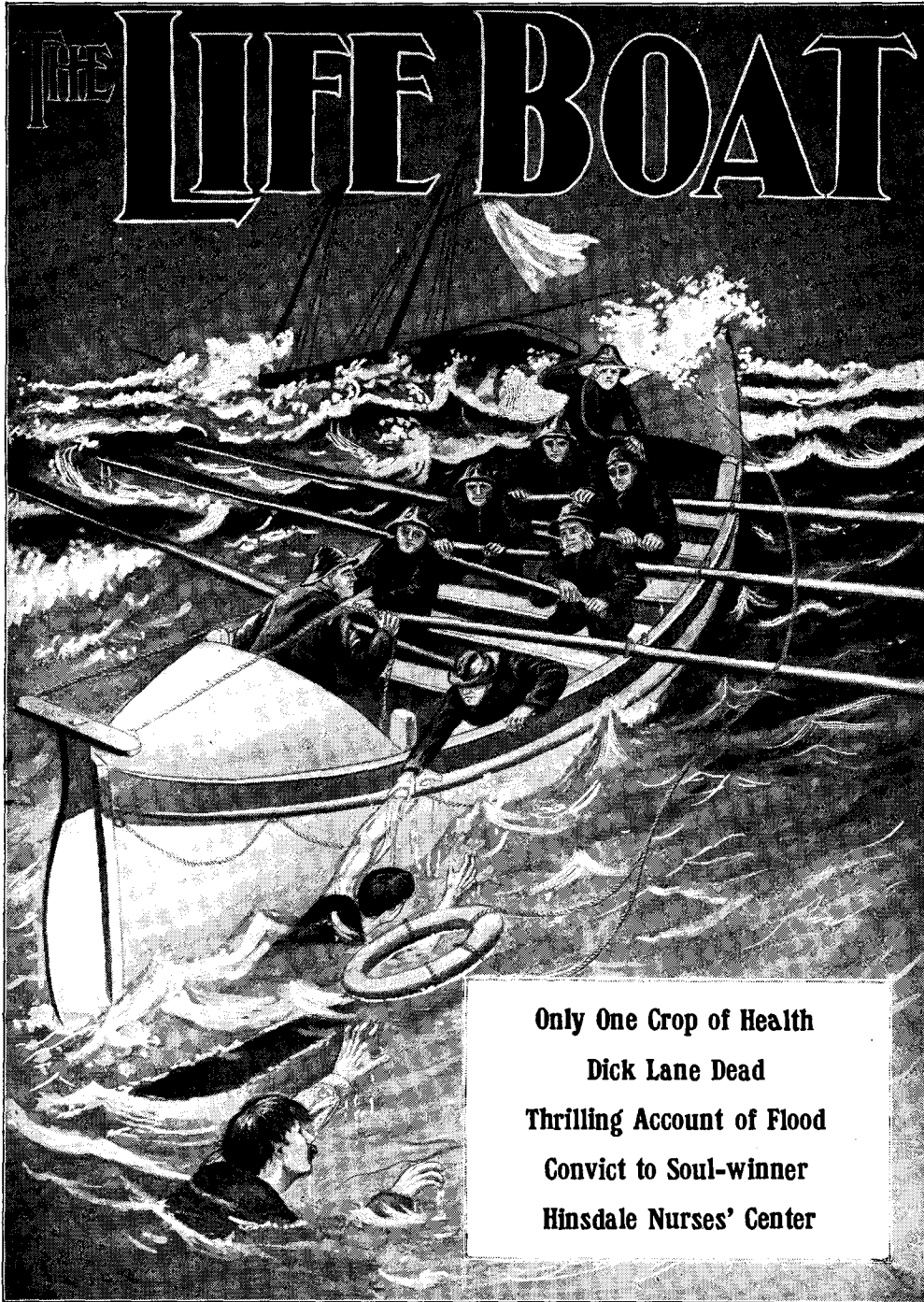


**Fourteenth Annual Special Prisoners' Number**

One Dollar a Year

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

10 Cents a Copy



**Only One Crop of Health  
Dick Lane Dead  
Thrilling Account of Flood  
Convict to Soul-winner  
Hinsdale Nurses' Center**

Volume Sixteen  
Number Five

Hinsdale, Ill.

May, 1913

**"Have you had a blessing shown, pass it on"**

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# THE LIFE BOAT

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

One Dollar a year

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Volume XVI.

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MAY, 1913

Number 5

## Only One Crop of Health

David Paulson, M. D.

WHEN you have spoiled your crop of health you do not get another one. Suppose you could not get another pair of shoes but the ones you have, for all the money in the world; you would be careful if you knew that the only thing you could do would be to get them patched up. I run a health repair shop—just patch up health. Men do not ordinarily get a new crop of health.

### Disease Does Not Rain Down From God.

Dr. Pearsons told me a story before he died that I never forget. When a young man he read medicine with an old doctor, and they went out to see a family that had typhoid fever. While the old doctor was bleeding the patients (that was the old style treatment), young Pearsons went around and took an inventory of the place. As he looked into the cellar it was full of filth, and he saw the well was between the barnyard and the house, draining the sewerage from both.

On the way home he said to the old doctor, "Where do you think that typhoid fever came from?" The old doctor, looking up, said, "From heaven." Pearsons said, "I do not believe it. I think it came either from that basement or the well." The old doctor was so angry that he was about to pitch the young student out of the buggy. But young Pearsons had discerned the real cause.

\*Abstract of talk given to college students at Berea, Ky.

We now know insanity and other diseases do not rain down from heaven any more than typhoid fever. We know there is a cause.

If you want to raise potatoes you must pick bugs. You can not expect your neighbors to come and pick the bugs and then you dig the potatoes. If you want to raise corn you have to hoe weeds. Now if you want to have health you must fight those things that cause disease.

### An Interesting Monkey Story.

Those who sleep with their windows open can get along with an hour less than others. They are that much ahead by breathing fresh air.

Over in Lincoln Park, Chicago, all the monkeys formerly died of consumption, and they had to import fifty or sixty monkeys every three years to take the place of those that died. They thought they could not live in Chicago climate. But five years ago they threw out on a snow bank three or four monkeys that were nearly dead. They did not want to kill them. Killing a monkey seems almost like killing a child. Some boys came along and fed the monkeys bananas—you can trust a boy to do that—and those monkeys are alive today. Why? Not because of the snow bank; but they had fresh air to breathe, so they recovered. Then the monkey-keepers took notice. They ventilated the monkey houses and now the monkeys will die of old

age. They have not had a case of consumption since.

In Chicago there are any number of houses where windows have not been opened since the houses were painted. When I talk in the Chicago public schools I tell the children to smash such windows and send the bill to me.

We can not all move outdoors; but as far as possible move outdoors indoors. With all your getting, do get fresh air.

#### **Brace Up.**

Some might walk better than they do. Think about putting the neck back against your collar, if you wear one, and, if not, put the neck back there anyway. It raises the chest and makes the muscles of the abdomen rigid. When you walk breathe freely. Some are too lazy to breathe properly, so do not get the corners of their lungs ventilated—just like some hired girls never sweep the corners of the room. Breathe deeply, walk erect, get your chest up and walk just as if you owned this whole world. God has given you as much of it as you need. You will live longer if you take longer breaths, for you will have better blood.

#### **Now Let Us Learn.**

Most people think the body changes only once in seven years. But we are really rebuilt three or four times every year. There are many who think all there is to eating is to fill the stomach; but the things you eat *rebuild* you. First remember your teeth are put in your mouth and not in your stomach; so the first thing is to *chew*. Chew for your lives. If you chew *long* you will live long; and you will not have to eat so much.

Do not forget that it takes *ten* pounds of corn to make one pound of pork. And there is no more food in *one* pound of pork than there is in one pound of corn, so you have *thrown away* nine pounds of food. I am afraid to wear second-hand clothing for fear of the diseases the former wearer of the clothes may have had. He may have had smallpox. But eating pork is simply eating the corn second hand. I prefer to eat it first hand.

#### **A Word About Slow Suicide.**

Some people work overtime trying to kill themselves. I once had a patient who cut his throat. It was an awful thing. It nearly

gave me nervous prostration. And yet I am seeing people doing that same thing in other ways all the time. When a man hangs himself, that is suicide. If he kills himself by eating things he should not, and it takes five years to do it, folks call it a dispensation of Providence.

About fifteen or sixteen years ago an old lady came into my office and said, "Would you see my boy?" I said, "Sure, bring him in." He was seventeen or eighteen years old. A strong man held him by each arm: he was a raving maniac. I looked into his case and then said, "You might as well send him to the insane asylum; he will never be well again." She broke down and cried. She had expected that he would be the strength of her old age, and just at the time when he could have cared for her he began to be a trouble to her. What had this boy been doing? He began to smoke cigarettes, and finally smoked fifty a day.

Then and there I became interested in the cigarette question. Many are going to have this experience. It was too late to say to this boy, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If a man sows for trouble God lets him reap trouble. You go out and plant corn and you do not expect to harvest water-melons.

Some of you know how to swim. Suppose when you tried to swim some one tied six bricks together on a rope and hung them around your neck. That would be an awful handicap. Suppose some one would say, "Why don't you cut those bricks off your neck?" and you should say, "Oh, they do not hinder me; I do not think they have anything to do with my trouble in swimming." The boy who begins to smoke early or use tobacco in any form is in just that situation. For twenty-five years I have been dealing especially with young people and have observed a few things, and I can say that the boy who starts in to use tobacco is in exactly that shape.

Suppose you saw a man driving up hill and had the brakes on, and was whipping his horses; you would say, "Why not take the brakes off?" Now, the one who begins to use tobacco early in life is doing just that. His brain soon becomes like a sieve. It is no use trying to store any useful knowledge in it.

You say, "Why, is it worse for a boy to use tobacco than it is for a man? It is the same poison." Youth is the time to form the right habits. You can easily bend a young branch, but try it on an old branch and it breaks. I have had strong men in my office say, "Doctor, I would give all I have in this world if I had not begun to use tobacco. Why did not some one tell me?"

I never stand and look into the faces of a large group of young people but I wonder how they will look ten years from now. You must decide now what you are going to be then. Suppose you saw a man vigorously rubbing sand in his eyes; you would say, "What are you doing that for?" And suppose he should reply, "Oh, I am having a great time rubbing sand in my eyes!" I think you would conclude that he had gone crazy. But what is the difference between rubbing sand in your eyes and poisoning the brain?

There is poison enough in a cigarette to kill a cat in twenty minutes. Yet I have seen boys not old enough to put on their own clothes sitting on the curbs in Chicago smoking cigarettes.

But remember you can not go out and help such children if you yourself are a slave to tobacco. Any man that uses tobacco has no message to such boys. Now for the sake of such boys you must give it up, or you are as mean as you can be. The devil soon stamps his trademark on the tobacco-using boy. I can tell a young smoker as far as I can see him.

#### The Secret of Quitting.

I feel sorry in the depths of my heart for a poor tobacco slave, who thinks he can not give it up without killing him. Many have said to me, "It would kill me if I gave it up." Now, I have a secret for taking away that overmastering appetite, and I want you to have that secret. In the first place, you must make up your mind that it is bad. No one is going to give up a thing unless he knows that.

