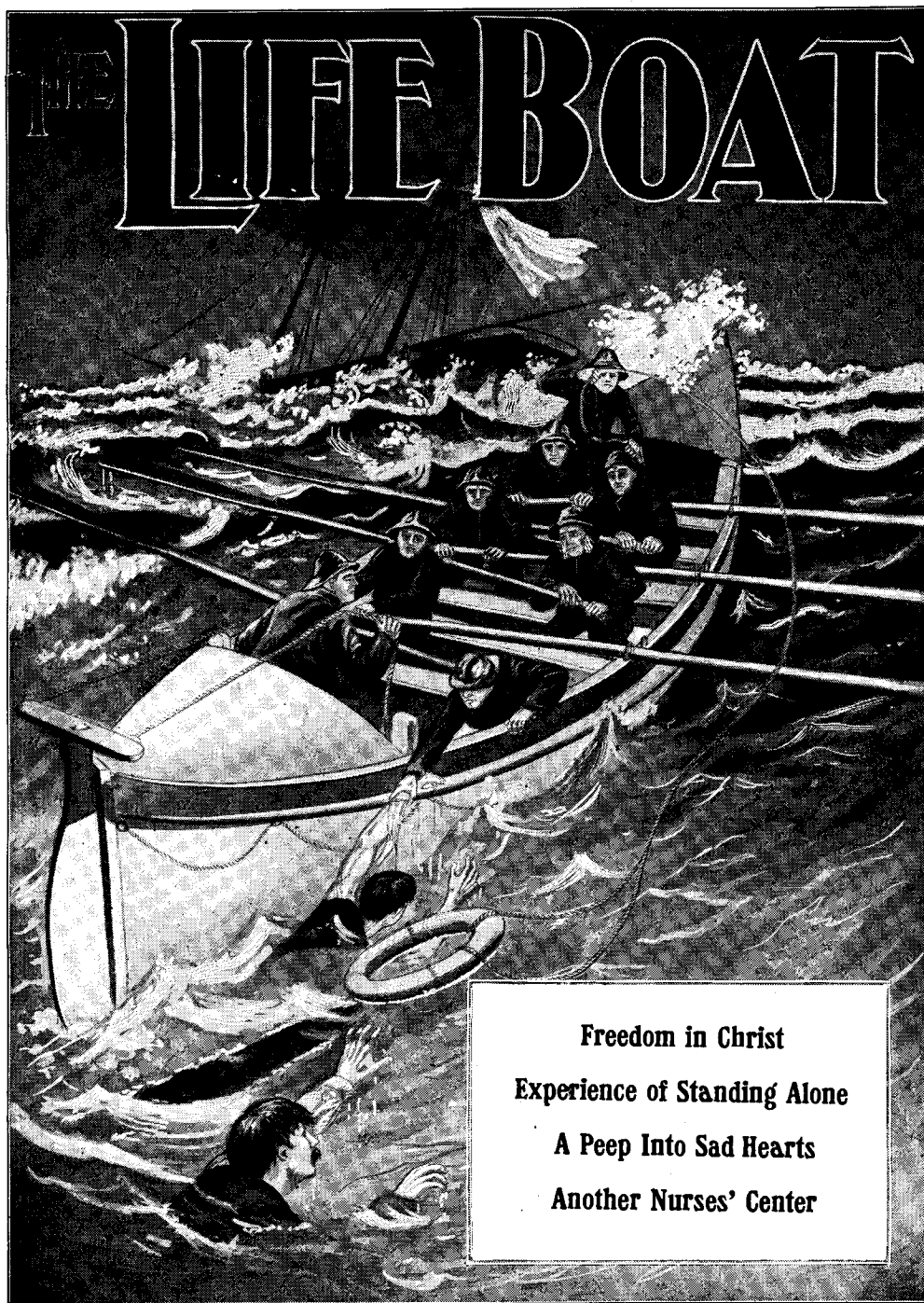


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Windsdale, Ill.

August, 1913

"Most Instructive Accident in History," by the Editor

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HINSDALE, ILL.

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AUGUST, 1913

Number 8

The Most Instructive Accident in Human History

David Paulson, M. D.

THE mysterious process of digestion has always been a curious subject, one which philosophers and investigators have delved into in all ages. But it is a field in which nature has been very reluctant to yield up her secrets.

During the last few years there has been a perfect deluge of discoveries along digestive lines. The X-ray has been the most important help in this direction. Of course every school boy knows that the first important discoveries in digestion were made by Dr. Beaumont on Alexis St. Martin. But the real intimate story of this wonderful man's life has recently come to light by the finding of an old chest in St. Louis containing copies of all his important letters, memoranda of many interesting experiences, and also personal accounts of experiments.

A Great Work in a Far-Off Place

Dr. Beaumont was an army surgeon on the little island of Mackinac up in Northern Michigan in 1820. Now project yourself back ninety years and try to imagine if you can how wild and desolate that part of the country was. The fur traders once a year flocked in with their furs and many of them became gloriously drunk. Outside of these times Dr. Beaumont scarcely saw a white face except the few soldiers stationed there, for whom he was surgeon.

One evening while the fur traders were having a carousal a gun accidentally went off a few feet from a young man by the name of Alexis St. Martin. The discharge of chicken shot made a big opening in his left side directly into his stomach. Although the man was thought to be dying, Dr. Beaumont was called in, and his physician's instinct prompted him to try to save the man's life. He stopped the hemorrhage as promptly as possible, pulled out of the wound a portion of the red flannel shirt, gun wad, and dug out as many of the shot as he could; and to his amazement the man lived.

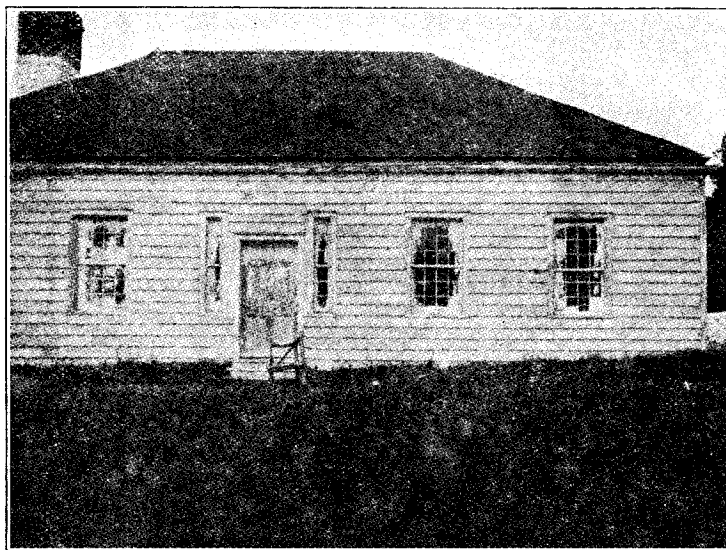
But it was an awful wound; it suppurated and sloughed off and a portion of the ribs had to be amputated, and then abscess after abscess formed. After some months the local government refused to maintain him there any longer as a charity patient, and proposed to carry him back to his home in the forests north of Montreal. The man's pitiable condition touched Dr. Beaumont's heart. He knew the poor fellow would die if simply left to himself, and so, although he was only receiving forty dollars a month and his rations he took that man into his own home and cared for him at his own expense—not for the purpose of making experiments on him, for that thought had

never entered his head. He was simply trying to save the man's life and coax his wound to heal.

In two years' time the wound healed; but it left an artificial opening into the stomach, which he found necessary to bandage over with a wad of lint in order to keep the gastric juice from running out when he ate his meals. One day he tied a piece of raw beef instead of lint over the opening, and found in a few hours the gastric juice had digested the beef entirely away—raising the interesting question which has never been satisfactorily answered, why the stomach does not digest itself.

for research. His experience should be an inspiration to all young persons who feel they have no opportunities to accomplish anything for God and humanity.

Dr. Beaumont had only fairly begun to make his interesting experiments when Alexis St. Martin ran away, penetrated the trackless forests, finally got back to his old home in the interior, went to drinking again, ultimately married, and Dr. Beaumont lost all track of him for nearly two years. Finally some of the officers of the Hudson Bay Fur Company came in touch with him and succeeded in persuading him to return to Dr. Beaumont.



(From "Life and Letters of Dr. Beaumont." C. V. Mosby Co., St. Louis.)

THE SMALL FRAME HOSPITAL WHERE ALEXIS LAY DURING HIS CONVALESCENCE.

By and by Alexis was well enough so he could begin to do some chores about the place. Then it occurred to Dr. Beaumont that here was a most admirable opportunity for him to make some experiments. Remember that there was not another physician within a hundred miles for him to consult with. All the laboratory apparatus he had was a thermometer, a few test tubes, a few vials and a sand bath; yet with these simple facilities he worked out some great truths which we have scarcely gotten beyond today with all our extensive facilities

Interesting and Practical Observations

Of the many valuable and remarkable tests that he made I have only selected a few that are of the most importance to the reader. For instance, he observed when St. Martin had a fever that he did not secrete any gastric juice, which gives us a good idea why people do not have any appetite when they have an acute fever. Hence it is a mistake to simply cram food into patients when they do not want it. When your child has an acute cold, with a rise of temperature and does not want to eat, do not insist

upon its doing so. You will probably be doing it more harm than good. Give it plenty of water to drink instead. Clear out its bowels thoroughly, and it will recover much quicker than if you gave it three square meals a day.

Alexis St. Martin had a wicked hankering for liquor and several times succeeded in securing some. Then his stomach would become red and inflamed.

He also discovered something that Dr. Pawlow, the great Russian investigator, has since confirmed, that milk was much less stimulating than meat to the stomach; that is, it calls out less gastric juice. That is why patients suffering with hyperacidity or even gastric ulcer can nearly always endure milk or buttermilk or even fresh cottage cheese, while flesh food makes them worse in the end, although it feels comparatively comfortable just for the time being. That is because the flesh food mops up the excessive acid while it is being eaten, so feels more comfortable. But as it is a powerful gastric stimulant, in the end it calls out more acid, and so the last state of that patient is much worse than the first.

Seventeen or eighteen years ago, while giving some lectures at Atlanta, Ga., a college professor said to me, "Doctor, why is it when I eat meat it sets on my stomach like a poultice?" At the time it nonplussed me; but all these recent discoveries make that an easy question to answer now. The worst cases of gastric ulcer I have ever seen are excessive meat-eaters. The first thing we do is to put them upon a diet that calls out the very least gastric juice, such as simple cereal gruels or milk, combined with other appropriate treatment; then such cases can generally be cured in a short time.

Dr. Beaumont found out another interesting thing, and that is that violent passions such as anger, great excitement, strong emotions, have a profound effect on the gastric juice of the stomach. Pawlow ascertained the same thing in his experiments on dogs. People who are very angry or laboring under some great excitement ought first of all to ask the Lord to forgive them, and learn to live on a different plane. But those who do not have sense enough to do this should remember that it is a physiolog-

ical crime to eat while in such a state of mind.

A Round-About Trip

While Dr. Beaumont was conducting these experiments the government transferred him to Prairie du Chien, located on the upper Mississippi. Shortly after this, Alexis St. Martin insisted on going back and visiting his wife. To make the trip he rode down the Mississippi in an open canoe to St. Louis, then up the Ohio river to Ohio, then traveled across the state, then rowed along Lake Erie and Ontario until he reached the St. Lawrence river, then down to Montreal, and then walked seventy-five miles into the interior to his native haunt.

