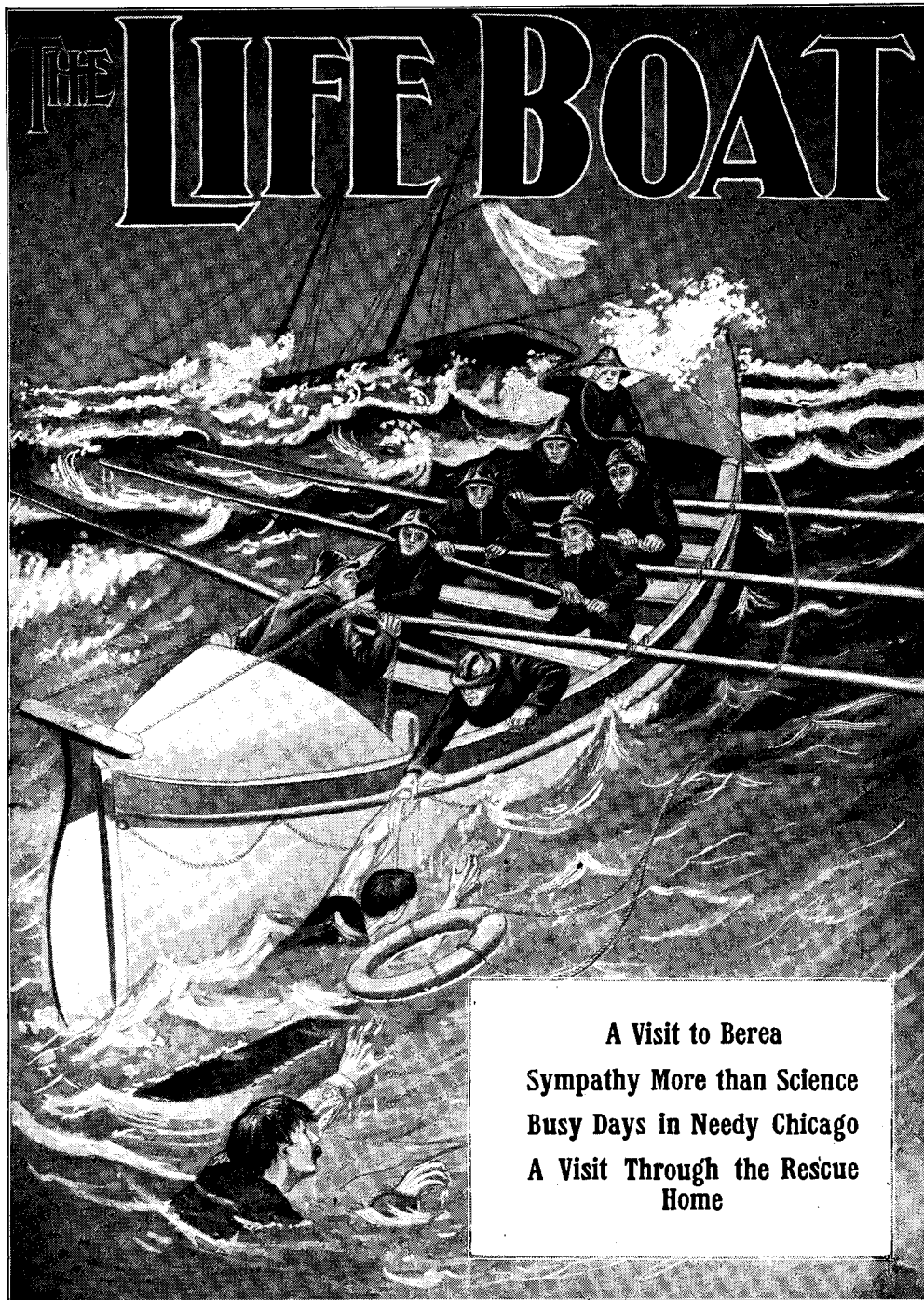


"What is so rare as a day in June?"

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**A Visit to Berea
Sympathy More than Science
Busy Days in Needy Chicago
A Visit Through the Rescue
Home**

**Volume Sixteen
Number Six**

Windsor, Ill.

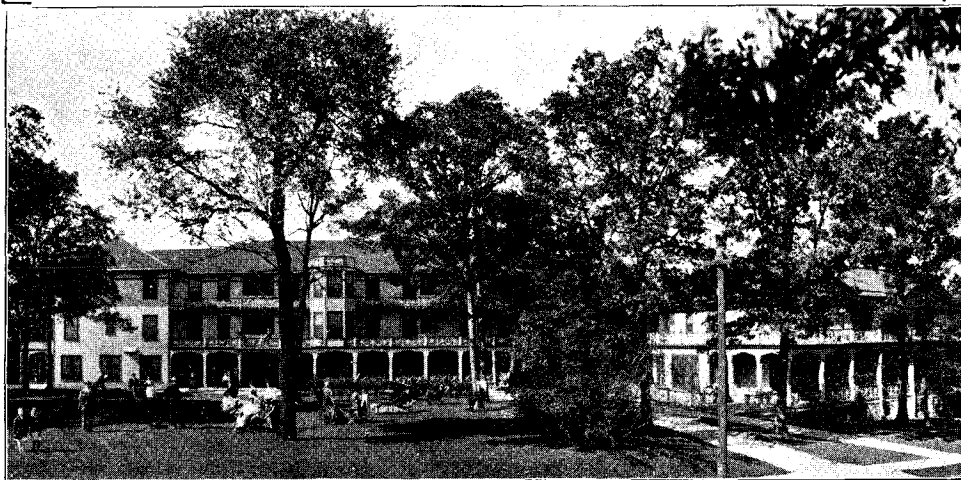
June, 1913

"Quaint Health Ideas and Experiences," by the Editor

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THE LIFE BOAT

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

One Dollar a year

Ten cents a copy

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Volume XVI.

HINSDALE, ILL.

:: JUNE, 1913

Number 6

Quaint Health Ideas and Experiences

David Paulson, M. D.

IT is interesting to observe how correct health principles have appeared, disappeared, and then reappeared at different ages in the world's history. Many truths that are today regarded as health fads have in reality stood the test of centuries and were well established practices in bygone ages.

I have in my collection of old health works a unique book printed in 1709, two hundred and four years ago, written by an English author, Sir John Floyer. It was an appeal to the Royal College of Physicians in London to give the strength of their influence to the simple but powerful remedies of nature in the treatment of diseases, which he says were in such common employment by the Greeks centuries before the Christian era.

After calling attention to some of these useful methods that have been revived, he says: "There are yet many useful practices not yet revived, such as the old gymnastic art and frictions by which the circulation of humors, the nutrition of the body, and the opening of the pores were very much promoted; and the exact method of dieting in all diseases is not restored yet." And I think all thoughtful observers will agree that scientific dieting has not yet been fully restored in the year of our Lord, 1913.

How often we hear such absurd advice as this given to a patient: "Oh, eat *anything* you like;" which under the circumstances is

nearly as scientific as it would be to say to some patient, "Go into the drug store and take anything you want," or "down to the treatment room and prescribe for yourself."

The History of Baptismal Immersion

This same author calls attention to the fact that baptism by immersion had always been practiced in the English Church until a hundred years before his time; and he comments on this matter in the following words:

"They did great injury to their children and all posterity who first introduced the alteration of this truly ancient ceremony of immersion, and were the occasion of a degenerate, sickly, tender race ever since. But this disuse is in no way imputable to the church but to the perverse humor and prejudice of the people who would rather have no baptism than not have it according to the new mode of the last century."

This religious ceremony would teach the people that cold baths were safe and useful, and this author goes on to predict that the English Church would at last return to immersion as a mode of baptism "when medical science has given them a clear proof by divers experiments that cold baths are both safe and useful."

The Introduction of Unnatural Foods

Another reason which this author gives for the prevailing disuse of bathing as a remedial

agent in his time, as compared to the older days in England, was the introduction of unnatural foods. "The increase and interest of foreign trade in the last century, then introduced all the hot regimen from the hot climates, such as tobacco, tea, coffee, wine and brandy-spirits, and spices, and these are unnatural to English bodies." I am quite certain that these same things are just as unnatural to our bodies.

It must not be overlooked that it was only when England began to establish in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries world-wide trade relations that her people were brought in contact with these pernicious things, as they were not raised in England. Think of what a curse it must have been to have this hardy race introduced to these health-destroying agencies.

Human Nature Ever the Same

From something Sir Floyer writes it is evident human nature has not changed much in two hundred years. Styles change but not the people. He said:

"I have been wanting to make some experiments upon such diseased persons as would be persuaded to use these baths, but more hereafter will be made when I have prevailed over the prejudice of the common people, who usually despise all cheap and common remedies, which have ordinarily the greatest effects."

How thoroughly up-to-date that sounds! How often we hear people say, "I do not think there is any use for me to do this or that; it is too simple." And yet these simple measures are the most powerful. Years ago I saw men come into our dispensary in Chicago with ulcers on their legs almost as big as a hand. They had tried almost every salve and ointment that any one could advise; and yet a few hot and cold sprays caused a complete cure.

"Blood Too Much Heated"

This author had made some other very sensible observations: "If we reflect on the vicious regimen of men of this age, who addict themselves to too much tobacco, strong ale or wines or strong waters; to salt, and high sauces and gravies; to a constant diet of roasted flesh-meat, fermented bread and fer-

mented liquors (without any such intermission as the Church advises in Lent and fasting days) we may truly discern the occasion, or first original of the diseases most frequent among us, which depend on a blood too much heated. Such is the rheumatism, the gout, stone, consumptions, convulsions, scurvy, apoplexy, melancholias and cancers.

"If we also consider the vicious diet of women, who are taught to drink not only strong wines and hot liquors, but all sorts of sugared and spiced liquors, chocolate, coffee, teas, from their youth; they are oft used to strong broths, high sauces and pickles, oysters, herrings, strong pottages, and meat full of raw blood; these errors in diet produce . . . hysteric disorders, cancers, decay of appetite, and speedy old age. What children are produced from persons who have thus by an ill management corrupted their blood and spirits, must certainly inherit the diseases of their parents, and after they are bred up in the vicious way of living, they will still increase the propagation of the same diseases, which are very much heightened in their virulency by the continuance of the same ill regimen for two or three generations."

England has continued this same program not only for two or three generations but for more than *six* generations since these words were written, and they have reaped what they have sown. During the recent Boer war England found that practically all the young men she could enlist as soldiers were so wretchedly below any reasonable physical standard that if they desired any soldiers at all they simply had to lower their old-time standard. Puny, sickly, flat-chested, anemic, spineless and nerveless young men and women are flooding the streets of London, Birmingham, and the other large cities of England; and our own country is rapidly drifting into the same condition.

The Safest Heart Tonic

"I might farther intimate that cold baths have a great effect on the heart as well as all the other muscles; that it strengthens its fibers and invigorates its motion, . . . causing a greater tension and contraction of the fibers themselves and excites the motion of the heart."