The next thing is to eat nothing but fruit, three or four times a day—apples, peaches, pears, oranges, etc. Eat all you like of it but do not eat anything else, and it will *kill* the tobacco craving. Generally the first day is all it requires. Sometimes it takes a second day for it, and sometimes three days. The

fact of the case is that five hours after a fruit meal the average smoker does not want tobacco. That is an important secret and I do not charge a cent for it. That is a simple rule, and if you do not believe it, try it.

#### Be Fit to Lead.

You can not be a leader among men and be a slave. The great men who have been prophets, who had a great message for humanity, who have swayed humanity, have always been free men. Paul stood with his chains clanking, and as he talked he was the *freest* man of all the crowd. Poor Nero was the slave, Paul the free man. The man who bows to his Creator need never bow to man. If you will bow and ask God to set you free from every defiling habit that you may become clean men and women, you will never be slaves. Our heads should always be above the fog.

There is another side to that whole question. I have here a twenty-dollar bill. Suppose I took a match out of my pocket, set fire to it and burned it up. You would say, "Dr. Paulson must be well fixed; he has money to burn." Suppose you would spend it for tobacco, you would burn it too; but while you are burning it it is *burning you*. It would not hurt my health to have the amusement of burning the twenty-dollar bill. But the man who smokes it up is a bigger fool than I would be to burn it up for amusement. Just from the financial standpoint think what the tobacco money would do to help humanity. Every penny you waste for tobacco pulls you down in the world.

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Other lives are being cut from the pattern of yours.

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Trials and troubles are the tunnels to life's larger vision.

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When a man is "down and out," we should try to lift him up and in.

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Backsliding is but the failure to go forward in known duty.

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The man who never does any good is a great sinner.

## A Thrilling Account of the Flood

From a Personal Experience

Mrs. Minnie Douglas, Columbus, Ohio.

[We take the liberty of quoting the following from a letter recently written by Mrs. Douglas to her sister, who is employed in the Hinsdale sanitarium. It gives a vivid glimpse of the flood conditions that so recently visited Indiana, Ohio, and other points. There are lessons in these things for all of us which none of us should overlook.—Ed.]

I HARDLY know how to thank you and the workers of the Hinsdale sanitarium for the lovely donation you were all so good and kind to send me. Surely the Lord is good to care for His own. I was so surprised when I opened your dear, good letter

from there to the hilltop, where we found shelter. The houses were filled so quickly with water that nearly every other neighbor of ours was drowned. They made fun of us as we ran, but in the afternoon people began to drown and houses to go down. The rain



Mrs. Douglas and Her Sisters Gathering Up in Baskets Their Few Remaining Belongings After the Terrible Flood Which Practically Destroyed the West Side of Columbus.

and found a check for \$41.50; I could scarcely read for the tears that rolled down my face. I was surely in need of the money. All I had was \$1.50 when we were driven from home by the flood.

### Ran to Save Their Lives.

When the word came that the dam was broken we ran for the railroad track and

just poured down. We were soaking wet when we got on the hill. We did not take off our clothes but sat up all night, for the sight was so terrible; I just can not begin to tell you. To know that you are homeless and penniless and alone is a terrible experience.

### Saved in Answer to Prayer.

Our house is a total wreck. It is not safe

for any one to enter it. It is the only house left standing on Glenwood avenue. Every one has been carried away and our house is off of its foundation. The kitchen part is turned around and over onto another foundation. It is remarkable. Everybody stops and looks at it, and I do believe it is in answer to our prayers that the Lord saved that house as it is. I had four silk dresses in the room upstairs, that I was working on; one was all done and the lady was to come and get it on Friday, but she did not come after it. I was so worried about them and I prayed to my heavenly Father and asked him to save those dresses if there was any possible way, as they were not mine. He surely did, for the side of the house these dresses were on was tipped up, so was all dry.

When it was so we could get to the house we went, as we were so very anxious to know how the upstairs was. The side and front of the house was torn open and everything gone. I asked the Lord to go with me and to watch over me, and to my surprise the dresses were all right. Oh, how glad I was. I shouted out, "Praise the Lord!" I was afraid the owners might expect me to stand good for them. It was like going down a steep hill to go into my room. The side the dresses were on was high and dry and the side the windows were on was way down. The people held their breath while I was up there and some called for me to come down. I got the dresses and some of my clothes which I needed so badly. I did not feel afraid, for I felt as though the Lord was with me.

My machine was just part way in the water. I think the works will be all right. The organ is gone and many of our pictures. Part of our clothes are gone. But, thank the Lord, we are all safe and alive.

This is a terrible, terrible time here. I can not begin to tell you all. The streets and avenues are torn up by the water.

#### **Did Not Heed the Warning.**

It is so, sad to see all of the funerals that pass by here. So many families and loved ones were drowned. They *would not heed* the warning when it was given to them. Our neighbors made fun of us when we ran for the hill. But we are saved and they were all drowned. One of our sisters in the church

was drowned. She was such a sweet little woman. She was drowned with her two-months' old baby. Her body was found several days ago and they have kept her to see if they could find her baby. Yesterday the baby was found and it will be placed in her arms and her funeral will be held Sabbath at the church. I certainly do pity her husband. I don't see how he does keep up. Of course I do know, too, the faith and hope he has of meeting her and the baby on the resurrection morning.

#### **Fifty Houses Demolished and Seventeen Lives Lost.**

Just think, fifty houses went down on our street and seventeen lives were lost within two squares on each side of us. The little lady that lived in the other half of our house and her little boy eight or nine years old were drowned. She was expecting to become a mother soon. Her husband was a street car man and she was waiting for him to come and get her. He took his car over on the other side and could not get back. She went to one of her friends on the street below us and they all were drowned. She was on our minds so we could not sleep; and our neighbors all about drowned! I can hardly believe it myself.

I never saw as many rocks and stones in my life as have been washed around us. One lady that was looking around there by our house said it looked to her like hell had turned upside down, and I said, "Yes, with the devil loose."

In our kitchen a rocking chair was hanging on the gas jet. In the middle room a large picture frame hung on a gas jet, the picture gone. All the rooms are filled with mud, brick and plaster. I think the mud in the kitchen is two feet deep. We had carried our fruit out of the cellar and put it in the kitchen, so we dug some of it out of the mud. We can not locate the cellar at all.

#### **Cries and Screams Were Dreadful.**

The tree that the thirteen people hung on to save their lives was on our street. Oh, the cries and screams were something dreadful. Two or three froze and then dropped off into the water. The current was so terribly strong that no boat could get to them. Every house is filled on the hill top and the landlords are

raising the rent so that the flood sufferers can't pay it. Governor Cox is going to take that in hand, so I understand.

#### Brands From the Burning.

Oh, I am so thankful we are saved. It seems to me like we were brands plucked out of the fire. We were preparing to stay and preparing to run. We got everything up out of the cellar, coal and kindling in. I had my bread on hand; I kneaded it up and put it into a large stew kettle to take with me. I gave Virginia her clothes to put on, and got her all ready. When the word came that the dam was broken we ran, got up on the rail-

road track and watched the water come down the streets in torrents.

I don't know how to express myself to thank you and the workers for their lending such a helping hand and I surely am thankful to each of them. May the dear Lord add his richest blessing to each of them.

#### A Sign of the Times.

We are in the Lord's hands. This is one of the signs of the coming of our blessed Savior. I believe now is the time for us to prepare for His coming, as we can expect most anything to happen from now on. Only let us be prepared to meet whatever comes.

## From Convict to Soul-Winner and How It Came About

Tom Mackey

11 Union Ave., S., Portland, Ore.

[We are happy to receive the following article from Bro. Mackey for this Special Prisoners' Number. When Bro. Mackey was converted he not only stood for all that was wrong, but he was so ignorant that he could scarcely read words of two syllables. After he was converted he began to establish one important mission after another. Later he developed into a most successful evangelist, and has conducted large and fruitful meetings in many of our great cities. Remembering so well his own bitter prison experiences, he has taken special interest in proclaiming the gospel within prison walls.—Ed.]

I KNOW of no better way of proclaiming the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ than through THE LIFE BOAT that goes to the hand and heart of the soul in need. For the past nineteen years I have endeavored to take advantage of any and every means of grace to reach men in trouble, for when I was in trouble I was reached.

Sometimes we hear this expression, that "God helps them that help themselves." But I have found many times that God helps the man who can *not* help himself. Again, we read that "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Looking back at the past I see the mistakes of my life and regret much of the past lost opportunities; but had I known the real cause of my trouble I never would have had to suffer as I have. Sin was the *cause* of all my sorrow. When we speak of sin some say, "What kind of sin do you mean?" Well, there is only *one* kind; God in His Word tells us that "sin is the transgression of the law" (not a law), and how well I know that the way of the transgressor is *hard!* Men

in sin know this. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." One experience of my life will show the cost of transgressing God's law.

#### It Got Me Into Trouble.

I lived in Detroit, Mich., had a nice home, was working steady for good wages, but I loved sinful pleasure and it got me into trouble. I was tried, convicted and sentenced. The day came for me to be taken to the penitentiary. The sentence was short but it was long enough so that I had to go. My wife came to the county jail with a nine-months' old baby in her arms, and as she reached through the opening in the door and said, "Good-by, Tom." Oh, the sorrow and remorse of that day. But that didn't stop me. I continued to sin and sow to the flesh and I paid for it all by suffering.

I went to Chicago in 1891 and tried to reform. I made good for a time, got my family again, found work, and did well, but the same old sinful desire came upon me, and I yielded to my besetting sin. Then came a day when the home was to be broken up and I was to



sink lower, for I was getting older and weaker. I was nearly forty years of age.

One evening, Jan. 4, 1894, how well I remember! It is also remembered in heaven, for the Word says, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." In passing along Van Buren street that evening I met a man and I tried to get from him the price of a drink. He said, "You don't need whisky.



Tom Mackey.

You need Jesus." I was pretty well filled then and easily handled. He put me inside the door of the mission. Then an usher led me to the front seat and there I heard a man declare that there was a *remedy* for sin. He gave his experience of how he was led to forsake his evil ways, and said with boldness that for five years and six months and seventeen days he had *victory* over his besetting sin. He said he got it in answer to prayer, by faith in God and obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I said to myself, "If God can save you, and he certainly appeared saved, why can't He save me?" Just then the leader of the meeting gave an invitation to all that needed help to come forward. I *needed* to come. I knew nothing about the power of the gospel, but I was willing to learn and I did as I was told and God did the rest. I was under the influence of liquor at the time and while the man was praying for me I arose from my knees and stumbled onto the platform and put my arms around the man's neck and pulled him over. But he continued to pray, and God *heard* his prayer and now I can say as did one of old, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him [on Jan. 4, 1894], and saved him out of all his troubles." Ps. 34:6.

One thing that discourages men is that if they commence to live a Christian life they can not redeem the past. Well, this is what God says: "Therefore if *any man* be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17.

#### An Interesting Experience.

Some years ago I was in Minneapolis, Minn., holding evangelistic meetings in the Presbyterian church. A friend said, "How would you like to go to the state prison in Stillwater and speak some Sunday?" I said I would be glad to. He made the arrangements and I went with him and others. The warden was the man who had been my keeper in the Michigan prison. He eyed me very keenly while I sat on the platform, and turning to me said, "Mr. Mackey, where have I seen you before?" I said, addressing him by name, "You have invited me and my friends to stay to dinner?" He said, "Yes." "Well," said I, "I will tell you then."

