We talked about our children's future,—her boy and my girl,—and the dangers that beset the girls. I was shocked when she said to me, "It won't make much difference what Harry does when he gets big; *he's a boy.*" There are many other parents who think it does not make much difference what their boys do, because they're *boys*. But it does make a difference with the boys.

One woman who had several small children, among them a boy of ten, a very bright and affectionate boy, said to me, "I want my boy to be just as pure as my girls." And he was a good boy when I knew him.

Yesterday I walked along Halsted street with a package of *LIFE BOATS*. I noticed a crowd of about fifty people gathered in a circle, and when I passed through the open space I saw a policeman holding a man down. The policeman had the man flat on his back on the sidewalk, and he was holding him down by placing his knee on the man's stomach and holding his hands. Another policeman stood close by. They were waiting for a patrol wagon. I wondered if he was one of those who had been allowed to do as he pleased when a boy. It made a difference with him now.

Oh, that many more mothers might think and teach as that one mother did, who said, "I want my boy to be just as pure as my girls." A boy has so many temptations because he is out in the world, and I think as a rule men are more easily led than women. I notice in my *LIFE BOAT* work that many men buy from me or refuse to buy because their companions do. They seem to have a leader and then follow their leader,—at least four-fifths of the men do. It always does me good to see a man buy a paper after half a dozen men have refused in his presence and perhaps said unkind things. It shows that man has a mind of his own—he is not influenced by those about him but guided by his own judgment.



The barefoot boy who has learned the language of nature is certainly more fortunate than the one whose only playground is the street of a large city.

While selling *THE LIFE BOAT* one evening I entered a place that was crowded with men, and every man bought one of my papers.

While I was busily engaged in making my sales a tiny newsboy entered. He was so small, four or five years old, that I started at the mite in amazement. The men followed my gaze and must have noticed my look of surprise, and then began to talk unkindly to the little fellow. "You ought to be home in bed," they said gruffly. I thought so too, but thought perhaps the little fellow was not responsible for being there. No doubt he was sent to work. I told the men so, for I could not bear to have them speak crossly to the child.

I went into the next place and as I returned from it the little newsboy came out of the first place. He came up to me, holding his head as high and proud as a king. "That man gave me a quarter," said he, "and I am going to buy one of your books." He bought it and about an hour later I saw him going down the street with his little arms full of packages. I judged from their appearance that he had been to the five and ten cent store and made his Christmas purchases. An older boy was with him. The older boy had a large bundle of evening papers under his arms. The little fellow had sold out first.

You can't always tell by a person's size what he is worth. I hope this bright little boy will not be influenced by his evil surroundings, but I fear for him.

This is a wicked world to send a little child out into. Can one so young resist the temptations of the older boys?

## THE SECRET OF POWER.

GYPSY SMITH.

(When the well known evangelist, Gypsy Smith, was in Chicago the last time he visited Moody Institute and gave a talk to the students, which contained some precious truths that we hope every Christian worker will take deeply to heart.—Ed.)

The secret of all real power is goodness. I learned that very early in my own ministry. I was driven to learn it. When I began to work for Christ in my poor, blundering, stumbling way, I made a good discovery, that I could not lean on anything I knew, for I knew nothing, I had no knowledge. I learned that it did not do to be only clever; there is danger that one draws on this cleverness, which may be one's curse.

I discovered that if I were to have any power over hearts, whether over one or a multitude, I could not lean on myself. So I was shut up to this thought, my power must come from some source that was more than human; it must come from God.

Then I discovered that if I had laid claim to that power I must be the kind of a Christian that my Lord could trust. Has that got well into your hearts and consciences? Listen! If God would give me power, I must depend upon Him, be steadied, settled. I must trust him, I must be good. Above everything else God wants a good man or a good woman, loyal through and through. So my prayer day by day was, "Lord, make me good."

