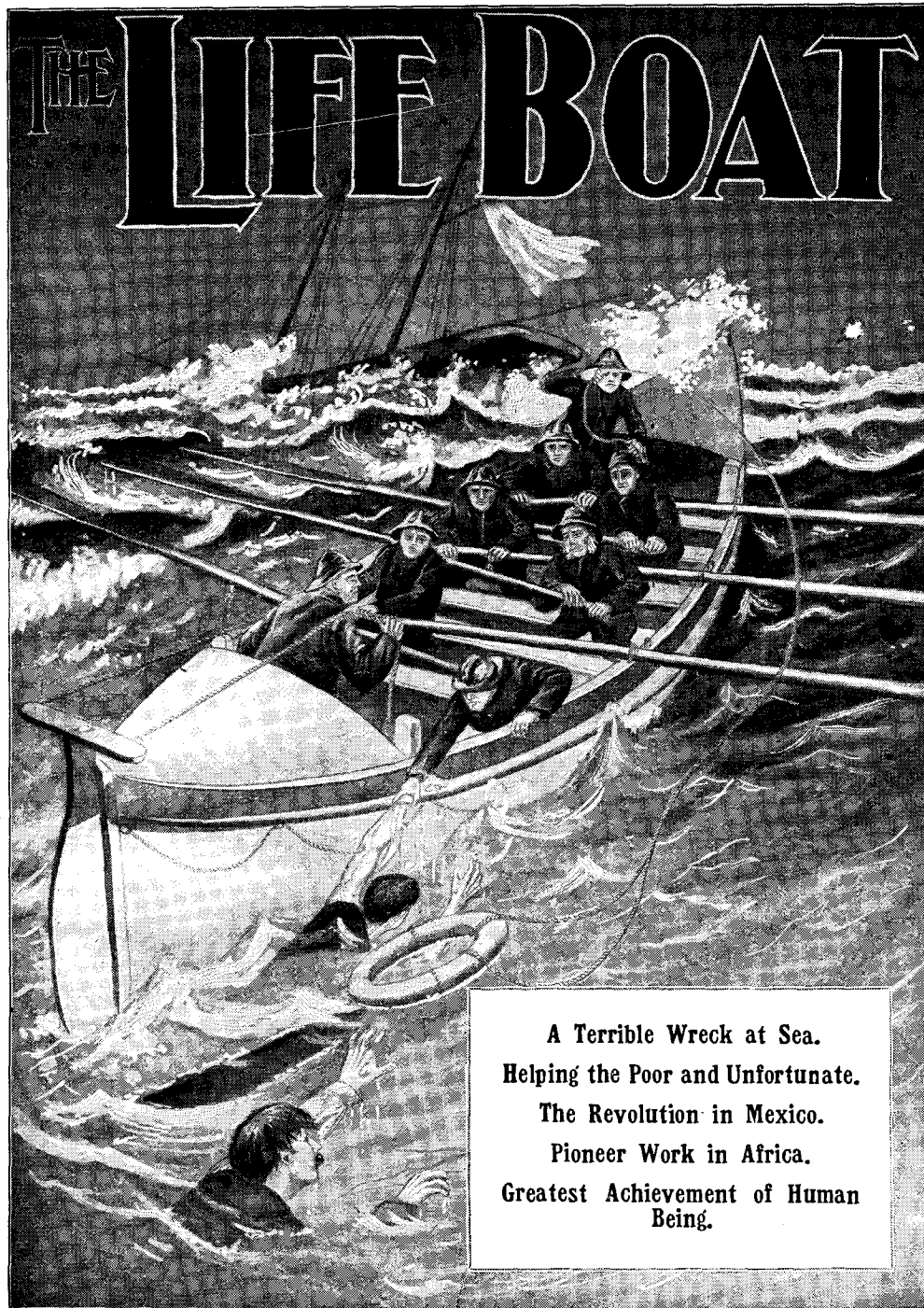


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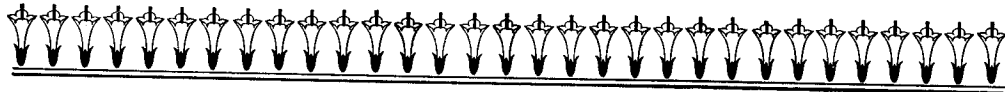
A Terrible Wreck at Sea.  
Helping the Poor and Unfortunate.  
The Revolution in Mexico.  
Pioneer Work in Africa.  
Greatest Achievement of Human  
Being.

Volume Fifteen  
Number Five

Windsdale, Ill.

May, 1912

**“Why Art Thou Cast Down? Hope Thou in God.”**



# A Dream of 'The Life Boat'

By E. C. McCarly

What is that on yonder tides,  
Why eyes so dimly see?  
Now and then from me it hides  
Like a ship lost at sea.

Can it be a helpless bark  
Rashed with the angry waves,  
Drifting onward in the dark,  
With land ours we may save?

Come, get the Life Boat crew!  
I see a signal raised!  
Hasten forward! all of you  
From the ship fire has blazed.

O, tell me, mighty ocean,  
With waves that dash so high,  
That always keep in motion,  
Beneath the cloud-capt sky.

If rescue can be given,  
By mortals from this shore,  
To those who now are driven  
From land forever more.

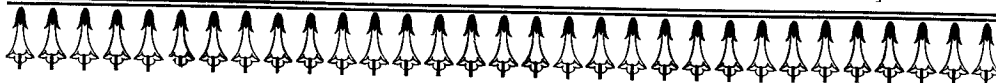
Can this be we thus drifting,  
Out on this ruthless sea,  
And on which waves are lifting  
O'er reefs which our wife see?

O, tell me, mighty water,  
If we our lives shall save  
From Ocean's cruel slaughter,  
Beneath your angry waves.

If rescue is not given,  
From those on yonder shore;  
Who aid the helpless living  
Our struggles will soon be o'er.

Though tossed and turned and tumbled  
Our help is not remote;  
God aids the truly humble  
And will send us "The Life Boat."

[This poem, written by a prisoner in the California State Prison, was sent especially for the Prisoners' LIFE BOAT.]



# THE LIFE BOAT

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

50 cents a year

Ten cents a copy

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Volume XV.

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Number 5

## A Terrible Wreck At Sea

David Paulson, M. D.

A LITTLE more than a week ago the largest, most powerful and the most luxurious vessel ever constructed by the hand of man left Europe on its first voyage across the Atlantic. It was nearly 900 feet long and fifteen stories high. It was capable of carrying between 3,000 and 4,000 people. As one writer said: "She was built to be the last word in size, speed, power and sea luxury and it would take a powerful imagination to conceive the magnitude and detail for comfort and luxury and fast time on this great ship."

It was equipped with passenger elevator, theater, tennis court, swimming pool, Turkish bath rooms, and even a small golf link. There were two suites on it which cost \$4,350 for each passage.

Captain Smith was reported to have said shortly before leaving on this, his last trip: "I cannot conceive any vital disaster upon this vessel. Modern shipbuilding has gone beyond that."

Human pride, human brains, had done its best; but *God's fleet*, composed of silent icebergs, ripped its bottom off as easily as one could open a tin can with a sharp can opener.

What a lesson! How it should humble the pride of man! What a *puny thing* the hand of man is when it is matched against the forces and power of God!

The sad feature of all is the fact that a vessel that was provided with everything that could cater to the luxury, comfort and pride

of man was only provided with one-third enough life boats!

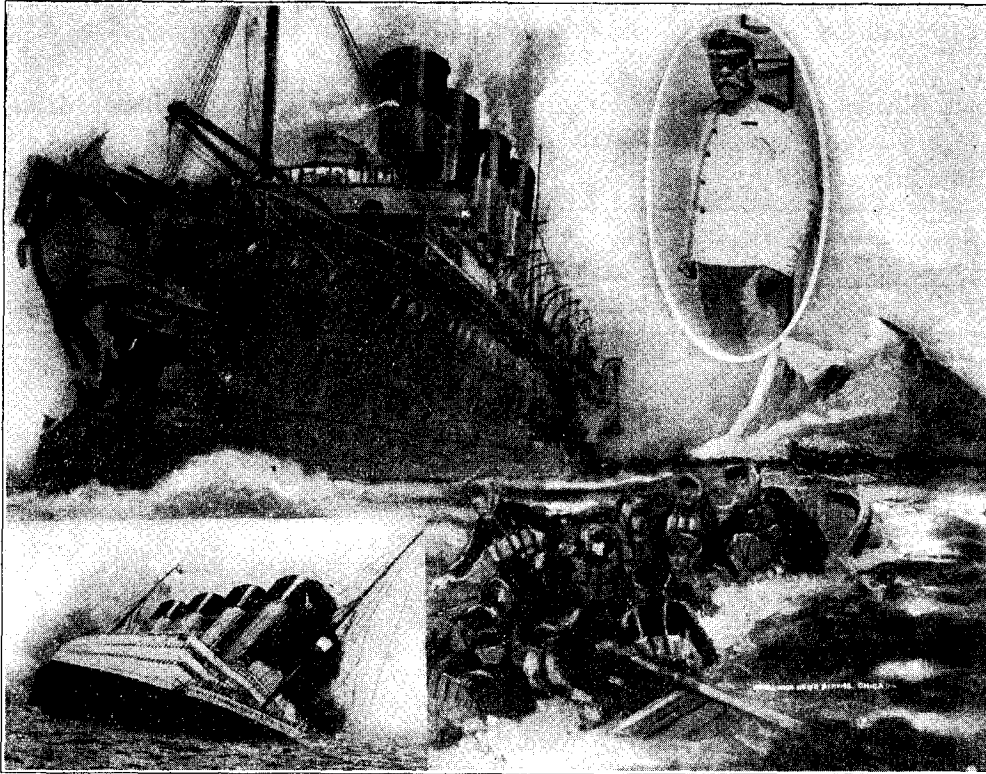
Our hearts sink when we think of the millions spent for *appearance* and to minister to pride, and then such frightful economy in life boats. You say: "How could men calculate so foolishly?"

Dear reader, is your mind stocked and equipped with selfish projects, personal ambitions? Are you cold-hearted and indifferent to the spiritual and physical welfare of your fellow men? Are you wide awake to the latest fashions, the last word in politics and business?

Have you been overlooking that which alone will have made life worth living when you have reached the end of your journey? Have you *any room* in your daily program for your Bible, or do the daily newspapers and magazines and story books crowd it out like the tennis courts and other useless things on the decks of this vessel crowded out the life boats?

If so, you are making a *greater* mistake than these ship builders did, and one of these days your bitter lament will be: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. 8:20.

On board this ill-fated ship was John Jacob Astor with his one hundred and fifty millions of wealth behind him. There were half a dozen other millionaires whose combined wealth equaled nearly a billion dollars. Yet



View of the Titanic's disaster as produced by the artist from wireless description. More than fifteen hundred lives lost in the sea because not enough life boats were provided.

the glitter and vanity of all this wealth, which had given them a foremost place among men and had made them the objects of envy of the poor and struggling, could not purchase them *one additional* hour of life. With only a brief warning the mighty Atlantic swallowed them up as readily as it did the poorest steerage passengers.

