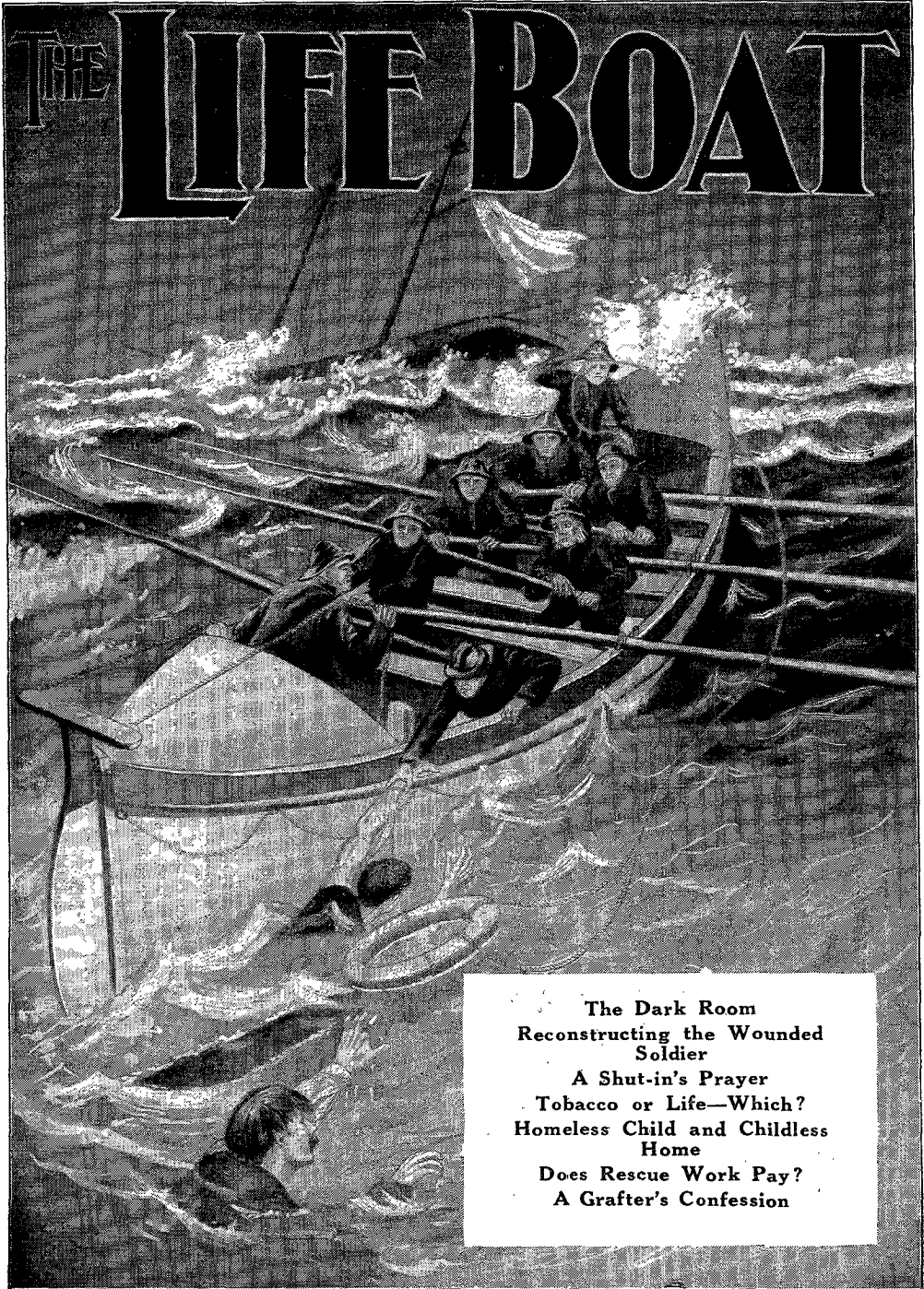


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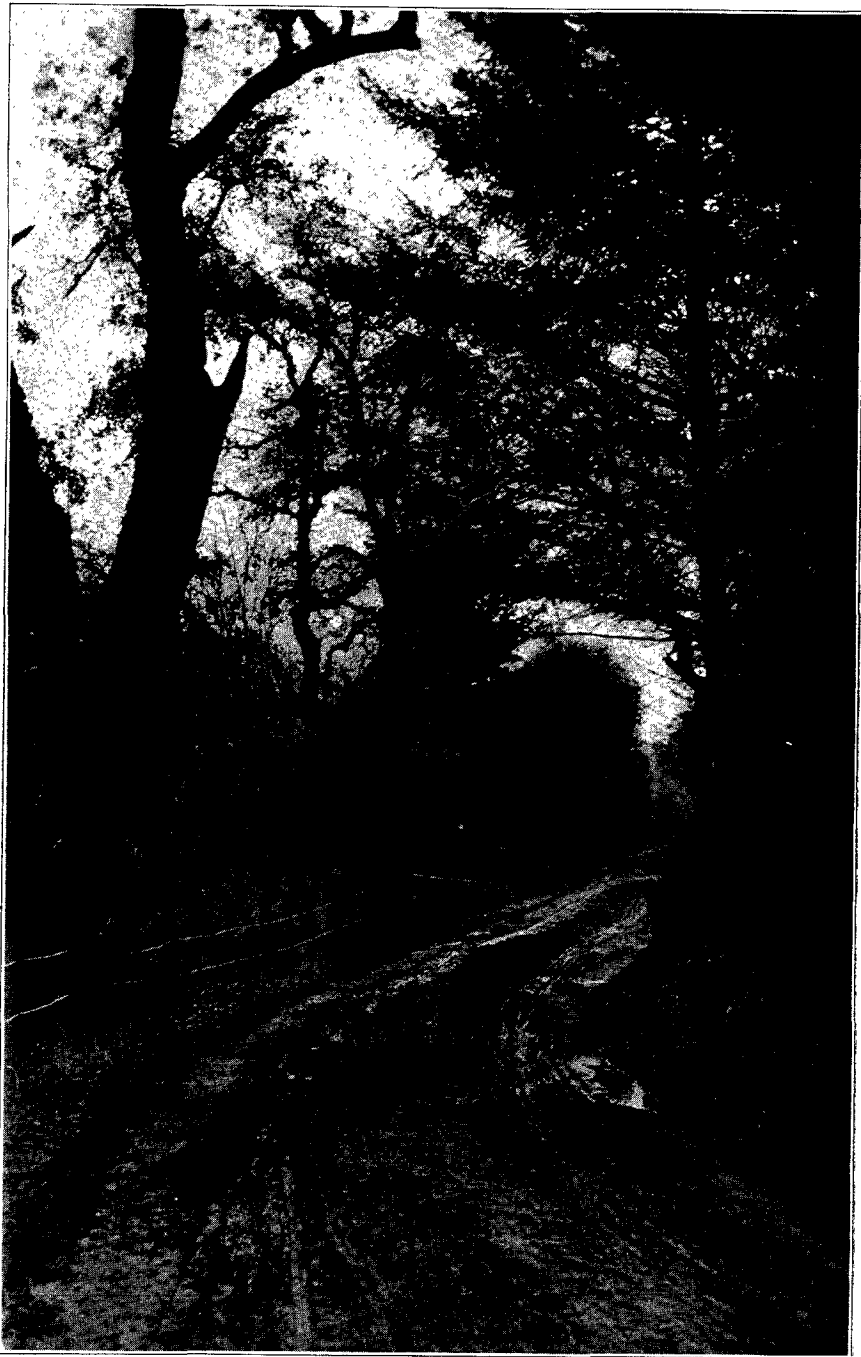
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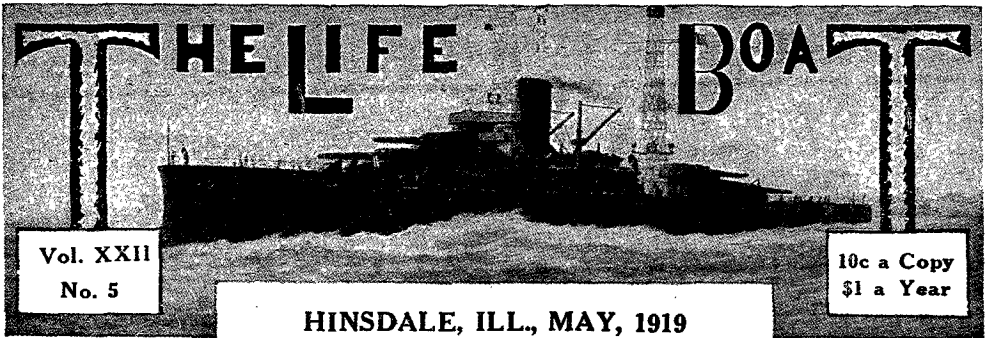
Windsor, Ill.