God can do wonders with us when we are consecrated to His service. All that comes from your tongue or pen will be colored by the state of your own heart, which no human eye can penetrate. If you are not good, do not be busy about religious things, for you will be a curse and a hindrance to somebody. Do not make an attempt to do what you do not attempt to be. You must have goodness. If you are a good man or a good woman you will speak when you do not open your lips, you will live a sermon that will breathe and pulsate and work.

If you ask me the keynote of my success, I would say to you simply and honestly—an honest attempt to be loyal to Jesus Christ, that is all. That is my great asset. We know a good man when we hear him speak, and we know a good woman when we come in con-

tact with her. There is an appeal in such to the best that is in us. The first thing then is, be good.

You may be a clever speaker, singer or organizer, but God wants the heart right, transparent as a sunbeam and beautiful as a spring morning. Forgive me if I still try to drive this thought a little deeper; the danger is that you neglect your own spiritual life. Listen! Just when you lose the surprising quality in your religion your spiritual power will begin to wane.

I tell you that every morning I open my eyes I discover a new Saviour. Christ is more wonderful to me than yesterday, than when I first knew Him. Look after other areas, but do not neglect your own patch. Keep your own spiritual life; drink deeply of the things of God; live in the land of springs. You will never give out what you do not take in; if you feed other people you must feed well yourself. Keep guard and watch jealously over your own life. If your heart and life is a little temple where God can dwell. He will direct and control all the forces in you, gather up all the sensitive springs of your life, and with His fingers He will give forth music through you that will make the world glad; but remember the one thing I must now impress, your heart and life must be in harmony with God.

We are too flippant, too superficial, we do not get into the deep places, into the secret places with God, we do not lie long enough at the foot of the cross, we do not seek the constant witness of the cleansing power of the blood of Christ.

My brethren, let your lives be hid with Christ in God. Then when you go forth to speak it will be a "Thus saith the Lord." Your words will drip with power from the altar, the very atmosphere about you will seem to be drenched with God. The people who come in contact with you will see God and know that you are intimate with God.

Remember, you are His witnesses, His messengers, His temple, His platform. You are a voice, a finger, a medium. For Christ's sake, give Him a chance to do His work through you. Do not mind reputation, God will take care of that. Keep your conscience clean. BE GOOD.



**A GLIMPSE OF THE HOME COMING.**

In the March number of this magazine we published an account of Herbert Owen's experience in building up a school in Central America. At that time he was interesting his friends in this country in the work and received substantial help from the family at Hinsdale while here. We have just received a letter from him telling of his home coming from which we abstract the following:

"Day before yesterday about three o'clock in the afternoon, our party was riding through the foothills that surround this valley, when I heard a man call, then a woman's voice, and a moment later we saw Brother Graham and Mrs. Owen riding toward us. They had come out a league [three miles] to meet us.

"We were fourteen days on the trip from Nashville. The steamer voyage was an exceptionally quiet one of four days. We had to wait at Puerto Cortez two days for the train as one runs only every few days. After a trip of sixty miles we reached the terminus of the narrow gauge road. Here we waited three days for mules. The animals were so small that one of our party said his could not carry him so he walked the first ten miles.

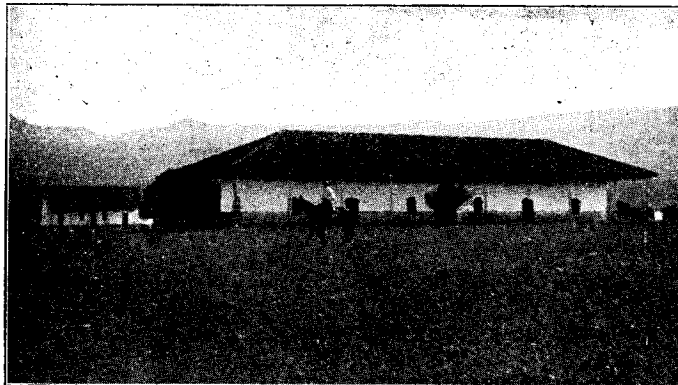
"We stopped over night at a home on the way and had boiled plantain and salt for supper. Then we hung up our hammocks, the day had been warm but the night was cool. Our party had some difficulty in getting comfortably located in their swinging beds, but were philosophical and in the morning admitted having slept some in spite of the dogs and the rats that would gnaw in a most