Later he refused to come back unless his wife returned with him, and Dr. Beaumont had to come to his terms. Then there was drawn up the unique contract that was ever made in human history; it was to the effect that Alexis St. Martin was to submit to all manner of experiments on his stomach for a year, for which he was to be paid the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

The Science of Right Eating

During this year Dr. Beaumont discovered that taste had a marvelous influence on digestion. When Alexis ate food that he liked then he poured out more gastric juice than when he ate food that he did not relish.

This great truth was almost forgotten until Pawlow again brought it to light in his famous experiments in Russia some years ago. It is important that we should *taste* the food before we swallow it. Some people do not; they swallow it so hastily they hardly taste it at all. Such people are punished by being compelled to taste their food *afterwards*.

It is not physiological to eat what we do not relish. That emphasizes the importance of preparing food in an appetizing and palatable manner. On the other hand, I feel sorry for people who do not like any food that is really good. Such folks need to have their taste converted so they shall love that which is good and hate that which is evil, dietetically as well as morally.

Another thing that Dr. Beaumont observed was the fact that thorough mastication of the food facilitated its digestion, that it did not remain in the stomach so long.

You see this early investigator anticipated Fletcher by at least eighty years. In fact, we are not learning so much new these days as we sometimes think we are; we are only entering into the labors of other men who have toiled before us.

How to Avoid Auto-Intoxication

He also discovered that bulk in the food facilitated its proper digestion. That has not always been recognized as it should. We ought to add to our food lettuce, spinach, asparagus or cooked string beans, or even raw bran with a little cream or fruit juice over it, because of the stimulant such substances give the wall of the intestine. For so doing we encourage the rapid transit of the food material through the alimentary canal.

Nature never intended that the food remnants and refuse should remain in the alimentary canal more than twenty-four hours. During that length of time the germs can not produce very dangerous poisons. It is the next twenty-four hours, and in some cases the next twenty-four hours after that that auto-intoxication is promoted. Remember that by adding liberal bulk to the food the schedule of time is materially shortened, and this is a most *important* thing for the general health.

Beaumont also observed that condiments were irritating to the stomach, causing it to pour out mucus, laying the foundation for gastric catarrh. People who in season and out of season add condiments to their food will pay dearly for it later on. We should never eat anything that tastes hot when it is really cold. It is an amazing fact that after ninety years this striking truth that Beaumont first called attention to has not taken hold of the public more thoroughly than it has.

Later Dr. Beaumont was transferred to St. Louis. Meanwhile Alexis St. Martin and his wife were determined to go back and visit their old friends in Canada, which they did after signing a cast-iron agreement with Dr. Beaumont to return at a set time for further experiments. But he failed to keep his word, and for ten years Dr. Beaumont tried to get in touch with him. Finally some of the Hudson Bay people again found him and sent word that they had gotten on the track of his "patent digester."

But Alexis was unreasonable in his demands, although he was so poor that he did not have proper clothing for his wife and children. Finally in the early fifties, Dr. Beaumont himself died, thus prematurely closing the chapter to these amazing discoveries. And the astonishing thing was that this man Alexis St. Martin lived until 1880, when he was eighty-three years old, all the while having this hole in his stomach, and from time to time drinking excessively. He was evidently hard to kill. But the poor fellow had not lived in vain. It was certainly the most instructive accident that had ever happened in human history.

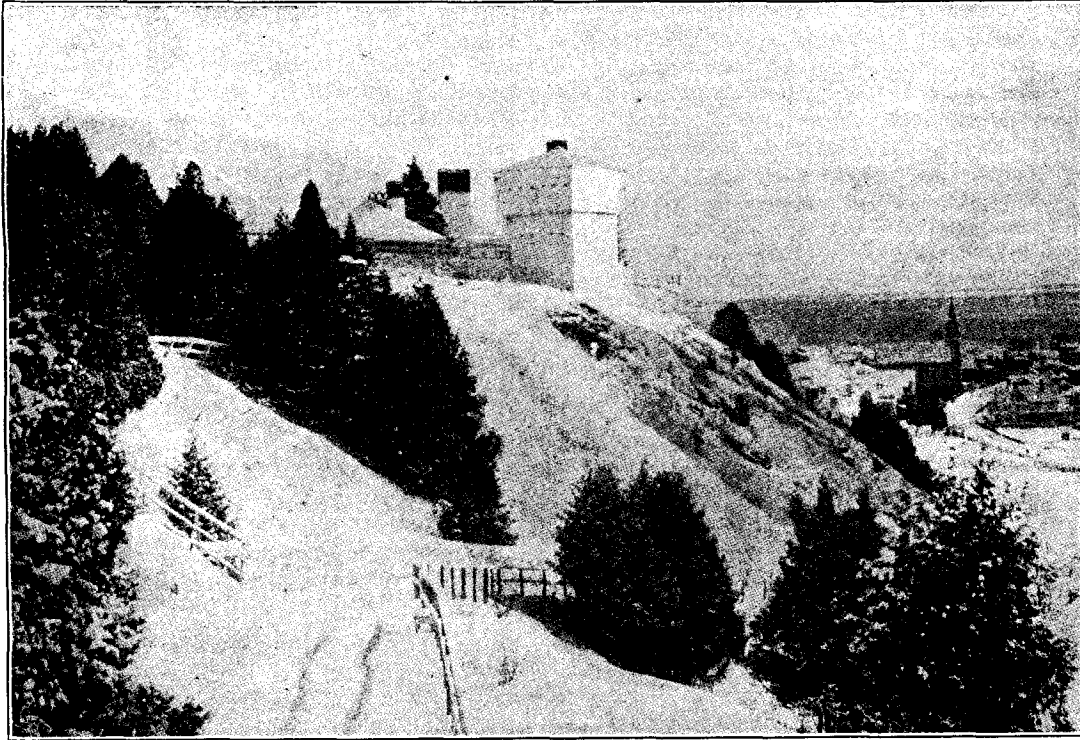
In a few short years most of these facts and many others began to filter down into our physiologies, and no one added anything to them of essential value until Dr. Pawlow made his famous experiments on dogs in St. Petersburg, Russia.

The Sense of Simplicity

Pawlow discovered that there was a different kind of gastric juice made for each different kind of food. That shows why the long banquet dinners are all wrong. If you have to attend this kind of a dinner eat only a few things and thus come away safe and sound. In arranging your own tables have the variety from meal to meal, but eat only a few things at each meal, and let your moderation in dietetics be known to all men. Probably more people die from dietetic excesses than die from indulging in alcoholic liquors.

Pawlow observed that when the dogs saw food that they relished they shortly began to pour out gastric juice to digest this food. That emphasized the importance of clean linen and attractive table service. In some homes no special care is taken in these directions except when visitors come. It is almost as important to have food attractive as it is to have it good.

Furthermore Pawlow observed the great influence the state of mind has over digestion. One day he put a cat into the dog's kennel. You know there is no love lost between cats and dogs. And while the dog ate the food he ordinarily relished he did not pour out any satisfactory juice, because he did not like the company he had at meal-time.



(From "Life and Letters of Dr. Beaumont.")
FORT MACKINAC, SHOWING SURGEON'S QUARTERS AND HOSPITAL TO THE LEFT OF IT.

Be Thankful While Eating

When one eats in an ugly, dissatisfied, contemptible, hateful state of mind, he is sinning toward God and is wronging himself. I have been in some homes where the father of the family thanked God for the food—which is the proper thing to do, for in the last analysis it is God's power that creates all food. Without His creative work we should speedily starve to death. But a few minutes afterwards the same man would begin to complain to his wife about the food. I never could see sense in that. Either he was not sincere in thanking the Lord, or he meant nothing in complaining to his wife. The great ideal is to continue feeling thankful all during the meal.

Ten years ago Dr. Cannon began using the X-ray on cats to unfold some of the mysterious processes of digestion, and his work brought most interesting results, some of which upset all our old notions.

For instance, he found out that starchy

food like grains, potato and vegetables, leave the stomach much more quickly than protein food like meat, eggs, beans and nuts.

He observed that under ordinary circumstances water only remains in the stomach a few minutes; in fact, sometimes it leaves the stomach almost as rapidly as it is drunk. However, it is not wisdom to drink a great deal of water at meal-time—certainly not to wash the food down.

The small intestine, which is more than twenty feet in length, is where the essential work of digestion is done. Cannon found out that the food mass was not simply propelled along by peristaltic action; every little while it would stop entirely and the intestines would simply knead it thoroughly by a process which he called segmentation.

Some Important Conclusions

He, however, noted the fact that others have also verified, that the food mass under normal conditions only requires a few hours

to pass through the small intestines. It is in the four to six feet of large intestine that there is the long delay, and here is where the absorption of toxins takes place if one indulges in dietetic errors and permits stagnation to take place.

Cannon observed that when his cat became ugly and began to scratch and snarl, all these digestive processes stopped completely; but when he petted the cat and called it "nice kitty," as soon as it began to purr the whole performance began again.

The facts of the case are, when God created man he made him to be happy and contented. None of the physiological proc-

esses of the body take place satisfactorily in any other state of mind. When sin entered the world it disarranged all this, and then it was that Christ came to make peace for those who had no peace, to say to the most care-worn and distracted mortal that walks this earth, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28. And the more extended my medical experience becomes the more I am convinced of the utter folly of merely treating the physical side of humanity while neglecting the larger half—the mental and spiritual needs of the sick and suffering.

An Accident and a Tribute

T. D. Crothers, M. D.

Hartford, Conn.

[Dr. Crothers, editor of the *Journal of Inebriety*, and dean of the Boston Medical College, spent a few days at Hinsdale on his return from the meeting of the American Medical Association in Minneapolis. His valuable lectures to patients and workers were appreciated. After returning to his home in Hartford, Conn., he sent us the following report of an interesting experience.—Ed.]

THE Limited on one of the great through lines was speeding along to make up lost time, when suddenly the engine jumped the track and ploughed along over the rails, then came to a stop. Everybody was excited and rushed out to see what was the matter. The great engine remained upright, but its wheels were buried deep in the sand. Word was passed down for a physician, and I hurried up to the engine and found a large, gray-haired man, the engineer, lying in the grass beside the road, with a bruised arm and bleeding face. He was evidently greatly shocked, but not seriously injured. I assured him that he had no broken bones, and that he ought to be thankful, even for the little scratches and bruises he had sustained.

He recovered. Later it was evident that a broken tie had caused the derailing of the train. While waiting for the wrecking train, he observed that I had a copy of THE LIFE BOAT in my pocket, and asked to see it. He then explained, "I owe all I have to that little journal." When pressed for an explanation he said: "Years ago I was an inmate of the ——— prison. Some one gave me a copy of this journal, and after reading it I resolved to become a Christian

and live an honest life. I have succeeded. For several years I have been an abstainer from spirits and tobacco. I am a member of a church, have a good wife, and the one desire of my life is to make up for the bad days of my early life, and leave the world better. I am afraid to die,—not that I have not faith, but I want to live to help some one live a better life; and your assurances that I was not badly injured and would get about again in a little while have given me new vigor."