What a commentary on the words of the Master, "What shall it *profit a man* if he *gain the whole world* and lose his own soul?"

Dear reader, I ask again: Are your heart and mind and energies swallowed up in securing earthly possessions? One of these days you will reach the end of your journey. You will find that money, worldly influence and worldly friendships will not purchase you one

additional hour of life; neither will they secure you a ticket to that better world which is, after all, the real life.

If this terrible accident at sea shall be the means in the hands of God of arousing millions of careless and indifferent to the feebleness of man and to the greatness of God, to the uncertainty of life and the certainty of salvation through Christ, then these 1,500 lives have not died in vain. But if we shall all hurry on with the same indifference, with the same carelessness to spiritual and eternal things, then what can possibly arouse us from this stupor that is settling down upon the world except the terrors of that last great day when it shall be everlastingly too late? "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Heb. 4:7.

## Pioneer Work in Darkest Africa

Miss Alma E. Doering

[The personal experience of Miss Doering, a missionary of seven years' standing in Africa, who spent some time in the Hinsdale sanitarium this winter regaining her health, was told by special request to the sanitarium family. We trust that our readers will have kindled in their hearts a greater desire for soul-winning service through reading this article.—Ed.]

### Found the Way to Victory.

FOR years I was rebellious against the leading of God, and then there came a great heart hunger for that constant daily victory in my life in the little things. I asked God to make me humble and He sent me some *humiliating* experiences. I prayed for patience and then a person came along who *tried* my patience; and I would not understand that was part of the training. But finally I saw the way to victory was *death*, absolute *surrender* to God's will,—ready to be nothing, to be misunderstood, to be an out-cast, trodden under foot. "Anything, Lord, just so I may have victory."

In the hour when I dedicated my life to God I told Him I would *give up* the lucrative position I was then holding and would give up everything. And then at that same moment there came a deep consciousness in my soul as if the Lord asked me, "If you want all I have for you in this world, that overflowing life that always has something for somebody else, will you go to Africa for it?" I was startled. But I said, "Lord, if this is Your call I will give my consent, but You must give the signal."

Up to that time I did not know what *personal* guidance was. I did not know you could go to God and get directions from Him even for the *little* things in life. Ah, that is one of the precious secrets in life, that makes our Christian experience so precious, to know we can have *definite* dealings with God.

### Working for God by Scrubbing Floors.

Six months after, there was an open door to enter slum work in Chicago and I saw that was God's way for me, and in two or three weeks I was scrubbing dirty floors,—something I never did in my life before,—among fallen people in the lowest strata of society. Many a time Satan would tempt me

and say, "Is this what you gave your life for?" But ah, the Lord kept me patient.

### Sent Among the Lumberjacks.

Six months later I was sent to northern Wisconsin to work among the lumberjacks. They thought if they sent a lady worker there probably those rough men at least would not rotten-egg her. So I was sent, timid, bashful as I was, into these towns of five thousand people with forty-seven saloons and a few other things which I need not mention.

I have found when we go step by step with God and begin scrubbing floors if He wants it, He has something else in view. I could keep you here till midnight telling you the answers to prayer. Without any human means of support, I have gone on missionary journeys with just enough money to take me to the next place where we changed cars, and God would send some one to help me.

I shall never forget when I went into a town where the people were afraid of me and tried to freeze me out: did not come to the meetings for about a month. The janitor was the only one there and I used to preach to him.

Just when I was most discouraged something said to me: "When the way is darkest then we are *nearest* the victory. The devil is going to try to get you to turn back just before the victory. You will find the people who run away are the people God never uses." And I said, "I am going back to preach the gospel in this town if I preach to one man ten years." The very *next* meeting, that school house was simply crowded, and it was wonderful how the Spirit of God worked.

### Forgot to Invite Me Home.

After that meeting the people forgot to invite me home. The character of the hotel was such I could not go to it and in fact did not have enough money. I remember walk-

ing down the dark streets and asking the Lord why He permitted this; would I have to sleep out in the dark tonight? My heart began to ache with such loneliness as I had never felt before, and this verse came to me: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." And I said, "Lord, I thank Thee for fellowship with thee."

As I went on I suddenly fell over a loose board in the sidewalk, and could not get up. As I sat there nursing my pain and ready to cry I thought, "He is going to take care of me." Just then a woman came rushing past me and said, "Who are you? Are you the missionary?" "Yes."

"Oh, I am so glad I found you," she said; "my mother is away for several nights and I have never been afraid before; but I have heard all sorts of strange noises in the house and I am so afraid, that I was going to the village to get some one to stay with me."

If I had gone on and not fallen in that hole we would have missed each other. We searched the house, under the beds and everywhere, and there was no one in there; it was only imagination,—no, more than that: it was the Lord. That woman found the Lord that night; and I am willing to fall into a thousand holes and stay there if the Lord will only let me reach some soul.

#### Received a Call for Africa.

I came back to Chicago in a year and went to a missionary meeting where a lady missionary was to give a talk on Africa. Most naturally I wanted to get first-hand information about the work in Africa. I went to the meeting and got as far back as I could. I did not want her to see me, because I was not quite ready to go to Africa yet and I thought the Lord might answer my prayer.

After the meeting this missionary, a stranger to me, came toward me, shook my hand and said, "Aren't you a missionary?" "Yes, what makes you think so?" "Why, there is something about your face that makes me think so; and it seems to me you are the one that is going with me to Africa." I looked at her startled, and she said, "I have been looking for some one for months; but when I saw your face in the meeting

something told me, 'There is the one.'" I was surprised, I did not know what to make of it.

She took me aside and said, "Miss Doering, haven't you a call for Africa?" I said, "I would like to know what a call is; how do people get calls?" She asked me for my experience, and when I got through she said, "Well, do you want more than that? It is up to you to obey."

#### There Were Six Hindrances in the Way.

In the first place, my parents refused to permit their only daughter to go to Africa. But within twenty-four hours after I put a test to God they broke down and could not sleep until they promised to give their daughter. And so it went on, and in three weeks I had more answers to prayer than ever in all my life put together.

The Lord sent in the money in a wonderful way, and we arrived in Germany, where I was to take a course in nursing in the Red Cross hospital. While there I had an accident and my health began to fail and I was almost a shadow within three months. I had no difficulty in passing a physician's examination when I left the States; but after I was in Germany they said it was simply suicide for me to go to Africa. I was sent to Switzerland to a health resort for weeks but my health did not return.

Finally this verse began to ring in my ears: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and *looking back*, is fit for the kingdom of God." I dared not step back. So I went on, and I had strength for every new step: packing my trunks and everything; but after each step my strength was done.

The day we were to sail we read our text, which said, "Be still, and know that I am God." My friend turned to me and said, "I believe we are going to have some trial, because the Lord is telling us to get still, to be calm."

#### A New Difficulty in the Way.

Just then the clerk of the hotel came rushing to the door and called her out. She came back with tears in her eyes and said, "Are you ready for very bad news? Our entire outfit,—our trunks, all the things we have, are burning up." It was a five hundred-dollar out-

fit for the two of us. We had these things at the custom house and at nine o'clock the fire broke out, and we were left with nothing but a suitcase and no money, in a strange city.

I said, "Lord, what do you want me to do?" I knew after asking that I was not to take one step away from the next steamer that would go three weeks later. I was too ill to go out that day but my friend went out to look at the fire. On the way back she saw an English sign, which attracted her inside. There was a lady there who asked her business in town, and of course she told

the gospel. But when they get there the missionaries must begin to build houses, saw their lumber with little hand saws for a whole house, and there are all those people coming to us without a stitch of clothing on and they want clothing—and so there is this everyday drudgery to do.

I was going to be a great missionary, the heathen were going to come flocking to me in great numbers, and here I was stitching away all day sewing,—having my hands in the mud making bricks,—having to make my own dining room table.



The witch doctor puncturing a hole in the skull of his patient to allow the evil spirit to escape.

her of the fire. She said, "I have been wanting to see some missionaries for some time; won't you come to my home and be my guests?"

It was the finest home in Antwerp, across from a park, and we simply lived in luxury the next three weeks, when we again started on our way to Africa. I was ill to the very day I arrived there, and the last day my courage gave way. But I was not in Africa two weeks when I was completely healed and restored to health.

The general idea of missionary work in foreign fields is that of a missionary with a sanctimonious face, a Bible under his arm, sitting under a palm tree all day preaching

#### Conditions in Central Africa.

Are you aware of the fact that in Central Africa the unevangelized districts are as large as the whole United States, without a single missionary of the cross? You must think of a land with no civilization whatever, no hospitals, no schools, no written language, no books, no institutions of any kind, no doctors,—the nearest doctor to our station is 450 miles away from us,—no orphanages, no rescue homes, no cities even, nothing but the little *kraals* as we call them, no streets or roads, for we have only the little narrow footpaths winding in and out through the high jungle grass which often reaches a height of eighteen feet; no bridges over the rivers but

the shoulders of the native, and his woolly pate our support; no industries, no dress-makers, no tailors, no shoe manufacturers, no furniture stores.

The people live in little huts so small that you must crawl to get in. There are no windows, no chimneys. Here live a father, mother, children, sheep, goats, chickens, and an infinite host of infinitesimal animal life.

#### The Girl Who Wanted Her Pay.

They are ungrateful. They think because we come with a few steamer trunks and tools that we are millionaires and all we have to do is to shake things out of our sleeves. And so they are always begging.

For instance, to show how little our work may be appreciated: A girl came to us once very sick, covered from head to foot with sores. She had the most nauseating skin disease and it took months of patient nursing to cure her. And when she was ready to go home she said, "Now I want my pay. Do you think I took all that bitter medicine for nothing?" She thought she did a favor to us.

It is considered a disgrace for a man to work in Central Africa; the women must do all the labor.

Such is dark Africa; and the darkest part of all is that there is no God, no hope for this life or the one to come, no Saviour; darkness all over,—superstition.

#### What Is the Use of It All?

It is this: When we went to that interior station, we took up forty boys who had never seen a school room, or book or pencil, never been under any restraint. Their toes were just bursting open with jiggers. Sometimes we have to skin the whole toe to get the jiggers out; if you do not get them out in time blood poisoning sets in. Some only had three toes, or two, because they had allowed the jiggers to eat them away. We can easily get the boys because they are not supposed to work. The women are the slaves. These boys came to us to learn to read and write. We gave them clothing, taught them how to sew their own clothing. But today fifteen of those first forty boys are preachers of the gospel.

#### TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER'S UNFAILING LOVE.

(From the Ohio State Penitentiary.)

"Tonight as I sit here in my cell the thought comes to me whether I will again be restored to a life of usefulness.

"I can never forget the words that came to me in a message from my dying mother that I would become a Christian and meet her in the new earth.

"With shame and sorrow I look back upon the many heartaches I caused my mother. But with that love that no human mind can fathom she was always ready to forgive me. When the world had turned against me and my friends deserted me, mother did not forget. How I miss her now no pen can describe.

"Although we may never meet on this earth, I wish you to rest assured that your confidence in me is not misplaced."