May, 1919

Tuberculosis Again Looming Up—D. H. Kress, M. D.



A Mountain Road in California.



Tuberculosis Again Looming Up

D. H. Kress, M. D.

IN France, and, in fact, practically all European countries, tuberculosis is again on the increase. Owing to the scarcity of nutritious food the vitality of the people has been undermined to such an extent that they fall easy victims to this disease. The prevalent use of cigarettes, a practice which lowers the vitality of the lung tissue, is also a factor in the causation of this increase in the mortality rate.

Considerable headway had been made in America toward the suppression of the disease, but even here we shall no doubt find a great increase in the mortality rate from it in the very near future. It is, therefore, not out of place to again call attention to the underlying causes of the disease and how its spread may be minimized.

In Biblical times no disease was dreaded more than leprosy. The leper was shunned by all. Tuberculosis is more actively contagious than is leprosy and it is about as fatal. It is responsible for many more deaths than leprosy has ever been. Smallpox is shunned but tuberculosis causes thirty times as many deaths throughout the civilized world as smallpox and scarlet fever combined. Cholera is recognized as a great plague and is greatly feared. According to statistics gathered, from 1832 to 1854 it is estimated 57,335 persons died of cholera. In the United States alone tuberculosis claims that many victims every four months. Probably 10,000,000 of American people now living would during the next decade die of tuberculosis.

One-third of the deaths occur between the ages of twenty and thirty years in America.

In Germany, several years ago, nearly one-half of the deaths between the ages of twenty and twenty-five were found to be due to tuberculosis.

A Disease of the Cities

The statistics of 662 cities in France showed that the closer people are packed together the more prevalent is tuberculosis. City life favors the disease. In some of the American cities the proportion of deaths from consumption to deaths from all causes has in the past risen as high as twenty to thirty per cent, while in the newer communities of the West the proportion was only eight or ten per cent.

We still regard tuberculosis with a certain degree of tolerance. When an outbreak of smallpox occurs, the whole community is aroused, and decided measures are taken to prevent its spread. Smallpox is dreaded because it carries off its victims in a few days. Consumption steals in quietly, fastens upon one member of the family and in the course of a few months claims its victim. Then it is found that another member of the family is failing in health, begins to cough, and is losing in weight; in a short time he, too, dies of the disease; and so it goes on weeding out one after another, until often entire families in the course of a few years are wiped out. It does its destructive work so slowly and stealthily that little alarm is created. Friends of the bereaved often stand by and say, "It is too bad, but it runs in the family."