I went on and delivered my address, telling of the goodness of God to me, and at dinner in the dining room of the prison I turned to the warden and told him that he had seen me before while he was keeper of the Michigan workhouse. I then said, "I hope this will not prevent me from coming again," for I had feared that a man like me would be undesirable as a preacher; but this warden said, "No, sir, you will be welcome any time we need that kind of gospel." Therefore I am convinced that when a man is saved by grace and

God is keeping him, that man will find help in time of need.

I am growing old year by year. On my next birthday I will be sixty, but let me say this to the glory of God: I am only just beginning to live. All before was mere existence. I am now living and expect to see the Lord when He comes.

#### SAVED FROM GLOOM AND DESPAIR.

(From a Western Prison.)

"I can not praise God half enough for His goodness and His longsuffering with me. For years before my incarceration, I had an empty profession. Oh, the gloom and despair: no light to shine! Different ones of God's ministers would talk to me and pray for me, but I would tell them that I was all right. But the dear Lord did not give me up; even though behind frowning prison walls, He would say, 'You can do better; there is a higher, nobler life for you; confess your sins, come to Me.'

"The blessed songs would say the same. I was alone; I did not enjoy either the meetings or the company of sinners. It was so hard for me to lay down the old sham that I had. I am afraid this very thing will send many a man and woman to Gehenna. Oh, the humility of it! But God's grace was sufficient. Praise God, my darkness is all gone. Once more I love to read the dear old Bible and THE LIFE BOAT. Once I cast the magazine away to read love stories and all kinds of such books, for read I must, I was in such darkness; but praise the Lord, it is all gone now.

"I thank you with all my soul for the February number of THE LIFE BOAT. It's very interesting. I recommend it to those who read, as I do, many publications. There is always some article which appeals to us. 'Harmless Remedies for Simple Disorders' and 'Pioneer Work in Needy Chicago,' in the February issue, are alone worth a year's subscription. I think Miss Pearl Waggoner's beautiful poems are destined to do a vast deal of good.

"I have been reading and re-reading, then reading again your articles in THE LIFE BOAT, and I wish I could say how much I appreciate them. To be able to read the same thing over and over, and still be finding new charms,

is like the people we find who will bear acquaintance.

"I have gleaned deep truths and clean teachings from the magazine. After it is read I pass it on. A friend of mine here told me it was through reading a LIFE BOAT that brought conviction to his soul. I am encouraged to keep on giving out THE LIFE BOAT, whenever I can get it, and hope to see the full fruits of my labors in glory. I hope every effort put forth to the furtherance of the blessed gospel truth may be richly blessed by heaven's benediction."

#### BEING "A FRIEND TO MAN."

(From the Minnesota Prison.)

"I was very glad to get your letter and THE LIFE BOAT, which I pass along to some other poor soul like myself. I always send the magazine to a poor old man that is here and he tells me how glad he is when he gets it and how good God has been to him since he has been in here. I know it is pretty hard for him to be shut up after spending nearly all his life outside. He reads every word of THE LIFE BOAT and tells me all his sorrows through smiles and tears. I tell him our ways are not God's ways, and try to comfort myself by comforting him.

"But I turn not away from their smiles and their tears,  
Both, part of an Infinite plan,  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man."

"Yes, a friend to man and a servant to God, like Samuel who said, 'Speak; for Thy servant heareth.' I wonder how many of us today hear that very same voice that Samuel did, and I wonder how many of us will wake up and grasp it like a pearl of great price and say, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' Micah. 6:8. Can we please God by giving? None of us are so foolish as to imagine that one by gifts wins his way one step nearer to the great white throne.

"Being just and merciful and humble before our God is what God requires, and thus alone can we live acceptably to him. For this is to live in Christ. In Him was justice fulfilled,

in Him was mercy consummated. God needs not our gifts. He tells us to come without money and without price. Least of all does He need our anguish. But he needs *us*, our hearts, our love. He does not ask what kind of a heart we have or what it was. He knows what it was. 'Give me thine heart,' He says, and He will give you life everlasting. Come now, just as you are. The Bible says, 'Come.' 'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him who heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'"

### FOOD AND ITS RELATION TO STRONG DRINK.

SAMUEL H. COOMBS,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

[About twelve years ago, Bro. Coombs was gloriously converted from a drunkard's career in the LIFE BOAT mission. He then went out and worked on a farm until his health was fully restored, then returned and took a missionary training course and became an earnest soul-winner. He and his wife have since been in a foreign field and he is now engaged in business in Los Angeles. What Bro. Coombs writes on the drink question is from personal experience.—Ed.]

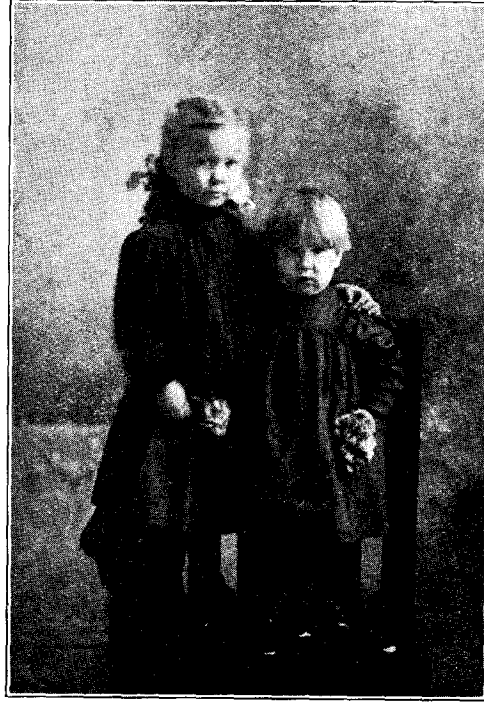
I had many years' experience on the drink side of this question, but I thank God for an experience of many years of separation from its baneful effects. This change has come about not by any strength of my own but by the help of the Lord Jesus Christ and in co-operating with him in regard to keeping this body, that He created, free from the things that call for stimulants. There is no question in my mind whatever but that any person, whoever he may be, can very materially help himself to overcome the craving for string drink by being careful of what he eats, and how much he eats, and how often he eats.

Food should not be partaken of more than three times per day, care being taken not to eat anything whatever between meals. God can certainly deliver any one from the curse of strong drink, but he wants us to co-operate with Him in keeping from it after deliverance comes.

If, my brother or sister, you find the appetite returning, there is nothing better that I know of than to partake of some good fresh fruit; in fact the one who has been given to

strong drink should at all times partake freely of fresh and cooked fruits.

My experience, and I know it is the experience of others, is that it allays the desire for drink. If possible abstain from flesh foods and especially the seasonings that generally go with them, such as mustard, pepper, horseradish, and those things which actually create a thirst for strong drink. Notice the free lunch counter in the saloon. Did you ever see fresh fruits served there? No. On the other hand, there are all kinds of highly



Mr. Coombs' Sweet Little Children.

spiced meats which serve to increase the demand for liquor.

Let me prescribe a meal for you: Fresh fruit in abundance, some well-cooked cereal food, toast or zwieback, poached egg, baked potato, graham bread, stewed figs or prunes, cup of cereal coffee, mixed nuts.

I can tell you, my dear friends, from personal experience, that I know this will help the poor drunkard. One more thing I might add: throw off all care and worry when you sit down to eat, taking plenty of time, not for-

getting to chew the food thoroughly. Drink plenty of good pure water between meals. This is especially beneficial to the drunkard as invariably the kidneys are somewhat affected. Also plenty of mild exercise should be taken.

May God bless you. My heart goes out to any and all who have this besetment. I must not forget to tell you that Jesus loves the poor drunkard and has definitely promised that you can be saved and be with Him in His kingdom.

## No Respector of Persons

Elsie D. Whisler

Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

“A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches.” These words came into my mind as I was reading a letter from a young woman who wants to place her little sister in the home.

She said, “I know it will ruin the little

may lead a clean, upright life she is shunned by her former friends and many times by her own sisters.”

It seems to me that we ought to be a little more forgiving, as we “all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” “It is



A Basket Full of Sunshine.

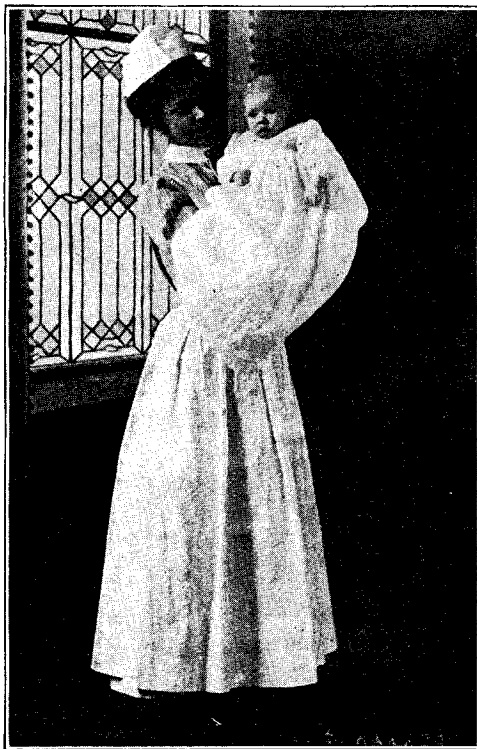
girl's whole life if she stays here. The experience through which she is passing is a blot on her good name, but why should such an experience ruin a girl's *whole* life? Does time only deepen the stain? Even though she

of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed." Lam. 3:22. He is patient, tender, and longsuffering with the best of us. Is he not our example and pattern? He is no respector of persons; then why should we be?

Let us remember that Christ died for the unfortunate girl and His robe of righteousness covers her, if she will accept it, just as surely as it does you or me. These poor, discouraged ones need words of sympathy and encouragement. Let us not refuse or neglect to give it to them, saying in our hearts, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou." Isa. 65:5. Let us point them to Christ, the Friend of sinners, where they can

lesson and one she will not forget soon. She has always been a good girl at home, has a big heart, but was led astray. We have forgiven her and I am so glad to know that the Lord has forgiven her. God opened the way for us to send her to the right home."

The Life Boat Rescue Home has no regular income. We must depend upon the generosity of friends and the little some of the girls can pay. Remember the home in your prayers.



Miss Hutchason and a Home Baby Which Is for Adoption.

find grace and strength to bear their burdens and sorrows.

I just received a letter from a mother whose daughter is now in the home and has taken her stand for truth and right. She writes: "Your letter was certainly medicine to my soul, for since I heard from you I have felt so much easier. I was so worried for my child that I had no rest night or day. Now I know by the help of the Lord my girl will be different. She has learned a dear

### THE PLEA OF A HUNGRY HEART.

C. P. BOLLMAN.  
Nashville, Tenn.

(Dedicated to girls and women who for any reason are estranged from home and parents, especially from their fathers.)

There's hunger in my heart tonight,  
A longing for my home;  
I'd lay my head on Mother's breast,  
Nor wish again to roam.