#### DIETETIC HINTS FOR PRISONERS.

The early disciples "ate their bread with gladness." Follow their example and you will be more likely to secure proper digestion.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Try to make everybody around you glad. Talk courage and you will soon feel courageous.

Fletcherize. Chew your food as long as it will remain in your mouth. "If you taste your food *before* you swallow it you will not have to taste it afterwards."

Make the simple foods your first choice. One well-prepared dish eaten with bread and some fruit or vegetables is ordinarily sufficient.

Drink a glass of water on rising and retiring, an hour before each meal, and one to three hours after eating, thus giving your alimentary canal a daily bath, which is just as essential as washing your face.

Deep breathing improves the digestion. Practice it frequently during the day. More people die of air starvation than of food starvation.

Prescription for a long life: Cultivate a good temper; live a natural life; eat moderately of the food that agrees with you; keep on the sunny side of the street.



## Helping the Poor and Unfortunate

Mrs. Hannah Swanson

Matron Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

"Along the city's waste,  
Working with Thee,  
Our eager footsteps haste,  
Like Thee to be;  
The poor we gather in,  
The outcasts raise from sin  
And labor souls to win,  
Working with Thee."

THESE lines have come to my mind on more than one occasion the past month as we have tried in our feeble way to help the poor and needy. We have had many interesting experiences the past month. I can only tell you of a few.

Early in the winter a man came to us for help. He said he had been a drinking man but had given that up and wanted us to keep him for a few days until he could get work. We cleaned him up and gave him clothes, but in a short time he began to drink again. I told him we would not keep him if he persisted in drinking; but the drink habit had gotten such a hold on him and in his own strength he was unable to conquer it.

About a month ago he came back and begged us to give him another chance. He said: "I was not right when I was here before; I was convicted, but *not* converted." He said that he had just come from the county hospital and while there he had given his heart to God. He said as he prayed to God to know what to do He plainly showed him he must come back to us and we would help him again.

Of course, it took faith on our part; but we noticed a different look on his face and I could not help but feel that God had touched his soul. He also informed me he had given up tobacco. The first time he was with us he did not think that necessary.

He secured work the next day and has been sober and in his right mind ever since. He is studying the Word of God and is much interested in our special truths for this time. He has a wife and child and wishes to regain their love and confidence. I wish you might remember him in your prayers.

A poor woman came to us a few days ago

with a little baby three weeks old. Her husband had deserted her. She said she had three other children and she could not possibly care for this one. As a general thing I encourage mothers to keep their babies, but in this case it did not seem best. I knew of a good Christian woman who wanted just such a child, and she came and got the baby.

The mother's trouble was so great, thinking about the other children and how she was going to get along, that she could not sense what it meant to hand her living baby over to another woman. The next morning in worship her eyes were red from weeping. She said she had a friend with whom she could stop until she found work. She promised in a short time to make the proper arrangements to have the baby legally adopted.

A lady whose husband was a physician, but now dead, and who found herself without a home or employment, has been with us the past week. She is expecting to get a position soon.

A woman who spent all her money for an Easter suit and hat and in some unexpected way lost her position, is also with us. She is from the East, a stranger here, and consequently is in need of help.

Some come for shoes, others for shoestrings, others for stockings, and so on. In the police station this morning we met a man who had neither shoes nor hat. He said he had gotten drunk and while in that condition some one stole them. He asked me if I could get him a pair of shoes, as he hated to appear barefoot before the judge.

On looking through our old shoes at home I found we had none, so I called on a nearby shoemaker. He gave me a pair and I sent one of the boys down to the jail with a cap

and the shoes. The man seemed very grateful. The young man we sent said there were some ladies in the station sightseeing who said they thought that was real missionary work.

The boy came home and, with tears in his eyes, said he had had a talk with the man and had told him to go his way and sin no more. So, you see, in helping others we get a blessing ourselves. That is what we are promised in Isa. 58:10.

As this little magazine will be read by hundreds of boys behind the bars, my message to them is: BE OF GOOD COURAGE. Jesus is a very present help in time of trouble. He is coming soon, when sorrow and sighing will flee away, and there will be no more sin. I want to be among those who have their names written in the Lamb's book of life, don't you?

#### "IT OPENED MY EYES."

(From Auburn, N. Y., Prisoner.)

"I received both your letter and the reading matter. Yes, I assuredly enjoy THE LIFE BOAT. I owe a lot to that little magazine of good tidings and to THE LIFE BOAT people for sending it, for it was the reading of this little book that opened my eyes to right living, right thinking and doing. I can leave prison a totally different man than when I entered, for life now holds for me something more than sin and shame and sorrow."

#### BEWARE OF HABIT-FORMING DRUGS.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who until recently has held the position of chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, has the following good advice to give concerning the so-called habit-forming drugs of the day:

A habit-forming drug is one that causes a feeling of exaltation, followed by a reaction or depressed condition during which the victim has a strong desire to repeat the condition of apparent stimulation.

Such a drug does not nourish tissues, repair wastes, or furnish heat or energy.

One is under the influence of the drug habit when he can not by his own will power do without it.

Caffein is supposed to stimulate the heart and relieve the feeling of fatigue. Coca-cola is a caffein preparation, and as the advertisements say, it "relieves fatigue."

There the danger lies. Fatigue is a danger signal. The moment you take a drug that deadens this signal, you have extinguished the red-light signals on your road.

Recently it has been determined that the use of caffein has a marked tendency to produce Bright's disease of the kidneys. Today one hundred thousand people in this country are victims of Bright's disease or of diabetes, and *do not know it*. It is far better not to overburden the kidneys with unnecessary work, and it should be remembered that seventy-five per cent of the caffein must be excreted by the kidneys, thus throwing on them an additional burden.

#### DICK LANE STILL MAKING GOOD.

The following testimony from Dick Lane will be of encouragement to our prison readers. What the Lord has helped Dick Lane to accomplish in the last seventeen years since his conversion He will help any other man to attain who is down and out:

"What I am today I am by the grace of Christ. I was born a crook and served six terms in prison; yet the years behind bars failed to change me. I liked everything that was bad. But God took pity on me. The night of my conversion I came forward for prayer in the Pacific Garden Mission, got down on my knees and said:

"God Almighty, take me and fix me up.' He did it and He will do it for any man or woman who will accept Jesus Christ as *their* Saviour.

"I was the laziest man in the world, but after my conversion I went to work washing windows, etc., at seven dollars a week, and I would get so tired that I could hardly walk. I found it better farther on. Now, after working sixteen years in the mailing room of the *Record-Herald* building I have cleared five thousand dollars. God has wonderfully blessed me. I can show to the world that the Lord does transform men when they are down and out."

Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything; it is the light that leads and the strength that lifts men up; it robs endurance of difficulty.

## The Revolution in Mexico

David Paulson, M. D.

THE most frequent question asked me since my visit to Mexico has been, "What about the revolution?" Believing that the same question is uppermost in the minds of THE LIFE BOAT readers I will endeavor to explain it from my point of view.

In the first place, a few wealthy men own all Mexico. There are plenty of immense ranches that are larger by far than good sized counties in the States. It is estimated that there are only about seven thousand property holders in Mexico. What about the other fourteen million? They are the ones that have caught the revolutionary spirit.

corner selling a few handfuls of peanuts and home-made candy pays six cents every day tax or her little outfit is confiscated by the daily tax-gatherer; while I met a man who owns a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property and he complained bitterly because his tax was twenty-five dollars a year. The small store keeper pays six per cent tax on all his sales, each day; while the men who own the immense ranches and mines pay little or no tax on their property.

These poor sandal-footed Mexicans have had but little justice. Go into a court room any day under the Diaz administration and



Snapshot of a few of the host of school children in San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

They are just beginning to discover themselves just as they are doing in China, in India, in fact in all the dark portions of our earth. Thirty centuries ago the Scriptures prophesied of a time just before the coming of the Lord when the heathen should be wakened (Joel 3:12); and they are waking up sure enough.

These poor Mexicans have been the oppressed of the oppressed for generations. The poor woman who sits on the street

you would see perhaps twenty of them under arrest. The policeman would tell the judge what each one had done. The prisoner might try to speak a word in his own defense: he was instantly told to be silent, and was given three months, six months, etc. Each case was disposed of about as rapidly as tickets are sold to a lecture. Incredible as it may seem this has been the type of justice meted out to the poor Mexican.

Diaz encouraged foreign capital and ruled

the government by an iron hand, but his system was not developing intelligent self-government among his down-trodden subjects. Madero had the courage to tell Diaz what the country needed and what the country wanted, and he began to tell the same thing to the Mexicans. He was promptly arrested, later got out of prison, gathered some of those discontented Mexicans around him and began to promise them that if he was made president they should have land, liberty and justice; and you who have read the newspapers know the rest.

**Easier to Promise Than to Fulfil.**

Madero was no sooner president than he

of self-government, and God only knows what is in store for Mexico. I do not even venture to predict.

One thing is certain: These people need the gospel more than they need anything else, and God can be depended upon to open the way for this to be done whether it be under favorable or unfavorable circumstances.

**A Patient People.**

Generations of oppression have taught these people patience. One of these Mexican natives will spend four successive hours trying to persuade a balky mule to move. You may stand for half an hour and watch them and you will see no indications they have lost



A Primitive Irrigation Plant.

began to discover why Diaz had run the government by an iron hand. The revolutionary spirit had broken loose and Madero could neither give them land nor money nor change the old system in a day so as to give them more liberty. Taxes instead of decreasing were increased and soon revolutionary leaders began springing up like mushrooms all over Mexico, promising to do for the poor Mexicans what Madero had failed to do.

The present outlook is that Madero's government can not maintain itself; and humanly speaking this great down-trodden, ignorant, discontented population is utterly incapable

their patience. There is no verbal explosion, no sky rockets or anything of the kind: just persistent coaxing the mule, and as they have a larger stock of patience than the mule has obstinacy they finally conquer.

Their experience has developed a sort of stoical attitude. They will sit and freeze and not an expression on their countenances would indicate it. They make no complaints. I have seen them hurried off to jail in what seemed to me a most unjust sort of a manner, but I could not detect on their faces any expression of disgust, anger, sorrow or indignation.

These people have had few wants, hence a few cents a day have sufficed for a salary. They have been content if they simply had a blanket to wrap around them and a few tortillas to eat. Their little huts cost almost nothing, they wore no swell clothing, had no laundry bills. But the spirit of modern times is fermenting among them and the old program is no longer fully satisfying them. This is another side light on the revolution. In fact Diaz pulled down his own house; during the last few years of his administration he established public schools, ignorance began to be dispelled, and Mexico is just now passing through the transition period between the darkness of night and the dawn of day.

#### Primitive and Modern Irrigation.

In much of Mexico, like some portions of our great West, the rain fall is deficient.

But modern irrigating systems are being introduced, one of the most interesting being flowing artesian wells, which in some portions of Mexico irrigate vast areas of land without any expense except the initial cost.

#### The Religious Atmosphere.

Every fair-minded person is ready to admit that there were Spanish missionaries who penetrated the western wilds of our land in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and taught the Indians the rudiments of modern civilization and gave them a glimpse of Christian ideals.