Cold applications to a failing heart are to-day the safest and most effective remedy. Many a time when I have given an anesthetic and the pulse has become almost imperceptible, a towel wrung out of cold water and placed over the heart almost immediately restored the pulse almost to normal. If people who suffer from palpitation of the heart, faintness from weak heart, would only lie down and apply cold applications for a few minutes, they would find it a much more satisfactory remedy than taking various poisonous heart stimulants.

There are many people today, even in this enlightened age, who expect the doctors to cure them while they continue indulging in the things which made them sick. On this point our author says:

"No perfect cure can be expected unless we avoid the occasions of our diseases; for if we continue any excess in our hot regimen that will again renew those diseases the baths have cured."

Heroic Cure for Rickets

Our author calls attention to the fact that rickets first appeared about the year 1620, at about the time that immersion ceased to be practiced in the Church and cold bathing fell into disuse among the people. He then relates some remarkable cures which had resulted from the following heroic but no doubt effective treatment:

"They put the children into a tub of water and dash the water upon them over head and ears. All which immersions are to be dispatched as quickly as may be, that so the child may not continue any longer in the water than necessary, that is, till his body and shirt and night cap be thoroughly wet.

"As soon as the children are dipped, they with their wet clothes on are wrapped up in warm blankets and put immediately to bed, which instantly puts them into a violent sweat.

. . . The clothes are taken off by degrees, that so they may cool gradually, and then they have dry shirts and head clothes put on.

"The children in three minutes' time recover themselves of the fright which dipping puts them into; and though for the present they may be weaker (having exhausted their spirits by violent sweats), yet they recover their strength gradually, . . . insomuch,

that about the fall of the leaf (autumn) they are either perfectly recovered or sensibly better. If one year's dipping proves not successful, 'tis repeated the next year, which generally answers expectation."

There can be no doubt but that these short cold applications powerfully aroused healing reactions all through the body, while the subsequent eliminating treatment, perhaps unnecessarily severe, was in the end much safer than attempting to cure the disease by merely swallowing various medicines.

The author quotes from Galen, the great Roman physician who lived about a hundred years after Christ, "who prepared the patients for cold baths, by putting them into the hot first."

They are invalids who do not have sufficiently vigorous powers of reaction so that it is wise for them to take cold plunge baths or even cool sponge baths without a previous short application of hot, at any rate unless it can be taken in a thoroughly warm room and the patient can lie down covered with blankets for some little time afterwards to produce a good reaction. This is indicated by a pleasant feeling of warmth but should not be carried far enough to induce perspiration.

A Terrific Indictment

Medical men are just as liable as theologians to become narrow and bigoted and cease to have their minds open to new truths that compel them to revise some of their former notions which were based upon tradition rather than truth.

Two hundred years ago the medical profession had not yet received the light of modern researches. They were largely guided by medical traditions handed down from their fathers. And it is a terrific and perhaps somewhat unjustifiable indictment that our author makes from his observations. But when it is remembered that he himself was a learned doctor, that he made his appeal for saner methods to the royal college of physicians, it is to be assumed that he knew whereof he spoke:

"Medical bigotry is worse than that of popery, and does more mischief to bodies than that to souls; for God may have mercy upon an error in his worship, but a misapplied

medicine can have none, but must act according to its nature, whatever be the consequence. And yet, notwithstanding we daily see the ill effects of some medicines, and little or no virtue in others, yet we prescribe on, and will not take pains to examine, but take things on trust and tick. . . . How many (even in the agony of death) have been crammed with bark [quinine] and bolus, and sent hence with the last repeated dose undigested on their stomachs. . . . But this is no detriment to the doctor, for while they die

put on, but she went about her business, and was as well as she ever was in her life."

Any physician of wide experience today has seen typhoid fever patients wild with delirium come to their right senses in a few minutes after being immersed in a cold bath. In fact cool bathing is today the orthodox method for reducing temperature of not only typhoid fever but many other fevers. I will quote another remarkable case from our author:

"A young man delirious in the smallpox,



A Group of Patients taking the Exercise Cure on the Hinsdale Sanitarium Grounds.

others spring up, and while there is intemperance in the world there will be diseases."

A Remarkable Cure of Fever

"In fevers I have known a great many in my time who by the overcare of their health attendants were made delirious and in their frenzy have leaped into a pond; and not one as ever I heard of got any harm but were thereby presently cured. And lately I saw at Salisbury Court a servant maid who not long before, being delirious, in a most intense fever got loose and leaped into the River Thames, but being soon taken up by a boat was brought home in her wet clothes, who no sooner being stripped and dry clothes

when his nurse was asleep jumped out of bed, ran downstairs, went into a pond, and the noise awakened the nurse, who followed with an outcry, which outcry raised the rest of the family, who surrounded the pond. But he parleyed with them, and told them that if anybody came in he would certainly drown them, and that he would come out when he saw his own time; and accordingly did so, and walked upstairs, and sat there in his wet shirt until the doctor could be sent for. When the doctor came he asked him how he did. He answered, 'Pretty well.' He asked him if he would have a clean shirt and go to bed. He said by and by he would, which

accordingly he did. When in bed he asked the doctor if he had nothing good in his pocket for he was a little faintish. He said that he had a cordial, of which he drank a good draught, so went to sleep, and wakened very well, and in a little time recovered."

Effective Smallpox Treatment

"I remember about two years since, a learned gentleman, a divine, told me that in the country where he was preaching, not far from him, many died of a malignant smallpox. A certain boy, a farmer's son, was seized with a pain in his head and back, vomited, was feverish, and had all the symptoms of smallpox. This youth had promised some of his comrades to go swimming with them that day, which notwithstanding his illness he was resolved to go, and did so, but never heard more of his smallpox. Within three or four days the father was seized as the son was, and he was resolved to take Jack's remedy; his wife dissuaded him from it, but he was resolved upon it, and did immerge in cold water, and was after it very well."

Our author, who wrote his book in 1709, remembered fully the great plague which swept over London in 1665, and he speaks of one very interesting case:

"I very well remember that it was the talk of the town that a brewer's servant was seized with it, and in his delirium ran into a horse pond, first drank his fill, and then fell fast asleep with his head upon the pond's brink, where he was found in the morning. How long he had been in the pond nobody knew, for it was in the night he went into the water, and had no nurse then with him, but he recovered as if by a miracle."

No one would of course deliberately prescribe such heroic treatment, but it only goes to show how groundless are the prevailing fears about catching cold from a draft of fresh air or receiving a cool sponge bath, in view of just such experiences, and similar ones which have happened in modern times.

An Inspiring Ideal

In conclusion our author enumerates these noble sentiments: "Let men endeavor to know as much as they can and be honest in that knowledge. . . . I thank God I have a great

deal of pity and compassion in my nature and can not be easy while I see another in pain and misery. And if I could but establish some few *certainities* in my profession for the good of mankind, I did not care though I myself went as naked as I was born, to my grave.

. . . If every one would do a little, each set his hand to the plow, and be sincere, faithful, and honest in what they discover, it would be pleasing to God, and beneficial to man."

I trust these inspiring words may touch a responsive chord in the hearts of all who shall read this article. May we each one with God's help resolve to be loyal to the truth, faithful to the call of duty, and as far as opportunity affords help to make the path of our fellow men a little smoother, and above all things impart as far as God permits, an inspiration into other lives that shall enable them to finally inherit that kingdom where none of the inhabitants shall say, "I am sick."

A BIBLE AND DICTIONARY

Showing that men behind prison bars do appreciate what is done for them, the following letter comes from a prisoner in Danmora, N. Y.:

"On the 12th inst. your most welcome letter came to hand, and the following day the Bible and dictionary were gratefully received. The pleasure of thanking you at the time was denied me, nor can I adequately thank you now. But on bended knees my overflowing heart poured out its thanksgiving to God.

"You have made it possible for me not only to read the Bible, which is a joy and a pleasure, but to study it, as I certainly will with earnestness. The dictionary will aid me wonderfully.

"As before stated, it is not possible for me to express sufficiently my gratitude, but I pray to God to bless and reward you for your kindness, generosity and thoughtful consideration to the stranger for whom, friendless and in prison, you have been the means of alleviating the tediousness of his surroundings in no small measure. Believe me, I am deeply sensible of your favor and will always remain so. And I know that God who watches over the flights of the sparrows will surely compensate you who have been a special providence to so many unfortunates in and outside of prison walls."

Selling a Quilt for China

Pearl Waggoner

ANY who had visited the gymnasium of the Hinsdale Sanitarium the evening of May 4 might easily have imagined themselves in some mission headquarters in far-away China.

Opposite the entrance hung a well-recognized yellow dragon, and the room was prettily decorated with yellow and black hangings, with a profusion of yellow iris. But it was the Chinese characters on the blackboard at the front which succeeded in adding the final foreign touch. This, as we learned, was the Chinese version of Rev. 14:1, which was found at the bottom of the song sheets, and read in unison by all (in English) after the opening of the meeting.

But to start at the beginning: the occasion was announced to be a joint meeting of our Young People's Society and the Junior Missionary Volunteers, the program being rendered by the latter.

The opening exercises consisted of the good old song, "Here am I; send me," sung by the congregation, Bible reading and comments on the Scripture text by Mr. Williman, the leader, and prayer by Dr. Paulson that the evening might result in a deeper missionary interest and zeal on the part of each one.

Miss Marie Moore read the report of our previous missionary meeting, while Delia Casson, secretary of the junior band, read an interesting outline of their organization, plans, work and progress. Such energy as was manifest might almost put many an older worker to shame.

Ranging in age from two to eight years, seven of the junior members then marched to the front, and with a soldierly bearing, to the enjoyment of the listeners, sang:

"Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand
Waiting to follow at the King's command.

Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor-bearer I may be."

Miss Shepard, whom we were privileged in having with us, general secretary of our various Young People's and Junior Volunteer Societies in Northern Illinois, pictured the growth of the movement by a tree represent-

ing the Missionary Volunteer organization, with the branches named for various lines of work, as "Tracts, Temperance, Letters, Prison," etc. Among the earlier branches we noted one called "Watch." The morning watch—the moment's communion with Heaven through prayer and Bible verse,—is the secret of a day of missionary service.

As president of our Junior Volunteers Miss



"Two Little Chinese Maids are We."

Ina Bradbury in an interesting paper gave us a still further insight into their work. Owing to their tender years they can not undertake the work of some other hands, but possessing "a willing mind" they do what they can. This is shown among other ways by their missionary gardens and the piecing of this missionary quilt. As this is to go to Miss Bertha Erickson, formerly a worker in the LIFE BOAT

office and now under appointment to Manchuria, who is known to many of the children, it helps them to grasp the meaning of the term missionary and will make more real to them that far-off country.

Some interesting recitations then followed by the children. Helen Wolfson led out with the touching poem beginning, "They are dying by tens, don't you know it?" Ada and Eugene Serns together then described a Chinese home, Ada also reciting the verses, "You must either *give* or *go*."

But suddenly who should appear before us but two little Chinese girls in foreign dress! We soon recognized however the faces of Mildred Serns and Dorothy Moon, and listened as they lisped the following verses which we had written for them for the occasion:

Two little Chinese maids are we,
Living afar across the sea;
No one to welcome us at our birth,
Counted by all of little worth;
Yet are our hearts the same as those
Of American maids in Western clothes.