I'd say to Father, Take me back,  
Thy love again I'd feel;  
I've drained the all-delusive cup  
That holds more woe than weal.

I cast about for resting place,  
For kith and kin of mine;  
And though I've been a wayward child  
I would again be thine.

I ask no earthly treasure-trove,  
I seek not sordid gold,  
But, oh, I plead for love most dear—  
Do not that love withhold.

Send me some word of cheer from home,  
A pardon full and free,  
For this would far more precious be  
Than ship from Eastern sea.

My father, can you say me nay?  
Can you this boon withhold?  
I only ask that Father's heart  
Shall now my heart enfold.

### TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

I shall be glad to correspond with any young woman who is in need of a Christian friend. No one need be discouraged, because God remains the same. No matter how far we wander from Him, He loves us still. If any broken-hearted woman reads these lines please remember I would like to be your friend. Address me, Mrs. C. L. Clough, Hinsdale, Ill.

### NOTICE.

It is not too late to apply for admittance into the next three years' medical missionary class at Hinsdale, which begins June 18. This course presents a wonderful opportunity for mature, consecrated, young people who desire to become missionary nurses.

## Hinsdale Nurses' Center

Ruth Stapp

2348 Park Ave., Chicago.

[As has been stated in previous numbers, a group of the nurses who are taking their training in the Hinsdale institution maintain a medical missionary center in a needy portion of Chicago. They are having remarkable experiences and they are trying to carry the gospel of helpfulness into the homes of the people. Incidentally, this work is the very best preparation for a still larger field of usefulness. These girls have no regular support or income and are dependent largely upon the help that comes from those whose hearts God has touched in their behalf.—Ed.]

JUST six months ago a few nurses, burdened with the need of Chicago's poor, opened up a small center on the west side of the city. The work was founded on faith and has been kept up on the same principle. God has wonderfully blessed this work and all who have had a part in it. In the six months



The Retail Vegetable Vender.

there has not been a need but what has been supplied. Truly God's store house is unlimited.

I want to tell you a few of the blessed experiences we have been having. First, I must tell of our morning watch. The past month we have been reading the book of Job and we have found in his experiences much that has been a great help to us. And then before we start the active duties of the day we pray for God's help that we may represent Him in thought and act. I believe the source of all our success depends upon these daily talks with God.

About two weeks ago a neighbor lady came into our room and between sobs tried to tell us about her daughter. The physician had not given a very encouraging report of the

young lady's condition and the mother was heart-broken. I was so glad that I knew of One who could bring comfort and peace in spite of sickness and I pointed her to Him. Then we started in with a few simple treatments to try to build up her general health and I am glad today to report an improvement in her condition.

Many times we are called upon to supply clothing to some needy family. Just a few days ago we found a widow with three small boys to provide for. She is willing to work, but she has not been successful in finding a sufficient amount to provide for herself and children. We were glad that we could take her some clothing to help her out in this time of need. There are many such cases which we are continually meeting throughout this district.



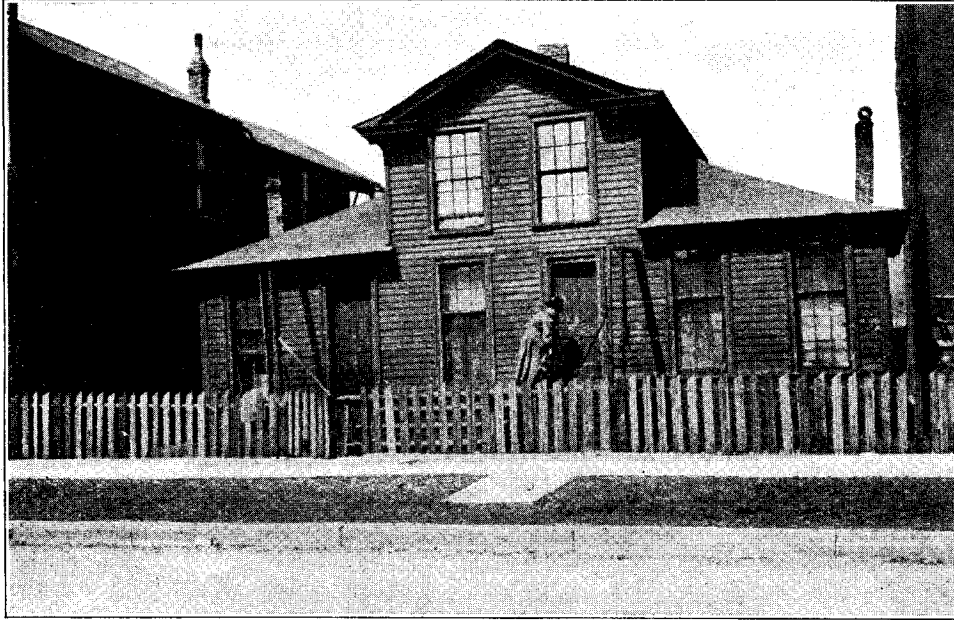
A Portion of Miss Stapp's Parish.

Not far from us an elderly lady lives by herself. She has no help except the occasional service of a school boy. This spring she has been suffering with a bronchial trouble and was in quite a serious condition when we were told of her. We have been giving

her regular treatments and she is gradually improving.

Some one who read of our work in THE LIFE BOAT begged us to call on a lonely woman living in this district. She said the woman was not ill but had lived alone for years and would appreciate a friendly call. We went and found her living in a small room over a store. She very seldom left her room and rarely ever had a caller and so you can imagine how delighted she was at seeing us. We left a blooming plant with

her treatments to help her to regain her strength. She is alone in the city and at the present has a home through the kindness of a friend. She has been a stenographer, but will be unable to continue this work even after she is stronger. What the girl needs and wants is a home in the country where she can raise chickens and a garden and have the advantages of pure air, wholesome diet and home love. But she has no money and unless we can find her a suitable place, I don't know what will become of her. At present,



A Six-Room House Containing Three Separate Families and a Sign in the Window, "Rooms to Rent." An Illustration of the Crowded Conditions of Home Life in This Vicinity.

her to help brighten up her room and also her heart. There are so many lonely hearts wishing for a word of cheer and hope. One other such home that we have had the privilege of visiting is that of an invalid. Last week we took her "Desire of Ages" to read and help pass the long hours. She likes to read and I am sure will find much good in this book.

But one of the saddest cases that we have met lately is that of a young lady who recently underwent an operation. Her recovery has been very slow and we have been giving

treatment and a sister's love and prayers is all that we can give her.

You must know something of how our prayer meetings are progressing. There is a lively interest. Here it is that we can talk heart to heart of the things that concern our spiritual welfare.

We are now praying for a mission and an evangelist and for better equipment for carrying on this work. And I am sure He who cares for the flowers of the field will send just those things which will be best for His children.

## Said "Boots" to the Lord

George B. Starr

Melrose, Mass.

[Some time ago we heard Bro. Starr relate an interesting personal experience in definite answer to prayer, and we asked him to write it out for us. It is not to be supposed that it is always best, either for us or for God's work in the earth to have just such experiences, and for that reason we should always add to all of our prayers, "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done." If it is best for us to receive just what we ask for, be assured God will answer our prayers.—Ed.]

WHEN twenty-one years of age I heard the call of God to do the work of an evangelist, and trusting God to support me, I started forth without salary and without even taking collections, depending entirely upon what came to me unsolicited and in answer to prayer.

If I needed clothing I asked for that, if shoes or boots I asked for them definitely, and the Lord never failed me.

The second winter I was in a western state. Finding my shoes were not a sufficient protection against the snow and cold of the winter, and not having a dollar with which to purchase anything, I just asked the Lord to please send me a pair of boots—just boots, nothing else.

A night or two after this at the close of an evening service two ladies came forward to speak to me and one of them placed a five-dollar bill in my hand, whispering to me, "Now that is for boots—a pair of boots. Don't use it any other way, just get a pair of boots for yourself."

Now, as I had not spoken of the matter to a living soul, I took it that God had spoken to these sisters to answer my prayer, and so of course I bought a pair of boots.

### A WEATHER-VANE SERMONETTE.

Once a farmer when building a new house on his farm decided to place a weather-vane on the top of his house instead of on the barn, where it is ordinarily placed, and on that weather-vane he put in letters of gold the words, "God is love." This glistened in the sunshine and made a beautiful sight. His neighbors, however, were much concerned about this eccentric trait in the man as they thought he was deviating too much from established customs, and remonstrated with him. But he said

it was all right to have the weather-vane on the house and to have the motto on the weather-vane because he and every one who saw it might know that "God is love" no matter *which way* the wind blew.

Let us not forget that whether the wind blows from the chilly north, leaving nothing but blasted hopes and withered human love, or whether the balmy breezes from the south revive our sinking hearts, there is one thing that remains steadfast in all our varied experiences, and that one thing we should keep uppermost in our minds: God is love.

### HOW AN OLD BRIER BORE ROSES.

"Once there was a brier growing in a ditch and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug around it, and lifted it out, the brier said to itself, 'What is he doing that for? Doesn't he know that I am only an old, worthless brier?' But the gardener took it into the garden and planted it amid his flowers, while the brier said, 'What a mistake he has made, planting an old brier like myself among such rose trees as these!' But the gardener came once more with his keen-edged knife, made a slit in the brier, and grafted in a rose, and by and by when summer came, lovely roses were blooming on that old brier. Then the gardener said, 'Your beauty is not due to that which came out, but to that which I put into you!'

"That is just what Christ is doing all the time with poor human lives. They seem to be of no use, with no hope that they will ever be of use. Then Christ takes them in hand, pours His love upon them, lifts them up out of the dust, grafts something of His own life into them, and by and by they begin to be like Him, little branches of His own beautiful life."



## Dick Lane is Dead

Caroline Louise Clough

DICK LANE, the man who spent nearly fifty years in criminal life, known as a professional crook and safe blower, who served time in six or seven of our leading penitentiaries, but who was wonderfully converted in the Pacific Garden Mission about nineteen years ago and has since spent all his spare time in leading men to God, has passed away.

His funeral service was held on Easter Sunday, March 23, 1913, in the church of which he was a member. The day was a rainy one, but in spite of the rain the church was well filled with the leading mission and charitable workers of all Chicago.

Harry Monroe, superintendent of the Pacific Garden Mission, who was the first man to take Dick Lane by the hand the night of his conversion, was present and spoke briefly as follows:

"One night, years ago, a very dark night in the life of our brother when the authorities were pressing him and refuge almost failed him, he saw a little light in the Pacific Garden Mission. He walked in and came down to the front. He was nicely attired, took a seat in front and listened, and when an appeal was made he raised his hand, saying, 'Pray for me.' He came to the altar. It was my good fortune to take him by the hand and he raised his voice very fervently to heaven.

"I never had seen him before and hardly knew what it meant for a stranger to come forward in such an earnest way. He offered his prayer and then sat down with the others. I asked what his purpose was for the future. He said, 'After tonight I am going to live a clean life.' He hardly knew how to respond to my inquiry. His great argument was that the authorities would make it hard for him.