But Mexico did not get its religion that way. Spain sent over its soldiers and conquered the ancient Aztec race and brought along religion as a side line and compelled the Indians to accept it at the point of the



View of eighteen-inch flowing well. There were nine others in the immediate vicinity irrigating a vast ranch.

The primitive system is wells dug about ten or twenty rods apart, water being drawn up by kegs fastened onto an endless chain passing over a large wooden wheel, this being propelled by a mule or horse going around and around by the hour. By this means quite a stream of water is constantly being poured out on the land.

Hence it is not surprising that religion in Mexico generally speaking has gone to seed in superstition, form, ceremony, pilgrimages, without seriously influencing for the better the vital conduct of the people. The great bulk of the population need the genuine gospel as urgently as the Jews needed it in the time of John the Baptist.

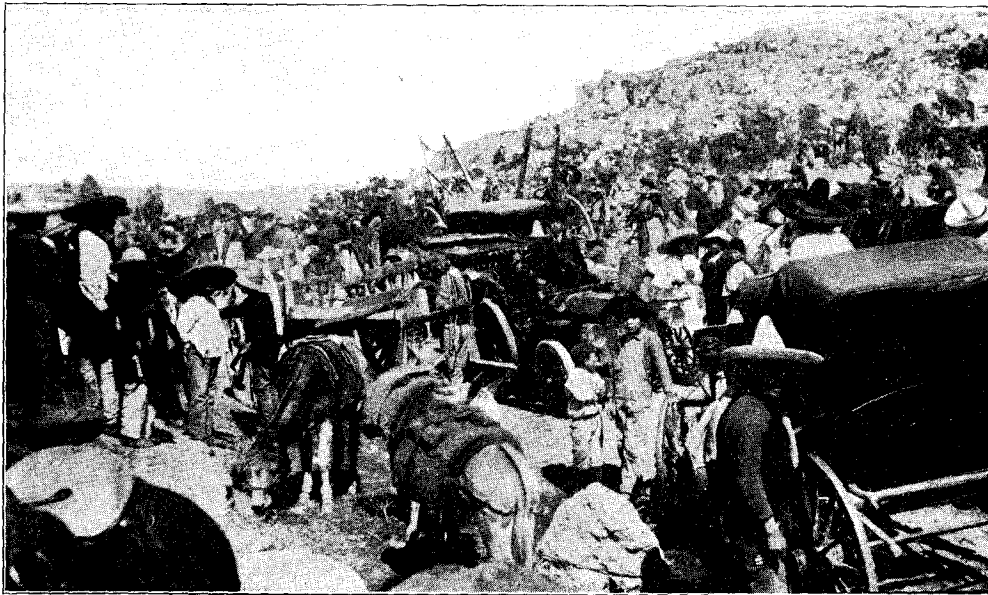
**More Attractive to Business Men than Missionaries.**

Mexico under the Diaz administration held out unparalleled financial opportunities to wide-awake American business men. And it is an actual fact that the financial opportunities in Mexico have attracted a thousand business men to each missionary who has been drawn there by a love for souls.

I spent a delightful evening with Dr. Cox, a leading Methodist missionary, who has spent about thirty years of his life in Mexico. He told me many interesting experiences in traveling on horse back all over that rough

on his sight-seeing expedition. In a few days he was completely worn to pieces, riding in rain, sleeping outdoors, his stomach would not tolerate the Chili sauce and tortillas. Finally lying down and groaning from pain and exhaustion he said, "Cox, what makes you take such a trip?" He answered, "To give the gospel to these poor people who have had no chance." And the young man said, "I would let them go to the devil."

He only expressed the universal sentiment. I met men in Mexico who went down there to save souls but who are now engaged in coining silver. How applicable to such the words of the Master: "What shall it profit a



Thousands of pilgrims at their annual festival surrounding the church in the wilderness.

country searching for souls in the most out-of-the-way places. He said one time when he was about to start off on a fifteen days' horse back trip a young worldly, adventuresome American who was visiting Mexico decided it would be a rare opportunity to see the country by accompanying this missionary pioneer.

Dr. Cox, knowing from painful experience the hardships of such a trip, endeavored to discourage him; but the young man thought he could stand as much as any missionary. So he bought an old mule and started out

man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

I returned from Mexico with a greater hunger and thirst in my soul for character, for the *real* missionary spirit, not the pretense of it. It is character that counts, and that impresses to a greater or less extent even the roughest and toughest of men. I thank God that you and I may have such a heavenly treasure in our lives that whenever or wherever we meet humanity, at its best or at its worst, it may be reminded of heaven and heavenly things and made *hungry* for both.

## Dr. Pearsons' Ninety-Second Birthday

Caroline Louise Clough

**D**R. D. K. PEARSONS, the millionaire philanthropist who has spent the last twenty-two years of his life in giving away his vast fortune, celebrated his ninety-second birthday April 14 at the Hinsdale sanitarium where he makes his home. A special birthday dinner was served in the sanitarium dining

"I always was careful what I did. I was up early in the morning and at eight o'clock at night I usually was in bed. I never went to the theater or to entertainments."

Dr. Pearsons enjoys the sanitarium vegetarian diet and says he is gaining in weight and feels better than he did a year ago. He

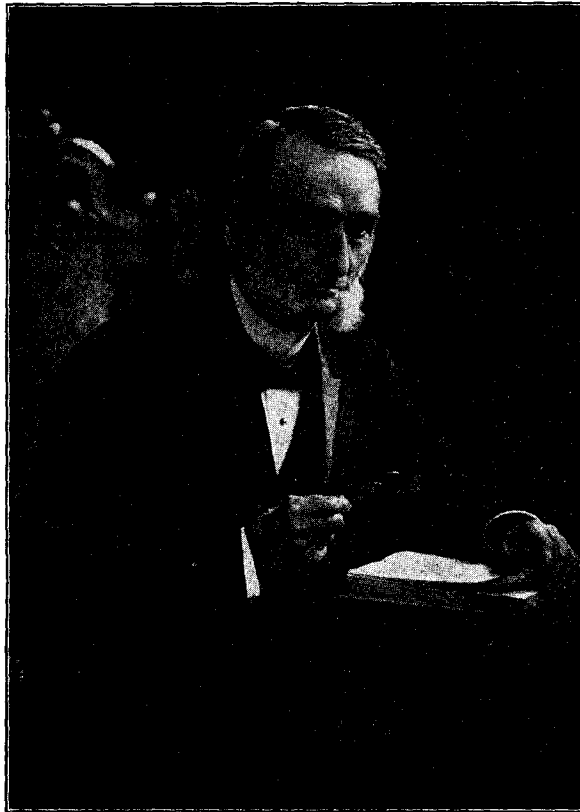


Photo of Dr. D. K. Pearsons taken three years ago.

room and he was the recipient of many telegrams of congratulation and visits from friends far and near.

The fact that the doctor has lived to such a ripe old age with all his mental powers preserved, he attributes to his strict adherence to health principles and regularity of life.

"Folks are too hurried nowadays," he says.

believes in exercise and most any day can be seen out walking on the sanitarium grounds or verandas. He says he walks a mile every day.

His life of wholesome endeavor, supplemented with twenty-two years of beneficence, is well worth imitating. From the nearly fifty colleges that he has helped to establish

through his large gifts there goes forth each year a stream of well-trained young people to fill positions of responsibility and to bless humanity. Berea College, Kentucky, where

hundreds of boys and girls from the mountain districts are educated, is the recipient of his largest gift and the one in which he takes the most satisfaction.

## In Prison and Out

Mrs. Belle Kershaw,  
528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

[We are glad to furnish our readers herewith a portion of the paper read by Mrs. Kershaw at the closing exercises of the Chicago medical missionary training school, April 6.—Ed.]

**I**N the prison work we not only meet those in the lower walks of life, but the middle and upper classes, too. On one occasion I met a doctor, a very intelligent man, who had been accused by another party of taking a dollar. This man was saved from serving three months in the Bridewell. As a result, some very influential men in the city were met. They have given me invitations to come to their homes and meet their wives, and I expect to do this as soon as our class closes.

Sister Swanson, our good "Samaritan," first passes from cell to cell, then sends me to the ones she feels can be helped. One Sunday morning after our gospel service I was directed to a cell with several inmates. I spoke a few words to them and one party spoke up and said: "I do not want to hear anything this morning." I stopped and waited, and soon I spoke again. He listened, and before long opened his heart to me; then asked if I would telephone his parents. I said yes, but it came so forcibly to me to go and see them. I mentioned this to him, and oh, how his face lighted up!

I went immediately after jail service and did pray earnestly that I might be a true witness for Jesus in that home. They lived in a beautiful apartment. I was so thankful that his mother had already learned where her boy was. When I told her my mission she invited me in, but could hardly talk for weeping. Through her tears she asked if she could not give me some money. I said: "No; I am not working for money."

With a look of astonishment on her face, she asked: "Why do you do it then?" I was so glad I could say it was for Jesus' sake; that He was coming soon; that I wanted

to be ready myself, and was seeking to help others to be ready. Then she said: "If you will not take it, may I send some to the Life Boat Home?" I answered, "Yes."

### Arousing the Careless.

On my way home that day I laid my muff and purse in the car seat while I stepped up to the conductor to ask him where to make certain transfer connections. On my return I found my seat taken and a lady in the seat behind me had my things. I sat down by her and she commenced talking. My first thought was, "I have no literature for her." Then I remembered I had one LIFE BOAT left, so gave her that. She asked me what work I was engaged in. I told her and she thought it was a grand work, and said: "You must receive a large salary." I said, "Oh, no, I receive no money for my work." She said, "Why do you do it then?" I replied again, "Jesus is coming soon." Looking her straight in the face, I asked, "Do you believe it?" She answered, "I do not know." I asked her if she read her Bible. She replied she did not, but that she had three or four Bibles.

Knowing I had only a few minutes left, I asked for her name and address. At first she hesitated, then said, "Yes, I will give it to you." I also told her to read Matthew 24 and I would send her something more on the coming of the Lord. She was a rich society woman. I did not at first believe she gave me her right name, but she did. What I said seemed to awaken her from a deep sleep; she asked so innocently, "How do you know He will come again?" I quoted John 14:1-3. She took my hand when I left the car, saying she was glad I could do such good work.

On looking up one man's family I met



three other families where I am sure a Bible worker would be welcomed. Sometimes among the poorer classes I buy food for them and also give them money for coal. There is surely a great work to be done in these homes.

#### Carrying the Gospel to the Business Men.

In our large city buildings I have had some very precious experiences. I was canvassing one prominent building, when a man came to me and said, "There is no canvassing allowed in this building. Go and see Mr. ——— and if he will give you a permit, all right." I went to the superintendent's office and introduced myself and my work. He said, "Yes, I will give you a permit and you can come once a month and I will pass you through the building."