Though we are different in our looks,
Knowing not much of your styles or books,
Yet we can learn, and our feet unbound
Witness to *some* of the light we've found.
Two little Chinese maids, you know,
Eating our rice with chopsticks, *so*.

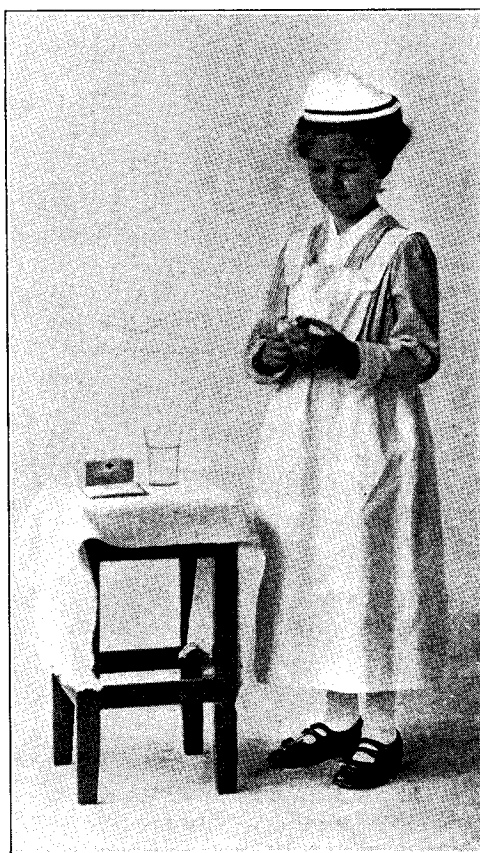
Two little Chinese maids, that's all,
Sending to you an earnest call;
Millions there are within our land
Haven't the Bible, nor understand
How that a Saviour, dear to you,
Loves and has died for the Chinese too.
Dark are our lives, without this light;
Can't *you* do something to make them bright?

As we were still pondering the question,—what *could* brighten such lives, the answer seemed to come in the form of the medical missionary, as little Wilma Paulson, in nurses' uniform, stepped to the front. In concluding her recitation she said:

"Tell it again? Yes, I'll tell it again;
Salvation's story I'll repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none shall say, of the children of men,
Nobody ever has told me before."

Following a paper read by Mrs. Wolfson, which had been written by Miss Erickson, the main object of the meeting was reached: the sale of the quilt by Dr. Paulson. Composed of one hundred and ninety-five blocks, and selling at ten cents a block, the quilt was soon disposed of, then partially re-sold, twenty-seven dollars being received. This was to pay for a small sanitarium equipment, also exhibited, to go with the quilt to China.

Such a gathering can not fail to stimulate missionary interest and endeavor. We trust that on the final day of reckoning, the closing hymn which all joined in singing may find an affirmative answer: "Will there be any stars in my crown?"



Six-year-old Wilma in Nurse's Uniform.

AN INTERESTING ANSWER TO PRAYER*

INA B. BRADBURY

If time lasts, the missionary ranks must be recruited from our junior volunteers; and those who will make the work go in those far-off fields are those who have learned how by faith and good works to open an account with Heaven's storehouse.

J. Hudson Taylor of the China Inland Mission was such a missionary. At one time

during his work in China the flour barrel became nearly empty, and soon the day came when in order to prepare the midday meal Mrs. Taylor was obliged to scrape out the bottom of the barrel. They had prayed for their needs, and had made mention of their near empty flour barrel, to the Lord; yet no flour had been supplied.

As Mrs. Taylor emerged from that barrel with a scant bowl of flour, she was filled with discouragement, and calling to her husband, said, "Will you do something for me?" Her husband asked what she wanted and she told him she wanted him to put his head down in that empty barrel and sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Her husband was pained, but answered, "I will on one condition." She asked him to name it and he said he would if she would put her head in also and sing with him. She consented and the song was sung.

Mrs. Taylor then baked the last of the flour, and dinner was finished. Supper time came but no flour, so they retired. But the first thing they found upon rising the next morning was a sack of flour lying on their door step, it having arrived just as they were beginning to experience hunger.

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

*(Extract from paper read at Hinsdale Y. P. Missionary Volunteers' Society, May 4.)

GOOD PEOPLE CARING FOR BAD ONES

(From the Minnesota State Prison.)

"It gave me great pleasure to read your letter, while THE LIFE BOAT is always welcome. I am very much interested in the special prisoners' number issued in May, for I personally know it has brought hope to many who had lost hope.

"What sometimes seems strange to me is that so many good people should care for us bad ones. But the answer is simple when we know they love God and are but doing His work. 'For I came not to judge the world but to save the world.' John 12:47.

"I have known of many men who have been led to Jesus by reading one of the special prisoners' numbers of THE LIFE BOAT. It was the

means of my regeneration, of my finding this blessed Saviour, Christ Jesus.

"As I grow in faith I see more than ever how much I have to thank my Creator for, for I know what it is to be down in the depth of sin and shame. I have drunk of the cup called 'worldly wisdom' but found it wanting. I have tried to find peace in pleasures such as the world offers, but found it not. Then came a little magazine, one of the jewels of the publishing world fell into my hands. I read an old, old story, but new to me, of a Christ who was ready and willing to save. I read more, searched further, and finally gave myself into His care and keeping with the result of complete contentment and peace, before unknown.

"God bless THE LIFE BOAT. May God's people continue to send it into the prisons to the men who have fallen, that by its true, but simple story it may lead others as it led me to Christ our Saviour. God bless you and all LIFE BOAT workers is my prayer."

READS BIBLE EVERY DAY

An ex-prisoner writes from New Hampshire:

"I received your letter when I was confined in the Rockingham county farm jail, also the little book called THE LIFE BOAT. I read every word of it. . . . I am still firm in my purpose: I read my Bible every day and pray, and I find all my strength in that."

FLOOD ECHO IN PRISON

(From a Prisoner in Columbus, Ohio.)

"Your kind letter received, also the copy of THE LIFE BOAT, for which I am thankful.

"We were not seriously affected by the flood. The water flooded the basements of the buildings and put the power house out of business for a short time, and at one time there was some excitement when it was reported that the storage dam which lies about three miles above the city had burst; but thank God, it proved to be only a rumor.

"I sincerely thank you for the interest you show in my welfare. I am still attending school and am told that I am learning fast. I am also improving my spiritual welfare, and look forward for better times to come."

A Visit Through the Rescue Home

Elsie D. Whisler

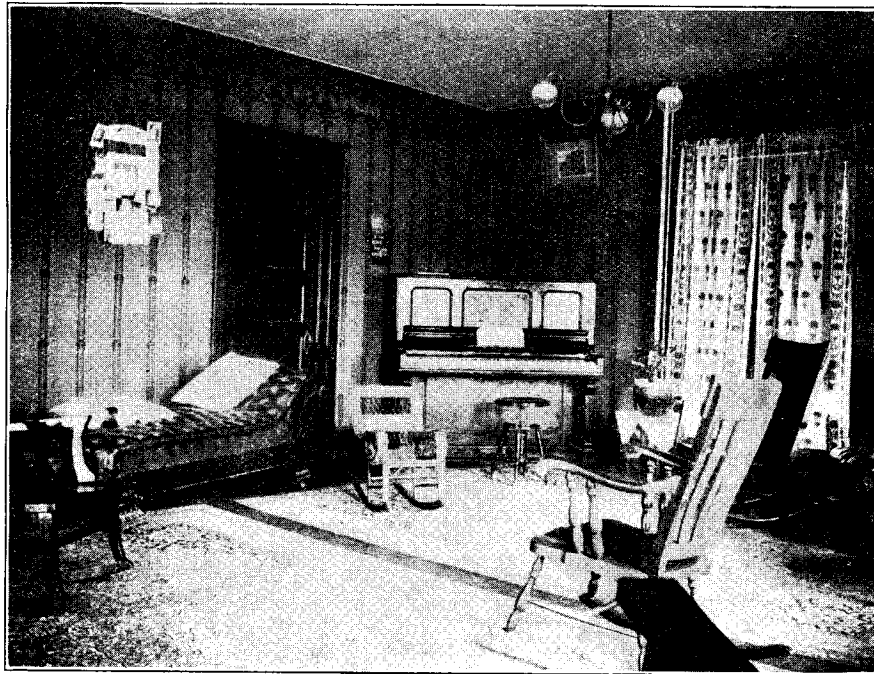
Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

I THOUGHT perhaps THE LIFE BOAT readers who have not had the privilege of visiting the home in person would like an imaginary visit at least.

The main entrance is on the second floor, as you can see by the picture in the back of THE LIFE BOAT; so we will start here. The first thing you see as you enter the hall is a large brass plate with the names of the forty

and a sewing room. All the rooms in the building were furnished either by some individual or by some society. There is one room on this floor that was furnished by a mother in memory of a wayward daughter with the hope that she would come in here sometime and occupy this room and see that her "mother loves her still."

We will now go to the third floor and see



A Portion of the Rescue Home Parlor.

founders of the home. Just under this stands the little "hungry" mite box.

Then we pass through the office where all the girls are received and the records kept, etc., into the large, sunny, well-furnished parlor. I can almost hear you say, "How home-like! There is nothing here to constantly remind the girls that they are in a rescue home."

On this floor there are five private rooms

the babies all lined up in the mothers' room, where each girl takes care of her own child after she is able to take up her new duties as a mother. Across the hall we see the maternity and operating rooms where the girls are taken care of in a scientific way. The other rooms on this floor are used by the girls before confinement.

On the fourth floor are four nicely furn-

ished rooms, a reading and writing room, also a large contagious ward for use in case of anything contagious or infectious among our girls or babies, so that we can isolate them and in this way protect the rest of the family.

We will now go down to the first floor. Here we have a nice airy dining room, furnished by the Sheboygan (Wisconsin) Furniture Company, large enough to seat two dozen. We pass rapidly through the kitchen, pantry and food room, then to the laundry with its

grape vines that just began bearing last year, also a nice strawberry bed that will furnish all we can use during the season, but not for canning.

All the girls work out in the garden. We all get up early and work for an hour or two while it is cool in the morning, then again in the evening; in this way we can keep the garden in good condition and do not have to work out in the heat of the day. Across the south side of the lawn is a beautiful row of



Some Rescue Home Babies.

stationary tubs, hot and cold soft water, gas plates for ironing, etc. We send all the flat work out and the girls do the family washing and ironing here.

We must not pass by the furnace room, as all are interested in this. We have a good furnace, now that it has been repaired; also a hot water heater for use in warm weather when we do not need steam heat.

There is an acre of good land here worth one thousand dollars; a little more than half of this is used for garden. We have a few

shrubbery, supposed to be worth about one hundred dollars. This was contributed by Vaughn's greenhouse near by.

You did not see many of the girls as you were passing through the home for they usually keep pretty well out of sight when visitors are here, as they are here for protection and not for show.

The institution is free from debt but we are constantly in need of money to keep up the running expenses, as the bills must be met every thirty days. Small contributions are al-



Mildred Knowles, one of the Sanitarium Nurses, with a couple of babies, taken when she was on duty at the Rescue Home.

ways thankfully received and acknowledged. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto Me."