tantalizing way at the hammock ropes. We had milk and tortillae [round hard cakes made from corn] for breakfast, then the mules were brought from the pasture and saddled. Nearly all the second day our road lay through the level valley of the Rio Blanco. Our friend who was afraid to ride the mule had decided to travel with the packers so that he could come on at his leisure.

"There has been a good crop of corn here this season and we found no difficulty in getting food along the way. We thoroughly enjoyed the trip as we wound around the mountain sides first up then down, sometimes walking to rest ourselves or the mules. The second day ticks began to be troublesome but when we reached the next village we had a hot bath and turpentine rub and slept fine all night.

"As soon as our workers here received the money from the States they began to brighten up the buildings with white wash. The store room was well filled with bananas and plantains from our plantation and on swinging shelves out of the reach of ants and rats were sacks of native wheat and rice.

"As we find ourselves in the midst of the work here I feel to thank you and your co-workers for putting your shoulders with ours. At Santa Cruz we found two bright children. The girl was fifteen years old and a student in the town school but with no chance because of the immoral influence of her home, so we are taking her and her brother. We must do much of that kind of work. This must be a rescue home as well as a school.



Mission School in Central America.

### A VISIT TO THE JOHN WORTHY SCHOOL.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,  
558 Bryant Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Lord has given Sister Richmond and myself a burden for the young boys and girls that are growing up into manhood and womanhood, and we have been asking the Lord what He would have us do for them that we might be help to save them from going down the road that leads to destruction. So the Lord put it into our hearts and minds to ask Brother McBride, who has charge of the services at the John Worthy Reform school, for the privilege of taking some of our Sabbath-school boys to visit that school that it might leave an impression on their minds for life, and good come from it.

Brother McBride has been holding gospel services at the John Worthy school for five years on Tuesday nights, and God has blessed his work. He has now opened up a place called "The Parting of the Ways Home," located on the corner of Twenty-second and Clark street, for men who come out of the Bridewell prison. He gives them lodging, clothes and feeds them, and then finds work for them; helps them to help themselves. God helps those who are *willing* to help themselves. This is good work; may God bless him in his efforts for the good of humanity.

Brother McBride gave us not only the privilege of bringing our boys, but invited us to make up a party of twenty-five and take part in the meeting, so we invited the young people of our church, also the girls in our Practical Training school. Dr. Paulson gave a fine talk on character building. The young people sang several songs, and the girls from the Practical Training school sang two pieces. Our hearts were made sad as we looked upon those faces, some so innocent looking, and oh, how I longed to help them!

May God help us to work and save the boy. It was a beautiful sight to see the boys kneeling on their beds in prayer before retiring for the night,—some mothers' boys.

Where are your boys tonight? Father and mother, are you companions to them? Are you shielding them from the tempter's snare? May God help you to ask Him for wisdom to train up your child in the way he should go so that when he is old he will not depart from it.

### GRADUATING EXERCISES OF THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Wednesday evening, June first, the third class will graduate from the Hinsdale Sanitarium Training School for missionary nurses. Prof. P. T. Magan, of Nashville, Tenn., will give an address on "The Christian Nurse." The class will be represented by a paper read by Miss Myrtle Campbell on "Our Advantages and Disadvantages." Prof. Frank B. Webster and Mr. L. T. Hooker will furnish special music.

This class has taken for their motto, "Ambassadors for Our King," and their aim is "To Live Loyal." The song, "Loyalty to the Master," will be sung by a chorus of nurses.

The graduating class is composed of Marie Arntzen, Myrtle Campbell, Nellie Jeffers, Bertha Reinche and Anna Schiffner. In our next issue we hope to publish a report of the exercises.