I felt the responsibility then of witnessing for Jesus, for I knew there was some one in there whom He especially wanted me to meet. I tell you I went from office to office with a prayer on my lips that I might do and say what He wanted me to. I had not gone far until one man became interested, so I drew his attention to the soon coming of our Lord. He asked if I really believed Jesus was soon coming. I replied, "That is what the Word says." He asked me if I would send him something that would enlighten him on this subject, and I did so on my return home.

My friends, it is now time to warn the people of Jesus' soon coming. People are really anxious to know about it, and God is only waiting for consecrated workers to go forward. May God help us to realize our lack of interest in this great event. Let us consecrate ourselves and be a living sacrifice; let us put on the whole armor of God and *press forward*. When we do this, we will find more openings than we can fill.

#### WHAT A SHUT-IN DID.

In January we received a letter from an invalid young woman who lives alone with her father and is not able to get out of the house, except when friends come and take her riding. She sent a list of thirty-eight subscriptions which she had procured from her friends.

A few days ago we received another list of twelve subscriptions, making fifty subscribers secured this year. She writes:

"I thought I had made a clean sweep, but have since gathered a few gleanings by the wayside. I trust THE LIFE BOAT may throw out its life line and rescue some perishing souls."

Although a shut-in and living a life of apparent solitude, yet this young woman is blessing humanity in a large way. This is a work that any one can do. Write for terms.

#### RING TRUE.

Say, boys! Can you tell when a counterfeit coin  
Is tossed on the counter to you?  
Of course you can tell, for you know every time  
That it strikes it doesn't ring true.

And, boys! Do you know that counterfeit life  
(That's a regular sham through and through)  
Is as simply detected in every-day strife  
As the coin? For it doesn't ring true.

Ah, boys! If you want to be manly men,  
To be honored in all that you do,  
Just make up your minds that ten times out of ten  
You will always be found to ring true.

And, boys! If you knew how our country respects  
A genuine man, then you, too,  
Would endeavor to live a life that reflects  
God's image, and always ring true.

Ring true in your contests and games on the field,  
In your homes, with a crowd, or a few;  
Though others may try their shortcomings to shield,  
Yet, boys, just remember, ring true.

—Indian Witness.

**WANTED—Twenty earnest, consecrated young people to enter the Hinsdale Sanitarium Missionary Nurses' course, beginning June 5, 1912. Write immediately for further information. Address Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.**



Only Eight of the Hundreds of Babies Born in the Home. A Whole Army Growing Up to Be

## The Home Family Help the Prisoners

Mrs. Elsie D. Whisler,

Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

At present every one is kept quite busy in the Home. We have been cleaning house, and while I am writing the girls are out clearing the lawn. We are now ready to begin making garden.

Everything around here speaks of spring-time and the coming summer. This is the season when our minds naturally turn to Christ's parable of the sower. As we sow the seeds in the ground we must not forget to sow the seed of God's Word in the hearts of those around us. For this purpose we are making use of the Morning Watch Calendar. Every girl in the Home commits one verse of Scripture to memory every day. Surely some of this seed of the Word will spring up and bear fruit unto eternal life.

One evening at worship as we were studying God's love and care for us I asked the girls how many of them believed the Lord really had directed them to this home. Every hand went up. Then different ones told how they first learned of the place and how means were raised for them to come, showing clearly God's hand in it all.

The following expressions are from some of the girls:

"The morning and evening worship have been such a help to me. I never read my Bible before coming here but now I read it every day."

"I know the Lord will help me as he has often done before. I am still trusting in Him. Pray for me that I may stand firm and true."

"I shall always remember how good you all were to me in the home."

"The Lord has surely been working for me. I just learned to trust Him since being in trouble."

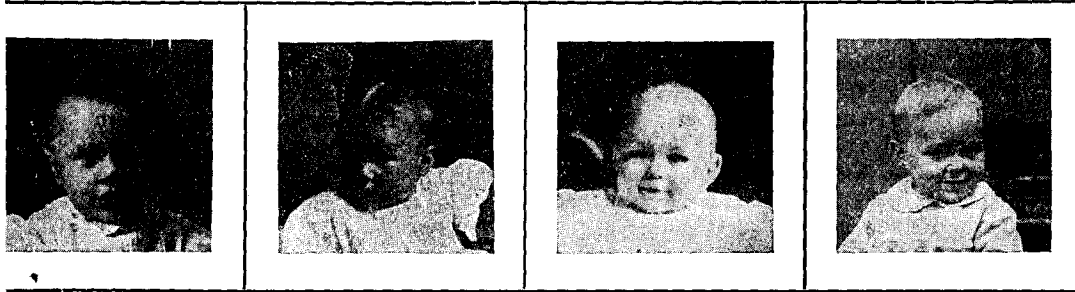
One of our babies has recently been laid to rest, and the mother has returned to her home with the assurance that if faithful she will meet her little one again.

The Home family has raised four dollars to send this number of THE LIFE BOAT to some prison. Some of the girls have given their last cent for this purpose, and we believe they will receive a blessing from this, as well as those to whom the papers were sent.

We would be glad if some of our friends would send us a few copies of the new edition of "Christ in Song." And we need several more Bibles. Will you not remember us in this way? We make good use of our Bibles, but have not enough to go around; every girl wants one at worship time.

### TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

Many a young woman has learned of THE LIFE BOAT Rescue Home just in time to save her from either committing suicide or throwing her life away in sin. If some such girl should chance to read these lines my message to you is, do not give up. You can live down the past. If you are in need of a Christian friend write to me. Address, Mrs. C. L. Clough, Hinsdale, Ill.



ful Men and Women Who Might Otherwise Have Been Reared in Sin. Does It Pay? Yes.

## The Greatest Achievement of a Human Being\*

A. G. Daniells

Washington, D. C.

CHRIST says, "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." The mission I have had in the world now must be *your* mission in the world. The thing that I have lived for you must live for, and the thing I died for you must die for if need be.

That lifts life to the *highest* plane. There is nothing else in the realm of human thought or activity that equals it. To win men to Christ is the greatest achievement of a human being. The individual who actually does, through his influence, his teaching, his life, his service, win a lost soul to Christ, performs the greatest thing that a human being can do.

Napoleon never accomplished such a thing. Alexander the Great never achieved such a great victory as that. The best that the greatest men in science, in literature, in art, in statesmanship, can do falls far below the achievement of soul-winning. Their work terminates here; soul-winning work extends over into eternity and there is nothing so great as that.

Christ would have gone through all He did to have won a single soul from eternal perdition. He could not have been happy in heaven looking down on a lost world if He had known that one poor lost wreck would go down without His help who would have been lifted up to the skies by His life and death on earth.

\*Abstract of talk given before the Hinsdale Sanitarium family, April 5, 1912.

Christ said, "For their sakes I sanctify Myself." In other words: I am here being what I have come to bring other men to be; I am all that I wish others to become.

### Not a Mute Sign Board.

There is a great difference between an individual being what he teaches and what he recommends, and being merely a *signboard* by the way pointing the right way and telling people that is the way to go. Christ was not a mute signboard pointing to the end, and saying: "That is the direction in which all should travel, and that is the end all should reach." He was not that. He walked ahead and He said to men, "Come on."

"Thou must be true thyself if thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow if thou another's soul wouldst reach:  
It needs the overflowing heart to give the life full speech."

That is what Jesus meant when He said, "I sanctify Myself." Illustrating what utter folly it was for a man to live one thing and teach another, Emerson said: "What you do thunders so loud in my ears that I can not hear what you say." It is the *life* that lifts, *not* the teaching alone. Jesus thought of that when He said, "I sanctify Myself." That is, I set myself apart for a holy life and a holy service.

There is an *aroma* about such a life. There is something goes from it—it is inexpressible; it is invisible; you can't pick it up and lay hold of it; you can't bottle it; you can't

analyze it, but it is there. It falls upon the heart, for it comes from the heart. Jesus expressed it like this: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink," and out of him "shall flow rivers of living water."

#### The Spell of a Consecrated Life.

At one time we had in our sanitarium at Washington a judge. He was there from dissipation. He did not fear God nor man. He lived up to his desires to the fullest extent and broke down physically. He came to our sanitarium. One day after he had been there some time I met him out on the walk near the sanitarium, and he said: "Mr. Daniells, this whole thing is a puzzle to me. It is an enigma; I can't fathom it." I said: "What is it, judge?"

He said: "Why, I have been on the bench and had before me hundreds and hundreds of people and I have never met people who lived like these people here. I never had anyone have an influence on my heart like these people have here. I can't understand it. I have always been a close student of humanity and I have watched for motives and purposes. I have had to do it. But there is something here that is beyond me; I can't fathom it. I do not see how young people can turn their backs on all the things of the world and be happy as they are here, just doing things for other people. I can't understand that. I should think they would want to be out doing things for themselves; but they seem to be happy doing something for us poor sinners, poor, old, cranky, sick people that are here, and they are just as patient. I have not heard a nurse speak a cross word since I have been here, and I know I am enough to try the patience of anybody."

I said: "Judge, there is only one explanation for that and that is that the Infinite One, the Almighty, the God in heaven who created all things, has worked a work of regeneration in their lives and they are *another kind* of people from what you are and from what you have met in the courts. They are under another influence. They have different hearts; they are different people, and they do not come into your courts."

"Well," he said, "something has done it. I never have seen anything like it. I go down to prayer meeting just to hear them sing, to

see their sweet faces and hear them pray. I don't pray, but I like to hear them pray and speak."

A few days after that he went into the doctor's office. The doctor said: "Good morning, judge; how are you today?"

He said: "Doctor, I am in a very bad way."

"Why," he said, "I am sorry. What is the trouble?"

He said: "I am in great trouble, doctor. It is not my body; it is my heart. I am a poor old sinner, lost, without any hope. Doctor, I would rather have you pray with me than to do anything else." So they knelt down in the office and the doctor prayed for God to give him a new heart and to help him, and he went away feeling better.

We ourselves must see that we are what we want others to be and what we teach them they should be. We must *be the thing*; and so then we shall not be signboards standing mute and simply with the finger saying, That is the way. No, we can take that thing down and *go* that way, and it will be as it was with Jesus. He said, "I, if I be lifted up \* \* \* will draw all men unto Me." The individual who lives that life, who has that thing, will draw men to God, to Christ—win souls.

#### How a Church Was Revived.

I was just reading today of the mighty power of a consecrated life. It was the story of a young pastor who was assigned by a bishop to a country place where everything of a spiritual character was at a low ebb, and people did not come to prayer meeting. That was not a part of the curriculum at all, and they would only come out to church on a pleasant Sunday morning. The preacher felt deeply concerned, and so one Sunday morning right in harvest time he said: "I have decided to appoint a prayer meeting Wednesday morning, early in the morning." It was right in the busy season. "Now," he said, "before you go to work in the fields I want you to come and pray"—a most unlikely thing, an unheard-of thing in that community.

Tuesday night he went into that church when the sun set and he prayed all night that God would bring the people to that church. He said: "Lord, I can't see these people going down to destruction like this. I must

see their consciences quickened and their souls aroused." And he prayed there until the streaks of light began to shine and he got the satisfaction in his soul his prayer was heard. He felt so happy he just lay down on the bench and fell asleep. The sun was not up yet.