THE RESULT OF ONE KIND ACT

MARY F. RICE,
Hinsdale, Ill.

[Wherever God's children live they are surrounded by a fringe of missionary opportunities that they are in danger of overlooking. The following experience will prove helpful to such.—Ed.]

We went into a little tumble-down house in the rear of a saloon. The only ventilation was a broken window which opened into the back yard of a livery stable. It was in the midst of winter, yet the children were barefooted, and so unused to company that they ran and hid under the table. We found the mother sick and discouraged, who was persuaded to let us help clean up the dirty little rooms.

As there was no mop and pail we purchased

the necessary articles, and we were obliged to climb two flights of stairs in the back of the saloon to get any water. But after overcoming difficulties which had baffled that poor, discouraged mother, we succeeded with several visits to cheer and brighten the home.

We made and solicited clothes to dress the children. One thing that impressed us very much was the transformation that followed our taking a flowering plant there at first. Each week saw an improvement that they tried to make themselves: first a clean shelf cover, then a clean bed spread.

We gathered the little children from the neighborhood and held Sabbath-school. As we did this work while attending school in the neighboring town it of course ceased when school closed, and the next year we thought we had lost track entirely of the family, as we could not find them.

But after two years, one day in a very respectable neighborhood we ran across this family again. There were nice clean carpets on the floor, clean curtains, much more comfortable circumstances. The husband of that poor, discouraged mother, formerly a drunkard, had been made ashamed by our previous kindness and had reformed. He now brought his money into the home. We were very happy to think that it was all the result of a little kindness, of practical Christian help work.

BETTER MAN BY BECOMING A CHRISTIAN

(From the N. Y. State Prison.)

"The Lord is blessing me every hour in the day. I am working for God in here and will work for Him when I get out. My experience in my Christian life, is always trusting in the dear Lord Jesus and to bring others as I was brought to Him by you.

"I thank the Lord that I am a better man through becoming a Christian than I was on the outside. I may thank you for what I know about a Christian experience. God is very good to me; I am in the best of health, and I am so happy to think that I am away from the old life and in the new life through the dear Lord. The new life is the only life on earth for me or any other man."

My Visit to Berea

Mary W. Paulson, M. D.

[Dr. Pearsons repeatedly said to me that the half million dollars that he had given to Berea College, Ky., he considered the best investment he had ever made; and it is certainly a wonderful school with a wonderful mission. A few weeks ago President Frost invited me to come down to Berea and give them some talks on the gospel of health. Mrs. Paulson accompanied me and we had a wonderfully interesting time. The following is an abstract of a talk on Berea that she gave to the sanitarium family on our return.—Ed.]

WHEN we arrived at Berea we found it a very simple country town. It had not been spoiled by a fashionable school, because Berea college contains mountaineers, simple boys and girls. After they reach Berea they get a better education but they are still mountaineer boys and girls and they go back again to the mountains. They do not go to the cities, they do not stay in the towns. I was very glad to find out that they all went back to the mountains and worked in the mountains,—some as school teachers, some as better farmers, some as better house keepers, some carrying on in a better way the work they were formerly carrying on in the mountains.

We went immediately to Pres. Frost's house, and after lunch Mrs. Frost asked if I would not like to visit some of the different departments of the school. We first went to a group of about a hundred girls. She said these were the vocation girls and they were having a little meeting.

One of the girls, about seventeen or eighteen years or age, was conducting the meeting, and she called upon some other girls to make some speeches. The subject was "How to better the home; home making, home building."

They simply rose in their very simple way, and one girl told how she thought the woman in the home ought to make happiness in the home. She did not like to see people go about with long faces, and in a very simple way brought out a good thought. Another girl told how she thought the home ought to be kept very neat, and everything put away in order. So they were there teaching themselves how to better the home,—a reflection of what their teachers had taught them.

A Model House

Pres. Frost built on the grounds a model house for five hundred dollars, and he tries

to make the boys agree they won't marry until they can build this kind of house. And in this model house live six girls in rotation who just keep the thing right up. They are required to keep everything in order. I was surprised to find how well everything was kept up. I am afraid some of our helpers' rooms might not show up as well as they did.

Then we went to another building, and there were several hundred young men and women gathered there,—a meeting of the Christian Endeavor Association held every week. The subject for that night was conscience.

I was situated so I could not take any notes,—it was too dark, but I wish I could remember what these young men and women said on conscience. They gave some pretty good talks. Do not for one moment think the mountaineer has no conscience or brains. They gave talks on the subject that showed they had a very clear-cut idea of what conscience was. I wondered if some who shall read this could give a better talk on conscience.

In the evening Dr. Paulson addressed the whole student body of about fifteen hundred young men and women. It was certainly an inspiring sight to see these young men and women gathered there. They were not spoiled by conventionalities and some of the things that go with up-to-date civilization, and I enjoyed looking at them because of that. They showed that they had something good within them that could be brought out.

A Mountain Trip

Then the next morning at the breakfast table Prof. Penniman said he would take us up into the mountains. That was what I was interested in. I wanted to see where these boys and girls came from. So a few moments later a mule team drove up to the door, and we got into the wagon and started to the

mountains. After we had ridden a little way we came to a bridge, and I supposed we would go over it; but Prof. Penniman turned off to one side. Under the bridge was quite a bit of water. I thought he wanted to water the mule, but he wanted to drive through the water so as to give us a little experience in mountain climbing. The water came way up almost into the wagon, but the mules went right through and we got through all right.

Then as we were going up the mountain we met several teams of mules and each one of these had behind a load of lumber. That is one of the chief industries up in the mountains. Some of them had three mules driving, and perhaps on one mule would be a boy about twelve years of age driving those three mules.

To drive *one* of those mules would have been a big proposition for me; but that little boy drove them as easily as could be. He had to come down roads that were very steep and washed off here on one side and high on the other, sandy and covered with broken rocks. It is almost like taking your life to come down those hills; but that boy drove those three mules, with lumber on behind. He was getting an education in taking care of mules that will help him to take care of himself a little later on.

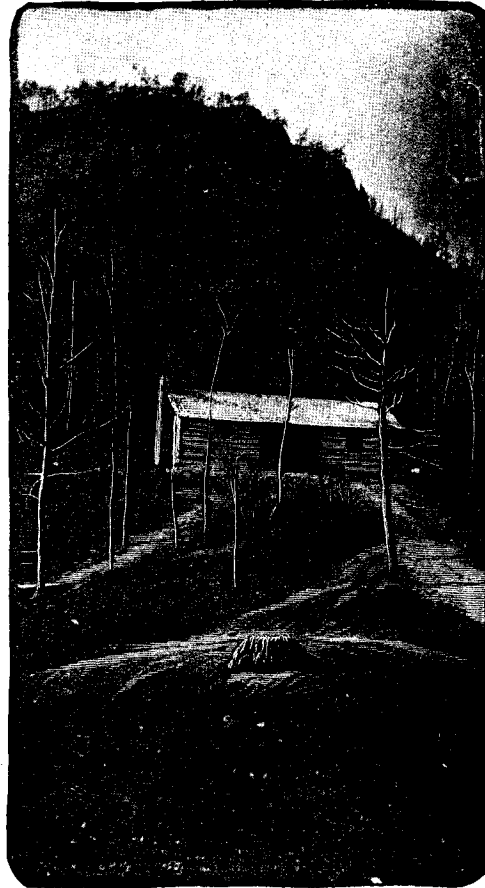
As we drove on the professor spoke to every man he met. Every one is sociable there. One man he met, John Mahon, was a strong, well-built man, with a sort of peculiar sallow complexion. Mr. Penniman said, "You remember that meeting we had years ago?" "Oh, yes, I recollect that all right." "And you stood by me?" "Oh, yes, I stood by you with my gun." The facts were these: Prof. Penniman had gone up there to hold some meetings to do these people some good, and the mountaineers came out with their guns to drive him out, and so Prof. Penniman went to two or three of the roughest men and enlisted them on his side, and they stood by him with their guns.

We went to the home of one of these men. It was very simple but neat. There was a fireplace, no carpet on the floor, of course. The wife was dressed in a simple calico gown, but she was neat. While we were visiting there with this woman I said to her, "I just met your husband's brother down the road

and he said he was going to get married tomorrow." "Oh," she said, "I reckon he has been married too many times already."

When he was walking up into his yard I said to Dr. Paulson, "We will have to be careful; that man is drunk." He was swinging from one side to the other as he was coming up to the gate. I found out afterwards that that was the mountain gait,—he was not drunk at all. It was simply their way of walking.

Then we drove up another high mountain



Little Cabin at the Foot of the Mountain that we Ascended.

way and there we found another family. They like to live up on the cliffs like that. I would like to live there myself, but it was

very hard to reach; but we walked when it was so steep that we thought the mules would not carry us safely.

The Curse of the Simple Life

You would suppose living up in those mountains with the pure air and simple life would find the people looking healthy. But instead the women of forty look to be sixty years of age. They simply seem all tired out. They do not know how to live or make use of their simple life, and the men do not have a good complexion. The trouble is, these mountaineers are spoiled by whisky, by tobacco, and by too much pork. They live on the hog.

together the nurses for me to give a talk to them. They have a small hospital where they take care of their sick students, and I was very glad to meet their nurses; we had a very nice time. I fell in love with the mountain girls; they were so simple and so pretty.

Self-Sacrificing Efforts

We saw in the ironing room one girl with a pretty little pink calico gown on. She brought down three little pigs to Berea one day and wanted to sell them so she could go to school. She had raised them herself and sold them for about fifteen dollars so she



Faculty of Berea College. The Student Body last winter numbered Eighteen Hundred.

They have good corn bread, but when they combine these other things with it it makes that condition physically which we see among them.

We took dinner up at this woman's house; they are very hospitable, and she tried to be just as nice as she could about it.

On our way back we saw two little mountaineer girls. They were out working in the field,—pretty little girls. And those two little girls had been left in an empty house to die alone when they were little children. The mother had become insane and run away and the father had run away, and finally some of the neighbors took care of them, the poor little things.

When we came back to Berea they gathered

could go to school. They do not have many opportunities for making money.

There was a student they told me about who came to Berea some years ago. She came there to get a chance to go to school. She had on one garment, was barefooted, and had no money. They were full and everything was crowded full as could be. She said if they would only take her in she would sleep in an attic next the chimney and eat what the others left; but they said it would not be right for them to do that. She said when her father died she would get the inheritance and wanted to know if they could not wait until then. They asked how much that would be and she said seven dollars; it looked big to her. But she camped around

there and had evidently lived on what food she could pick up; went back in the mountains, got a third grade certificate, taught school and a Sunday-school, and was teaching reading, writing, etc.

We visited the industrial departments of the school. They teach the boys carpentry and how to farm better, and teach the girls how to cook and how to sew. They have a fine domestic economy course. One of the industries is weaving. I believe that if our nervous patients who do not know what to do with their nerve energy, should get to weaving, they would soon forget how sick

they were; and we are going to have a weaving department one of these days here at the Hinsdale Sanitarium. I think it would be a beautiful work for sick people.