As these people step out of the Hinsdale Sanitarium Training School for Missionary Nurses, and into the larger training school—that of their life's work, we trust that they will make a success of that as they have of the former.

With the city of Chicago lying at our feet, with its hundreds of thousands of sick and afflicted, both physically and spiritually, both among the wealthy and the poor, are there not other young people who have consecrated their lives to the Master's service who will come and fill places made vacant by this graduating class?

This nurses' training course is three years in length. The school is recognized by the New York State Board of Regents. If you feel God leading you to give your life to this work, write to the secretary of the school, Mary W. Paulson, M. D., Hinsdale, Ill., for further information.

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"I could not do without THE LIFE BOAT for I like to read it better than any other paper we take. I have read so many good things in the little paper I can hardly wait for its monthly visits."



## Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



### IN THIS GENERATION.

A little more than twenty years ago the Students' Foreign Mission Volunteer Movement was born in Moody's school at Northfield, Mass. They took for their slogan, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." Almost instantly it caught the hearts of the best students in this country, and as a result thousands have dedicated their lives to carry the gospel to earth's remotest bounds.

Once in four years the Students' Volunteer Movement holds a great national convention. The one four years ago was held at Nashville. A hundred young men and women walked up on the platform and promised the Lord that they would go to foreign fields that very year. It was found that some of the missionary boards did not have money enough to send these young people to the foreign field. The thought came to a young man from Washington, D. C., "If the Christian business men of America could see this as I see it, they would donate the money."

He kept thinking and praying about it, and as a result the now well-known Laymen's Missionary Movement was organized, and it is spreading like wildfire all over the country. Seventy-five great conventions have been held the past year. The donations to foreign fields have been doubled and trebled. There never has been seen such enthusiasm in foreign missionary work among business men as is now manifest.

They have adopted the same slogan, "*The Evangelization of the World in This Generation*," and "*We Can Do it and We Will Do It*." It took a hundred years to gain the first million converts in heathen lands, but during the next six years the second million were gained, and the native churches in Korea are praying the Lord to give them a million converts in that country alone the coming year. The present indications are that their prayers will be answered.

Great revivals are sweeping over China,

India and other foreign fields, showing that God is rapidly ripening up His own work, and, dear reader, don't forget that when this gospel of the kingdom has been preached to the whole world for witness, *then shall the end come*. Matt. 24:14.

Are you personally ready for that event? How much are you doing to help your neighbors to become ready for it?

### IF THE LORD MOVES OUT THE DEVIL WILL MOVE IN.

"What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" 1 Cor. 6:19.

The people to whom Paul wrote seemed to have overlooked that fact, and there are many people today who also overlook it; instead of permitting the Lord to rule in their lives they put the devil up on the throne, and he becomes their manager. But God claims His own. If a band of toughs should come and drive me out of my house and move in I should still regard it as my house even though they had possession.

The other day going down a street in Chicago I noticed this sign on an establishment, "*Under new management; this place has changed hands.*" If you have let the devil occupy God's temple will you not now ask God to come into His own temple and drive the devil out? And tomorrow your family, those who meet you on the street, those who do business with you in the store, will quickly recognize that your temple has indeed changed hands, that you are really under new management.

### THE INVALID'S HABITS AND PRAYERS.

I often hear invalids say, "I wish I knew the mind of the Lord concerning *my* sickness." I am always glad to refer them to 3 John 2, where God says, "I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health,

even as thy soul prospereth." And when Christ organized the first Laymen's Missionary Movement, by sending His disciples out on a missionary campaign, He told them to heal the sick and say unto them, "The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Luke 10:9.

The kingdom of God is always near when a sick man gets well, for He alone is the healer. Ps. 103:3.

When a farmer boy I *cultivated* corn, but God *grew* the corn. Now I am cultivating health, but I never grow any health; that is God's part, and no doctor ever did that and never can do it.