The feeling has existed that an unfortunate heredity is wholly responsible for it. *The fact is any adult person who dies of consumption has himself, not his ancestors or his heredity, chiefly to blame for it.*

Consumption is not inherited. Predisposing weaknesses may be inherited. It is possible, however, to develop and strengthen these weak points. The gardener takes a weak, degenerate plant and by cultivation improves it and makes it healthy and thrifty. Those who inherit contracted chests and weak lungs may by suitable exercise, outdoor life and nutritious food develop increased lung capacity and in time overcome all inherited tendencies to this disease.

Sit, Stand and Walk Erect

The difficulty lies not so much in the inheritance of weak lungs from tubercular parents as it does in the inheritance of their wrong habits, which were responsible for this weakened heredity.

No one should settle down in apathy and say, "There is no hope for me; I have inherited this weakness." The thing to do is to ascertain the causes of the weakened heredity and remove them. Develop the narrow and contracted chests. When sitting, sit erect. When standing, stand erect, and when walking, walk erect. The chest should be kept up. Singing is a splendid exercise. Deep abdominal breathing should be practiced. It is well, as much as possible, to keep in the open air and to do outside work.

Consumption Is Preventable

There can be no tuberculosis without sowing in the human organism the seed or germ which causes it. By fortifying the system and building up the barriers of defense it is possible to resist the attacks of the germs, even if introduced into the body. To prevent the spread of the seed and make the soil unsuitable for its growth, are the two great essentials in the prevention of tuberculosis.

If seen to in time, consumption is a curable disease. If it is neglected it may soon reach an incurable stage. It always begins at a very small point, like a spark in a house. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, to adopt curative measures at the very beginning of the disease.

The disease may remain in a latent condition for a lifetime if the vital resistance of the individual is built up and maintained.

Fully two-thirds of all infections from tuberculosis either disappear or remain in a latent form during an average life. Most of these are unaware of ever having been infected. If Nature can accomplish this much, without intelligent co-operation on the part of the individual, we may expect much greater results when our energies are concentrated towards building up and maintaining vital resistance.

Precautions to Be Observed

Here are some of the precautions that should be observed. A person suffering from tuberculosis should sleep alone in a room. Expectoration in places of public resort should be strictly forbidden. Tubercular patients should not marry, at any rate until the disease has been cured or permanently checked.

Those caring for a tubercular patient should:

Wash the hands with soap and hot water after attending the patient, and should never eat with unwashed hands.

They should never take food out of the same dish as the patient.

They should destroy, by burning, all foods the patient may leave, and boil in soap and water all spoons, cups, etc., after being used by the patient.

Care should be exercised to avoid the raising of dust in the bedroom. Use a damp cloth in dusting. The chief danger arises from dust, hence *all* particles should be wetted on being cleaned.

Admit as much air and sunlight into the room as possible.

Keep in the open air and away from the patient as much as possible. Keep the windows open and see that the room is properly ventilated.

In cases accompanied by diarrhea, always disinfect the stools and use hot water and soap suds to wash the vessels.

When a room is vacated by a patient, strip the paper off the walls if it cannot be treated with a disinfectant solution, and afterwards burn it in the fireplace of the same room, if possible.

Thoroughly wash the ceiling, floor, walls, etc., with some disinfectant solution, also all articles in the room, and open the room wide for several days to air and sunshine.

Wash and boil all the bedding, then place it

out of doors for several days exposed to air and sunshine. The clothing which cannot be boiled in soap and water or placed in some disinfectant should be burned.

The patient, when indoors or out of doors, should spit into small paper bags. These should be burned before the sputum dries.

To avoid infecting other parts of the body, the expectorations should never be swallowed.

In carrying on a conversation with friends, the patient should exercise care in coughing, or speaking in such a way as to send a spray into the face of the one to whom he may be talking.

Kissing should be avoided. The patient should live in the open air day and night, if possible.

Through the observance of these precautionary measures tuberculosis may become a preventable and curable disease.

“Never should the Bible be studied without prayer. Before opening its pages we should ask for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit and it will be given. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God. . . . because they are spiritually discerned.”