These girls have to go through great hardships to go to school. They come for miles and miles over these rugged mountains on the backs of mules and on foot for a long way, to go to school. They do not have much in the way of clothes when they come, but then they sit up all night to make a new dress, for they have energy; they are not lazy at all. Their training up in the mountains has helped them along that line.

Busy Days in Needy Chicago

Ruth Stapp,

2348 Park Ave., Chicago.

[For the past six months Ruth Stapp, one of our senior nurses, of Hinsdale, has been leading out in a helpful work in a needy portion of Chicago. The other Hinsdale nurses who are in training and who feel a call of God in their hearts for this work, go in and help Miss Stapp four or five weeks at a time, thus having an opportunity for practical missionary experiences that are of the very highest value.—Ed.]

THE past two weeks have been very busy ones in the Chicago work. We have had a large number of sick people to care for and have gained many decisive victories through the Lord's help. Then there have been so many sad hearts to comfort and sin-sick souls to point to the great Physician who alone can heal their wounds. So many times this verse has come to me with great force and meaning, "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them." Isa. 63:9.

About two weeks ago we were asked to call at a certain home and see what we could do to relieve a suffering woman. We found her in a pitiable condition and with only a young daughter to care for her. How thankful we were when we saw her responding to our treatments! The woman was in no condition to afford help and would probably have suffered indefinitely had she not received help when she did. We have had a number of good Christian talks and both of our lives have been strengthened by them.

A few nights ago I had just returned from a day's work and was resting for a few

minutes on the doorstep when my attention was drawn to an approaching woman. She was softly sobbing to herself and the way in which she walked showed her to be in pain. When she reached our door she told her story and solicited our aid. It was a sad story of desertion, a ruined home, a broken-hearted wife and little daughter, and an empty purse. Besides, the woman was suffering from a badly sprained ankle.

We took her in, bandaged her foot, gave her a few things she needed, and promised to look into the case on the morrow. We have investigated it and found her to be an honorable woman. Truly, "judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street, and equity can not enter." Isa. 59:14. We are helping this woman in every way we can and trying to bring a little sunshine into her life.

One interesting case that we are now caring for is that of a little boy who is sick with rheumatic fever. His mother is a widow and is forced to work to support herself and two children. The grandmother stays with the boy but is not in a condition herself to give the child satisfactory care. We are

glad that we can relieve this overburdened mother by giving him care.

Repairing Broken Homes

A very interesting case occurred this past week. A young man who had wandered far away from his home, after several years became anxious about his mother and wrote to Dr. Paulson to see if steps could not be taken to find her. The case was turned over to us to investigate. The young man has become a Christian and wants to make a home for his mother and help her to get away from the dreadful demon which is ruining her,—drink. We found the woman to be in the condition commonly called "down and out." Trouble and suffering seem to have driven her to this life. Her son is working his way through school but is willing to work harder that he may have his mother with him. We are doing all in our power to get them together and we sincerely pray that she may learn to know her son's God and become a useful woman.

The opportunities that come to us to point souls to Christ are numerous. One day while

ministering to the needs of a sick woman she made this remark, "Do you know, I don't believe I am going to get well." There was the opportunity and God helped me to talk to her about her soul's salvation. Although a woman of nearly fifty she had never given her heart to God. When I asked her if she was ready to die, she replied, "Well, I have never done anything that I am ashamed of, so I guess I am about as good as most people." I was glad that I knew that good works did not give salvation but *only* the blood of Jesus Christ, and to this fount I pointed her.

This gives a few of the many experiences that we are continually meeting. The needs of our fellow men are great. It seems to me we who are enjoying health, happiness and the blessed gospel of salvation should be helping our less fortunate brothers and sisters to like blessings. This wicked city as well as that of many others is in need of Christian workers, and I believe ere long the call will come to many for service. When that call comes to us may we each say, "Here am I; send me."

The Only Source

Pearl Waggoner

*Often have we heard the promise,
Reading, "Seek, and ye shall find,"—
And we see a fevered seeking
On the part of all mankind.
Yet unsatisfied expressions
Round us everywhere abound;
If the promise holds for something
Why have all who sought, not found?*

*Mourning one, in search of comfort,
Do you go where comfort is,—
To the God of hope and comfort?
There's no comfort like to His.
If to simply earthly fountains
For your solace you apply,
You will leave with heart still aching;
You will find but cisterns dry.*

*You who mourn your oft impatience,
Where have you for patience sought?
Is it simply in your own strength
You the enemy have fought?
Is it in your RESOLUTIONS
You have sought the needed grace?
Or by shunning "tribulations?"—
Then you've missed the only place.*

*Stop to think: if you were hungry,
And your system called for bread,
Would you seek it at the baker's?—
Or some hardware store instead?
Or if money you were needing,
And you had a bank account,
Would you think of asking for it
At some soda-water fount?*

*Yes, the promise stands for something,—
"Seek, and ye shall find," is true;
Strength and patience, love and gladness,
All are held in store for you.
Are you seeking for some blessing—
Whatso'er it be—that's good?
Find it in the SOURCE of goodness,
In God's loving Fatherhood.*

Sympathy is More than Science*

S. N. Haskell,

South Lancaster, Mass.

MY uncle, a minister, was a man of great sympathy for the afflicted. One Sunday morning he was going to an appointment when he saw a man with a heavily loaded wagon, who could not get his team up hill; and the man was using profane language to his team. When he came up to him he did not say, "What are you out here working on Sunday for?" He said, "What can I do for you?" Then he took hold and helped the man up the hill.

He was late to church and the first thing he said in his sermon was that he had met a man trying to get up the hill with a big load but the horses slipped so he could not make it, and that he had stopped to help him. That man was noted for just such acts of sympathy all through his life. It was Christ in his life that led him to do those things.

It is not forms and ceremonies that we are to regard, but principles. We can go out preaching the Word, or go out as Bible workers or as health workers, but the more of the real spirit of Christ that we have the more it will be made manifest in all that we do.

The sick were not healed arbitrarily with

Christ, neither did He do anything in all His mission in the world as an appendage to Himself, but it was an *outflow* from the heart and the soul; it went out and manifested itself in every direction. So when a person was in distress like that woman who was brought to Him, His heart was so in sympathy with her that He asked if any one condemned her. She said, "No man, Lord," and Jesus said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more." His heart was so full of sympathy that *everything* He did was an expression of that sympathy.

"When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." He felt such a sympathy because they were tired. He never could see suffering without feeling it *Himself*.

Sympathy Is Power

No matter what condition people were in His heart was drawn out and He felt for them. So our hearts should be drawn out. As we feel for them we shall be *moved* to help them, and when we do that the power of God will be in it.



A Group of Wheel-chair Patients in cozy corner on the Hinsdale Sanitarium Veranda.

No man can ever do anything apart from Christ. When self comes in we will not feel the sympathy for a person that is afflicted: we are apart from Christ. When we feel sympathy we will involuntarily do something.

You have seen children when a very old person gets up out of a chair with difficulty; I have seen a little child run along to help grandpa up. The child did not do anything, but showed its sympathy. And that very manifestation of sympathy is a manifestation of the spirit of Christ.

That feeling of sympathy, no matter who manifests it, came from God. God put it into the heart. It is that very sympathy that the Lord regards as His righteousness. If you go out destitute of this you have *lost* all power, as His power is in it. It is the sympathy that goes out from the soul that helps men in distressing conditions.

The Possibilities of Simple Remedies

In a house in South Lancaster where we lived a number of years ago there was a man in the other part of the house who was taken ill with typhoid fever. One day the physician came and said he could do no more for the man. All we knew about treating the sick was what we had read in the old book, "How to Live."

As a last resort they came into our part of the house and wanted to know if we could do anything for the man.

There he was, given up to die, but we said, yes. So I went in. He was in a small bedroom with only one little window. The first thing I said was, "We must have some air," and I opened the window.

I saw he was lying on a feather bed. I took that away and put him on a straw tick. Then I said that the bed clothes must all be changed,—to get the fever out of the clothes. So we went on with that sort of treatment a good share of the night, praying all the while, and in the morning the man was out of danger when the doctor came expecting to find him dead.

Later he died, and a few years ago when we came back to Lancaster we found that this man's widow still lived in the neighborhood. One morning I was going past and she came to the door and called me. My wife began

giving her Bible readings, and it was the very act of kindness under those circumstances, and the sympathy we showed, that led her to embrace the truth. The Lord saw that by that very act of sympathy this woman would be won, and that it would be the means of her soul's salvation.

Secret of Success

The sympathy for humanity in their suffering may be most imperfectly manifested; yet if the sympathy is there the love is life. You may go out and labor and have the best treatment room in the world, but unless you are prompted to do the work from the motive that Christ had, and unless your heart is in it, you will not have success as God looks at success.

You remember that woman in the temple who gave in her two mites. I suppose that was all that she had to buy bread with. The heart sympathy that called forth that expression of giving her last meal of victuals the Saviour said was more than all had given.

With all the knowledge you have, if you go simply to relieve the sick, and only as a form because you know *how* to do it, it will amount to nothing. But when you have a burden for the salvation of their souls it will always count. It is like casting rice upon the waters; after many days it will bear fruit.

*(Abstracted from talk given to the Hinsdale sanitarium nurses.)

INTERESTING MISSION EXPERIENCES

W. C. WALSTON.

Solusi Mission, Bulawayo, Rhodesia, S. Africa.

[Years ago Brother Walston was connected with the Life Boat missionary enterprises in Chicago. He received there a practical experience that has evidently been of the greatest value to him in the pioneer foreign missionary work that he is now engaged in in the heart of South Africa.—Ed.]

For the last few days my mind has often gone back to our experiences in Chicago, when the medical missionary work commenced there. I little thought then my field of labor would be in this far-off land, where the heathen darkness exists and there are no doctors and treatment rooms to direct and give treatments in. I have been in some of our native mission stations for the last six years and my experience has been such as to call into action all my

knowledge of past training in the medical lines as well as every other line.

I often used to wonder why it was that I so frequently was called to labor in different lines of work. It has all been explained to me since I came to Africa. It certainly needs an all-around experience to work successfully in one of our native mission stations. If I had time and space I could write many difficult experiences I have had in this wild country in treating the sick, also many practical experiences.

It is malaria season here now, and if you were here this morning I could find plenty for you to do looking up cases. Our white workers in this mission seem to be fortunate in escaping the fever, but the natives in the mission and all about us in the kraals are suffering. Personally I have never had the fever and I am very thankful, I can assure you.

One of the last cases I have had to treat previous to the fever was a snake bite. A native came running to us in the night with a snake bite on his foot. I quickly lanced the foot and freely applied permanganate potassium, and although he was very ill for some days he recovered.

While in the Somabula mission five years ago my helpers all had the fever and the little daughter of Brother Butterfield died. I find it very much different being alone without a doctor to consult or proper facilities to treat the sick than nursing in one of our good sanitariums.

There is room, plenty, here in this country, for people who are interested in foreign work. We could employ a good number more. We are short of help here in this mission. We have about eighty in our mission school and twelve out-schools with two or three hundred students in attendance.