"That was my first impression of Dick Lane. To my dying hour that remains with me. Paul could say three things: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' That might be said of Dick Lane. Paul was not a negative character. Dick Lane was a man pronounced in his character, and such a man always has a fight on

his hands. I do not think he ever struck a false note in reference to Jesus Christ. He did not live in vain. The world is better because he lived in it. Whatever your opinion or mine may be of a miracle, by the grace of God Dick Lane was a miracle."


One thing that always inspired Dick Lane in fighting his way up to a clean life was, as he expressed it, "God Almighty keeps whispering to me, 'It's better farther on, Dick; it's better farther on.'" No matter where or under what circumstances you would meet the man he would never leave you without dropping some such remark as this in a perfectly natural way: "It is God's grace that lifted me up out of the pit. I am grateful for His salvation."

Dick Lane often said that before his conversion he liked everything that was bad, it was a part of his nature to steal; so much so that he even stole in prison, yet after his conversion he began working for H. H. Kofilsaat in the *Record-Herald* building, where he washed windows and cleaned floors for only seven dollars a week, but he was never tempted to steal a penny of the thousands of dollars that were within his reach in the offices.

Dick Lane loved THE LIFE BOAT and often furnished some inspiring message for its pages. Three years ago he came to the Hinsdale sanitarium seriously sick and for several weeks his life hung on a thread. But he was finally restored and again resumed his active evangelistic work and only a few months ago he visited the Hinsdale sanitarium and gave one of the most telling gospel talks we have ever heard from him. And only a couple of weeks before his death he wrote us a cheering letter expressing his complete confidence in the saving and keeping grace of Christ.

It was not because Dick Lane was an unusual man nor that he by his own effort made himself good, but because he was *willing* to let God transform him. Jesus stands ready to perform a similar miracle on your heart. Are *you* willing?

## BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS





Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,  
 Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,  
 And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.  
 Sometimes he sighed for a larger store  
 Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;  
 For he was not wise in worldly lore;  
 The poor were Christ's; he knew no more.

One night a cry from the window came—  
 Ben Hazzard was sleepy and tired and lame—  
 "Ben Hazzard, open!" it seemed to say,  
 "Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."  
 Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head  
 To listen. "Tis awful cold," he said,  
 And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,  
 "But the wanderer must be comforted,  
 Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried.

As he opened the door, and held it wide,  
 A milk white kitten was all he spied.  
 Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;  
 The stout house doors were carefully shut,  
 Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.  
 "I thought that somebody called," he said;  
 "Some dream or other got into my head!  
 Come then, poor puss, and share my bed."  
 Then out from the storm and the wind and the sleet,  
 Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet.

Truly it was a terrible storm,  
 Ben feared that he never more should be warm,  
 But just as he began to be dozy,  
 And puss was purring soft and cozy,  
 A voice called faintly before his door:  
 "Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore!  
 Give drink and a crust from out your store."

Out from his bed he stumbled again;  
 "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said;  
 "With such as I have, thou shalt be fed."  
 Only a little black dog he saw,  
 Whining and shaking a broken paw.  
 "Well, well," he cried, "I must have dreamed;  
 But verily like a voice it seemed.

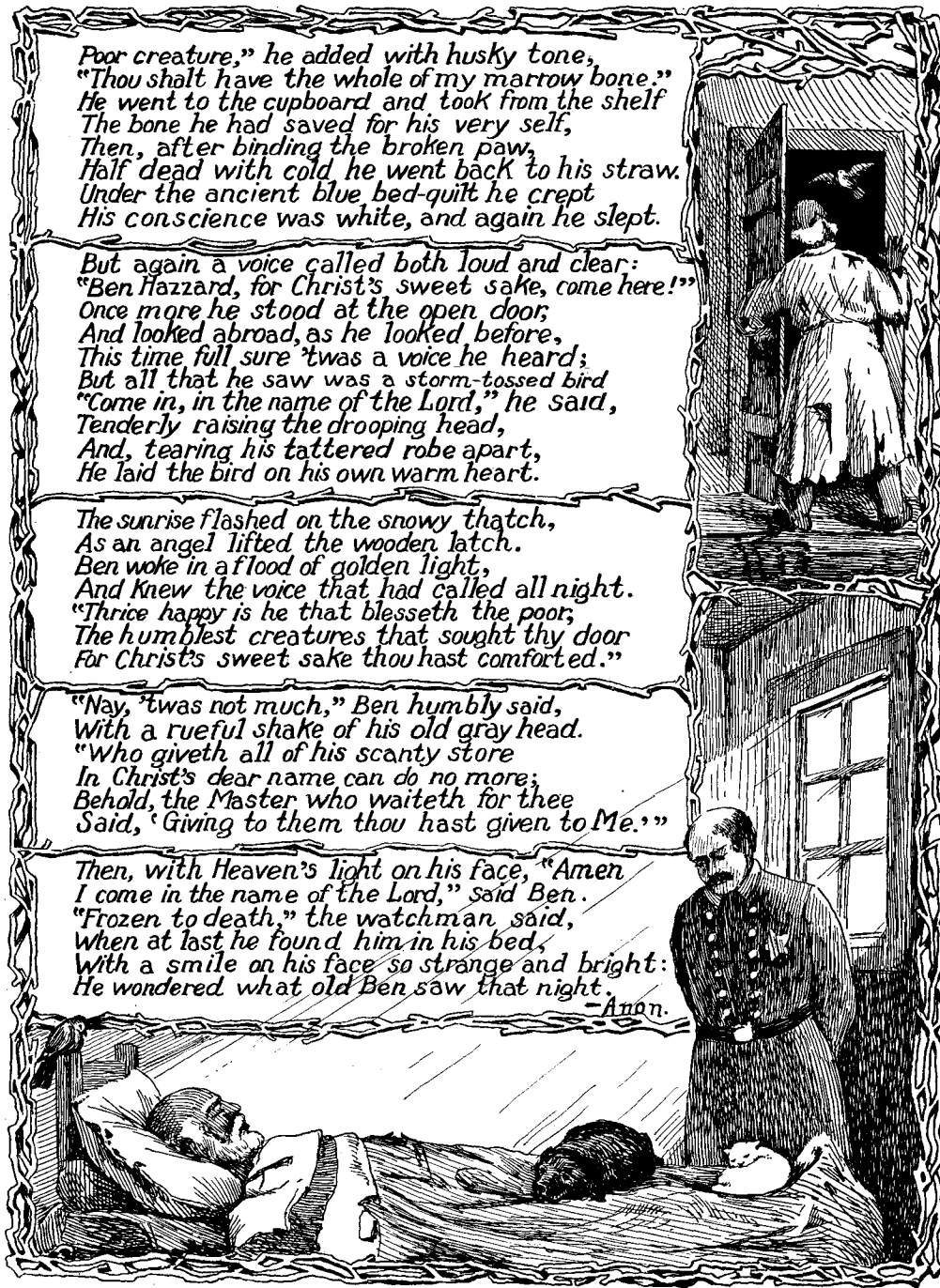
Poor creature," he added with husky tone,  
 "Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow bone."  
 He went to the cupboard and took from the shelf  
 The bone he had saved for his very self,  
 Then, after binding the broken paw,  
 Half dead with cold, he went back to his straw.  
 Under the ancient blue bed-quilt he crept  
 His conscience was white, and again he slept.

But again a voice called both loud and clear:  
 "Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake, come here!"  
 Once more he stood at the open door;  
 And looked abroad, as he looked before,  
 This time full sure 'twas a voice he heard;  
 But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird  
 "Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,  
 Tenderly raising the drooping head,  
 And, tearing his tattered robe apart,  
 He laid the bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,  
 As an angel lifted the wooden latch.  
 Ben woke in a flood of golden light,  
 And knew the voice that had called all night.  
 "Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor,  
 The humblest creatures that sought thy door  
 For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."

"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,  
 With a rueful shake of his old gray head.  
 "Who giveth all of his scanty store  
 In Christ's dear name can do no more;  
 Behold, the Master who waiteth for thee  
 Said, 'Giving to them thou hast given to Me.'"

Then, with Heaven's light on his face, "Amen  
 I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.  
 "Frozen to death," the watchman said,  
 When at last he found him in his bed,  
 With a smile on his face so strange and bright:  
 He wondered what old Ben saw that night.  
 —Anon.



### SAVED FROM THE GAMBLING HABIT.

A. KELLER,

Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

[Mr. Keller has come all the way from his home in New Zealand to fit himself to be an evangelist, and is attending the Moody Bible Institute. On Sunday mornings he assists our LIFE BOAT workers in the gospel services at Harrison street police station. The wonderful experience of his conversion and deliverance from the gambling habit has been an inspiration to many a poor man who is bound by the cords of his sins.—ED.]

In a little church in the South Island of New Zealand, special services were being held. I was then a mere boy, but heard God's voice calling me to Him. I was melted to tears, but resisted His pleading! Satan found me a willing hearer, when he said, "Don't become a Christian yet. You must get on in life first. Wait! Wait! Wait!" How many of us have fallen, because we listened to that voice. Had I but listened to God who says, "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart" (Ps. 95:7, 8), what sin and shame it would have saved me!

When employed as a message boy, gambling attracted and overpowered me. I found Christ's words to be true, "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." I was a slave! my soul was stunted, my one aim was to satisfy the passion for gambling; and as the years went on I found myself less and less powerful to resist the passion.

One day, after coming back from a race meeting, I felt disgusted. Everything seemed wrong. I had lost money and brought back a thick covering of dust on my clothes. After cleaning up I lay back on my bed and asked myself, "What good is this game going to do me?" I thought of the characters of the men who lived on gambling, and decided that I didn't want to be like them. I bowed beside my bed and called upon God to deliver me, and He heard me.

A temptation faced me a few days afterwards. I was approached about going to a race meeting, with the promise of a day off from my work. In God's strength I was able to say, "No, thanks."

Ten years ago, April 25, I received eternal life by accepting Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. (Romans 6:23. John 1:12.) I then met Him who said, "The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy:

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

You ask, "What about the gambling?" Well, I have no desire for it now. With other sinful habits it went out when Jesus Christ came into my heart. Have you ever noticed, in winter time, withered leaves on the branches of certain trees? You try to break the leaves off with a stick, but many still cling. In spring time they will drop off. Why? Because the new life within *pushes* them off.

Men and women, you can have the new life in Christ by simply accepting Him by faith as your own Saviour. The old habits that may have been clinging to you for many years will drop off like dead leaves when Christ is in you and you are in Christ. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17.

May God's love draw you to Calvary's fountain which is "open for sin and uncleanness," where your sins can be cleansed by the precious blood of Christ. Jesus Christ, my Saviour and my Liberator, wants to set you free from the guilt and power of sin. Will you let Him? "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8:36.

"He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the captive free,  
His blood can make the vilest clean,  
His blood avails for me."

### PREACH THE GOSPEL.

A young minister in a college town was embarrassed by the thought of criticism in his cultivated congregation.

He sought counsel in his father, an old and wise minister, saying:

"Father, I am hampered in my ministry in the pulpit I am now serving. If I cite anything from geology, there is Prof. A—, teacher of this science, right before me. If I use an illustration from Roman mythology, there is Prof. B— ready to trip me up for any little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature that pleases me, I am covered by the presence of the learned man that teaches that branch. What shall I do?"

The sagacious old man replied:

"Do not be discouraged, preach the gospel. They probably know very little of that."