The above is a picture of an interesting relic to be found in the yard of Mr. C. T. Cole of Fullersburg, Ill. This anvil has been in the Fuller family for over two hundred years, but just how old it may really be is not known. It was brought from England by Mr. Cole's great-grandfather, then taken back to England and later brought again to the United States. It next became the property of his grandfather, then belonged to his father and later became the heritage of an uncle, also a blacksmith, Mr. Cole being last possessor of it. It will be given to the next member of the Fuller family who has a smithy. The anvil is cast in one piece and differs somewhat from the anvil used today.

Last even I stood before a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring its vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

“How many anvils have you had,” said I,
“To wear and batter all these hammers so?”
“Just one,” he answered; then, with twinkling eye,
“The anvil wears the hammer out, you know.”

And so the Bible, anvil of God's word,
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
And though the noise of Paine, Voltaire, was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

Apprentice blows of ignorance, forsooth,
May awe with sound, and blinding sparks
death-whirled;
The Master holds and turns the iron, his truth,
And shapes it as he wills, to bless the world.
—Selected—

LIFE'S CROOKED THINGS

ROBERT HARE

Some things in life are very strange,—
At least that's how they seem;—
They meet us often unawares,
Just like a romance-dream.
But two and two make four, you know,
When added on the slate;
And just as true, life's crooked things
Are sent to keep us straight!

Why should these crooked things conspire
To strike discordant keys?
That leaves us pensive in the shade,
Or weeping on our knees!
Their jargon rings in every song,
Their minors touch our life,

And make the peaceful calm
we love
A troubled scene of strife!

In heaven's own light our
gain and loss,
Adjusted will appear,
A halo 'round its cross will
shine,
And o'er its pain and fear,
Resplendent in a deathless
gleam,
And far above all hate,
We'll read, “The crooked
things of life
Are sent to keep us
straight!”

“The devil can build
a wall around you, but
he can't roof you in.”

The Dark Room

G. B. Thompson

IT is in the dark room that the negative is developed. Without this process the beautiful pictures of shady nooks and flowing streams, and of places and things met with in travel, would be impossible. To be of value the negative must pass through the dark room, and be submerged in acids.

There is a lesson in this. We too must pass through a developing process. The submerging fluids of the dark room are for us. We shrink from the test, and well we may, but nevertheless the dark, biting experiences of life come. Some days the sun is obscured by dark clouds, and we are left to struggle on seemingly without a ray of light to guide our footsteps.

It is said that there are times when the experienced Alpine guide blindfolds the traveller as he takes him across some of the more rugged places; for, though there is no real danger, yet the yawning chasms seem oft-times so terrible that, if seen, they would appall the heart of the climber. So there are times when the divine Guide sees best to darken our vision that we may learn to trust Him more implicitly. It is better to walk with God in the dark, than to go alone in the light.

The late Phillips Brooks said:

"The times that make us weariest, and that force our weakness most upon us, and make us most to know how weak we are—these are our coronation days, the days of sickness, days of temptation, days of doubt, days of discouragement, days of bereavement, and days of aching loneliness, which come when the strong voice is silent, the dear face is gone. Those are the days when Christ sees most clearly the cross of our need upon our foreheads and comes to serve us with His love."

It is in affliction that the closest acquaintances are formed. It is when the shadow of the hand of affliction is drawn across our vision that we come to know a true and loving friend or neighbor. They may have been the same all the time, but in the dark room of trials and suffering we come to know their true worth, and thus form friendships that only death can sever.

So in a great time of affliction, when the

star of our hope is set in a dark background, we come to know God, whose hand guides our destiny, and who sees, that though the fires of affliction may burn exceedingly hot, only the dross is consumed.

Defects Revealed in Darkness

As the dark room reveals the defects of the negative, so will the searching, crucial times in our experience reveal our defects, and show where changes must be made before we can reveal the perfect likeness of our Master. The dark room oft-times discovers to us hidden sins, pits of depravity and wicked unbelief hitherto unknown.