Here was a strong, resolute man, who, through the merest accident of reading a copy of THE LIFE BOAT, was literally rescued and sent out on the great mission of helping others. I told him I knew the editor and his work, and I should write him that he had caught the inspiration and faith which the editor and his writers had put into the printed pages, and they would feel happy to know that some one had been rescued and drawn into the Life Boat. The wrecker soon replaced the big engine and the sturdy engineer, with his face bandaged, took his place in the cab to drive the engine to its destination. He waved a good-bye to me as the smoke curled around his greasy cap, and I felt that some one had been rescued.

SAVED FROM DARKEST HEATHEN-ISM

MRS. G. F. JONES,
Singapore.

The name of the middle girl in the accompanying picture is Sim Gee Nio. She called on us one day with a friend who is one of our church members. This girl began to ask Bible questions. We told her a little and thought we would like to look her up and tell her some more; so we asked her where she lived.

She had been living four miles out in the country with her brother, who had just died. Her father had died and her brother had had charge of her and now he was dead. We thought she looked like a promising girl and got her address, and she told us the way to get there.

Just after that Mr. Jones was taken sick and sent me with one of the young men workers to try to find her. But we could not find her; her brother being dead no one knew her; and so we had to come home disappointed.

We were wet through and thought we would get fever, because there if you get wet it means fever. We were sitting in a little jinricksha and had a man puller who was an opium eater. He could not pull and it was rather a long way so we had to get out and get another one. But he also was an opium eater and could not pull us up the hills. The third one was not very much better, and the rain came on and it seemed everything hindered us. He had not got the coverings out and the tropical rain just poured down on us and sitting in this was very bad; but we could not help it and had to go home in this wet state.

But by and by Mr. Jones got better and said, "I am going to find this girl." He went another way, and that time found the house. But when we got there she was not there; she had gone to the town where we had come from; so we were disappointed again. It seemed that Satan put all difficulties in the way he could. But we were not going to be easily put out of our plan and we made up our mind we were determined to get at it somehow. So we asked the mother to be sure to tell her when she came home that we had called and would

like her to call and see us the next time she came into town.

It was not very long before she did. We talked with her a little and she seemed anxious to know more; so we invited her to come and stay with us for a little visit, and I went to bring her. We tried to make her as happy as we could, and gave her Bible studies every day.

But her friends began to come along and became very uneasy. They were all heathen. The girl had been born into heathenism but the parents had sent her to a



THREE GENUINE MISSIONARIES.

mission school. She had grown old enough to leave and then lived with her brother, who was a very strong heathen. She was forced to worship idols and she felt bound to obey him. The Chinese are very strict and he stood in the place of a parent. But when he was dead she was free,—at least she seemed so to us, and had no one but her sisters and mother. But they kept on teasing and bothering and asked her when she was going home.

Of course she did not understand as well!

as we did what it would mean if she went home, for we knew that would be the end of it if she did. They kept on with various methods. They said one time she must go to the dentist and have her teeth attended to. She said, "My teeth are all right, there is nothing the matter with them." The facts were they had a dentist there who was to marry her, and they had the house and everything ready. Perhaps she knew there was some scheme in it, for she would not go. All excuses and different methods they tried did not seem to amount to anything, for she would not give in.

Medicine to Take Away Will Power

They have a custom there of giving people something to drink if they want them to do what they want, and this "Obat Juna" or medicine takes their will power away and makes them do what one wants them to do. They were determined she should come back for a visit and she did not want to go alone, so I went with her; but we would not eat a single thing in that house for we were afraid. So we got out all right.

So this girl went on studying the Bible and was very, very pleased to do so; she would sit up studying at night and was very enthusiastic. After a while we asked her what she thought about it and how she felt. She said she believed it and wanted to be baptized; and so she was baptized, a Christian.

It was not so very long after that that our workers in Java wanted a helper and so we had to sacrifice her, and she did a splendid work with the Chinese women.

Finally there was trouble with her mother's property, and the children of her parents she used to live with she thought she must come back and look after, and she has charge now of all these children, five of them, I believe, and supports and teaches them. The mother married again and did not have any more to do with them, and she brings them up, teaches them and sews for them and is kept quite busy. But besides that she does missionary work and whatever is needed at any time.

She is a splendid girl, and if any one wants anything done they generally call for Gio Nio. It does not matter what it is,

she will always do it. Other people seeing how she does, want her to take their children. One time when we were away for three months and came back we found her looking after a four-days' old child whose parents wanted her to take it as it was a girl; and she took this burden on herself besides the other children. We told her it was too much, but she felt otherwise and kept it. She also has a niece with her, a girl of seventeen, and has brought her into the truth. She was a heathen when she came but Gio Nio taught her the Bible and she now talks to the neighbors and can tell them any point of truth; and yet she could not read.

A Real Evangelist

The girl shown on the left is Chan Teck Sung; she was about seventeen years of age when we found her. Her father had been a native minister, but was running a little greengrocery shop when we found them.

They were nice people and we took the two girls (she and the one whose picture appears the other side) into our mission house. We trained them and gave them mission studies every day and soon they went out with tracts, and it was not very long before they were excellent, efficient workers, both of them. The other churches would invite them to lecture in their churches, to hundreds of people.

One day this girl and her sister came to us crying. I wondered what in the world was the matter. "Do you know," she said, "I am going to be married in a few days. I do not want to be married, because I want to be a missionary, and if I am married I will be tied up." I said, "Well, do not get married." She said, "I have to; the money is paid."

The custom is that the young man to get his wife must pay over perhaps two hundred dollars to the parents. Well, all this had been done. So then I said, "Well, now go and tell him that you can't marry him, and the reason why." She said, "I can't do that, because the money is paid." I said, "Pay the money back to him." She said, "The money is all spent in the greengrocery shop and in the preparation for the wedding."

Well, I said, "You can't marry that man unless he is a Christian; it would be against your faith." So she went and told him and asked him if he was willing to be one. He said, no, he was not ready to be one, and she said, "I can't marry you."

So she came back, and I said, "We will have to pay him this money back, the \$137. So she took the money back and said, "Are you going to be a Christian?" "No." "Well, I won't marry you then; here is your money," and turned over the money to him and after that was a free girl, and was so happy.

She would go around selling our books in Malay and also in English, and was so brave. She sold thousands of "Christ our Saviour" and went from house to house, from city to city, all through the Malay straits as well as in Singapore.

Just before I came away she went out in the morning from seven to nine and then again from five o'clock in the evening until eight, taking subscriptions for our monthly paper, *Signs of the Times*, from men before they went to business and after they came home. She is one of the finest teachers in Sabbath-school, puts her whole soul into it, and when she prays she has such power. It is marvelous how the Lord has blessed this girl. The reason is this: she *sacrificed* for her faith, and the Lord has blessed her ever since.

This girl goes out and gets converts, and before we left we baptized fifteen—all results of this girl's effort—men, women and young people. Since we left there are thirty more have gotten ready for baptism. Now all our young people here have that same spirit this girl has. We have now grown to about 130 in our church.

A Peep Into Sad Hearts

Elsie D. Whisler,

Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

THERE have not been many changes in the home during the past month except that the third story porch has at last been completed. The girls and babies have surely been making good use of it this hot weather. Most of them spend all their spare time out there day and night.

There are only seven girls here at present but they represent as many different nationalities. We have a foreign mission field right at home. There is one girl here who is just learning to speak English. She is very anxious to learn to read so that she will be able to read the Bible with us at the morning and evening worship. I give her a lesson in English every day and she is getting along nicely so far. She is learning to read the Bible stories in the "New Testament Primer." In this way she is getting lessons of truth that will be a help to her as well as learning the language. This girl, an interesting young woman, was a hospital nurse in her home land, but she gave up her work there, left her parents and her home and came to this country with prospects for a bright and happy future.

But how soon her hopes were crushed! To make a long story short, the young man to



A HOME BABY.

whom she was engaged to be married, returned to the old country, leaving her a



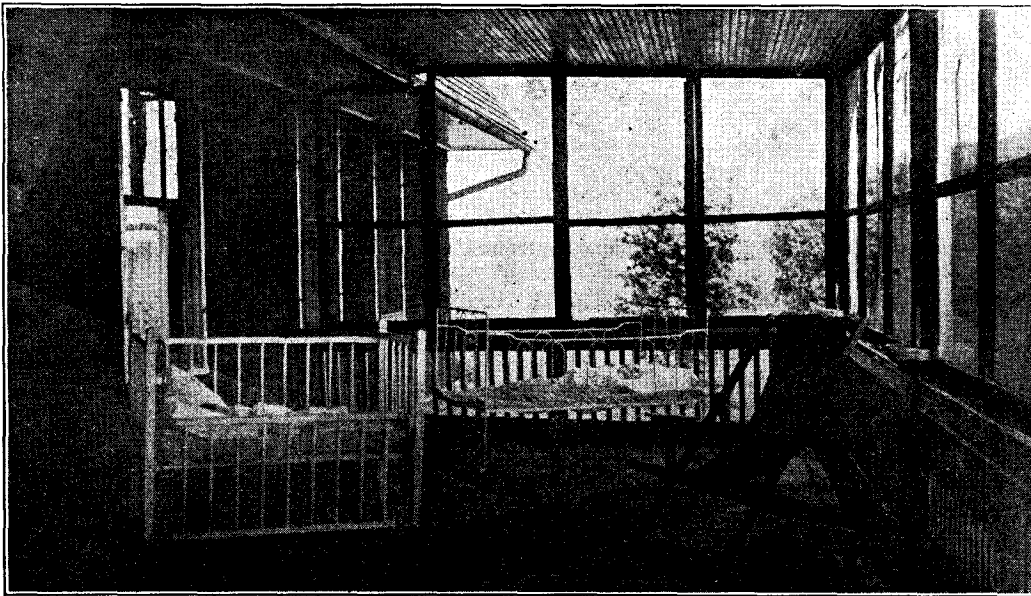
ONLY FOUR MONTHS OLD.

stranger in a strange land, and worse still, with a nameless child to support. She was ready to end her life when some one told

her of this home. She came here absolutely heart-broken.

The following words were written by a very young girl who has been in the home for some time: "I left home a happy girl, not knowing of the trial that was before me. I was in school only a short time when I was betrayed. Oh, how my parents were grieved when I broke the awful news to them. Of course, the first thing was to find a place for me to go that my people would not be disgraced. When we learned of this home I left school, never expecting to see my home or parents again. When I came to Chicago, Mrs. Whisler was there to meet me and brought me out here where I began to feel at home among the other girls. I surely do appreciate what has been and is still being done for me here in the home. It has done me a lot of good to be here.

"Before I came to the home I thought no one cared for me and that I had no friends; but I have found out differently. Another thing I have learned is that the dear Lord loves us all and that He will take care of us if we will only put our trust in Him. The experience that we have to go through is a lesson to us all, and I hope to be a different girl when I leave here. I am trying to be a Christian and live for God."



SCREENED PORCH WHERE THE BABIES ENJOY THE FRESH AIR.



RESCUE HOME, SHOWING NEW ROOF TO THE SECOND FLOOR SCREENED PORCH.

Pray for the girls in the rescue home. They need much help as they go out to fight life's battles. The road is not a smooth one by any means.

Last month we asked for some money with which to buy sash curtains for the girls' rooms. So far there has been only one response. We need them very badly now. We can make good use of all kinds of infants' clothing, also clothing for children three years old.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

If any young woman happens to read these lines who is in need of a friend, I shall be glad to correspond with such. Address Mrs. C. L. Clough, Hinsdale, Ill.