Can the invalids know anything more in detail what God wants them to do? Most certainly. Read James 5:13: "Is any among you afflicted? Let him *pray*." Furthermore, "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church." The elders of the church in Bible times were holy men possessing sound sense and judgment and extensive experience. Sometimes in these days the church elder is not that kind of a man, and then his presence would be of little help in the sick room.

"Let them pray over him, *anointing* him with oil in the name of the Lord." Anointing with oil is the *outward* sign that the person has been dedicated for some holy work. Unless the sick man is willing to do that, anointing him with oil would be as hollow a mockery as baptizing a man who was determined to cling to his sins.

When I was seventeen and one-half years old, I was dying with diphtheria. I was looking into an open grave, and the worst of it was, I was not prepared for death. Then and there I dedicated my life to God. No one was on hand to anoint me with oil, but the essential thing after all was the dedication of my life. If some one had anointed me with oil and I had omitted to dedicate my life, I fear I should have received but little benefit from it.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick." The prayer of faith is always in *harmony* with God's plan, which is this: 'If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord, thy God, . . . and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all of His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, . . . for I am the Lord that healeth thee.' Ex. 15:26.

In order to pray the prayer of faith the elders must seek to bring the sick man into harmony with God's will, not only spiritually but physically. If he has been eating food that has been ruining him, he must be willing to reform, and if his wife continues to cook food for him that is not conducive to his health, she will also need to be prayed for and become converted.

It is no use for a man who keeps his hand on a hot stove to pray to the Lord to be saved from blisters. If the air in his bedroom is impure and stuffy, the room must be ventilated; and let those who think they can pray the prayer of faith and yet permit the sick man to disregard all these things read Prov. 28:9: "He that *turneth away his ear* from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination."

It is time worse than wasted to pray that kind of prayers either in or out of the sick room. The prayer of faith is not only in harmony with all of God's will that we know, but also that part of God's will which we may not know, hence we must always add to our prayers, "Nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done."

"The prayer of faith *shall save the sick*;" and it is much more important to be *saved* than it is to be restored to health.

"And the Lord shall *raise him up*." The Lord may do that instantly, as He sometimes does; but He may have some valuable lessons for the invalid to learn and so may do it gradually, as He more frequently does. Or in His infinite wisdom He may put it off until the resurrection, and then He will certainly do it; for over in that world none of the inhabitants shall say, "I am sick." Isaiah 33:24.

The invalid must learn to eat and drink and whatever else he does, to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10:31. When the patient is determined in his heart to glorify God in all these things, then the Lord can be depended upon to glorify the patient in his own time and way and manner.

#### WILL YOU TRY THIS PLAN?

A truly converted Christian is always watching for missionary opportunities. If he goes to buy groceries he is on the lookout for a

chance to reveal Christ in his life and in his manner to the clerk.

When the truly converted woman buys ribbons from the girl behind the counter she will have a prayer in her heart for that girl that will accomplish something, for angels of God are accompanying her while she is buying the ribbon. And the girl who sells the ribbon will have an inspiration for better things come into her life even if not a word is spoken concerning spiritual things.

A genuine Christian is a missionary seven days a week. He may work for a living, but he has soul winning on his brain all the while. Paul sewed tents for a living, but that was his side line. His main object in life was to win the world to Christ.

Every time you take a trip on the railroad ask God for missionary opportunities and you will be surprised what He will do for you. The last railway trip I took I asked the Lord at the beginning of the journey that if there was any one on that train that I could help, for Him to make it plain to me.

I was the first to enter the dining car for my lunch. I found the conductor and the colored table waiter sitting down at a table intently studying the Bible. I remarked to the conductor that it seemed good to see a man in his position doing this. He said to me, "Are you a Bible student?" I replied that I never traveled without my Bible.

Then he told me about the question they had under consideration. Our talk was interrupted by others coming in to dinner, but he arranged to come into the day coach and continue the Bible study later, which he did, and we passed a most delightful hour studying God's precious Word together.