Recently, with others, I visited a base hospital where the X-ray work was under the direction of a friend, and he kindly showed us some of the wonders of this mysterious thing. In the darkened room we saw distinctly the beat of a human heart. So in the dark hour of human suffering, cruel bereavement and bitter disappointment, that which lurks in the heart, hitherto unseen, is brought to light, not to haunt us by its presence, but that it might be put out of the life.

Strongest Characters Developed in Dark Room

It is in the dark room of tribulation that some of the strongest characters have been developed. David had his cave of Adullam; Joseph spent weary hours in the gloom of the dungeon of an Egyptian prison; Moses chose affliction with the people of God rather than the treasures of Egypt; Daniel passed through the lion's den, and the three worthies through the fiery furnace; Paul was whipped, stoned and imprisoned and finally ended his life at the block. The Master Himself had a Gethsemane, and it is no marvel that His children must taste the cup of trial. Through it all the divine hand of a loving Saviour is to be found. He is the One who sits as a refiner, watching the fire, only waiting to behold His image.

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before."

We are far from understanding all the dark experiences that come to us in life, but in eternity we will understand. Sometime during

the unmeasured ages our Redeemer will walk with us by the side of the river of life and explain to us the meaning of the inscrutable providences through which He permitted us to pass. It is for us now to trust Him, even though we may not see.

HE DIED AS HE LIVED

An Incident of Prison Life

By No. 30430, San Quentin, Calif.

One afternoon on a bright, fair summer's day I left the jute-mill where the boys in gray with carder, spindle, shuttle and loom were spinning the threads of doom in the hot sultry atmosphere laden with dust. Some, perhaps, are there for life and are weaving the cloth of destiny.

To get away from the noise of the flying shuttle and clanging loom, I passed out of the mill-yard with the three-thirty line. After crossing the lower yard, I sat down by the laundry fence and was soon absorbed in my studies.

It was a beautiful afternoon. The sun shone warm and bright, and as I felt its life-giving rays thrill through my body, this thought came to me, that life was worth living, even within the gray walls of San Quentin prison.

Shouts of laughter came to me on the gentle breeze from the boys who were playing ball in the yard.

All around was the hum of factory life, which makes a state prison a modern industrial institution.

Amid the evidences of life and industry I was studying the greatest problems of life that will assist me when I again take up my duties in the free world, when liberty's gates unfold for me.

While thus engaged, I became aware of the fact that somewhere near me the name of the Master of earth and sky was being breathed in humble prayer. I therefore raised my eyes from my studies, and looking through the

fence I saw in the shadow of the wall by the furniture factory, several men kneeling in the attitude of prayer. I remember that a colored man was one of their number, and each one present asked God's blessing on the Christian work of the prison.

These men were not ashamed to be seen kneeling under the blue canopy of the heavens. They were not ashamed of the Christ that was spit upon until the spittle flowed down His breast, and who was crowned with thorns as He was led through the jeering multitudes in that far-off land across the sea, and whose death on the Cross to redeem them from sin caused the sun to refuse its radiance, and the clouds of blackness to gather at Calvary's brow. This Christ will not be ashamed of them when He comes to make up His jewels.

Today the boys in gray are still in the mill, weaving the cloth as they did on that summer afternoon. But there is one that is absent from his duties in the mill, and will never be seen in the line-up or known by a number again, for he fell asleep in Jesus one day after the evening shades had gathered and night had fallen and enwrapped this prison in its folds.

For Brother Wines, the colored man, who took part in the prayer meeting 'neath the shadow of the wall on that summer's afternoon, and who for many years was an active Christian

worker in this prison, has passed from this life; firm in his faith and strong in his belief that he had so lived that his name will be written in God's album, the Book of Life. And in the earth made new, wherein dwelleth righteousness, where the birds fly north as well as south, in the home of the redeemed, within the portals of the beautiful city of God; my prayer is that, under these conditions, I may meet Brother Wines again.