WINNING QUALITIES.

"Hard work is the best cure for hard luck.

"It is not talent that most of us lack; it is the courage to work.

"To do well the little tasks will gradually fit you for the big one.

"There are three kinds of people in the world—the wills, the can'ts and the won'ts. The wills win everything, the won'ts oppose everything, and the can'ts fail in everything."

THE TWO STREAMS

PEARL WAGGONER

I passed a turbid, muddy brook—
No interest it waked;
No one would think, to thereon look,
Its waters e'er had slaked
The thirst of weary passer-by;
Its scum offended e'en the eye.

I passed, and to another stream
My footsteps soon were come;
Its waters caught the sun's bright gleam,
And flowed with restful hum.
I paused, arrested by the sound,
And gladdened by the beauty found.

The rocks which lay across its way
It lightly tumbled o'er,
And lo, the sweetness of its song
Thereby increased the more.
It took one back to bygone years,
Then forward, past the realm of tears.

I watched and listened; to my heart
There came a sudden thrill,
And in the song it, too, took part,
Which song it keepeth still;
A melody which lives for aye
And helps make glad the desert way.

And then involuntarily
Its course I followed on,
While never came the thought to me
That day was almost gone;
I sought the source, the hidden spring,
Of such a live and beauteous thing.

Oh, for a life like this to be—
A life that constant flows,
A life that comes, dear Lord, from Thee,
And gladdens where it goes,
Directing, by its joyous course,
Men's feet to Thee, the living Source!

Ready to Establish Another Center in Chicago

Ruth Stapp

Hinsdale Nurses' Center, 2348 Park Ave., Chicago.

[From month to month the LIFE BOAT family have read the story of the Hinsdale nurses who have launched out by faith and established a center of helpfulness in the needy portion of Chicago. They are visiting the people, helping them spiritually and physically, just as the situation demands, in an area nearly a mile square. But calls are now coming in from the south side of the city and they feel the time has come to launch out and establish still another center in that part of the city. This will take more means and more consecrated workers. We know the Lord will provide both. When you pray don't forget sin-cursed Chicago and especially these girls who are turning their backs on comfortable surroundings in this heated time of the year, to present their Master to those who know him not.—Ed.]

NO doubt you have often heard the call for more workers in the foreign mission field. But did you ever hear a call from the vast multitude of citizens of our great city, Chicago? Here indeed, is one of the greatest foreign fields in the world, both in nationality and in foreigners to the love of God. This city is extending a call to those who are eager for the salvation of souls and for the uplift of humanity, to "come over and help us." I am more convinced every day that the time is now ripe for such work.

The Lord has been very good to us in the little effort which we have been trying to carry on and so we feel as though we must extend our camp and help more people. In a few more months we hope to see another center started in another locality. But to carry on such a work successfully we will need to install a telephone in our present headquarters. We are constantly at a great loss because we can not readily communicate with people. Are there any who feel a call to help us in this work?

Found a Better Way to Happiness

Do you think that the light of the gospel has penetrated into all homes? Then let me tell you a story of a case which I have been caring for the past three weeks. When I was called to this home I found a middle-aged woman suffering intensely. After asking a few questions I proceeded to apply fomentations to the painful area. As the pain lessened she began to talk like this: "How could this awful suffering be due to my mistreating some person? I never harmed any one in my life and I can't see why the spirits should be bothering me now." She had been told that if she could appease the evil spirit with money she

would get well and as she did not have the money to give, her suffering went on. She was nearly insane from worry. Today she knows the better way to health and happiness and is gradually getting there.

An Emergency Call

Early one morning we were hurried off to see a nine-months' old baby. The child had fallen from a second story window to the pavement below. It was a mystery to all how the child escaped sudden death; but it was only badly bruised and shocked. We cared for the little one until it was entirely well. Just through this one circumstance we were able to get into three homes and give help.

We are constantly meeting the effects of that dreadful curse, drink. Some time ago a young man asked me to go see his sister. As we went he told me that she was a heavy drinker and used tobacco. He said he was trying to get her to give it up but that she paid no attention to him because he drank himself. Then he made these remarks, "I was raised in a Christian home and I want to be a Christian but I just *can't* give up drink. I have tried and tried but always failed." I was glad I had failed in many things I had tried to do, so that I could point him to One in whose strength we must depend for success. The sister was a woman of twenty-three years of age. She had gone through an operation and because of her weakened condition through drink was not getting along as well as she should. We gave her the care she needed and I hope planted some solemn truths in her life.

Saved from Starvation

One day I was just starting to make a visit when a lady called and wanted me to go and see her mother, who she thought was

dying. I soon found that although she was suffering from pain there was something else troubling her. I knew that treatments would be of little avail while she was in that condition. So I began to inquire what the trouble was. I soon found that they were without food and that hunger was the chief trouble. It did not take long to provide for that and then when hunger was satisfied other care was given. We have been able to get help for them so that they might live comfortably. Today they are proving their gratitude by offering their service in any work we have to do.

Sick and Homeless in the Storm

The other night when it was storming so hard and I was feeling thankful for the shelter of our room, I was surprised by a knock at our door. A poor lonesome woman just out from the hospital asked if we could give her lodging for the night. She was thoroughly drenched with the rain and just able to walk after her sickness. As we had an extra bed she was welcomed in, given dry clothing, supper, and a place to sleep. In the morning she left to find friends outside the city.

We are of good courage in the work. The Lord is continually blessing us and we want to show our gratitude by our works. We ask for the prayers of Christian people for our success.

GOING ABOUT DOING GOOD

MILDRED KNOWLES,
Hinsdale Nurses' Center.

Again the opportunity has presented itself for me to work in the city. As I have not been in here to work since March, I have been greatly impressed with the developments of the work. From north, east, south, and west, comes the call for "the nurses," and two of us have more than we can do. Each day shows the necessity for opening up new centers. Just today Miss Stapp went to the south side, which took about three hours for traveling alone, the treatment taking probably another hour. This, of course, can not be done very often, about once a week, but it is a call which some one must answer, for sickness has entered the family and the treatments must be given.

Another new feature of the work is the

emergency calls. One doctor about three blocks away keeps sending for us. He sends a prescription to us, saying what treatment he wishes to have given and then leaves us to do anything we may think necessary.

The two scriptures, "She hath done what she could," and "He went about doing good," have been a help to me the past week. Doing "what we can," and that being "good," is what we each want to do.

There is one case which I have been treating every day. We were called here by the doctor; he wanted us to give massage to the patient's limbs each day. About three weeks ago when we commenced going there this woman was nearly bent double with sciatic rheumatism. But now she is able to walk about quite naturally. At one time the doctor called while I was there and they were talking of our treatments. They attributed our success to the fact that we were working solely for the good we might do others.

An Early Morning Call

One morning about 5:45 a knock came to the door. A child was there asking us to come and see her grandmother. We found her in great pain. The old lady's daughter does janitor work from five p. m. to eleven, and when she got home about midnight her mother was suffering very much. They deferred sending for us until early morning, so her pain became intense. She has suffered with rheumatism for a long time but something seemed to bring on this acute attack. We went right over and after treating her for nearly an hour left her much easier. About ten o'clock I went back again and gave her fomentations. This time she felt as though she might sleep after the treatment. We left a hot water bag with her and by afternoon she was resting quite easy. We were able to speak words of comfort and direct her to One who cares for us.

It is a constant mystery to us how people can live in such filth as they do, and the flies in some of the homes are awful. These people are evidently not as well drilled to the word "swat" as some of us are. It is a sickening sight to see the flies crawling over the food.

Yesterday we visited a woman whose case touched us very much. She has two children, seven and five years of age. Her husband is a drunkard and is giving her no support. Many times she has to go without food. The man works every day but comes home at night so drunk that he soon falls asleep and it is with the greatest difficulty he is aroused. There is little wonder that she dreads the trial before her, for a little one is expected any day, and she has no money to pay for any help.

We suggested her going to the hospital, but she feels sure if she did that her home would be gone when she came out, and with a baby in her arms she would be worse off than ever. We comforted her as best we could and promised to do what we could for her, and find some one to stay with her at night.

Thus the work goes on. We feel confident that our work is not in vain, and we receive many blessings which can be gained in no other way.

“America” in Prison

Pearl Waggoner

[Every Sunday morning a group of Hinsdale workers go into Chicago and conduct a gospel service in the dingy Harrison street police station. In the following article Miss Waggoner gives a glimpse of some of the impressions these services have made upon her.—Ed.]

“**W**HAT shall we sing?” was the question as usual that morning in the gloomy police station. Quickly came the answer from one of the men behind the cold bars, “My Country, ’Tis of Thee.” So the song was started. But to one who is accustomed to hearing it under different circumstances, say at some pleasant fourth of July gathering, under shady trees, blue sky overhead and beautiful, green, free country around, to sing it under such conditions as exist in such a place, the sensation is a strange one.

To see those who have been overcome in life’s struggle, defeated in some hour of temptation, now sitting in a small, locked, stone cell, crushed in spirit, is at all times a touching sight. But to hear them endeavor to join in the song to the “land of the noble free,” somehow brings a mist to the eyes and such a sense of constriction to the throat that the words come with difficulty.

Where here are the evidences of freedom? Where the “rocks and rills,” the “woods and templed hills” to thrill the heart? No rocks here save the hard stone benches and floor; no sparkling water save that in the pail just outside each cell, whereby the inmates, by reaching their tin beaker through the bars, may quench their thirst.

“Let music swell the breeze.” But where are the pure, refreshing air and sunshine, or

the cheering breezes? They seem far away. Instead are the characteristic prison odor, the artificial light, the hot, stale air, blue and stifling at times with tobacco smoke.

Yet in spite of all the incongruousness the words struggled on and the hymn was finished. What memories of better things were awakened? What were the thoughts in the mind of him who had called for the song—a clean, intelligent-looking young man, yet with the shadow of defeat and shame in his eyes? We could not know; but breathed the prayer that our service there that morning, together with the leaflets and Gospel of John placed in his hands, might help him to form a real acquaintance with the “Author of liberty,” who alone can insure victory.

Oh, the pity of such bondage as is here seen, in a land so-called “free”! Yet not the bars and locks constitute the bondage; it is shown in the very faces, in the very walk, not only of these, but of so many others even on the outside, on the streets of this vast city.

At another service, held some weeks later in the women’s corridor, the same song was requested. But after all, it is not such a strange request. However strong the bonds and bars, they can not quench the love of freedom that is instinctive to every heart. And the stronger the shackles, the more one is made to sense the condition

of bondage, the greater must be the longing for freedom.

Why do they not have it? Not merely because of some great crime or some legal offense committed. That is but the outer indication of the previous loss of freedom by yielding to any sin, however slight, by being out of touch with freedom's Author; for he alone whom the Son makes free, is "free indeed." And as we kneit in that dingy corridor, with the sight of those hungry, tear-stained faces so near, but with the bars between—our prayer rose that the bar of sin between each heart and heaven might be swept away, and that they might even there find that freedom that comes from a life fully surrendered to God.

The memory of those who lived and fought to make a country free, is honored. But how much greater is the work of the soul winner, who helps to eternally set free some human soul? To find a field for such endeavor it is not necessary to live in the vicinity of some county jail or prison; everywhere can be found those in bondage, veritable slaves, who need the message of true freedom through the gospel. And great will be the honor to each one who has helped others to sing not only from the lips but from the heart, both here and hereafter, "sweet freedom's song."