In a little while he awoke and the sun was shining into the room. He was startled and his first thought was about those people. He got up and looked out and saw the people coming to the church in their carriages; and they came and packed that building full that morning. People who had had no thought of going, when they awoke in the morning early there came on them such an awful conviction of their lost condition and the necessity of seeking God for help, that they just hitched up their teams and men brought their wives and children and filled that house, and the power of God fell upon that people.

I tell you what this world *needs* is a church sanctifying itself that the lost may be saved. That is what every one of us needs. May God help us to realize this and to set ourselves apart—consecrate soul, body and spirit to God for a true life and for effectual service, and the Lord will work with us and others.

#### HAVE YOU HEARD THE PRAYER BELL SOUND?

Prince Wilhelm of Germany never uttered a truer statement than when he said the following:

"Yonder in the towers on the mountain top hang strange bells. By the hands of no human being are they rung. Still and silent they hang in the sunshine. But when the storm wind comes they swing, they begin to ring, and one hears the sound in the valley below. God has hung a prayer bell in *every* human being's heart. In the sunny and fortunate days of life how often it hangs there still and silent, but when the stormy wind of trouble blows *then* it begins to sound."

We want some one to help us circulate this number of THE LIFE BOAT in your community. Can you help us or send us the name and address of some one who can? Write for terms,

#### PROMISING VS. DOING.

PEARL WAGGONER.

All nature around us is working—  
Is clothing the trees in green,  
Is spreading a carpet of verdure  
Where erstwhile the snows were seen.

For weeks she was stirring and toiling,  
First wielding March winds as her broom,  
Then using the showers, preparing  
A place for the flowers to bloom.

No promise she made, no announcement  
Concerning approach of spring,—  
No placard, no signboard, proclaiming  
The wonderful change she'd bring.

But faithfully, lo, she was working  
Each day and throughout each night  
Till spring, in its charm, was unfolded  
Before our enraptured sight.

'Tis not in the *promise* of great things  
The eye takes supreme delight;  
What good were the *promise* of green fields  
If over them all was blight?

It refreshes the parched earth never—  
The promise alone of rain:  
It filleth no brooklets with water,  
It groweth no golden grain.

What good, to a man who is starving,  
What comfort, are words alone?  
No more will they lessen his hunger,  
His craving, than would a stone.

For promises, oh, are so empty!  
'Tis real things this old world needs;  
And words are but idle and powerless  
Except as they bloom in deeds.

Let's learn then this lesson from nature,  
And take for example still  
Earth's Ruler, who answered pain's pleading  
Not only in words—"I will,"

But straightway in love and compassion  
Extended a helping hand,—  
Thus cleansing the suffering leper,  
And causing the lame to stand.

And when at the last we shall see Him,  
And stand at His judgment bar,  
Professions will then avail nothing,—  
But what we have lived, and are.

For when He shall speak His approval—  
So sweet to the waiting one—  
We'll hear Him not saying, "Well promised,"  
But simply the words, "Well done."

#### READS, THEN PASSES TO OTHERS.

"Enclosed find fifty cents in coin, which pays for my subscription for THE LIFE BOAT for the coming year. I read each one through with great interest, then pass it on to others, requesting them to do likewise. I have been a subscriber since February, 1909, at which time our daughter was a patient at your sanitarium. She and I were greatly interested in the good work being done there. One of my great desires is to be spared to help financially when my circumstances will permit, which I hope will not be very far in the future."

## Our Duty to the Poor and Unfortunate

David Paulson, M D.

1. What did Christ *do* when He walked among humanity?  
 "Who went about **DOING GOOD.**" Acts 10:38.
2. What will His *true* followers do?  
 "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also **SO TO WALK, even as HE WALKED.**" 1 John 2:6.
3. While ministering to the poor and needy *whom* are we really blessing?  
 "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, **YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.**" Matt. 25:40.
4. How *long* will the problem of the poor continue?  
 "Ye have the poor **ALWAYS WITH YOU.**" Matt. 26:11.
5. Is it God's plan that there should exist a *wall of separation* between the rich and the poor?  
 "The rich and poor **MEET TOGETHER: the Lord is the maker of them all.**" Prov. 22:2.
6. What is a visible *evidence* of genuine repentance?  
 "Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by **SHOWING MERCY TO THE POOR.**" Dan. 4:27.
7. What is *positive* evidence that one possesses a true knowledge of God?  
 "He **JUDGED THE CAUSE** of the **POOR** and **NEEDY**; then it was well with him: was not this **TO KNOW ME?** saith the Lord." Jer. 22:16.
8. What *other classes* of unfortunates will be blessed by such an experience?  
 "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the **FATHERLESS** and **WIDOWS** in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James 1:27.
9. How *wide* is the field of Christian beneficence?  
 "Give to **EVERY MAN** that asketh of thee." Luke 6:30.
10. Is it our duty to always give *what* is expected or asked for?  
 "Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but **SUCH AS I HAVE** give I thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Acts 3:6.
11. What is often of *greater* value than money to a discouraged soul?  
 "I **SMILED ON THEM** when they had no confidence." Job 29:24, R. V.
12. How *long* can the Christian withstand such a drain upon his resources?  
 "Give and **IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU**; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it **SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU** again." Luke 6:38.
13. Who becomes the Christian's financial guarantee?  
 "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack." Prov. 28:27.
14. Should we *rely* entirely upon the reports of *others* concerning those in need?  
 "The cause of him I **KNEW NOT I** used **TO INVESTIGATE.**" Job 29:16, Jewish version.
15. Will this work sometimes require *time, effort* and *money*?  
 "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and **BOUND UP** his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his **OWN BEAST**, and brought him **TO AN INN**, and **TOOK CARE OF HIM.** And on the morrow when he departed he took out **TWO PENCE**, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I **WILL REPAY THEE.**" Luke 10:33-35.
16. What Christian activities will *characterize* the lives of those who call the Bible Sabbath a delight?

"Is not this the fast that I have ordained, To **UNTIE** the knots of wickedness; to **RELAX** the burden of the yoke; and **RESCUE** those who are oppressed by violence; and that ye withdraw every yoke? Is it not to part **THY BREAD** with the famished, and to bring the **VAGRANT POOR** into thy house? When thou seest the naked, that **THOU CLOTHE** him? . . . And thy soul has **COMPASSION** upon the famished; and thou **SATISFIETH** the afflicted soul; then thy light shall arise through the darkness. . . . If thou restrain thy foot during the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on **MY HOLY DAY**; and shalt call the Sabbath a **DELIGHT**; the holy feast of Jehovah, **HONORABLE**; and shalt honor it by **REFRAINING FROM THY ACCUSTOMED** work; from seeking thy own gratification; and ordinary conversation: but rather **SHALT DELIGHT THYSELF IN JEHOVAH**. Isa. 58:6, 7, 10, 13, 14, Spurrell's version.

17. When Christ sent out the seventy what was *the order* of their ministry?

"And **HEAL THE SICK** that are therein, and **SAY UNTO THEM**, the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Luke 10:9.

18. Will *every true* Christian be genuinely interested in rescue work?

"But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them **SNARED** in holes, and they are hid in prison houses: they are for a prey, and none **DELIVERETH**; for a spoil, and none saith, **RESTORE WHO AMONG YOU** will give ear to this?" Isa. 42:22, 23.

19. What is our *Christian duty* toward the outcast and wanderer?

"**HIDE THE OUTCASTS; BEWRAY NOT HIM THAT WANDERETH**. Let Mine outcasts **DWELL WITH THEE**." Isa. 16:3, 4.

20. What *special incentive* have we for doing prison work?

"**I WAS IN PRISON**, and ye came unto Me." Matt. 25:36.

21. *Who notes* the groans of the prisoner?

"From heaven did **THE LORD** behold the earth; **TO HEAR THE GROANING** of the **PRISONER**." Ps. 102:19, 20.

#### AN OUTCAST FROM HOME WHO WANTS TO BE A MISSIONARY.

The following experience is from a young man who had sought lodging in the Harrison street police station and attended our Sunday morning gospel service recently:

"I am a Jewish lad eighteen years of age. I lost my home for the reason that I wanted to be a Christian. My folks were orthodox of the strictest kind. While at home I always observed the Sabbath, but I also went to the Presbyterian church on Sunday. On this account my folks turned against me; in fact, they loathed me.

"Well, as a matter of fact there is a crisis in most every life, and there came a time when I had to choose between my people's faith or the faith of Christ. It did not take me long to decide, for my love for Him who had given His life to save us from sin was so great that I chose Him, not only because I loved Him, but my heart told me that I was doing right. After my choice was made my father's wrath turned to hatred and with a curse upon his lips he cast me out into a world full of wickedness and sin.

"This happened last June, 1911. He gave me what I thought was enough money to start any man in the world. I first went to Detroit and stayed there for a while, and began to sin against God. From there I came to Chicago and made the acquaintance of evil companions who were lower than I was. You know the rest. I got into trouble, was arrested, and, to put a climax to all my sins, I was sentenced to the House of Correction for one month. To some this may seem a short time, but to me it was just as bad as a life sentence. Now I realize that it was a Godsend to me, for while in detention I had food for the brain and I studied and prayed to the Almighty to redeem me from all sin. He did, and from then on I have tried to live a Christian life.

"On my dismissal from the prison I was friendless, homeless and penniless, so I went to a police station and begged for shelter. They gave it to me, God bless them, and I lived there for about a week. Last Sunday while lying on my bed in the basement of the police station I heard music so sweet as if the angels were singing. I listened for a

while, then went upstairs to where the services were being held, and listened to the ladies.

"After a while I called one of them to me, and, as God willed, it was Mrs. Swanson, matron of The Life Boat Home. I told her my story and she took me to the home and it seems that from the moment I entered the door of this great home I was a changed being. The devil had left my soul, I trust never to re-enter it again.

"Now I want to be a help to mankind. It seems to me now that my only ambition is to do good for the world, and I think my experience may help to bring other strayed sheep back to the fold."

#### ONCE A CHILD TRAMP, NOW A PARDONED SINNER.

(From an inmate of Stillwater, Minn., Penitentiary.)

"I am taking the liberty of writing to you to let you know of the message of hope THE LIFE BOAT is to me. I have been in prison nearly five years now and have nearly three years yet to serve. I am not twenty-four years old yet, so I have many years to give to the Master's service.

"It was my misfortune to have a home, if it could be called a home, where Christ was unknown. I always wanted to go to church and Sunday school, but was never permitted to do so, as my stepfather said religion was all a 'fake' and the preachers were all 'grafters.'

"When I was twelve years old I was forced to leave home and, having no one who took any interest in me, I became a child tramp. So you see it was only natural I should drift into prison sooner or later. I thank God every day for being sent here, for it was the means of making me see just where I stood in God's sight.

"THE LIFE BOAT started me to thinking and made me ask myself if there was not something in religion after all. I read the Bible and tried to pray. It was hard work at first and the Bible seemed very dry to me, but I kept at it and read over to John 3:16, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I stopped and read it again

and still again, and suddenly it came to me that 'whosoever' must mean me if I believed. I got down on my knees and I prayed the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' Then I opened my heart to God and prayed as I never had before. Suddenly it seemed I heard the voice of my Saviour say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee; go and sin no more.'