## DOES THIS MATCH YOUR EXPERIENCE?

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

A man who is governed by Christian principle is a marked man. People rally around him while he lives and after he is dead his influence still lives.

Such a man was Dan Martin, the converted hobo, who became known as one of Chicago's most successful mission workers and who died a year ago. How a worthless tramp who was the embodiment of shiftlessness, was changed into a positive, definite, successful man with one burning purpose,—that of saving souls,—is the story of Dan Martin's conversion. The change in his life was brought about by letting Jesus Christ come into his heart.

Since his death his followers have established a gospel mission as a memorial of his noble work. It was my privilege to attend their first memorial service. The platform was filled with clean-cut, successful business men and others who had come to pay their respects to the man who had been an inspiration in their lives, and who was the one who led some of their number to Christ.

The following words from Dr. J. R. Boynton gives a glimpse of the high esteem held for this unlearned and unlettered Irish outcast:

"He was very definite, there was nothing wishy-washy about him. It was always yes or no, now or never, with him. Positiveness was a prevailing element in his make-up. He was positive in the details of his work. I noticed particularly when he talked to sinners he spoke to them in *italics*. These are elements that make business men, that make statesmen. They are the prerequisites to success.

"Another element that was *push*. When he had an idea he would push it. And his mission work he pushed to its ultimatum. Having had such a peculiar experience, such a low, down-and-out, discreditable, unfortunate, unstable experience, he knew how to deal with men of like habits. Having the old-time religion, the spirit of the Master, he could minister to the necessities of the fallen. He feared no man and when he talked to you about your soul he would look you in the eye and drive his words right to the heart like

a spike, and God blessed that kind of a man. It was the religion of Jesus Christ that made him what he was. It is the religion of Jesus Christ that can make a good man out of a sneak."

The Dan Martin Memorial Mission at 712 Wells street, Chicago, is doing a wonderful work of reclaiming the lost, hundreds of men are given food and lodging and conversions are taking place. Mr. Dan G. Batey, the superintendent, was himself rescued from the depths and knows how to sympathize with the man who is down. Mrs. Dan Martin also assists in the work.

But our object in telling this story, brief though it be, is that it may reach some other man who might be in a condition similar to Dan Martin's before his conversion and who may think it is "all up with him." I want to put courage into such a heart for I know the Lord is no respecter of persons. He wants to make you a praise in the earth as He did Dan Martin. Have you ever heard that "still small Voice" whisper in your ear, saying, "Son, give me thine heart?" If not, just listen and you can claim that promise: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9. Also "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

## LIFE.

PEARL WAGGONER.

And is this life—to eat, to sleep,  
To sometimes laugh, to sometimes weep,  
To work from dawn till set of sun,  
Yet feel the work is but begun;  
To know some joy, and more of pain,  
To love and then to lose again?

Is this, then, life—to daily toil,  
To labor for the things which spoil,  
To make a living or a name,  
To win the world's applause or blame,  
To do the same things o'er and o'er—  
Is this the whole life has in store?

Or think you it is this instead:  
In pleasure's gilded halls to tread,  
To strive for happiness or gain,  
Or fortune's golden goblet drain,  
To live for music or for mirth,  
Is this the life of greatest worth?

Ah, life is not in all of this,  
If through it all one thing we miss:  
Apart from God a life is vain  
And cometh soon to naught again;  
But Him to trust means rest from strife,  
And *Him to know* is endless life.

### AN EX-PRISONER HELPS THE PRISONERS.

The following is from a man who has recently been released from a western prison:

"I am sending you one dollar to be used for the prisoners' number of *THE LIFE BOAT*. It is all I have and I know that God's blessing will go with it. It makes me feel happy that I can help with a little. I know that some prisoner will have a chance to read the dear *LIFE BOAT*. It has been a great help to me.

"I am very busy at present and have been for some time. Will be glad to hear from you when you have time to write. It always helps me to receive a letter of encouragement from those that believe and know the truth as taught by the holy prophets and the apostles. Pray for me that I may not be tempted above that which I am able to bear."

### BEING A LIGHT TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

Jesus was the light of the world and He has told us to let our light so shine before men that they will see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven. What a privilege it is to be a light for Jesus in this world of sin and sorrow!

I went to visit a friend of mine who loves the Lord and lets her light shine for Jesus. On reaching the place where she lived, I learned from her neighbor that she had moved to another part of the city, but I also learned that she had been a light for Jesus among her neighbors. One of her neighbors told me how she missed her, what a good woman she was and how much she helped her.

"Why," she said, "I never had a Bible in my home till this woman began to tell me about Jesus and His love and that he was coming soon; and then I gave her a dollar and she bought me a Bible. Then she would read and explain it to me."

"Oh," she said, "I have no one to talk to me now and how I love her and miss her!" I told her how she could talk to Jesus and He would be to her more than any earthly friend, and how I had learned that Jesus only can give us the love and comfort that satisfies.

This woman had a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT*

given to her and she liked it so much. She also bought a *LIFE BOAT* from me and asked me to pray for her. If every woman who knows Jesus would do the work God has given her to do just among her neighbors, how much good might be done! Souls would be brought to a knowledge of the truth, and that glad day, the coming of our blessed Saviour, hastened. This experience has helped me to want to be more of a light to my neighbors.

### Silent Witnesses.

We are told to scatter the printed page like the leaves of autumn; and God has promised that if we sow the seed He will water it. For some time my husband has been praying that the Lord would help him to do more for God and humanity. The Lord impressed him to buy a tract rack. We have it on the outside of our store at one side of the door, and we fill it about three times a day with literature. The rack is red and we have the letters painted in black, "Take One," at the bottom of the rack. The Lord opened the way for Mr. Abrams to also put a rack in the drug store near us; the druggist is interested in the gospel literature placed in the rack and asks questions. Pray that this druggist may see the light of truth and accept it, and that many others may be led to see the truth as it is in Jesus by the reading of these tracts and papers.

### A GOOD SUGGESTION.

"Your letter received, also the ten copies of *LIFE BOAT*. I have sold a few of them and expect to try and sell the rest, but I will take ten each month for regular customers, and if I can increase the number I will. It is such a good magazine and I enjoy working with it, but it is only a few hours a day I am off."

We want one hundred people who will take ten copies each month for the rest of this year. Can you not find ten regular customers in your neighborhood? One or two hours a month is all that is necessary to do this helpful piece of missionary work; and who can determine what might result!

A good resolution is worth as much now as it was at the beginning of the year.

## OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST.

(From the New York State Prison.)

"I have this minute finished the April number of THE LIFE BOAT, and passed it on that others, who are only too anxious, may read it also. I can truly say I have read every article with deep interest, and many I have read over more than once. To many of us it is the only publication of a religious nature we receive from the outside.

"You can't imagine the universal interest the boys in Clinton take in THE LIFE BOAT. We look forward each month with increasing anxiety to its coming. We note with the deepest concern the many instances of its timely aid to the sick and distressed in Chicago and other cities. We can't help,—only with our prayers,—but we pray incessantly for the continued success of THE LIFE BOAT."

## THE FRIENDSHIP OF KING JESUS.

J. A. HART,  
Dodge Center, Minn.

Dear boys in prison, I have been thinking what message I could send you in this number that will be of help and encouragement to you. I know you want to be free. Christ says: "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John 8:36.

Now, dear boys, would you not like to have a personal acquaintance with Jesus, so you can talk with Him freely and have Him seem like a real earthly Friend to you? You can know Him in this way if you wish, for He is willing and, indeed, He has long sought to make your acquaintance. Through His faithful servant, Job, He has spoken to you in these words: "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." Job 22:21.

As one of His friends, let me tell you some of the advantages of knowing him. First, you get a better knowledge of yourself. I read a story about a young prince in Spain who had the smallpox in his infancy which disfigured his face for life. To spare his feelings, his parents had every mirror removed from the palace and the boy grew up thinking he was handsome. He became proud and boastful, so that he was very annoying to his companions. Finally one of them carried a mirror into the palace secretly and placed it opposite

the door of the prince's room. The next morning when he opened the door he saw himself for the first time in his life. He never boasted of his beauty again.

What the mirror did for the boy, Jesus does for His friends. His holy life is a mirror in which we see ourselves just as we really are. As we read His words and talk with Him we see how proud and conceited we are; how impatient, wilful and selfish. The contrast between His pure, unselfish life and our own is humiliating and painful. He who has become acquainted with Jesus will never think of himself so well again.

Second, we see what we ought to be and what we may become. Salvation means reproducing in us the life of Christ, for, as the Apostle Paul says, by beholding we become changed (2 Cor. 3:18). It is God's purpose that we should "be conformed to the image of His Son." Rom. 8:29; 1 John 3:2.

Let this thought once take possession of you and you can never be the same person again you once were. You see a possibility for yourself of which you never dreamed, and you can not rest until the vision is realized.

Third, we see how this marvelous change is to be wrought by the death and life of Jesus. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Isa. 53:6.

I once read the history of a teacher who was showing some famous painting to a working girls' club. One of these paintings was a crucifixion scene. The central figure was our Saviour. His hands and feet had been nailed to the cross and the cross had been raised and dropped into the hole in the ground prepared for it. The agony of the shock and strain of the fall was pictured on the face of the dear Lord. As the picture was passed to one of the girls, she drew back with a shudder, saying:

"Oh, Mrs. H——, you do not mean to say that Jesus was crucified alive, do you?"

"Certainly," said the teacher.

"Why," said the girl, "I never realized that before. It is awful! I can not bear to look at it!"

"Yes," said the teacher, "Jesus suffered all that and more for your sins and mine."

"Well," the girl answered, "if Jesus suffered all that for me, I want to live for Him."

Then and there she gave her heart to the Lord. That is the way you will feel, dear friends, as you read the story of the cross. Christ's death for us on the cross is a great reality, but Christ's life within by His Spirit is *just as real* and even more happy. In Rev. 3:20 we read: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Here, then, is the assurance that if we repent of our sins and obey Jesus, He will not only forgive us, but will come into our hearts and abide with us forever. Then it is that acquaintance with Jesus really begins.

If you ask, "How will He manifest Himself to me?" I answer, He will speak *to you* out of His Word, and while you are praying and in every act of obedience and sacrifice you will feel a consciousness within of His approving smile. Just in proportion as you deny yourself for Him, He will make Himself real to you.

If any Christian makes slow progress in getting acquainted with Jesus it must surely come from a lack of obedience, for He has plainly promised: "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him." John 14:21.

If this way of living seems attractive to you and you say, "Yes, I would like to know Jesus, but how shall I begin the acquaintance?" I answer, He has already spoken to you and you have not responded. Even now He speaks to you. Answer Him, and I think the first words you will want to say will be: "Dear Lord, forgive me that I have been so wicked and ungrateful. I receive Thee as my Saviour; come into my heart, take charge of my life, and manifest Thyself to me according to the promise."

The next thing to do is to confess Him as your Saviour (Matt. 10:32): "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven."

It is in the act of obedience that He wants to make His presence known. The ten lepers

in obedience to Jesus went for their certificates of cleansing even while the leprosy was upon them, but while in the act of obedience they were cleansed. (Luke 17:11-14.)

And so, dear boys in prison, or any others who may read these lines, if you will confess Christ as your Saviour and take up the duties of the Christian life, the joy of the Lord will come into your heart.