Our industrial work has quite a scope. The farm has eight thousand acres, with three hundred under cultivation, mostly corn. We are enjoying beautiful summer weather now and our cornfields look fine. We have two hundred head of cattle, and we never lack for something to do. Our church is well filled every Sabbath with interested listeners.

Although this work is far different from laboring for the white people, we find many pleasant experiences, giving the message to these people, and the Lord blesses us in very

many ways. I did not expect to labor in this line of work when I came to Africa; but I find I am interested in the work, and am willing to labor where God is pleased to have me. I am still interested in the medical missionary work. Some time in the future I will write more about the details of our mission experience.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

(From the N. Y. State Prison.)

"I have received your kind and welcome letter. I had just been thinking how long it would be before I should hear from you again, as the weather is so beautiful these days I tell you it makes one feel dreary in such a place as this. But I am sure I should feel much worse if I did not hear from you, as you are the only one I communicate with excepting my beloved boy. I have a sister and brother up in Connecticut whom I never hear from.

"I appreciate THE LIFE BOAT very much indeed and do think it is worth its weight in gold. I hope the good people in charge will always keep up their good work, for that little book does a terrible lot of good in prisons through this world; and every one speaks well of it.

"I appreciate those little verses you sent me and I am very grateful to you for them, I can assure you."

THE TWO DOORS

M. H. SERNS.

Hinsdale, Ill.

Every day some one is digging the grave of his own personal power, while others are building characters for the life that measures with the life of God. It is an absolute fact that there is only one door to the haven of peace. But we may have that peace in this life and the life to come.

Jesus says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." John 10:1, 2.

It is very clear that the man who seeks to find his own way, to follow his own inclinations, will one day awaken to find himself in prison. Those who are daily digging the grave of their own personal power, are not necessarily unbelievers. The professing Chris-

tian man or woman who listens to an evil report of a neighbor verily takes up a reproach against his neighbor. The Psalmist David says that that man will not dwell with God. The man who finds fault, criticizes, harbors hatred in his heart toward men, is verily weakening his mental, physical and spiritual powers. He is digging the grave of his own personal power. He is preparing himself for eternal separation from God.

God calls upon that individual in this condition to repent and amend his ways. In Eze. 33:11 we read: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

"He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep." Jesus says, "I am the door." He goes before His sheep, they hear His voice, and follow Him. He leads them into green pasture where they find plenty to feed upon. "By Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

That is, through faith in the blood of Jesus Christ, the soul will be freed from the barren pastures of the world. One will not feed upon the husks of criticism, backbiting, fault-finding, indifference and carelessness.

On the other hand, he will feed upon the Word of God, which only can bring peace, joy and happiness, the assurance and quietness which surpass all understanding. This man lives above the world. He is beholding that which is beautiful. He clearly understands that the rose bushes and thistles have their thorns, but he only plucks the flowers. In doing this, he is building a character for a life that measures with the life of God. He is living in the atmosphere of heaven. This experience comes because he has consented to give up this life of sin; he has heard the voice of the Shepherd and found the door to the sheepfold.

Inquisitive people are but the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it on to another.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE

S. N. HASKELL

[The superficial Bible student is constantly overlooking the choicest fruit that may be gathered from the Bible. Brother Haskell gives some most suggestive and helpful principles that can not fail to be an aid to every earnest Bible student.—Ed.]

The reason we never can tire in studying the Bible, if we get hold of the right principles, is because the infinite mind is in them. We never can comprehend it. We never shall to all eternity. When the people of God are made immortal I expect that every time that Christ is seen, every time we behold Him to all eternity, it will be like a kaleidoscope: we will see new beauty in Him. And there will be nothing that will so constitute the happiness of the Christian as seeing something new out of the truths that he has learned in this world. In every thought expressed in the Bible the infinite mind is back of it and in it; so the *more* we study in the Bible the more we can *see* in it.

I remember one man that was with me the first time I went to Europe. We were among the French and the Germans and he understood the French and German both; so he would translate for me in conversation. Finally we were in conversation with a Christian woman in Switzerland,—a woman of culture and good understanding. We talked about certain things in the Christian religion, and I noticed that she became confused at some things I had said. I became convinced it was because he did not put the words I said into language she comprehended.

So I said to this man, "I wish you would get the French Bible and read it and get the *spirit* of the Bible so when we talk with the French or Germans you can put it in language they will comprehend." "Oh," said he, "I have read it so much it is only a kind of a *dry form* to me." That was the secret of the whole thing. He had not gotten hold of the very essence of it.

If the Bible is no different from any other good book we read then what is the use of our being separate from the world? Now there is an infinite thought, an infinite plan, an infinite purpose in every word He says. Two or three verses that you will find in Ecclesiastes will show you that everything God ever made teaches this great truth.

In Eccl. 1:4-11, Solomon is just speaking of something from which he draws a conclusion in spiritual things. The thought is there, it can't be a new thing. It is new because we have not comprehended it. God is the same now and Christ is the same now and so is the devil the same.

The same thought is in Eccl. 3:14, 15. Whatever God does, in it is *infinity*; it is just the same as it has been. God is the same yesterday, today and forever; He never gets old. You never can empty inspiration. There are some good books in the world,—books that are written that are not inspired; men have written them and you can't help but be interested in them; everybody is. But you can always tell these books from the Bible if you become familiar enough with the Bible, with inspiration. First, because of its simplicity. The Bible uses simple language, but with all its simplicity, when you seem as if you understand the whole of it, you only get the surface of it. There is a meaning on the other side of what you get so you can dwell upon it just as long as you please and there is something *new* in it. Now suppose I should ask you what scriptures are the most familiar to you and that you get the most light from: is it those you just get hold of easily, or those you *meditate* upon most? It is the ones you meditate upon.

I remember one time I was with a brother holding a course of gospel meetings in a place and there was a picture hanging up over the mantel-piece, which illustrated almost everything. We would get up in the mornings and study that picture, and we would get out of it each time something we had not seen before,—all so plain, but we had not seen it before. We would see a man with a gun, standing by an old tree, and see him shooting a rabbit; but we were at it nearly a week before we found the rabbit, and when we saw it we almost felt foolish because we had not seen it to begin with.

It is so with the Bible: it is all there only we do not see it; and if you study the Bible you can't *empty* the Bible because of its simplicity. Now God says so. He says that His words are as silver refined in the fire seven times. They are purified. They are chosen. God chooses words. He could multi-

ply words and give us volumes, but He has chosen words for the human family that *convey* just what He wants to convey to them, and they contain immortal principles that are infinite. The reason why men find fault with the Bible oftentimes and are skeptical is because they find fault with inspiration that comes through any prophet in any age of the world. They do not see it and therefore it is objectionable to them.

I hope I will always have mind enough to be sound in the faith and believe in the truth as God presents it; and especially if I come into a crisis. One crisis after another keeps coming. The man that takes a stand with the loss of friends and the loss of position in a crisis and stands straight for the truth of God will find sooner or later that God will vindicate the right. Be true to God in a crisis. God never wants you to give your conscience to anybody. His Word is what is given to guide your conscience aright. It is the same as Christ; it is the voice of God; and your conscience, sanctified by this Word, will always lead you in the path of right.

CAUGHT IN THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY NET.

DR. P. E. DE FOREST,
Gland, Switzerland.

[Dr. DeForest, who is in charge of a medical missionary institution in Gland, Switzerland, writes some interesting experiences illustrating the combination of the gospel with medical work, from which we quote the following.—Ed.]

When we opened up the sanitarium at Basel in 1895 we prayed that God would send us patients, and He did.

The first lady patient came from Danzig on the shores of the Baltic, and to come to Basel she had to traverse the whole of Germany with its hundreds of worldly institutions larger and better equipped than ours. She came as a theosophist and went away a Christian. She watched the lives of the workers and read her Bible which had been laid aside for years, and at the end of six weeks she said, "I am convinced that I have found the people of God, a people that I thought did not exist any more on earth."

This lady is still rejoicing in the truth and is matron in one of our best European institutions.

Another lady patient arrived who had lived

a very worldly life in the past. She found something that arrested her attention. She began to read the Bible in the sanitarium, where she saw the Book for the first time. She accepted her Saviour and is still rejoicing in the light, a pillar in the church.

At the Eleventh Hour.

One day a gentleman patient arrived with a badly burned elbow. He looked exactly like some of the drunkards that we saw in Chicago years ago. He gave a history of having been a slave to drink for years, of having beaten his poor wife, of having squandered his money and of having fallen into a pail of boiling water during a drunken spree.

We treated with success his burned elbow but found that he had a complication of diseases which would soon bring him to his grave, and told him so.

Died a Triumphant Death.

He began to repent and kept it up till peace entered the darkened chambers of the soul and flooded them with heaven's own light. Some one lent him a Bible. Dr. Holser gave him "Steps to Christ," and he would read these blessed books a while and weep. The workers prayed with him and for him and at last he found rest, believing that his sins had been all washed away.

He went home to die and some weeks later we received a most touching letter from his wife announcing that he died a triumphant death in Christ. The poor wife could not believe her eyes when she saw the change that had come over her husband. The appetite for wine and strong drink had gone and the tyrant had become like a little child. Jesus saves in Switzerland just as in America, for he says, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw *all* men unto me." John 12:32. Oh if we could all see Him as He really is we would *all* come to him; but alas! too often His people do not know how to "lift Him up."

A word in season to him who is faint will often set the soul on the way to eternal life. A genteel South German lady came to our sanitarium several years ago. She came first for her health, then came again to complete her cure and in the meantime to study the strange new truths that she had heard. We

told her one day as she expressed her appreciation of the health reform principles that there was more light for her on ahead. She pondered over these words, which would persist in coming back again and again to her mind. She felt that truly there must be more truth that she had not studied and so she came the third time to the institution and accepted the blessed truths of the soon coming of Christ.

Years have hastened by and still she stands firm in the "light on ahead," still reaching forward, pressing on to the coming day.

A City of Refuge.

That is what this gospel of the kingdom is, and in truth it was this to one poor back-slidden woman a few years ago. She was on the brink of perdition, about to take the final plunge by a public lapse from virtue, in spite of the fact that she had been a Salvation Army officer for years. She had put her Bible in the garret for years before and as she had not kept the word of His patience He could not keep her in the hour of temptation. But one thing the Master could do: He sent her to the sanitarium to rest a while and to meditate over the step she had thought to take. He surrounded her poor weak heart with a purer atmosphere than she had breathed in the past and set hallowed influences to work to save her soul. She found something in the sanitarium that she could not understand at first, but soon the Spirit could speak to her soul and she began to repent. She asked for a Bible, began to study the long-neglected book and the truths it contains and gave herself anew to her Saviour,—this time with the added strength that new truth gives. She was snatched back from the precipice by an unseen Hand, a brand plucked as it were from the burning.

We could tell more of what God has wrought but this suffices to show that little things are often used of God to perform the miracle of saving a soul.

My prayer is that when the earth crust breaks up and the cities of the nations fall under the strain of the last mighty earthquake that it will be seen that God's people have done their duty toward these cities and that you in Chicago will with us receive your eternal reward.