ONE OF "THE TWELVE"

ELMA JEFFRIES,
Columbia, S. C.

[The following letter was recently received from Miss Elma Jeffries, who was one of the twelve nurses who graduated from the Hinsdale Sanitarium in the fall of 1912. Our readers will be interested in her experiences in medical missionary work among the rural people of South Carolina.—Ed.]

The Hinsdale nurses are being scattered all over. Even the class of 1912 is quite scattered. I hope it was in reality a sending out of the "twelve." I trust we are all doing God's work in the world.

For my part I can say I enjoy this work. I've seen very much of this southland, as well as poverty and superstition in the last few months, but have good staunch friends who would do anything in reason to help me.

I was amused to hear one woman say to her sister-in-law, "I always dreaded them trained nurses, thought they'd be so finicky

in their eatin', but I just pleased this one of ourn from the fust." This question of what to eat is the hardest for a vegetarian nurse. Usually they ask me what I like and then I have plenty of vegetables and fruits. Then I have a chance to show them how much better this way of living is. I have shown to women, from the Bible, why it is wrong to eat pork, and they were much interested.

The people in this neighborhood have learned that I'm a nurse, so when I am home they send for me if "Johnny" has colic, the baby is teething, or grandpa "skins his shin" and it becomes infected. I enjoy this work and am so pleased to see their astonishment at the good derived from just hot water and a "flannel strip." The reputation of those fomentation cloths has spread, all right, and I believe the Lord has helped in a remarkable way, so the people would see a better way.

I expect typhoid fever will be the work from now on. I have had some desperate cases of dysentery. Then this is the state having so much hook worm and pellagra. There are many cases in the State Insane Asylum. I have a friend here, a little lady doctor, who told me of a case she had last week. The woman, who had a small baby a week or so old, was suffering from both pellagra and typhoid fever.

Pray that I may be faithful in my work, and be sent to just the right home to be a help.

ANOTHER ONE OF THE TWELVE

M. LOUISE DEAN

[Miss Dean, who was also one of the class of twelve who graduated from the Hinsdale Sanitarium Missionary Nurses' Course last fall, is now in Oklahoma City endeavoring to plant a medical missionary center there. She writes of her experience in a personal letter to the editor as follows.—Ed.]

When I first came home I felt somewhat discouraged; but one day it came to me so forcibly what I had heard you say, "One never attempts to do anything but Satan puts about a dozen obstacles in his way." So I grasped my weapon firmer and made up my mind to fight harder; and I am thankful to say my courage is good.

I have had some opportunities for upholding right principles since leaving Hinsdale. The first was on the Kansas City

train. I was watching for some one with "two loaves of bread." About an hour before getting into Kansas City I was able to be of assistance to a lady near me. We then fell into conversation. She had become interested in New Thought and some more of those teachings. She was telling me some of the things they teach. I was thoroughly happy to be able to reach into my bag for my Bible and read from the precious truth which God gave us. She replied, "Well, that's plain enough." I gave her a LIFE BOAT and some tracts. There were some people in front of us who became interested and turned around to listen and I hope they got some good out of what they heard, too.

A week ago Sunday night I was asked to occupy the hour for preaching service as the minister was away. Just imagine, if you will! Well, I hardly knew just whether to attempt it or not, but I thought, "Now, it's an opportunity, don't miss it." So I accepted. I prayed earnestly that God would give me a message for those people, and help me give it to them, and I wasn't disappointed. My talk was far from perfect. I would make several changes if I had it to do over again, but a great many came up right after the services and thanked me and said it was so good and they had enjoyed it so much. I spoke on the opportunities of the Christian nurse. I am glad God has led me to a larger vision of life.

My mother is leader of the mothers' meeting here. Last week she didn't know what to use in the program so I gave her "Ministry of Healing" and told her to find some chapter in it. She read the chapter on the "Mother." All expressed themselves as thoroughly enjoying it. After the meeting two of the ladies took the book and looked it through. They saw so many good things I had marked that each one ordered a copy. I ordered fifty copies of THE LIFE BOAT, which came yesterday, and think I shall go to Oklahoma City and sell them.

When I was home the last time I nursed a typhoid fever case for a doctor out in the country. He was very much pleased with the way I handled the case, and asked me how we treated different diseases. I saw him a few days ago and he asked me for

some more of my ideas. He came over to the house and I showed him my Hydrotherapy. He was very much interested and asked to borrow the book. I am sure a sanitarium nurse could work in harmony with him.

TWO KINDS OF WEALTH

A. RITCHIE

"What fills thy mind in waking hours?"
I asked a merchant prince today;
"Would'st tell me how thy mental powers
Have brought thee fame and fortune, pray?"

"I study 'trade reports' with care,
I read 'the latest news by wire,'
I learn when stocks and bonds are 'bear,'
I hear when discount rates are higher.

"I love to spread our city's fame;
I've been elected twice its head;
I strive to leave behind a name
That men will honor when I'm dead.

"What fills *thy mind*, poor man," he said,
"For thou hast neither fame nor gold?
Nor dost thou look as one well read
In business maxims new or old."

"Sir," I replied, "I am not wise
In this world's wisdom, wit, or ways;
Nor have I lived to win the prize
Of gold, and fame, and honored days.

"For I have seen with faith's clear eye,
A brighter, better world than this;
A land where people never die
And sadness mingles not with bliss.

"There, I have stored my gathered pelf;
There, own I gilt-edged real estate;
There, I shall one day build myself
A home I never shall vacate.

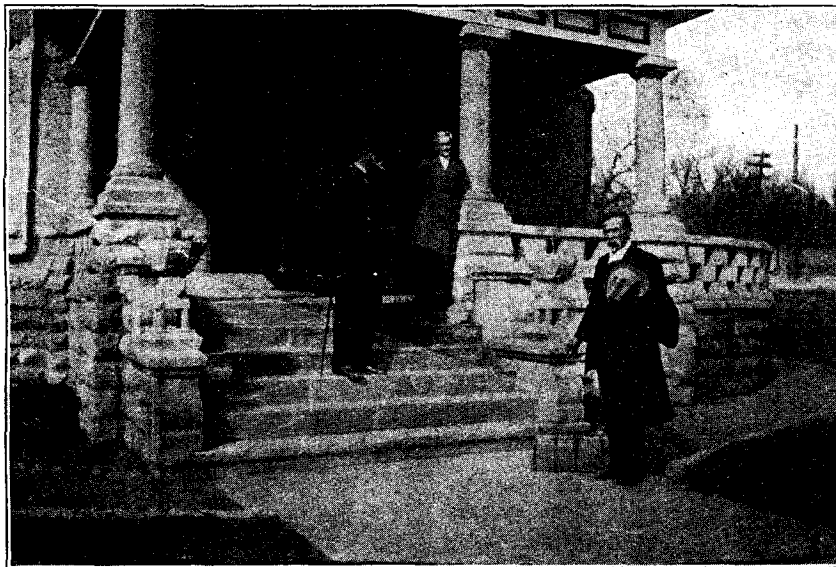
"I live to spread *that* country's fame;
I love the latest news from *there*;
I strive each day with steady aim
To ready be its joys to share.

"And when thy 'trade reports' shall cease,
And no man buyeth merchandise,
My hope is everlasting peace,
My wealth, the Pearl of greatest price."

FREE AT LAST

[The following is from a prisoner who has recently been released after serving five years in the Canon City, Colorado, State Penitentiary. This man has made a careful study of God's Word and believes from the prophecies that we are living in the time of the end, and that the next great event in the history of this world will be the second coming of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. This ex-prisoner is now in his old home and is trying to hold up the gospel light in his neighborhood. May God bless him!—Ed.]

"You ask me if I am gaining strength and advancing spiritually. Sometimes I think I am and then again it seems very dark to me, but I just stop and think of Isa. 12:2, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.' I want to stand with the redeemed in that day. I am thankful to God today for free-



BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THE DEPUTY WARDEN AND HIS WIFE AFTER SERVING FIVE YEARS IN THE CANON CITY PENITENTIARY

dom and health and strength. I stand alone here.

"I want to thank you for the prison number of *THE LIFE BOAT*. I am willing to sacrifice the reading of *THE LIFE BOAT* myself so that some prisoner may have the chance, and I hope and pray God that it will do some the good it has me in nearly five years of lonely prison life. I would like to say to those like Mrs. Abrams, the prisoners' friend, that they will never know what good they have done till that day when Christ will make up his jewels.

"I want to try and help you with my mite when you issue the next prisoners' number, if you will keep me posted when it comes out. I am sending you my picture, taken as I bade farewell to my true friends at Canon City, those who tried to smooth the rough path,—Deputy Warden Jameson and Mrs. Jameson. Truer earthly friends I never had. Pray for me."

The man that buries his talent buries himself.

Do not have your concert first and then tune your instruments afterward. There is need of *opening* the day with prayer and devotional Bible reading.

MASTERED A BAD HABIT

[From the Clinton Prison, New York.]

"I am enjoying God's blessings every hour in the day and I thank my heavenly Father for the good health that I am receiving from Him.

"I received *THE LIFE BOAT* and it was full of good news,—the news I like to read. The doctor had a good piece in it about tobacco using. I am so glad that I am rid of that habit of using tobacco. I never think of it now and I am feeling splendid and in the best of health through the new life; it is the best life in this world for any man that was like me.

"I am working for God every day of my life and teaching men to live a good Christian life in here. I am teaching them the way I was taught to live, and work for the Lord Jesus Christ as I was brought to Him. I am bringing others to work for God here. There are lots of men in this prison that would work for God if others would not laugh at them."

Scatter your flowers as you go; you will never go this way again.

Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good; try to use ordinary situations.

Freedom in Christ*

A. G. Daniells,
Washington, D. C.

THERE is a message I would like to bring to every soul—that of deliverance from the law of sin and death. “For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me *free* from the law of sin and death.” Rom. 8:2.

I believe the apostle Paul tells us of his triumph in his own personal experience. I believe that he stated just what he himself had found, that the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made him free from the law of sin and death. I believe that what the apostle experienced and gave to us is a revelation of what we ourselves may experience in our struggle with sin. So we have this for our encouragement and our hope today.

It does not make any difference what our names are, what our nationality is; it makes no difference what our advantages or disadvantages have been; we are all in the same position the apostle Paul was in naturally. We are all struggling with the same great problem; we are all in need of the same glorious victory. And surely it must cheer our hearts to learn from the Word of God that there is a way to be made free from the law of sin and death.

Good for the Rich and Influential

I do not know that I ever sensed the glorious value and meaning and help of this statement more than I did yesterday. I was called to the telephone and was told that a gentleman down in the city wished me to ring him up, which I did. He told me that he very much wanted to see me.

Well, I arranged to see him at his hotel. He is a man of standing and influence. But he felt the same great need that all of us have felt. He said to me, “You are a Christian. I want to be one. I am having a great struggle because I *lack* the will power to do what I know to be right, and to refuse what I know to be wrong. I must have help. I must have power to do that which my own conscience approves. I

believe in God, and that He hears prayer, and I have felt so anxious about this that I thought you would come down here and pray with me and ask God to give me victory.”