If I had not prayed I should probably have dropped into the dining car five minutes later when the Bible had been put aside, and so missed this opportunity. I have discovered that whenever I pray to God for opportunities almost invariably they drop my way just as naturally as this one did.

#### A SACRIFICE.

"May God bless this little sum of money to do much good, as it is a sacrifice. I will have to go without things I need to send it, but I would be glad to send much more if I could. I know it is a grand business you are doing."

#### HOW TO CHANGE A MAN'S MIND.

Some of you who read these lines wish you could change other people's minds, and then you feel things would come your way. I wish you would notice Prov. 21:1: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water. *He turneth it* whithersoever He will." You may not be able to change a man's mind, but ask God to do it, and if He sees it is for your best He can change it just as easily as the western farmer can divert in another direction an irrigation stream.

#### AN ENCOURAGING WORD FROM MRS. BOOTH.

Dear Dr. Paulson:

I received your letter and a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. Thank you for sending them to me.

I trust that your paper will be much used and blest among those to whom it has been sent.

With every good wish, believe me,

Very truly yours,

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

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

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Some friends of the Life Boat work living in Michigan, who have from time to time sent fruit and other produce from their farm to the rescue home, have recently written that they desire to sell sixty acres of land that they may have more money to place in the Lord's work. They write:

"We will sell sixty acres adjoining our farm for two thousand dollars. There are no buildings, but the land is mostly good black soil with clay subsoil; a fine dairy farm or fruit farm could easily be made of it. As there are no buildings, purchaser could build exactly as he chose. The reason for selling is that we have, besides this, all the land we can use, and we want some money to put in the Lord's work. Two thousand dollars for sixty acres is not quite thirty-five dollars an acre, and that price is cheap for land so good for onions, celery and other garden crops."

Any one desiring information concerning this farm can obtain same by addressing the editor of THE LIFE BOAT.

"The Art of Curative Gymnastics," by Tell Berggren, M. D., is a book just published by

the Good Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Dr. Berggren has spent years in training and research, and is qualified to put out this book on Curative Gymnastics, giving the movements necessary for the proper development of all the muscles of the body and illustrating the same. To one who is improperly developed, this book would be invaluable.

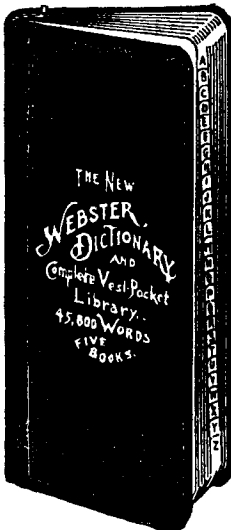
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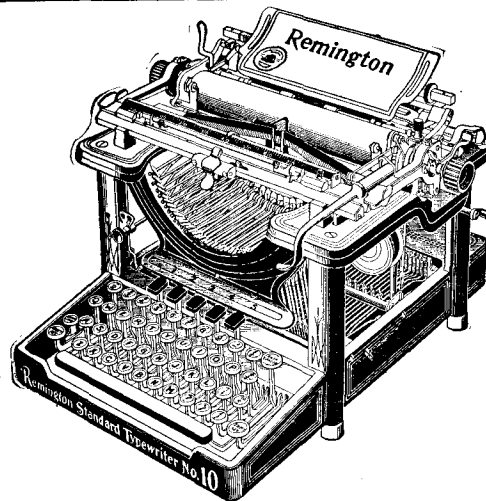
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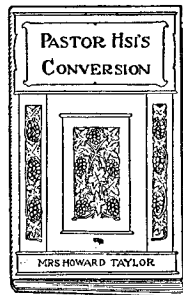
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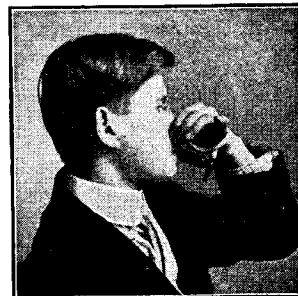
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