"I felt like shouting, but did not, as that would mean a report and I was determined to live without breaking any prison rules hereafter, which I have done. Before this I had suffered greatly by being in prison. Since then I have come to feel that my being in prison is only God's will; and His will, not mine, be done.

"Since I have been here my mother has also found this great Saviour who removes our sins as far as the east is from the west. I receive THE LIFE BOAT from another inmate when he gets it, which is not regularly, and I hope to be able to place a subscription for myself either this month or next.

"May God continue to bless you and your co-workers. May THE LIFE BOAT continue to bring its message of hope and a personal Saviour to us boys behind the bars. Surely God will grant this, my prayer, for He has said, 'I was in prison, and ye came unto Me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me.' In the years to come my one ambition will be to serve God in any way I may be able so that on the last great day I may hear Christ say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

The *Signs of the Times* is a wide-awake monthly journal devoted to the discussion of current events as compared to the prophecies of the Bible. Should be read by every Bible student. Ten cents a copy. Address, The Signs of the Times, Mountain View, California. for sample copy.

#### SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1912.

Five Life Boats to one address  
for only \$1.75. Just the thing to hand  
out to your friends.



**HELP FOR THE HOPELESS.**

F. EMORY LYON,  
Supt., Central Howard Association.

Never before in Christian history have so many life lines been held out to the hopeless and the helpless. This prison number of THE LIFE BOAT brings to the men behind the bars the promises of the gospel. More and more it is being realized that these promises apply to all humanity. A constantly increasing number of people are comprehending the real meaning of the brotherhood of man, and putting the principle into practice. Multiplied organizations have been formed to express the ministry of man to mankind.

All have been prompted by the spirit and teachings of the Master, and the Christian church is coming to realize its responsibility for service, not only to the elect, but to the outcast and the downcast.

These facts are cited by way of encouragement to the man who may feel friendless and forsaken. Because of this broadening conception of human brotherhood no man need peer despairingly into the future. There is no condition of weakness, injustice or misfortune that has not been anticipated by the gospel.

My message to you, therefore, is a message of good cheer. I would bid you look up and hope. Because of the increased consecration of your fellow men to your welfare, no man behind the bars need feel that he is any longer alone. For him in the future there may be found a new-born field of usefulness. Through strength from on high he can say: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Without this purpose and without the friendly hand of their fellows: "Two men looked out from prison bars; one saw mud, and the other stars." Now, neither need see the mud or feel the slime of sin if he will accept the hand held out to him. This promise is based, not on unfounded optimism, but upon experience.

The Central Howard Association, which I represent, brings you the combined experience of thousands of men who have come to our doors for a new start. In the last eleven years the courage and fortitude of these men has been an inspiration to me. Their determination to win in spite of obstacles has

gained our admiration and increased our faith in men.

What these men have done, you can do after your release. But in order to succeed then you will need to begin now by leaving all bitterness behind, by putting away childish things, by giving yourself to the highest purpose. Be willing to pay the price of success—self-control, and self-sacrificing manhood and self-respecting citizenship will be your great reward.

We have made this possible for released prisoners by their co-operation and the divine assistance. Not only have we secured them employment, and given the practical assistance necessary to a new start, but we have enlisted the assistance of thousands of employers and "first friends" to join in our effort to give every man a chance to make good. As a result, scores upon scores of prisoners have long since put their past in the shadow of a monument of self-supporting, consecrated manhood.

We stand ready to help others and invite such correspondence as the rules of your institution allow. Write me at 508 Monadnock Block, 53 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, or write Mr. James E. Wood, our friendly visitor, at the same address. We will be glad to give our advice and counsel. Here is help and, therefore, hope for you. Do not be discouraged. What others have done, you can do.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

**"A MUSTARD SEED IN JAPAN."**

The following incident is taken from the book, "A Mustard Seed in Japan," by Wm. Merrell Vories, a Christian American teacher who seven years ago went into Hachiman, Omi, Japan, and planted the gospel seed which has grown to a large mission effort for the 800,000 Japanese in that district.

The following is an account of how the first piece of ground was secured on which to place a mission building:

"Not every one was delighted with the spread of Christianity, and we found to our chagrin that not a square foot of ground would be sold to us for a Christian build-

ing! Here was indeed a backset. Followed weary and unsuccessful days of search for some out-of-the-way lot that might be got by overpaying, and efforts to buy through outside agencies. And then when we were despairing and about to give up,—we were granted another demonstration of where the power that was really carrying forward this work had its source. And this was the way of it:

"A middle-aged Japanese man came to our town one day, bought the most desirable corner lot in the place, and then called upon me to tell me why he had bought it. Many years before, he had lived here as a boy. Later he had gone to the city of Kyoto and established a dairy. There he had come under the influence of that great Japanese Christian, Joseph Hardy Neesima, and had become a Christian himself. Almost immediately the idea had possessed him that he must build a church in the town of his boyhood. That had been fifteen years before; and during all those years he had been saving, little by little, for this one purpose. Today he had purchased the lot where later the church should be erected.

"The reports of our work here had encouraged him to believe the time was near for that church to be realized. He had come to thank us for our efforts, and to propose mutual co-operation. And this co-operation on his part meant that half the choice location he had just secured was to be ours for our Y. M. C. A. building.

"How we had worried and fretted and despaired over our inability to buy some little back-street lot! And lo, for fifteen years our God had been preparing for us the best spot in the town! So we learned our lesson."

This book is an inspiration throughout. It contains sixty-eight pages, several full-page illustrations, one panoramic view, and is neatly bound in blue cloth stamped in gold. An inspiration to read and an excellent gift book.

This book is published in Japan, but we have ordered copies and we will send you one when they come if you will send us one dollar for two yearly subscriptions to *The Life Boat*. With a little effort you can secure these. Why not, and secure this charming book?

## What a Man Needs, to Be Whole

W. C. Wallace,  
Hinsdale, Ill.

**I**N life and its necessities we may see the rainbow of God's love. Nearly two thousand years ago as the sun rose over the hills of Judea there rang out through the temple courts these words: "I am the light of the world." Just as physical life is energized by the warm rays from the sun, so is a Christian by the genial rays from "the Sun of righteousness."

Light, being necessary to the existence of life, naturally comes first, yet we can live only a few moments without air. Here, again, the occupations and cares of life deprive many of this valuable asset by giving them impure air. Every breath you breathe out spoils half a barrel of air just as a drop of poison would a glass of pure water. How necessary it is that proper ventilation be maintained and out-of-door recreation be taken!

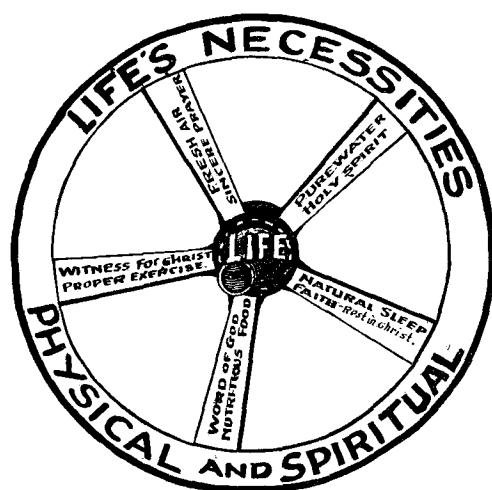
### Air and Prayer.

What air is to physical life, secret prayer is to the Christian life. Other people can not do your breathing for you; neither can they write your prayers for you. Their efforts can only inspire you to obtain the same blessings they enjoy. You have a chance to fully live if you breathe pure air and pray pure prayers.

Go alone and away from every human influence, and commune with the Infinite One. There you can breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven and return to your labor strengthened for life's duties.

### Water and Spirit.

Though supplied with sunlight and fresh air, we must have water to irrigate the living tissues of the body. What a fitting type of



## LIFE'S NECESSITIES.

Like as the body, to live, needs air  
 So does the soul its constant prayer.  
 Needful as water, our next supply,  
 Is God's Holy Spirit from on high.  
 Needful and restful as sleep at night:  
 Trustful faith in His love and might.  
 Like as good food is our next great need,  
 So on God's Word the soul must feed,—  
 Forgetting not then due exercise:  
 Service, in winning of souls, is wise.  
 These to the body bring health that's sweet,—  
 To the soul make the Christian life complete.  
 —P. W.

the Holy Spirit! As water cleanses the body, so does the Holy Spirit the soul temple. Both rain and the Holy Spirit have been and will be given in answer to prayer.

The individual who continually drinks of this heavenly fountain, unfailing and pure, "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Ps. 1:3. The highest honor heaven bestows on man is the indwelling of His divine presence.

**Sleep and Faith.**

As the human machine requires periods of rest from life's activities that the living cells may be repaired and a supply of strength stored up for another period of labor, so in like manner the Christian must learn that complete reliance upon Christ is necessary in order that he may be strengthened for the battle against sin. The prayer of faith is equal to air in sleep. If you sleep in an ill-

ventilated room you get up in the morning tired, unrefreshed, and wonder what the cause may be. So are they who try to exercise faith without prayer.

Jesus said to His disciples after their return from a successful missionary campaign: "Come ye yourselves apart \* \* \* and rest a while." When you enter your room to retire, leave behind, out of your mind, everything but prayer, Christ and pure air. "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing." "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." To such a one "his rest shall be glorious," and his sleep sweet. For "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

**Food and the Word.**

The body, to be nourished, must have building material. So our souls must be fed. The Word of God is nourishing. The Creator has provided nutriment for our minds as well as bodies. For this we may hunger also, and the assimilation of God's Word is as mysterious as that of food assimilation taking place in your own body.

However, there remains the same fine distinction between God's Word and the books of men as there is between a simple, nourishing, wholesome diet and a diet of irritating, stimulating and unwholesome food. Those who choose a stimulating diet for the brain will have no desire for the simple, nourishing food of God's Word. Spirituality and fleshly lust do not go together.

God provides a pure food that contains no poison. And Jesus said, "I am that bread of life." "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." For "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."

**Exercise and Witnessing for Christ.**

Sunlight, fresh air, pure water and natural sleep are heaven's free gifts to all. The purest and best may be obtained without money and without price; but for food we must labor. "In the sweat of thy face shalt

thou eat bread." "Activity is the law of life," and only those who cheerfully take up life's duties know the true joy of service. It is a law in the physical world—how much more in the spiritual?

Those who do not exercise will soon lose what strength they have. Remember the parable of the talents; those who improved received double, while the talent unimproved was taken away. Strength to be a witness for Christ is governed by laws as immutable as the physical law. The two are one. In the conflict between Christ and Satan of the victors only will it be said, "And they over-

came him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony."

As you follow the Master, He will lead you to many a silent retreat where He prays through the still watches of the night. There He drinks of that heavenly gift, the Holy Spirit, and lays His burdens down and is refreshed; there He will search the scrolls of the prophets or learn thrilling truths from Nature's book. In this way Christ was prepared to go forward on His mission. He is our example. Live as He would have you live, enjoy the restoration of body and mind and eternal life in the kingdom restored.



## Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



### A PERSONAL WORD TO PRISONERS.

Each spring, just as the trees are budding and the flowers are beginning to appear, we have issued a special prisoners' number of *THE LIFE BOAT* and have sent copies out by the tens of thousands to practically all the great prisons of this country. It is entirely a labor of love. Men and women, boys and girls, in response to our earnest appeals, have sent their pennies and their dollars to make this effort possible. Even the girls in our rescue home contributed, some of them giving their last penny.

Men, if any of you have hastily concluded that the world is all against the prisoner, that everybody is cold and selfish, ponder the meaning of what I have just written and revise your conclusions. It is true that there is an abundance of graft and selfishness, of harshness and hard-heartedness in this world for the same reason that there are plenty of thorns and thistles and weeds springing from the soil, but do not forget that betwixt and between all these grow the fragrant roses, the pure white lily. So amidst the careless and indifferent of humanity live and work true hearts and noble souls reflecting the love and goodness of Christ among humanity, and some of these have contributed to make this *LIFE BOAT* possible.

You can not repay them. You will never

know in this world who they are. Will you accept it as a token of God's love? Give your heart to Him and begin to seek Him for more of that experience in your own life and as you have opportunity, be it ever so meager and limited, bless others. By so doing you will best repay those who have contributed to this *LIFE BOAT*. You can not do that in human strength; you will have to ask God to do it for you.

### PRISON CORRESPONDENCE AND WORK FOR EX-PRISONERS.

*THE LIFE BOAT* people are all busy folks. The editor is the superintendent of a large and important medical institution. Without exception, all who are connected with *THE LIFE BOAT* magazine spend the greater part of their time in other lines of useful work. Prison correspondence is sandwiched in between other busy activities. Still we are always glad to receive letters from prisoners. Many of them have been a genuine inspiration to us. We are always glad to write any comforting, helpful messages that God may give us.

Likewise we do not maintain any labor bureau. God has raised other agencies listed below who make a special feature of this indispensable work of helpfulness. Yet we are always glad to clasp the hand of the ex-

prisoner who is determined to face the world and be a man by God's help.

We have often been able in incidental ways to direct such a one into some helpful channels. But our best work for prisoners is to send THE LIFE BOAT magazine, carrying its message of deliverance from sin, of hope of salvation, inspiring a simple faith in God; to correspond with prisoners as the way may open and then to co-operate with other agencies that have been especially organized to assist the prisoner as he leaves the prison gate to face new opportunities as well as new difficulties.

#### HELPFUL AGENCIES.

The Central Howard Association, 157 West Adams street, Chicago.

The Various Hope Halls, conducted by Maud Ballington Booth.

The Salvation Army, 671 South State street, Chicago.

#### DO YOUR ASSOCIATES KNOW YOU ARE A CHRISTIAN?

So much of the service of Christ in these days is a mere form that the ungodly person can not see wherein the difference lies. The same desire exists for worldly pleasure and selfish ease, the hasty fit of temper is indulged in; in fact, the lives of the two classes run nearly parallel. How are you to distinguish between them?

One young man, when asked if his father was a Christian, said: "I don't know. He has been a steward in the church for several years."

When asked if his mother was a Christian, he replied: "I don't know. She is superintendent of the Sunday school."

When asked if his parents ever asked him to be a Christian, he said: "As long as I can remember they *never said a word* to me about my soul. Do you believe they think I am lost?"

My brother, my sister in Christ Jesus, has your life been such that others *know* you are a Christian? Have you been *concerned* in the spiritual welfare of that wayward member of your family?

My dear prison friend, if you have ac-

cepted Christ, does your cellmate know it?

These are some of the things that brand us as Christians. Do we possess them? We are living apostles, "known and read of *all* men." 2 Cor. 3:2.

#### PRISONERS HAVE GOOD HEARTS.

So says Maud Ballington Booth, the "Little Mother" to all prison boys and girls, in a talk given before the Southern Indiana Teachers' Association, March 30, 1912. Quoting from *The Reflector* of April 5, she said:

"There is no criminal class. The men inside the penitentiary are much the same in their feelings and desires as are the men on the outside. She related several instances of prisoners who had good hearts and would be good citizens if they got a chance from society on the outside.

"Mrs. Booth told the story of a murderer who had received a death sentence. He was a foreigner and was regarded as a stolid, feelingless brute, who had no sensibilities whatever. The day before his execution he was told that any reasonable request he should make for last comforts would be granted to him.

"Can I have what I want?" he asked. "Well, the thing I would rather have than anything else is the chance to put my baby to sleep once more."

"A kind woman who had been admitted to the prison to comfort the condemned man went down to the shack where the motherless baby was being kept and took it to the cell. The man who had been described in the newspapers as a feelingless brute took the infant and, holding it lovingly in his arms, slowly rocked it, softly singing to it until its eyes closed in sleep. Then he tenderly handed it over to the guard, saying: 'I did so much want to put my child to sleep once more before I died.'

"Even the worst criminal has a tender spot which can be made to vibrate with the harmony of better things."

And so say we. We have faith in the prisoners and know God loves them.

We often do more good by our sympathies than by our labors.

### IMPORTANT CALL FOR LITERATURE!

Brother Fred W. Temple at Ketchikan, Alaska, soon goes on a most important missionary cruise with his boat, the "*Seachlight*." He desires a lot of *Life and Health*, *Monthly and Weekly Signs*, *Liberty*, *Protestant*, *LIFE BOAT*, *Watchman*, *Bible Training School*, *Instructor and Little Friend*, send post paid. Let there be a hearty, liberal response. Untold good, much fruit for God, is wrapped up in this move.

### "A LOVELY BIBLE FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK."

"I appreciate your kindness in being so prompt in writing and sending the Bible. My daughter is just delighted with it. I am surprised that you can give such a lovely Bible for a few hours' or days' work."

"I have read THE LIFE BOAT since I was a little girl and I have loved its work all my life."

### NEWS HERE AND THERE.

Mrs. Elsie A. Longacre of Elkhart, Ind., visited Hinsdale recently.

Miss Martha Summers of Decatur, Ill., has joined the Hinsdale sanitarium family of workers.

H. A. Collins and wife of Havana, Ill., friends of THE LIFE BOAT and patrons of the sanitarium, have returned for a short stay.

Arthur J. O'Leary of Chicago, a former patient who assisted liberally in building the Life Boat Rescue Home, called at Hinsdale the other day.

Mr. Oscar Olson of Mapleton, Mich., and Mr. J. M. Ragland of Chicago have joined the family of workers at the sanitarium.

Mrs. R. R. Swaynie of Quincy, Ill., a former worker in the institution, visited the sanitarium recently, accompanied by her father, Mr. B. R. Wirt of Atkinson, Ind.

The sanitarium medical faculty have opened an office in Chicago in the Reliance Building on the corner of State and Washington streets. Hours, 11-12:30.

H. C. Menkel, M. D., a medical missionary from India who is on a furlough in this country, visited the sanitarium and gave a talk before the Young People's Society Sunday evening.

Miss Josephine Hutchison of College View, Neb., has joined the nurses' class to complete her course of training begun in the Nebraska sanitarium.

Dwight E. Frink, city treasurer of Bloomington, an old-time friend and former patient of the sanitarium, called while on a business trip to Chicago this week.

C. R. Magoon and his wife, formerly Laura Alkire, a graduate nurse of the sanitarium, spent Sunday in Hinsdale visiting friends. They expect soon to make their home in Rockford, Ill.

Work on the sanitarium lawn is going forward rapidly. A large supply of shrubbery has been purchased, which will add greatly to the appearance of the grounds.

Special ward rates are now provided in the institution for patients in moderate circumstances. Further information can be secured on application.

Elder A. G. Daniells of Washington, D. C., addressed the sanitarium family on Friday night on the subject of the importance of personal effort in soul winning.

Dr. David Paulson visited the Bethel Academy, Bethel, Wis., addressing the students in their chapel and speaking at the church in the evening.

The closing exercises of the short-term course for city medical missionaries held in The Life Boat Home this winter, took place in the South Side Church, Chicago, on Saturday, April 6. Twenty-two consecrated, capable women completed the class work prescribed. In the evening a reception was given the class at The Life Boat Home, which was attended by about 200 people.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons' ninety-second birthday was celebrated on Sunday, April 14. The sanitarium furnished a special dinner in honor of the occasion. The doctor was the recipient of many telegrams of congratulation throughout the day and received many callers. He is feeling much better than he was a year ago and bids fair to reach the century mark.

The rescue home family numbers about twenty just now. Miss Mary Smith is nurse at the home this month. The family of girls are interested in sending this number of THE LIFE BOAT to prisoners and have given of their meager funds for this purpose.

**WHY [NOT BE YOUR OWN EXECUTOR?**

Have you some means to be used in the Master's work after you are dead and gone? Have you observed how frequently relatives or unscrupulous lawyers have succeeded in absolutely defeating the will and intentions of the donor?

There is a better way. Give your property while you are alive, to the work that you desire and receive a fixed income or annuity on the same each year as long as you live. In this way you know that your property will not be frittered away from you so that you will have no support in your old age, and this annuity contract becomes *immediately* effective at your death. No one can change it in any manner.

If you are interested in this matter write us and we will give you further suggestions and information regarding this annuity plan that so many sensible people are adopting.

**Have You a Camera?**

Let Me Do Your Developing and Printing

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**L. C. HARNER**, Photographic Expert  
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The Oxford Text Bible is just a little larger than the ordinary sized pocket Bible, being  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches and  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch thick. Contains six maps, is beautifully bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges. Furnished free for six subscriptions.

**The Life Boat**

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

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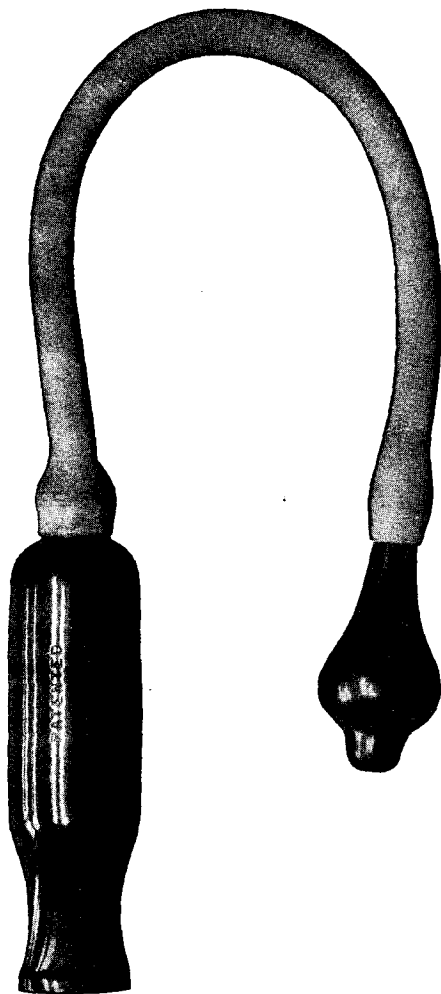
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