Solving the City Problem

O. A. Olsen

[The great cities are the standing challenge to the Christian church. In every great city in America the church is apparently on losing ground and the forces of evil and unrighteousness are in the ascendency. The city problem has reached a crisis. We need every helpful suggestion we can secure. The following words from a man of extensive Christian experience, which were recently spoken to the sanitarium family, will prove helpful to all Christian workers.—Ed.]

WE have in Chicago a large foreign element that composes fully three-fourths of the population. If there is any one field in the United States more needy than others it is this home foreign field. These foreigners are flocking to our shores at the rate of about a million a year. It means very much, and we ought to utilize the opportunity and improve this privilege of giving them the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.

We may think of bringing them in harmony with our American institutions; but the *greatest* power to harmonize the people is the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And there is nothing we can do to bring them into harmony with our situation here but to give them the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As you follow David's career in the Bible you will observe that in every experience he went to the Lord for counsel. Don't you see when David took such counsel and instruction with what confidence he could go into battle? Why, before the battle began, before he met the enemy face to face, he had the *assurance* the Lord had gone out before him and would smite the enemy.

Now why is that recorded? Is it not for our encouragement? Is it not for our instruction that when a matter comes up we should take it to the Lord? I know by experience again and again as I have met difficulties and perplexities that I did not know how to handle, I have taken them to the Lord and the Lord has given the answer. God is just the same today as He always has been, and just as ready to hear His people today as He always has been, and ready to work for them.

I can think of nothing more interesting than to realize we are here in God's providence, in God's purpose, in God's plan. Christ says, "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." We are here having a part in God's

work, but by whose choice? All we have done is to submit to God's choice. God is behind it.

The Lord has then a place for every one in His work. Let me counsel you to take the attitude of David. As he was called of God so you are called of God. Do not take things into your own hands but follow God's counsel and instruction.

The Ancient City Problem

Here is the situation that confronts us: our attention has been called to those great cities. And when you look at the Bible and read the history of God's people you call to mind that the great cities have *always* been a menace to the church. When Israel came up to the border of the promised land it was the cities that frightened them; those mighty walls, and some big men in there too. And so with the exception of two of those spies they all concluded it *impossible* to take them.

But we learn that "by faith the walls of Jericho fell down." Then faith is *able* to master the difficulty of the large cities.

Now how did this same army succeed with the next city, with Ai? "Oh," they said, "that is a small place,—two or three thousand men can take that; see what an easy thing Jericho was." There began to be first of all self-confidence, taking glory to themselves. And an Achan had entered the camp; somebody had not been true to God's instruction. So they sent up three thousand, but were slain and fled from the enemy.

What is it then that can defeat us? Sin. That is the only thing that can defeat us in any way in this work. Now then, in our battles, in our labors, in our toils, in our difficulties, let us do the very thing that God instructed Joshua to do: *cleanse the camp*.

How shall we do it? Let every one take hold and cleanse his own heart. As David said, "Search me, O God, and see if there be any wicked way in me," Let us take that

prayer, and just as certain as we do that God will be with us and give us success and we shall go forth conquering and to conquer. The Lord has gone out before us. And the *only* thing, the only hindrance that can stand in the way of success, individually or collectively, is sin; the harboring of things that are wrong in us, that God has made plain to us to put away.

As we look about and see the whole situation and see the trend of things there is "a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." 2 Sam. 5:24. We should push forward with a consecration that has never been seen before. The result will be a glorious, triumphant victory, the kingdom of God will be ushered in, and the end will come of sin and strife and bloodshed.

THE TOUCH THAT IS NEEDED

"A visitor to a glass manufactory saw a man molding clay into the great pots which were to be used in shaping the glass. Noticing that the molding was done by hand, he said to the workman, 'Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?' The workman replied, 'There is no tool that can do this work; we have tried many, but somehow it needs the human touch.'"

"Is this not true also in the Lord's work? The divine hand can wipe away every tear and heal every heart wound; but he chooses to use our common hands—yours and mine—to help Him. Many sick of the palsy of sin will never come in reach of the healing power unless human hands bear them."

DOES THIS APPLY TO YOU?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Sixteen or seventeen years ago a patient walked into my office smoking a cigar. He was on the verge of a serious nervous breakdown. I admonished him that if he wanted to recover health he must reform, and among other things give up the use of tobacco.

For some reason I did not feel that my appeal was reaching home. So I determined to present the moral side. I asked him if he smoked in church. He said, "No, of course not; that is God's house." Then I read him from the Bible how it was God's purpose that

our bodies should be divine temples, and told him how much more grievous a sin it was to stain this earthly temple with tobacco than it would be to smoke in a church.

He saw the point in a moment and threw his cigar into the waste basket, and said, "No more for me." He recovered his health, and became a most successful and well-known business man.

A few weeks ago he wrote me that he was now drinking beer and smoking several cigars a day and whenever he tried to abandon them he felt worse. I earnestly asked the Lord to help me to write something to him that would lead him to see the real principle that was at stake, and for the benefit of others who may be similarly situated I quote this letter entire:

I am quite certain you are not on the right track. The fact that you experience difficulty when you try to put away these wrong habits is the best *evidence* you need that they are bad for you. In other words, you are making the very worst kind of a mental and moral slave of yourself and only a few short years from now you will be a nervous and physical wreck. Your friends will only speak of you in an undertone, and confidentially tell one another what you *once* were.

That is what is ahead of you just as certain as that the sun shines in the heavens. My Bible says, and nature and science teach the same truth: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7. You are sowing for a big crop and you are going to reap it one of these days.

I am your friend, and that is the reason I am writing to you so plainly. I am deeply concerned about your future. I don't know whether you have any children or not, but if so, if you continue your present program, they are going to live long enough to be sorry that they ever had you for their father.

Now the truth of the matter is it requires self-denial and hardship to do right, while sliding down hill requires no energy; and *you* are sliding down hill. To retrace even what you have already lost will be painful to you but it will be worth the while. There is a God in heaven who is on the side of right, and He will impart the necessary strength to the man who earnestly feels his need of it, and you need it for you have not the nerve and will power in yourself to face square about and pay the necessary price for getting your feet established again on the right foundation.

I heard Burns, the great detective, say that the secret of his great success was the fact that he had learned that God was on *his* side instead of being on the side of the crook.

God is on the side of right, not on the side of self-indulgence and wrong-doing.

Your beer, your tobacco, and the other things that go with these things are all on the side of wrong. They are in your life exactly what weeds and potato bugs are to the farmer. Remember the farmer does not have to *raise* potato bugs, he doesn't have to *cultivate* them, but if he sits down and does not everlastingly destroy them he raises *no* potatoes.

You are a successful business man. I have often wished that I had the natural ability that you have; but you are frittering away your heritage, selling it all for a "mess of pottage" just as Esau did. By and by you will want to get it all back again and then you will find, like him, you can not buy it back. You are reaching an age when you can no longer take fire into your bosom and not be burned.

You are going to awaken one of these mornings to discover that instead of being a master of yourself you have become a poor, helpless, hopeless slave of vice that down deep in your own soul you most heartily despise. That is because sin is as natural in the moral domain as potato bugs and weeds are in the physical domain. It has to be reckoned with; but there is a God in heaven that will impart to each one of us who earnestly seeks it the *necessary* strength to overcome it. He will do it for you.

I don't believe it is too late yet, although your sun is setting in the west and the day is not far distant when it will be useless for me or any one else to write you these vital truths. Now don't take offense at them but sit down and seriously re-read them. They are written out of earnest consideration for you.

Of the hundreds of patients that I had under my care in days gone by, you stand out *conspicuously* in my mind as a splendid example of young, brainy manhood, of a man who accepted light and truth and determined to walk in the right way. You have backslidden and wandered far away from that ideal, but you can get back again. But the day is not far distant, as I have already stated, when I fear it will be too late. Accept my letter as God's message to you and you will thank me over in the next world for having awakened your earnest concern for yourself.

EXPERIENCES IN MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK*

R. B. CRAIG.

Decatur, Ill.

When we go out into city work we need some one to direct us, who knows the way. We need some one to indicate to us where to go to locate. And the Lord does not disappoint us. He says: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye." Ps. 32:8.

It is an important thing to get a right location when we go to work, for we are always judged by our surroundings and the appearance of things. It is very encouraging to me that the Lord's eye is over us and that He will instruct us and indicate the right place. If we are going the wrong way we have to sometimes give up the plan we have and make another. Every day let our plans be laid at Jesus' feet to be laid aside or carried out as His providence shall indicate.

One case that we met in our work I will mention, of a young lady who was taken sick with typhoid fever. The parents called a physician, but she kept growing worse and her father came to us for advice. We went to her home and found there would have to be some very careful work done if her life was saved. So we began going to her each evening. The physician was very much interested in what we were doing and told the parents: "If her life is saved it will be by these treatments; it is not any use to give medicines any further." She could not retain anything on her stomach, and lost consciousness.

Connecting Link Between Rich and Poor

One time when one of our wealthy patients came in I told him what we were doing. I told him how the father had no income and had given up his work to stay with the mother to help care for her because they felt they could not hire a nurse. One of them would care for her until worn out and then the other would do it, and we would go and give them both a little relief. I told him we were supplying them with some things they needed for the sick room, but that was not sufficient.

A little later he called me up on the telephone and asked for the name and address of these people, and he and his wife went in their

buggy to visit them. They sat down and talked with them and found out it was indeed a pitiable case. They sympathized with them, and when they went away he left them twenty dollars. The mother went immediately and got things she was needing and with these things and what we did the life of the girl was saved. The parents had said if her life was saved they would take it as an evidence the Lord had raised her up in answer to prayer. They had asked us to pray that she might be healed if it was the Lord's will, and we did.

This man who gave the money would often ask, "How is our sick girl getting along?" You know when we invest something in a thing we have an interest there. These people with means are willing to give their means, and I think the Lord will use us to go between the needy and the rich.

Personal Visitation Work

We go among the people and do much visiting. It is personal work that counts, and no difference how busy we are we must not fail to get out among the people. The Lord will direct us to some one who is interested.

A few days ago I saw a man whom we had visited when in Peoria, and who accepted Christ. I said, "I have not seen you for so long I have been wondering if you had turned back to the world." He said, "There is nothing to turn back to; it has been a *forward* march ever since." So the people who are brought in carefully and instructed in the truth hold out firmly.

When we were missionaries in South America there were some experiences we had that were very interesting. The trained nurses who went with us found homes open at once, waiting and anxious for them, with people of means that would pay them. Some of these families have accepted the gospel truth and are building up a substantial work.

One little circumstance that occurred was very interesting to us. Many of the people around us wanted their children taught English; so we started a school, and it soon grew from half a dozen to two dozen.

There were a little boy and girl, bright children, whose mother never seemed to have time or disposition to keep them in a sanitary

condition, and who were always dirty. They had eczema and the mother had spoken to us about what to do for the children. Mrs. Craig told her what to do and the mother said, "The doctor told me never to give them a bath—they would take cold and it would be an injury to them."