### POWER IN THE BOOK WHICH WAS TOO GOOD TO BURN.

S. MARCHISIO,  
San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

[Brother Marchisio has spent years of earnest medical missionary work in old Mexico. He has taught the natives how to build houses, how to prepare food, how to make the best of their limited opportunities and facilities, and above all things has taught them the simple gospel of Christ. The following is an interesting glimpse of how the power of God is working in that unsettled country.—Ed.]

Some time ago a man who had given us much trouble, was baptized. This is his testimony:

"When the parents of my wife were baptized I felt like to beat all the Christian people in Visbaga. I went home and found a few papers that my wife had and a New Testament that she used to read, and took them all in the yard to burn them. I set fire to the papers but the New Testament did not burn as quickly and something told me that it was too bad to burn that Book, so quickly I pulled it out of the fire. Then I opened it and began to read it and I saw such beautiful words, I put it in my pocket and went in the field to work.

"There in the field I pulled it out again to read it with trembling hands, and soon tears began to come to my eyes for the beautiful words that I could read. Then I came home and when my wife was not in the house I would read the Book; but I was ashamed to tell her that I did not burn the book and I did like it so much.

"After months of reading it in secret I was convinced that it was a good book and what you people were telling was the truth. So I told my wife that I did not burn the book but I was reading it. When she heard that she was surprised and rejoiced with me that I had changed my mind, and we both



came to church to tell you that I was wrong and you were right."

This man is now working very hard to get others interested and in their way they are a very happy family. We always have a good prayer whenever I get to his house.

The same spirit that works in the hearts of Americans, works also in the hearts of Mexicans. The only difference is that the Americans are at the top of the ladder, while the Mexicans are at the bottom. For that reason we can not have much success among this people, but the Spirit of the Lord is over all nations in the condition they are in, without making any difference.

I was out to see a company when they destroyed many miles of railroad and burned many stations, freight cars with all their goods. Besides I know positively in one station they killed seven men, bit others, and dishonored young women and carried them away.

It makes it very dangerous just now and very little can be done. Now it is a little quiet; but who knows with this people what will be the next? They are only partly civilized and the Indian vengeance is in them much like the old Indian time; still for all that we have to do something for this people.

#### THE MASTER'S CALL.

MRS. E. L. HASTINGS.  
Conklin, Mich.

[This poem was written by a dear old lady, whose long life has been in harmony with the sentiments expressed, and who wrote this poem merely to divert her mind from her intense bodily suffering.—Ed.]

Oh, list to the call of the Master,  
And work while yet it is day,  
For soon the night will close round thee,  
And darkness encompass thy way.

Go out in the highways and hedges,  
Seek out the erring and lost,  
Give to each a heartsome handclasp  
Not stopping to count the cost.

Lend a helping hand to the needy,  
Give of thy strength to the weak,  
To the weary and the desponding  
Words of encouragement speak.

If in the daily battles of life  
Thy brother too weary has grown,  
Then help to carry his burden!  
'Twill only be light'ning thine own.

Do not wait to get rid of thy burden  
Ere helping another's to lift;  
Remember, when helping the needy,  
The giver is blest by the gift.

Then list to the words of the Master,  
When suffering and sorrow you see:  
"Inasmuch as to these ye have done it,  
Ye have done it even to Me."

#### WHERE DISCORD IS TURNED TO HARMONY.

"A beautiful incident is told by a traveler of his visit to the cathedral of Pisa. He stood beneath its wonderful dome, spacious and symmetrical, and gazed with awe upon its beauties. Suddenly the air became instinct with melody. The great dome seemed full of harmony. The waves of music vibrated to and fro, loudly beating against the walls, swelling into full chords like the roll of a great organ, and then dying away into soft, long-drawn, far-reaching echoes, melting to silence in the distance. It was only the guide, who lingering behind a moment, had softly murmured a triple chord. But beneath that magic dome every sound resolves itself into harmony. No discord can reach the summit of that dome and live. Every voice in the building, the slamming of seats, the tramping of feet, the murmur and bustle of the crowd are caught up, softened, harmonized, blended and echoed back in music.

"There is nothing but makes melody in the heart of a man who is right with God. The things that make confusion in other lives are powerless to influence the life that is in tune with the Infinite."

#### WORKING FOR THE PRISONERS.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.  
3508 Rhoades Ave., Chicago.

I want to thank God for THE LIFE BOAT and for the good it does. While reading the March number my heart was touched and made sad as I read the letter and saw the picture of a prisoner with his head bowed in his hands, assuring us he would pray for our success in getting funds for the special prisoners' number of THE LIFE BOAT. Only God knows the many sad hearts there are behind prison bars that are longing for a word of cheer which you and I might give to brighten their sad lives.

The Lord has certainly blessed me in interesting my friends and neighbors to give of their means to send THE LIFE BOAT to the shut-ins. Oh, I pray that some soul may be saved as a result of reading THE LIFE BOAT, for it's the gospel, the good news of salvation. May God bless the prisoners and help them to

give their hearts to Him, for if they do they will have peace and joy and happiness and they will have a hope beyond this world of sin and sorrow.

I would say to my unfortunate brother and sister, in your lonely hours read your Bible and pray, and you will find comfort and rest and peace of mind that the world can not give nor take away. Have faith in God. God loves you and wants to save you. Won't you let Him?

Two little sisters who are missionaries, Thelma and Ruth, had saved up some money, and when I told them about the work the Lord was helping me to do for the prisoners they gladly gave a donation to help send THE LIFE BOAT to the prisoners. God can use children to work for him. He says, "A little child shall lead them." Praise God for the children.

I never can tell you how happy I have been in helping to send the gospel to the shut-ins. Surely the Lord has heard and answered that prisoner's prayer. Don't stop praying, for God has promised and He will hear. Now I am trying to raise money for another hundred LIFE BOATS, fifty of which I want sent to the jail near my old home, that souls may be saved.

Soon the harvest will come and we will all be gathered home, but I want to take souls with me. Pray for me that I may be faithful.

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### THE JAIL WORK IN WICHITA, KAN.

KATIE HOWARD-DILLEY.

The jail work is very dear to me, and brings me great joy. It is here where we find many sad hearts both in old and young. Here is where so many get tired of sin and let Jesus have His way with them. So many times we hear them say, "I never used to be a bad boy or girl before my poor old mother died." Others say, "I never had the chance in life other boys and girls had." Some never heard a prayer uttered in their home. So many boys say, "I started smoking, and then drinking, and from that I went from bad to worse and now I am here." Then again we find some who once had praying mothers and had good home influences but through waywardness have

taken the wrong path and find themselves in the jail.

The use of drugs, drink and tobacco has put many a young man in jail that would never have been there were it not for them. Yet in face of it all we find parents setting the example before their young children, knowing the terrible results which are sure to come. Could the parents but look ahead and see what it means for their boys to use intoxicants of any kind, would they not be more careful of the example they put before their innocent little boys and girls?

Did the fathers and mothers of the unfortunate young men and women know that some day their innocent babes would help to fill the penitentiaries? No; they did not, otherwise they would have done differently. While these conditions exist yet we are glad that the iron bars have not and can not keep the Saviour out of the hearts of those confined in the cells; for many storm-tossed souls have found Jesus precious to their souls and have since been bright and shining lights to those around them.

THE LIFE BOAT is a very dear paper, one that is appreciated by the prisoners. It has helped many a one to seek for pardon from sin and to take fresh courage in the duties of life. When I go to the jail with papers the prisoners gather around me and ask if there are any LIFE BOATS this week. They seem disappointed when I say "No." They enjoy reading the beautiful letters that the different prisoners write from time to time.

THE LIFE BOAT is the paper for jail work, and the good that is done will never be known until we reach heaven, then all will be made known to us. What a blessed time that will be to those who are faithful to the end! I wish that THE LIFE BOAT could be in every home, I know it would bring joy and gladness to many, and inspire them to be soul winners for their Master.

Some mother's boy or girl is longing for a kind word and your sympathy. Are you giving it to them? Jesus implores us to visit the sick and those that are in prison. He says: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Why not throw out the life-line and save some poor sinking soul before it is too late?

A letter to some one in prison or a paper

mailed to them will help to cheer a lonely heart more than you would think. One young man sent me word from the penitentiary that he had quit smoking and had since gained fourteen pounds in weight. Does this not go to show that it pays to leave tobacco alone? Are there not others who will say, "With the help of the Lord I will not touch intoxicants as long as I live?" You can do it with God's help for you know all things are possible with Him. May the good LIFE BOAT continue in its good work.

**HEALTH ALPHABET.**

- A** is for **A**DENOIDS, which no child should own.
- B** for right **B**REATHING, to give the lungs tone.
- C** is for **C**OUGH, which we should not neglect.
- D** for the **D**ENTIST, who finds tooth defect.
- E** is for **E**VILS of foul air and dirt.
- F** is for **F**RESH AIR—too much can not hurt.
- G** is for **G**ARDENS, where boys and girls play.
- H** is for **H**ARDINESS, gained in that way.
- I** is **I**NFECTION from foul drinking cups.
- J** is for **J**OY in the bubbling taps.
- K** is for **K**NOWLEDGE of rules of good health.
- L** is for **L**UNGS, whose soundness is wealth.
- M** is for **M**ILK, it must be quite pure.
- N** is for **N**URSES, your health to insure.
- O** is for **O**XYGEN, not found in a crowd.
- P** is for **P**ENCILS—in mouths not allowed.
- Q** is for **Q**UIET, which sick people need.
- R** is for **R**EST—as part of our creed.
- S** is for **S**UNSHINE, to drive germs away.
- T** is for **T**OOTH BRUSH, used three times a day.
- U** is for **U**SEFUL health rules in the school.
- V** is the **V**ALUE of learning these rules.
- W** is **W**ORRY, which always does harm.
- X** is **X**CESS—indulge in no form.
- Y** is for **Y**OUTH, the time to grow strong.
- Z** is **Z**CESS—indulge in no form. along.

—By a Chicago Tuberculosis Nurse.

**NEWS HERE AND THERE.**

Elder B. G. Wilkinson of the Washington, D. C., Foreign Mission Seminary, visited Hinsdale on his return from an extended trip in the west.

Mrs. Margaret Kedler of Chicago, who for

a number of years has been field representative for THE LIFE BOAT magazine, spent a day at Hinsdale recently, accompanied by Miss Bessie Keane.

Mrs. Dr. Sol. C. Dickey of Winona Lake, Ind., summer assembly, spent a few weeks at Hinsdale on her return from California, where she with Mr. Dickey spent the winter.

F. O. Robinson of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been employed as painter to take the place of Mr. Hans Haugen, who has asked for a year's release from institutional work.

Miss Myrle Bellows, a member of the Hinsdale nurses' class, who was called home last fall on account of sickness, has now returned to complete her course.

L. C. Warder of Ft. Smith, Ark., has recently connected with the sanitarium family of workers.

Wm. P. Schuster, manager of the First Street Sanitarium, Jackson, Mich., visited Hinsdale recently, accompanied by Mr. M. D. Osgood of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Duncan Purdon, a Hinsdale graduate nurse, returned with Mr. Schuster and will assist him in sanitarium work in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wilson of Chicago, old-time friends of the sanitarium, have returned to Hinsdale.