Well, I tried to show him from the Bible what it taught. As I looked into the earnest, solicitous face of that man, and thought of the gaiety and the sin and vanity of this great city, and that this man locked himself in his room until I got there—then to have him earnestly ask a Christian to pray to God for victory touched my heart. Oh, how I prized that statement of the apostle! And how I wished that it might be borne to all struggling men and women!

After going over the provision God has made to redeem lost humanity and to give weak men strength, we knelt down together side by side, and I besought the Lord with all my heart to give him new power, to give him will power, to convert his heart, to make him a Christian and obedient. When we arose, he was bathed in perspiration and was very pale; he could not speak, and I could say no more than to tell him I would continue to pray. He pressed my hand, but did not speak, and we parted.

We Want Power

I have thought of this experience ever since, and I feel that there are many of us who want the same blessing. We want *power* from God to overcome our sins. We may be seeking for gain, or for honor and fame. We may have evil tempers; wicked thoughts may crowd into our minds. We may have difficulties in our homes. It does not make any difference what our besetting sins are, we want the power of the Almighty to overcome them. Everywhere, every day, we want to know personally the power of God that frees from the law of sin and death.

Paul exclaimed, “O wretched man that I am! who shall *deliver* me from the body of this death?” Who shall deliver me from this law in my members, that is success-

*Stenographically reported by Pearl Waggoner.

fully and triumphantly warring against the law of my mind?

That is a fearful situation to be in. One may be in physical danger, he may be surrounded with perplexities, or facing dreadful calamities; and he may work himself out by a terrible exertion. He may throw himself into the battle and win out. But not so with this. The thing is *in* him, and it is *beyond* his power; struggle as he may, he can not conquer.

But how did the marvelous change come about, so that Paul could step from a state of condemnation and sin, a state of bondage and groaning servitude, to the place where he could say, "There is therefore now *no* condemnation?" He tells us that the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus had come into his body and had made him free from the law of sin and death. There is the way of victory; there is the way of conquest. Paul found the way, and he has shown it to us.

One of the manifestations of the law of sin and death is idolatry. (Gal. 5:19, 20.) Idolatry is not all confined to India, China, Japan, and the heart of Africa. That thing has residence in the human heart; it resides wherever the heart is not cleansed and made free by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. And the list goes on, "witchcraft, hatred." You say, "I can forgive, but I can not *forget*!" This is hatred. And unless we get hold of God enough to take that evil thing out of our hearts and make us forbearing, and long-suffering, and kind to people who actually mistreat and wrong us, how can we go out and talk the gospel of peace and good-will to our fellow men? Our salvation depends upon our deliverance from this law of sin and death.

A Precious Experience

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love." I can tell you once when that love flooded my heart and gave me a new revelation of what love meant. It was a simple thing, but our experiences come to us many times in little things. I was traveling on the train in Australia from Sydney to Melbourne. We came to a place where we had to change cars.

I got my satchel placed on the train, and as I turned around, I saw a poor man who

was intoxicated. He had dropped his satchel and it had opened. His things were scattered about, and the ladies were passing around so as not to come near him. Some of the men were looking on with disgust, and some were making fun of the poor fellow.

Somehow it touched my heart greatly. I noticed that his face was intelligent. There was a man who could not help himself. Before, I had always steered clear of an intoxicated man. But in this instance I went forward and stooped down and picked up his things and put them in his satchel. Then I said to him, "My man, where do you want to go?" He named the town we were then in, so I said, "Well, we are here." But he said he must get on that train. I said, "No."

All the time these people looked on, thinking, I suppose, I was his brother. It was a little embarrassing, but I worked with him. I finally got him by the arm and helped him to stagger along to a cab. I said to the cabman, "Here is a man; this is his town, but he can not manage himself. You take him to his home, and if you want your pay beforehand I will pay the bill."

As we were going toward the cab the drunken man turned to me and said, "Who are you?" I said, "Never mind." But he said, "Who *are* you?" I said, "I am a friend." He said, "Well, I bet you are." Then he began to fumble in his pocket and got out a sixpence, and said, "I must pay you." "No," I said, "put that back in your pocket, and hurry along, because I must get my train." So he staggered along. He said, "I bet you will find that sixpence." I did not know what he meant, but I got him in the cab and all fixed up, and then said, "Good-bye." Although intoxicated, the poor man was profuse in thanking me for my kindness. He appreciated what I had done for him.

I went back and sat down in my seat. I thought of that poor soul and of his lost condition. I thought of his landing at last in perdition, and oh, how my heart yearned to save him! And somehow, just then, a flood of Christ's love came into my heart as I never had felt love before for men. I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief,

and there I found that sixpence. I looked at it, and I kept it a long time, because it renewed a very precious experience. I felt that I had tasted the love of God for a helpless creature. From that hour there came to me a new feeling and a new *longing* to work for lost men. I had tasted some of the joys of such service.

Now the Bible says that one of the fruits of the Spirit is love. It is that love we need to give us *power* in soul-winning work. Oh, it is love that will conquer! But without love we can do nothing. It is love that must be manifest in the life if we have power to win to Christ; but love comes only through the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. There is indeed "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," for the law of the spirit of life does free all from the law of sin and death. This experience comes to every man who surrenders himself *wholly* to God.

TURNING FROM IDOL WORSHIP

W. C. HANKINS,
Kulangsu, Amoy, China.

One day when in the city of Tang-Oa, we were taken to see a family who were becoming interested in Christianity, but who had not yet turned away from the worship of idols. In the main room of the house was a large table and on this table were three glass cases containing the household gods. In the center of the front glass of the case was a round hole through which the gods were supposed to get their breath. These gods had been in the family for generations and represented the different forms of the deity which the Chinese worship.

There was one god who was called Thien-Kong, or the grandfather of heaven. And there was another who was called Thien-Ma, or the grandmother of heaven. The picture which accompanies this shows the picture of Thien-Ma, to whom the Chinese women go when they wish especial favors.

We very much desired that these people should give up the worship of these useless idols and turn to the worship of the living God. The wife was willing to do so but the husband still clung to them, and said that perhaps some day he would do that. We invited them to give us the idols that

we might send them as curios back to the home land, but could not prevail upon them to do so.

A few months later, however, a great calamity came upon the family. The one son and heir, the pride of his father's heart, fell sick and died, and the father was broken-hearted. But the wife thought perhaps this was an opportunity to turn him away from the idols, so she pointed out to him that it was very probable that the keeping of these idols had brought down the wrath of the real God upon them, and suggested that they had better get rid of



THREE CHINESE IDOLS, SHOWING THIEN-MA IN CENTER.

them. So he finally agreed to let them be sent down to us and henceforth to worship only the living God.

A few months after this another son was born into the family and he also regarded this as the reward for his giving up the idols and worshipping Him who made the heavens and earth.

Thus it is in this great land of heathendom where Satan has held sway over the minds of the people for hundreds and thousands of years, light has once more dawned and in every city, town and village the honest in heart are turning away from their old superstitions and idolatry to worship Him who made all things. But even so, there is much yet to be done in that great land with its four hundred and forty millions of people. All the missionary societies together have only gathered out a comparatively small number, and everywhere

those who worship the living God should be glad to give of their means, give their sons and their daughters, and give their prayers to this great dark land of China.

EVERY-DAY OPPORTUNITIES

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

[A year ago Mrs. Abrams took the six months' course that we conducted in Chicago for Bible-working nurses, and she writes the following to show how it has enlarged her missionary usefulness.—Ed.]

I never can thank God enough for a chance to take the six-months' training course. For years I have been in the work of God but have had a zeal without knowledge and have been crippled as it were. I could go so far and no farther. There are others who have been in the work for years as I have who need the training this six-months' course can give, to fit them for better service. Now I can give Bible readings, also treatments.

I started out with the papers *Life and Health*, *LIFE BOAT*, and *Youths' Instructor*, and went among my neighbors. I had a blessed time. I found sickness, sorrow and trouble everywhere. I sold my papers readily.

One of my neighbors I found suffering: her face all swollen. I went right to work and gave her treatments and in a short time she was without pain. Then I knelt down and prayed with her, and if ever I thanked God in my life for a knowledge of how to care for my body and the bodies of others it was then. She bought my papers and asked me all kinds of questions, and finally said, "You have such a beautiful way of working; I have such faith and confidence in your work." Then I told her that this was the way Jesus worked and that I wanted to work as Jesus did. She was so interested that I kept going to see her, telling her what to do for herself. Then I would do for her and show her how to do for herself. She said, "How glad I am that I got up out of bed and let you in, suffering as badly as I was." She said she was taking morphin for the pain. I told her how medicine did not cure, and then she asked me to read to her, and I did.

I have found others hungering and thirsting after righteousness. With my house work I give all the time I can to scattering

the printed page and giving treatments, putting into practice the things I learned in the six-months' course. Pray for me that I may be the means in the hands of the Lord to bring souls to Jesus. This is my object for life.

THAT SPIRIT OF CRITICISM.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

Kill that spirit of criticism out of your life, root and branch, or it will kill your influence in this life and your prospects of the life to come. I have never yet seen a species of Christianity that could thrive on criticism; it is like salty water poured upon the tender plant, which promptly withers and dies in its presence.

There is nothing that kills out the spiritual life in the soul quicker and more effectively than the spirit of criticism. It is of Satan, because he is always picking flaws, and when we place ourselves in the same position we effectively bar the way against the working of God's Holy Spirit in our lives.

As a rule the one who criticises is not the one who forges ahead and accomplishes something in the world. On the other hand it is usually those who neglect to daily feed their minds with wholesome food—that which will be ennobling and uplifting; hence they thrive upon the mistakes of others. If such would go to work themselves they would cease to criticise others.

Poor old Jacob on his death bed, when he wanted to pronounce a blessing upon all his twelve sons, under the inspiration of God had to tell his son Dan that he would be "a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse' heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." Gen. 49:17. None of us would care to have a prophecy like that foretold of our lives, yet we are more or less afflicted with this terrible plague.

We must close our ears and hearts to evil speaking, censure and cheap gossip in others, pray more and talk less, and above all, heed the admonition in John 13:14, which says: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

The Experience of Standing Alone

Prof. E. A. Sutherland,

Madison, Tenn.

[Recently Prof. Sutherland spent several days at the Hinsdale sanitarium and conducted some stirring studies for the guests and workers, that were deeply appreciated. His talk Sabbath forenoon was a most heart-searching one, from which we are glad to present the following brief extracts.—Ed.]

I WANT to study with you some of the lessons taught by that company of people brought to view in Rev. 14: 1-3, who alone were able to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. What was the special experience that has put them in a class by themselves?

The Lamb (Christ) had to go through an experience that no one was willing to share with Him. He sought for company—human nature longs for human sympathy. But He had to tread the wine-press *alone*. (Isa. 63:3.)

I want to give you another thought that may help you to understand why it will be necessary for this company of people to go through a similar experience with Christ. In Gen. 2:24 it is stated, "Therefore shall a man *leave* his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." It is not always necessary, and especially at first when a young man marries a young woman, to leave his father's home. There have been instances where the couple could remain at home and enjoy the society of the parents.

But one thing is necessary for a happy marriage, and that is for the husband and wife to have it in their hearts to leave their homes, fathers, mothers, and kindred, for the sake of each other. No man is truly married to a woman who, when a crisis comes, is not willing to leave his kin and take his wife to some place where she can be happy. It is not until the husband is willing to leave everything for his wife that they can be considered one flesh.