But Mrs. Craig took them in the little wash room one day at recess and cleansed their heads thoroughly; then she had some clean aprons she put on those children. When they went home they looked so different it frightened the mother at first. But you could just see the thing spreading all around the neighborhood; the children began to appear different and soap and water began to be used effectively. And some of those families became our best friends. When we go among the people there are so many ways we can find things to do.

*(Abstract from a talk given to the Hinsdale sanitarium workers.)

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR TWENTY YOUNG PEOPLE

On June 18 the next training class for medical evangelistic nurses will be organized at Hinsdale. Twenty young people can be admitted. This is an unusual and unique opportunity for those who have felt a call of God in their hearts for medical missionary work. We believe there is no place on earth that affords such varied opportunities for training and experience. Every lady nurse spends a month during her course at the rescue home, coming in practical contact with that line of institutional work and receiving practical experience in obstetrics.

All who feel a burden for the city problem have an opportunity to connect with Ruth Stapp in the Hinsdale Center in Chicago, getting first hand and practical gospel experience in meeting people in their own homes and helping them spiritually and physically as providence indicates. And what is still more important, they look straight to God for their support while there, thus learning from personal experience that there is such a thing as *definite* answers to prayer. In addition this class will have abundant actual experience in field work and school of health work, as

well as unusual opportunities for training in connection with the Hinsdale sanitarium.

The course is three years in length and meets the standard of the New York State Board; but what is far more important, it is endeavoring to meet the standard that God has given in His Word,—the ancient school of the prophets.

Applicants should be twenty years of age or more. If they have not had nine grades of school work opportunities will be given for them to secure this in special classes held in the institution.

Let those whose hearts are being stirred for just such a preparation write immediately for application blanks and further information. This is the last call for this class.

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN!

MRS. D. P. SMITH,
Paw Paw, Mich.

Are you waiting at the station for a train? You hear off in the distance a rumbling sound, and as it gets nearer and nearer you look about. You have your doubts about this being the right road, but you see a great many people waiting for the same train, and say to yourself, "Why should I hesitate? They know the road and have traveled it all these years."

You hear the shrill whistle of the engine. Satan is at the throttle and has for his fireman and conductors the angels of darkness. The announcer calls out the stations: Whisky Run, Stealers' Bluff, Gamblers' Gulch, Murderers' Retreat, and—Death Valley.

Stop!

My friend, have you bought your ticket yet? Stop; there is another track on the other side of the station. There are only a few people waiting for that train. They are not of the world's richest or even the most learned but are instead a humble-looking people. Yet on their faces there is a look of happiness. They know where they are going.

Presently their train pulls into the station. The cars are not as beautiful and the track is more narrow than the one on the other side. But on the side of the engine there waves a flag as white as snow, and as it floats out upon the breeze these words stand out clear and plain: "The only way." Jesus Christ has His

hand on the throttle and is running this train. The train crew are the angels of heaven.

My friend, if you have not yet purchased a ticket please get one that takes you through the following stations: Peace, Joy, Love, Right Doing, Temperance Valley, and—Eternal Life.

Look!

Look about you, if you please, for a moment. Do you see anything in this world of sin that is worth having? Look at what is taking place around you. The world is full of murder, war and misery. On every hand the rich are grinding down the poor until they are forced to rise up and defend themselves.

Look at the nations of this world. They are all getting their implements of warfare ready for the last great battle. There is not a country on the face of the globe but what would fall into line at a single moment's warning. We read, "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them." A crisis awaits the world. The most momentous struggle of all ages is just before us.

Listen!

Listen to the words that our Saviour speaks: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Put yourself in His care and under His leadership and go through to the heavenly Canaan. Don't be ashamed to take your stand on the side of right even if it be with the few. Listen: "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction." But "because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth to life," "few there be that find it."

My friend, be sure you buy your ticket for the promised land and get on the right train. Don't let Satan and his angels *sidetrack* you. Look well to the signals. There are no block signals on his road; he cares not how many wrecks he may have: the more, the better he is suited. His is not a safe road to travel; there are dangers all along the way. Listen to that still small voice which says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

No soul was ever lost because its fresh beginnings broke down; but thousands of souls have been lost because they would not make fresh beginnings.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



THE PRISON NUMBER

We want to thank all of our friends who have so generously responded to our appeal to send the May number to the prisons of this country. Prison officials have written us of the great appreciation that they feel for this effort. Eternity alone will reveal the good that has been accomplished by these special prisoners' numbers of *THE LIFE BOAT*.

NEW AGENTS

It has been gratifying to find so many new agents springing up in different parts of the country to handle *THE LIFE BOAT*. We believe this is in answer to prayer, and we trust that many more will be similarly moved upon by the Lord to undertake this work.

Write for special rates to agents. Even if you can not give your entire time to this you can set aside a few hours each month and sell a hundred or more. It will be splendid experience for you and you will be planting seeds that you will be glad to reap the fruit of over on the other shore.

STRENGTH-OF-CHARACTER TABLETS

A few days ago a prominent business man came to us for treatment. He comes every little while for relief of physical troubles that are brought on directly by some of his self-indulgence in diet, and backsliding in the use of tobacco, etc. As I endeavored to impress him with the importance of self-denial in appetite, assuring him that he would be free from these pains and aches if he would only reform, he said, "Can't you contrive to give a poor fellow some strength-of-character tablets to take so he won't backslide?"

That man expressed in those words a great truth as well as a great need, not only for him but for all of us. Strength-of-character tablets are just what we all need and we need to go to God every day to secure them. And

then the weak can say, "I am strong," for He imparteth strength to them that have no might.

NEW PREMIUM OFFERS

Observe our most liberal premium offers. Ask your friends to subscribe for *THE LIFE BOAT*. *THE LIFE BOAT* occupies a field pre-eminently its own. It has no competition, for no other magazine published covers exactly the same ground. Those who are interested in the work that *THE LIFE BOAT* represents would gladly subscribe for it if they were led to understand the unique features that it presents: sane, wholesome health principles, spiritual truth, practical experiences in rescue, soul-winning and prison work, simple but effective city work. To have its twelve visits into any home is well worth the subscription price.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF THIS?

"Is any among you suffering? let him pray" (James 5:13, R. V.), not simply say prayers, but pray.

Some people feel that it is too much to expect the Lord to keep track of all the people who want to pray. But notice how absurd that is: the Chicago telephone company have over three hundred thousand subscribers. If all the people on the earth this very day should begin to pray, the problem would be only five thousand times greater than the Chicago telephone system. Is it hard to believe that the Lord who made the men who developed the Chicago telephone system can handle a proposition five thousand times greater than these men are handling successfully? Isn't it surprising how the devil sometimes succeeds in blindfolding us?

I have heard some people say, "I do not feel worthy to pray; I do not feel good enough to pray." Do not forget that after the telephone company have installed a telephone they do not ask you whether you are good or not when you attempt to use the telephone. So

do not *wait* until you become good before you begin to utilize the heavenly telephone system.

Others say if they could see some sort of a connection between earth and heaven it would strengthen their faith in prayer. Yet those very same people if they were five hundred miles out at sea would have no difficulty in believing that the wireless operator could send a message to land without any wires at all. Can anyone doubt that God can do what he already has permitted a puny man to do: receive a message through the air without any *visible* connection?

But there was one man in the Bible who saw this connection, and that was Jacob. After he had deceived his father, after he had driven a hard bargain for his brother's birth-right, and then above it all ran away from home, the first night out he laid himself down on a bed that did not have any springs under it. His pillow was a stone, and he got a glimpse of a ladder that was set up on the earth, the top of it reaching to heaven (Gen. 28: 12), and angels of God were ascending and descending on this ladder. And Christ in John 1:55 declares that He Himself is this ladder.

He walked among men, was hungry, foot-sore, suffered and finally died for our sins, and *earned* the right for us to use this telephone system. In fact He paid the telephone bill with His own life; and how ungrateful we are not to appreciate this telephone system which God Himself has installed in every one of our homes whether we use it or not. You may not know how to use it, but in that case the Spirit of God itself will help you out where you are lacking (Rom. 8: 26).

The Master Himself set us an example how to pray, when He shrank from the impending trouble and trial: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not *as I will*, but as Thou wilt." Matt. 26:39.

Sometimes it is not to our best interest to be delivered from trial, for "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby," or to those who have passed through its training. (Heb. 12: 11.) God has some great purpose in per-

mitting us to have certain trials and difficulties, to ripen up our characters.

On this point Paul's experience is a wonderful one. Next to Christ he was the greatest missionary that ever lived. But he dragged around with him some physical handicap that was a veritable thorn in his flesh. Three times he asked the Lord to take it away from him; but God in His infinite wisdom knew that Paul needed just this trying experience, and simply said, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made *perfect* in weakness." 2 Cor. 12:9.

The great ships in the ocean have to have a vast amount of ballast down deep in the bottom of them so there shall be no danger of their upsetting in some severe storm. Some of us have to go through life with a certain amount of trouble which the Lord uses as ballast; and some day we will be able to say, "It is *good for me* that I have been afflicted." Ps. 119:71.

God does the thing for us today that is best for us in eternity. So let us trust Him, and if any is suffering, "*let him pray.*"

SANITARIUM NEWS AND NOTES

Aaron Allberg, a medical missionary en route for Jamaica, spent a few hours at the sanitarium.

Louis George Alberts, of Oshkosh, Wis., has connected with the sanitarium staff of workers.

Extensive alterations and improvements are being made in the ladies' treatment rooms.

Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Antisdel, who for six years were missionaries in the interior of Burma, are among the recent arrivals.

Prof. E. S. Ballenger, of California, spent a few days at the institution, giving a helpful address to the sanitarium family.

Pastor K. C. Russell, who has been engaged in evangelistic work in Chicago, is with his wife taking a rest at the sanitarium. He led the last young people's prayer meeting.

Mr. Burke, who was formerly connected with the Chicago LIFE BOAT enterprises and who for some years has been engaged in gospel ministry in Australia, paid a short visit to the institution.

Mrs. A. C. Gaylord has been spending a couple of weeks in Berea, Ky., taking instruction in the department of fireside industries of Berea College, with the view of establishing handicraft work as a therapeutic remedy in the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cutler, of Duluth, Minn., who have been spending the winter in South Carolina, arrived in Hinsdale recently in their private car. They will spend some weeks at the sanitarium.

That summer is soon expected is witnessed to by the appearance of the flower beds now beautifying the grounds, the number of patients to be seen enjoying the outdoor air, and the screens being busily fitted to the sanitarium windows.

These are busy days at the sanitarium. The institution is crowded with an enthusiastic class of patients who are securing encouraging results. A deeper interest is taken in the gospel services and the various other spiritual activities connected with the institution.

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

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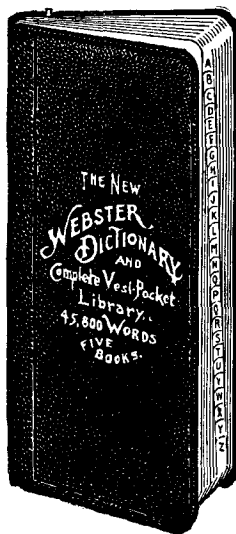
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