Prof. W. W. Prescott, head of the Religious Liberty movement and editor of *The Protestant* magazine, of Washington, D. C., visited the sanitarium and gave a talk before the family of workers while conducting a series of lectures in Chicago recently.

**OPPORTUNITY FOR TWENTY YOUNG PEOPLE AT HINSDALE.**

June 18 there will be organized another three years' training class for medical missionaries at Hinsdale. This course of training not only includes the highest class of instruction in the theory and practice of nursing, but it also includes from the very first year personal experiences in field work, city work, rescue work and the science of establishing new centers.

Only those are accepted who have definitely and decisively dedicated their life to earnest, aggressive medical missionary work. No others should apply, but those who have done this should not permit the dozen and one obstacles that the enemy is bound to put in their way, to prevent them from coming. Do not be one of the ten spies, but be a Caleb and Joshua and you will find wonderful blessings springing up in your pathway.



## Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



### WRITE TO US.

We will be glad to correspond with any prisoner or any persons who are discouraged and feel their need of Christian help. We have no employment agency and hence can not promise to sign paroles; but we are interested in your soul's salvation and believe the promise in Matt. 6:32, 33 will be fulfilled in your case: "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

With those sincerely desiring spiritual help and consolation we shall be glad to correspond and will take a personal interest in your welfare. Address the editor, Hinsdale, Ill.

### ADVANCE IN PRICE.

In common with all other magazines THE LIFE BOAT has been compelled to increase its subscription price to one dollar a year. THE LIFE BOAT has always been a labor of love. Practically all who are connected with it earn their living doing other things, but in spite of that it has not been quite possible to pay the printer's bills at the old price, and hence we are compelled to advance.

We trust that all of our readers will remember that whatever will be earned by THE LIFE BOAT through this increase of price will not be used to pay salaries but will bless humanity in some of the helpful ways that this movement represents. So we trust you will pay the dollar cheerfully and encourage your friends to subscribe. To encourage those who are willing to spend a little time soliciting subscriptions from others, we are offering a most unusually valuable list of premiums. Study them. You will be surprised at their value.

### "MEN'S HEARTS FAILING THEM FOR FEAR."

The Master said: "There shall be signs . . . and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the

waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. . . . When ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." Luke 21:25-31.

This is a striking pen picture of the conditions of things in different parts of the earth the past few months. A terrible cyclone swept over Omaha and it was said of this city afterwards: "Omaha remains stunned by the catastrophe, and the men and women seen in the streets are solemn. A hush seems to have fallen upon the town."

Governor Morehead of Nebraska, after making a tour of inspection in the stricken district of Omaha, said: "This is my conception of hell. It is horrible, and it has presented a most complex situation. My horror and grief are beyond my powers of expression."

William Jennings Bryan, who passed through Omaha shortly after the storm, said: "It was a most remarkable storm. It seemed to have dropped right down on the city. The country and towns around were practically untouched." This reminds us of the words of the prophet Amos: "I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it *not* to rain upon another city: . . . yet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the Lord. . . . I have *overthrown* some of you, as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and ye were as a firebrand plucked out of the burning; yet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the Lord. . . . Because I will do this unto thee, *prepare* to meet thy God, O Israel." Amos 4:7-12.

That is the lesson that these catastrophes and disasters ought to bring home close to our hearts. God has showered great opportunities upon this nation, and many in their pride have turned away from God. The hand that has been strong to save may yet become strong to destroy. May God help each one of us to turn to Him with our whole hearts.

## A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Some time ago I was sitting in my house preparing a lecture to be given a little later at the sanitarium. I saw a tramp come by the windows and go to the back door. As I was alone my thought was that I could not give him any attention as I had barely time for the work in hand. Then I remembered the priest and Levite who were in such a hurry to get up to the temple to do their work they did not have any time for the poor man who lay wounded by the way-side. Luke 10:30-36.

So I went out and asked him what he wanted. He said he needed some food. I knew in my soul as soon as I saw him that he needed something besides food. But I made him some bread and butter sandwiches and then I said to him, "My friend, there is something wrong when a man like you has to go from door to door begging food. There is something you have *missed* in your life; now what is it?" He said there *was* something wrong, but he did not know just what. I told him that I knew what it was: he needed another kind of bread, and that was the Bread that came down from heaven—that he had left the Lord out of his reckoning somewhere in his career.

I saw from the look that came into his eyes that I had put my finger on the plague spot in his life. I handed him a LIFE BOAT magazine and told him he would get something from it that would be good for his soul. As soon as he saw it his eyes brightened up and he said, "THE LIFE BOAT!" I said, "Yes, have you ever seen that before?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I have read that before." Well, I told him I was the editor. He was more surprised than ever, and said, "Man, I read that paper in the Minnesota state prison." I said, "You found it good food." He said, "Yes, sir, the best thing I got hold of." I then got the man on his knees and prayed the Lord to come into his life.

As the man went away with tears in his eyes I felt I had been amply repaid for permitting him to break into my study. Whether he received permanent benefit or not I do not know, but I received a blessing.

The trouble with so much good work today is that it is done through some bureau. For we are so afraid that somebody will deceive us that we want everything *investigated* by some proper official, and so our charity and our work of helpfulness is getting to be pure business, and then there is but little more satisfaction in it than the average man secures from paying his taxes.

Suppose I had given this man a card to take to some associated charity and said, "I donate annually to them, they will investigate your case and help you if you are worthy." He might have received a great deal more help than I gave him, but one thing is certain, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish" would not have come upon me. Do not be afraid to *individualize* your works of helpfulness. Christ personally touched the people whom He healed.

## HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THIS VERSE?

"No good thing will He [God] withhold from them that walk uprightly." Ps. 84:11.

You may say that can't be so; but it is so whether you can believe it or not. You may not believe in wireless telegraphy, in X-ray, in many wonderful things that you can not understand; but they are facts just the same. You may say, "I am so situated that verse can't possibly be true in *my* case." But it is true if you will permit it.

You may say, "I was not treated right; some one railroaded me into trouble." That may be so, but that verse is still true, and it can be true for you personally if you will permit it; for remember Joseph was railroaded off to prison, railroaded off to bondage by his eleven brethren. It was one of the meanest tricks in all history. Yet he made that text true in his case, and finally God turned the tables; and He always turns the tables for a man who believes that verse,—either in this life or in the life to come.

You say you hate to *wait* until the next life to have justice done to you. That is just what thousands have had to do. The next life is the real life; this is just the *preliminary*. Do not insist on striking the trial balance now or next week or next year or even in this life, if God wills it otherwise.

In a million years from now you will have

had plenty of time to have verified the truthfulness of this verse. Joseph lived long enough to verify it in this life, for he said to his brethren when he was virtually king of Egypt and the poor fellows came and bowed themselves before him and wanted to know if he would be good to them, "Ye thought evil against me; but *God* meant it unto good." Gen. 50:20.

God *always* means it for good to one who is looking to Him, for He makes "all things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8:28.

But you say, "It was the worst passions of the human heart were let loose against me." God's Word says (and do not forget "heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away") that He causeth even the wrath of man to praise him and the remainder He restrains. (Ps. 36:10.) In other words, the devil may have been inspiring men to kindle a fire under you, and make you all the trouble they possibly could, but God is watching to see that it only burns up the dross in you. You may not have been able to see that. The way you have been acting over your trouble has been putting more dross into you than the fire has had a chance to burn out.

You will need God's help to see this thing in the right light, but God will give you light. He says if any man lack wisdom let him ask (Jas. 1:6). Perhaps you are having an awful hard time in this life. It will make the next life all the sweeter and you will have plenty of chance in the ages to come to thank God for the troubles you had in this life. Begin to thank Him now.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit or righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. 12:11. Be willing to be exercised by the trials you are passing through, and you will soon discover that they will yield you a harvest of peaceable fruits of righteousness.

#### ARE YOU INFLUENCED BY PRINCIPLE OR BY POLICY?

A sail boat can only travel when there is wind, and it makes little or no progress against the wind; while the steam boat forges ahead

regardless of wind and wave because the "go" is in it.

That is precisely the difference between the man who is guided by principle and the one who is led by impulse, policy, convenience or custom. A correct principle is one of the mightiest forces in the universe. It grips the soul like a vise, it draws like a magnet, and *drives* a man forward like a steam engine.

It has compelled men to leave the comforts of home, the attractions of native land, to go into the heart of some foreign country and suffer hardship as David Livingstone did. For a divine principle is stronger than human nature. It is stronger than family ties.

A man of principle is always a marked man, for it lifts him head and shoulders *above* the common crowd. He who balances his daily actions by principle can climb to almost any height he pleases. Such a person is like a cube: no matter how he is thrown down he will land *right side* up. The cherishing of such principles stimulates all the human faculties, and we should pity the soul that has never felt the thrill of a principle.

There are but few fundamental principles. They are *universal* in their application, they do not change like the fashions, they are the same in all ages; so he who accepts them experiences a sort of kinship with the elect of all time.

He who has acquired and practices fundamental truth is always educated. Abraham Lincoln was an ignorant man from the standpoint of the schools, but he was a man of principle, and worldly educators sat at his feet.

Principle is a *master key* to essential knowledge. It helps you to embrace knowledge where it all comes together like the trunk of a tree. Much of worldly education is based upon experiment and observation and begins picking the leaves at the top of the tree.

The Bible contains all the fundamental truth, and that came to us through divine revelation. In the ten commandments are crystallized all men's obligations. One grand principle runs through it all: dependence upon and cooperation with God. For the fear of the Lord is the *beginning* not only of knowledge (Prov. 1:7), but also of wisdom (Prov. 9:10).

Paul had the finest of worldly education but he had to become a fool in the estimation

of the world and dig down and secure for himself fundamental principles; and when he had planted a few in a town they soon changed the entire community. And the principles that he was inspired to leave on record are still changing the world.

We can not teach others such divine principles until they are fixed in our heads as firmly as our teeth. Some people have their principles as *loose* as artificial teeth, so they can be put on the shelf when it is convenient to lay them aside.

There are only two kinds of living: living by principle and acting from policy or mere human impulse. Principle is always exacting. It costs something to live by principle. Paul said it cost him *all* things (Phil. 3:8).

Christian faith never harmonizes with selfishness, which is the prevailing principle among humanity. We admit that there is a vast amount of good in the average man who works from worldly principles. Nine-tenths of sewerage is *good* water; it is the one-tenth that spoils it *all*. Ninetenths of worldly methods may be commendable; it is the one-tenth mingled with them that will keep their possessor out of the kingdom of God unless Christ is fully formed within.

It may be that divine principles have never struck you hard yet, but if you ever expect to hit any one else hard you must have them hit yourself first.

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

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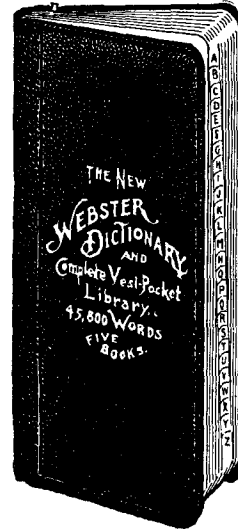
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