In Jer. 3:14 the Lord says, "I am married unto *you*." It is not always necessary in the early part of our Christian experience to leave all. But the one who becomes united to the Lord, who becomes one with Him, must have in his heart a *willingness* to leave father, mother, brother, sister, and everything upon this earth to follow the Lord. If this is not in his heart then there is

something standing between him and the Lord, and sooner or later he will face that test, and will have to decide whether or not he is willing to walk alone with God.

When Abraham was asked to give up his only son it taught the whole universe, as well as the people of this world, something of what it meant for the Father to give up His son. All the anguish that passed through the heart of Abraham had passed through the heart of the great Father, and infinitely more. And as Abraham had to pass through that experience alone it was necessary for the heavenly Father to pass through His experience alone with the Son; and that was the reason that only those two, the Father and the Son, could fully understand the plan of salvation and redemption. Right there is where Satan fell, because he wanted to be taken into the council. But he could not be taken into that council any more than Abraham could have taken his servant in; he would not have understood it. For this same reason the Saviour had to tread the wine-press alone.

The Egyptian Military Genius

Now in regard to the song of Moses; Moses had been taught in all the wisdom of Egypt. He was a military commander, a successful general, and was the heir to the throne. But his faithful mother had planted in his heart the thought that he was to be the deliverer of his people who were in bondage. When he was forty years old he thought the time had come; and when one day he saw an act of oppression he made the first move in that direction. But before he did it "he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian." Ex. 2:12. Moses had not yet learned God's manner of deliverance. He wanted to deliver Israel by force, as the world seeks to make reforms.

Many a Christian, before he will under-

take some new responsibility or accept some unpopular truth, looks first to see whether everybody is going the same way; and if the crowd does not go with him then he is afraid to follow the truth.

But the Lord loves even a man who is afraid to stand alone. He did not forsake Moses but took him off into the wilderness to herd sheep. And there is something interesting in that. The life of a shepherd is one of such monotony that if continued long enough it is likely to drive a man insane. But that is what Moses had to do until he learned to walk with God. And he would probably have gone through to the promised land if he had not partially depended upon his brother.

Remember that sometime before you are entirely perfect you will have had an experience of standing absolutely alone. Even your brother may desert you and think you are a fanatic and an extremist. It is a good thing for a man to make up his mind to forsake everything on this earth for Jesus Christ. That is the test: to forsake all for Him.

The Modern Tendency

Today the tendency is all in the other direction. Young men crowd into the cities, bind themselves up into unions and associations of various kinds, and thousands of them are compelled to discontinue their work and go on a strike simply because a few men desire them to do it. That is altogether different from the experience of young men in the early days of this country, when they took their wives, moved out west, worked and fought for a home of their own, sowed their crops, then sold them in any way they pleased.

The success that Moses had was in standing alone with God even when the people thought he was wrong. And one day the Lord took that man from the people who did not appreciate him, who would not give him due credit, who found fault with him and criticised him, and God said to him, "I will slay this people and make of you a great nation." What a test to this man! But he said, "Lord, blot my name out, but keep your word with this people." He was willing to be nothing in order that God's work might go on.

Finally God took him up on Mount Nebo and showed him the promised land, which he could not go into because at one time he had lost his temper. Remember it is a great test when you are not appreciated; you are then inclined to give back the same as others have given you. But remember you are not standing alone with God when you say back something mean to those who are saying mean things to you. You can go down to Chicago any day and find great multitudes who are doing that. But when you *love* the one who misunderstands you and mistreats you, you will not find many people to join you. Yet it is a company who are able to do this who will be translated without seeing death.

There is a beautiful thought in the way Moses died up there on the mount alone. He started out in life with everything glittering, prepared to show what a great man he was. But he ended his career alone, with not even a human being near him to bury him, not even honored with a monument.

What Would You do Today?

If Jesus Christ were among us personally today standing for a principle, and the great crowd should forsake Him, would you stand by Him? Only a few hours after the multitude had tried to make Him a king they said He had a devil. They said, "Away with Him!" They reached down to pick up rocks to stone Him. That shows how little we can depend on popularity.

Follow Him a little farther; that little group of His own disciples have gathered around Him. One of them is not very friendly; he stands by and criticises; and there is disaffection among the others. Two of them influenced their mother to ask for them the highest place. Peter resented this and others grew angry over it, and the result was that when they came together for that last supper none of them had made provision for the washing of the Saviour's feet. Not one of them was in the state of mind to take the place of a servant to do this; instead they wanted to be ministered unto. So He took a towel and girded Himself and began to do the work one of them ought to have done. By this He succeeded in binding them all together, except one.

Then they went out to Gethsemane for that last prayer meeting, that He might have strength to go through the experience that was before Him. He felt the awful burden of the sins of the world rolling upon Him and He longed for human sympathy. He went to James and John and found them asleep, then went back and prayed some more. He fought the great battle *alone*. Then Judas came and betrayed Him with a kiss. And in the turmoil that followed, what became of the eleven who a little while before had promised never to leave Him? They all forsook Him and fled, and then He was left alone again.

Now it must be clear to us what it means to tread the winepress alone. He went through it so that we shall never have to go through it without Him.

This great truth has been brought out in the Bible so that we may appreciate what it means to form character. Truth alone can save us, and we must follow it to the end and be willing to sacrifice everything for the truth. And sometime before the end every one of you who shall be among that company that will have a perfect character and will be enabled to sing the song of both Moses and the Lamb, will have been tested to see if you have come to the place where you are ready to give up everything for truth. A young man will follow his wife and the wife her husband through everything, because they love each other. That same element of love will lead us to give up everything and follow the Master.

In Isa. 53:11 it says that the Saviour, seeing that company of people, inspired to follow truth and perfect in character, will be *satisfied*. That is divine satisfaction. And the only source of true satisfaction any human heart can have comes from a willingness to give up all for truth, to follow wherever it leads, even away from friends and loved ones, and to stand alone. We shall be untrue in the great crisis, unless we have learned thus to love the truth.

Christ is within hailing distance of every sin-sick soul.

PRISON SERVICE UNDER A TREE

BESSIE M. YOUNG,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

[Miss Young, who is a graduate nurse, was formerly connected with our Chicago Medical Mission and in more recent years has labored in Japan and Honolulu. We cull the following from a personal letter.—Ed.]

Our prison work is not very extensive. We hold meetings on Sabbath afternoons, distribute our papers, and the boys sing. They have splendid voices and have a double quartette. The meetings are held in the prison yard, in the court under a most beautiful tree the name of which is Hawaiian; it is the only one of its kind on this island.

This is a difficult field and our work is slow. We have most every nationality in the world here on these islands and this affords opportunity for much work, but the workers are very few.

Right here in the hospital where I am working I have a splendid chance to hand out our religious papers and tracts in the Chinese and Japanese languages. Wish I had more of some other nationalities, too, such as Portuguese and Korean.

GLAD FOR A FRIEND

[From the Indiana Reformatory.]

"I want to thank you for the July LIFE BOAT I just received. It is a splendid paper. Every one should read it. I find it the best periodical of philanthropic work for the salvation of sinners, and I can say it speaks for itself from cover to cover.

"I feel that the Master is still helping me to stand fast to my call for the saving of souls. I would like to have your best advice in the best way that I may continue study in His boundless love and mercy, truth, and grace. I will remember you in all my prayers for the extension of the work of His kingdom. I will be glad to hear from you and to know that I have some one who can call me friend. I have no parents, —both are dead,—but I can say that Jesus is my Friend."

One rough diamond is of more value than many smooth counterfeits.

The men that move the world are ones who do not let the world move them.

FISHING FOR SOULS*

MRS. VESTA J. FARNSWORTH,
Oakland, Cal.

I believe that in our work nothing will do but the human touch. Heart must touch heart. The life must touch other lives, and it is that which will lead souls to Christ.

Some way we find it easy to talk to people in general terms on religious subjects. Some have a great ambition to talk to audiences; but when it comes right down to *one* individual some way we shrink from the task. I have heard fathers and mothers sometimes say they found it very hard to speak to their own children about their souls' salvation.

We ought to cultivate a love for personal efforts of this kind. Many a boy has been won to the Lord by a friendly hand laid on his shoulder—a kind word. It is personal contact, a personal friendship, that wins the soul.

You know the Master said that He would make us fishers of men. That means we must go where the fishes are. You can't fish sitting by the fire in your parlor.

It is not enough to have a hook; you must provide bait: something that is attractive to the fish. One kind of bait will catch one kind of fish, and other kinds of bait will catch other kinds of fish. You must study the fish you want to catch. You will have to get interested in the kind of things people are interested in.

Again, the successful fisherman must be patient and persevering. I have seen men sit for hours just to catch a few fish. We must study methods—the very best ways of fishing for souls.

The fisherman can not always tell in advance how many fish he is going to catch. We should expect great things of God, and I believe if we expected more we should see greater results.

In order to do personal work successfully, the life must be in harmony with what we teach.

Another thing: we must be willing to undertake it. There is too much of a lack of willingness to get right down close to somebody and try to bring him to the Lord. We should ask the Lord to make us willing. We must have consecration for this work: give our-

selves to it as the fisherman gives himself to his vocation.

Another thing we need is power. How often we have realized our lack of power. You remember when the Lord changed Jacob's name, He said, "As a prince hast thou power with God and *with men*." Power with God means power with men. So when in the secret place we obtain power and help, that will make our labor effectual.

I remember visiting in the home of a Sabbath school superintendent. He always prayed at family worship, "O Lord, bless our dear young people." And it did not end with praying. When he got to Sabbath school he spoke to every boy and girl that was there. Not one was missed. He would go up to young men and place his hand on their shoulders and greet them in a most compassionate way, and they all felt he was their friend. Is it any wonder when he was stricken down by death that those young men and women felt they had lost the best friend they had?

I do pray that God may inspire us with His power, with this longing to have that great love implanted in our hearts, so as we meet others we may inspire them with the same thing.

**ARE YOU ALSO ENJOYING ITS
BLESSING?**

"My sister has been sending me THE LIFE BOAT all winter, and I have enjoyed the magazine so much. It surely is a mission of love. It should touch the hearts of many, and seems to me is a true work to help the kingdom. I think so much of it, and the possibilities through its circulation, that I am sending you a money order for four dollars to send the prison number to some one of the state penitentiaries. Your article on page 89 of the March issue appeals to me very much, on account of these poor unfortunates. Best wishes to you all in such a practical and glorious work, and I hope THE LIFE BOAT will ever exist."

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.

*Culled from a stenographic report made by Pearl Waggoner.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



A SUGGESTION

The following extract from a letter recently received from a former LIFE BOAT worker, now in an eastern town, may be a suggestion for others who are striving to put through a similar enterprise.

"For the past four years our church here has been trying to raise funds for a church building. I have suggested using THE LIFE BOAT, telling them what a good old friend of mine it was. They are anxious to try, and asked me to write about it. Five thousand copies would be sufficient to furnish the amount needed to begin with. We will begin by organizing a Sunday school among the Italian children in the mill district. Personally I believe THE LIFE BOAT to be a splendid opening wedge for the gospel truth.

"Not long ago I met a lady in West Virginia who became interested first by THE LIFE BOAT sold on our trip south. She is now a prominent member of the church.

"We have all agreed to devote the next three months to this work, so think we ought to use a good many more than the five thousand."

DO YOU GET DISCOURAGED AT THE OUTLOOK?

When you hear Christless sermons preached, when you see the church saturated with worldliness, when you appreciate the terrible lack of vital power in Christian work, when it seems to you that the Christian movement lacks both rudder and sail, do not become disheartened. It is a dark hour for God's work today; it is on trial for its life.

But God is not becoming discouraged, although you may be. He is working although you may not see it. Ask God to give you a clearer vision. Trust Him that He is doing the same thing for others; and by and by, when we emerge from the darkness, we shall be gratified to find that we

are standing elbow to elbow; that is, those that have been going through this experience.

If you have in days gone by felt the thrill of spiritual things in your soul and do not now experience it, then get out of the cave of doubt and like Elijah stand on the mount with God. You will then hear the still, small voice which has been trying to inspire you and which you have failed to hear because of the wind, the fire and the earthquake and other confusing things that have been so evident.

AN OPEN DOOR TO ALL FOR MISSIONARY PREPARATION AT HINSDALE.

From now on every spiritual-minded, consecrated worker will find an open door at Hinsdale regardless of their present worldly educational qualifications. If they feel a call of God to take our regular evangelistic nurses' training course they will be given an opportunity at Hinsdale to complete the necessary preliminary education and at the same time participate in some of the various lines of missionary work.

If they do not feel called of God to take this more extended course of training but prefer to be speedily fitted up for practical missionary work in the homes of the people, for gospel magazine work, or for other lines of definite missionary effort, we will unite with them in seeking the Lord for wisdom as to how to extend to them just the training that they stand in need of, and will endeavor to co-operate with providence in accomplishing this for them.

From now on the only absolutely *essential* qualifications for being accepted at Hinsdale are a sound Christian experience and a call of God for missionary work. If you do not have these two qualifications and still want to come to Hinsdale, seek God at home if need be, with fasting and prayer, persuade others to join with you in this

experience until you *know* that you have fully surrendered yourself to God's plan and purpose. It is the only safe thing for you to do. It is the noblest decision any man or woman ever made and one for which you will feel grateful through all eternity.

When Christ called his disciples the majority of them were extremely deficient in worldly knowledge, but He did not advise them to go up to Jerusalem and take a course of training in the schools of the scribes and Pharisees. On the contrary, He said, "Follow me, and *I will make you* fishers of men." And He succeeded so well that a little later members of the aristocratic school up in Jerusalem marveled at their learning and were compelled to take notice that they had been with Jesus and learned of Him.

That is still the essential source for the missionary student to secure the highest of all education, the knowledge of the science of salvation and a fitness to impart that knowledge to perishing men and women.

NEITHER HORNS NOR HOOFS.

The comic pictures have so long represented the devil with horns and hoofs and a spiked tail, and we have so long associated him in our minds with saloons, brothels, gambling hells, and crime, that it is next to impossible for us to comprehend that he is the real inspiration of some of the great world movements that claim to be good.

It is hard to appreciate that the devil is essentially a religious being. He had a religious bringing up, and never has been able to get quite away from it. The great thing he *hates* is Christ and the cross; and that is why the great world religions, the "religions of humanity," always leave out Christ and the cross. The other parts of general religion he *counterfeits*, and does it so successfully that today they are sweeping in tens of thousands of our fellow men. For Satan has transformed himself "into an angel of light." 2 Cor. 11:14. He has come down to humanity "having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Rev. 12:12. And these false religious systems are not tame and insignificant af-

fairs; they are able to produce "great signs and wonders," actually showing *results*, actually undertaking to imitate Christ and the prophets of God, "insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall *deceive* the very elect." Matt. 24:24.

The multitude who imagine they are serving the Lord, but are neither sacrificing nor denying themselves to do so, are in reality following the devil. That was true when Christ came here the first time. It will be just as true when He returns the second time.

SCHOOL OPPORTUNITIES.

An intermediate school is maintained at Hinsdale in connection with the Hinsdale work, so that those young people who desire to take eighth and ninth grade and do not have the money to pay the tuition in ordinary schools can make arrangements to come here and work in the various departments of the institution and yet have a chance to take these classes. They can thus be self-supporting while going to school. Only young people of a sound Christian experience need to apply for this opportunity.

HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD BRINGING UP?

Do you naturally scorn mean and contemptible things? Have you had a good bringing up so that outwardly speaking, like Nicodemus, there is apparently little you really need? Are the shortcomings of poor, weak Christian workers a great trial to you, and are you naturally inclined to criticise them? Bear in mind this one thing: there is something essential lacking in your own experience, and that is the one thing *needful*.

Negative goodness will never give you a field of genuine usefulness in God's work down here, nor a home in heaven hereafter. The enemy will help to fix your attention on the shortcomings of others and you will have plenty to see; and that will help to keep your eyes off the real thing that is lacking in your own life—that is, to fall on the rock and be broken and to unreservedly give yourself to the Lord.

I know the enemy will tempt you who have had a nice bringing up, who know how to behave yourself, to say, "What lack I?" But do not forget Nicodemus had to be saved the same way as the thief on the cross.

No matter what your work is, you must be an evangelist. That does not mean you have to preach to the people that you meet in your daily work, but it does mean that you get in such vital touch with God that there will be a converting power in your influence. And you never can have that experience without a daily study of your Bible and other Spirit-filled books. In other words, you will have to begin to feed your soul on a different kind of fodder. And when God gives you a change of heart He will give you a desire for a different kind of spiritual food to nourish your soul. Every day you will wrestle with God for a genuine victory over self and selfishness, and pray that the Christ-life may shine out in your life. In other words, you will take Christ with you into your business.

We are getting too near the end of time to drift along depending upon polish, manners, good behavior, and natural goodness. There is only one thing that will suffice now, and that is the merit of Christ; and in humbleness of heart you need to claim it *every* day you live. Then your life will have a fragrance about it that will be a converting power to others.

You know even a corpse can be a beautiful thing; but it is not a thing of *life*. So you, who have never dedicated yourself to God, may outwardly live a most admirable life; but you are setting no other souls on fire, and when you get to the end of the journey you will discover that only the merits of Christ's life are of any consequence.

I want to bring before you your great need. If you do not intelligently and in the brokenness of your spirit accept this, the day is not far distant when you will drift entirely out of touch with Christian work. You can not possibly be happy in it, and you can in no wise help to build up the real work of God. You know it is possible to go to church, to go through the forms of

Christian service, and be no part of God's work.

You want to be saved, but you can only be saved in one way, and you must lay hold of that. Ask God to show you the real meaning of what you are reading, and He will reveal Himself to you. He is certain to do it, and you will become conscious of your great need. And as you respond to it you will be an instrument in God's hand, and a useful instrument at that.

CAN FEEL WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE.

A blind boy was flying a kite and seemed to be enjoying the experience. Some one said, "What good do you get out of flying a kite when you can't see it?" "Oh," he said, "but I can feel the tug of it!"

You may not be able to see the mighty spiritual forces that are ready to operate in your life, but you can feel the tug of them if you will only yield yourself to them.

THE BEST CROP.

"Always help the under man;
Cheer him, start him, if you can,
On his way.
Kindly acts are cherished deep,
Let us sow that we may reap
Another day."

NEWS AND NOTES.

Dr. and Mrs. David Paulson attended the annual meeting of the American Medical Association held in Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Frank Dryer and wife and daughter of Des Moines, Iowa, visited Mr. and Mrs. Egbert. Mr. Dryer is head of the Iowa Health Food factory in Des Moines.

Mr. H. A. Dilley and wife and Miss Helen Boyle, all of Topeka, Kan., and former employees at Hinsdale, returned for a short visit recently.

Dr. A. B. Olsen, superintendent of the Caterham Sanitarium, near London, England, visited Hinsdale recently with his brother, M. E. Olsen, professor in the Foreign Mission Seminary of Washington, D. C.

Dr. T. S. Whitelock and wife and son of San Diego, Cal., also Dr. A. W. Simpson and daughter and Eld. A. G. Christiansen of Los Angeles, spent Sabbath at Hinsdale while returning home from the conference at Washington.

Prof. E. A. Sutherland of Nashville, Tenn., whose occasional visits always prove an inspiration to the workers, spent a week at Hinsdale recently.

Mr. Leslie H. Wade and his wife, née Verna Watt, who was formerly a nurse in the sanitarium, called at headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson of Washington, D. C., who expect soon to sail for Manchuria, called to say good-bye to old friends. Mrs. Peterson, née Bertha Erickson, was formerly stenographer in the LIFE BOAT office.

Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Conn., head of a large institution for the cure of inebriety, spent a few days at the sanitarium on his return from the meeting of the American Medical Association in Minneapolis. His talk to the sanitarium family on the treatment of inebriety was much appreciated.

The Hinsdale sanitarium family are very fortunate in having frequent visits from prominent foreign missionaries. Bro. R. C. Porter, formerly of South Africa, but recently under appointment to China, spent a few days in the institution. His inspiring talks of experiences in pioneer work in Africa were much appreciated.

Bro. L. J. Burgess and wife of Lucknow, pioneer Christian workers in India, were more recent visitors; also O. F. Burgess of the China Inland Mission, now located in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Hattie Andre, who, for several years was a missionary to the Pitcairn and other South Sea islands and more recently teacher in the Pacific Union College near San Francisco, is now visiting her sister, Rose Andre, matron of the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

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CONGRESS OF SCHOOL HYGIENE.

The Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene, and the first to be held in America, at Buffalo, N. Y., August 25-30, will be by far the most elaborate effort yet made in this country toward getting the problem of school hygiene before the world. The first International Congress was held at Nuremberg in 1904, the second at London in 1907, the third at Paris in 1910.

Delegates will attend from every college and university of note in this country, from other leading educational and hygienic institutions and organizations, and from every country in which an active interest is being shown in the welfare of school children, which includes all the leading nations of the world.

The Congress is open to all persons interested in school hygiene, upon the payment of a fee of five dollars. Application of membership should be sent to Dr. Thomas A. Storey, College of the City of New York, New York City.

The *Signs of The Times*, which is published weekly, is a valuable magazine for those who are seeking to understand the Bible. Write for sample copy to The Pacific Press, Mountain View, Calif.

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N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager

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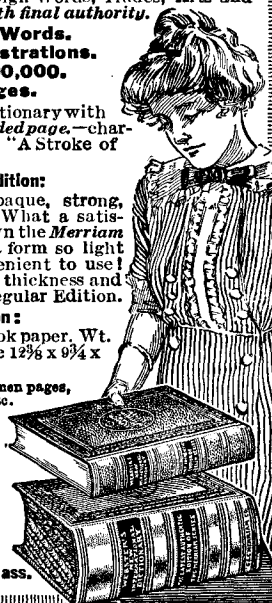
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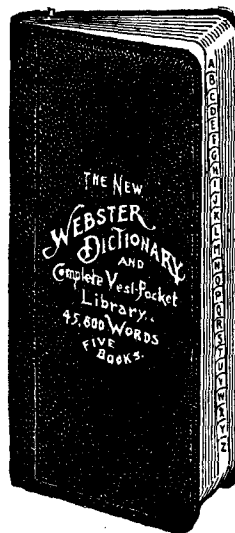
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