"We must be much in prayer, if we would make progress in the divine life."

FOUR RULES FOR DAILY LIVING

First

Begin each day with prayer. Do not fail at this point. A prayerless day is a powerless day.

Second

Allow no day to pass without reading at least one chapter in the Word of God. "The Bible will keep you from sin, or sin will keep you from the Bible."

Third

Confess sin instantly. One unconfessed sin hinders prayer and hurts our Christian experience.

Fourth

Allow "no" day to pass without rendering some positive act of service to others, and if possible seek to lead some one to Christ.

RECONSTRUCTING THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

There are already some forty-four reconstruction hospitals in this country beside the thirty-four base hospitals located at the various army training camps. And our wounded boys are coming, by the thousands, from the battle fields of France—not as they went over, no—some on litters, some on crutches, some with their arms in slings—coming to be cared for in these hospitals until medical science has done its best to restore them to society as useful citizens.

Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, ranks next to the largest of these hospitals, having over two thousand patients. A large fireproof hotel on the corner of Drexel boulevard and Forty-seventh street, Chicago, was opened in January as a reconstruction hospital. Here between four and five hundred boys are under treatment.

We visited this institution just yesterday where we saw ward after ward filled with young men getting over their encounter with the "Hun."

Aside from the physical evidences of the patients' disability one would never think it a hospital. Happy, contented looking faces and good cheer greeted us on all sides. One bed patient said to us: "I have been here since January," with more of a feeling of pride than of soliciting sympathy. All the boys seem to emulate the spirit of Representative Martin B. Madden of Chicago, who said to them: "I was injured when a boy, resulting in the amputation of

my leg, but I have never during my whole life felt handicapped because of that. I have been able to do what anybody else could do, except run. I think physical disability frequently results in a determination on the part of the injured individual to succeed. Happiness, good conduct, sobriety, frugality, integrity, morality and determination to win are the fundamentals of success."

The boys are taught new trades and professions. We learned of typewriting, weaving, and airplane construction, photography, tailoring and other lines of industry.



J. Ogden Armour, subscribing to the wounded soldiers' newspaper.

The soldier-patients are now publishing a weekly newspaper called *The Fort Sheridan Recall*, which is furnished free to the soldiers in the hospitals.

Through the kindness of Major Tandroff, the adjutant, we shall visit this hospital with THE LIFE BOAT each month, leav-

ing a copy in each room, handing one to every patient. We believe that the soul-inspiring message of THE LIFE BOAT will touch the hearts of these, our brave boys, and we wish that every one of these hospitals could have THE LIFE BOAT to place in every room.

A Shut-in's Prayer

Charles G. Finney

[This incident, related by Charles G. Finney in "Revivals of Religion," gives us a glimpse of what can be accomplished through prevailing prayer. It makes no difference whether the one who prays is the pastor of a large and prosperous church, or whether he is a helpless invalid or a life-terminer behind the bars. God is just as near one as the other.—Ed.]

IF filled with the Spirit, you will be useful. You cannot help being useful. Even if you were sick and unable to go out of your room, or to converse, and saw nobody, you would be ten times more useful than a hundred of those common sort of Christians who have no spirituality.

A pious man in the western part of this state was suffering from consumption. He was a poor man, and was ill for years. An unconverted merchant in the place, who had a kind heart, used to send him now and then some things for his comfort, or for his family. He felt grateful for the kindness, but could make no return, as he wanted to do.

At length he determined that the best return he could make would be to pray for the man's salvation. So he began to pray, and his soul kindled, and he got hold of God. No revival was taking place there, but by and by, to the astonishment of everybody, this merchant came right out on the Lord's side. The fire kindled all over the place; a powerful revival followed, and multitudes were converted.

The poor invalid lingered in this way for several years and then died. After his death I visited the place, and his widow put into my hands his diary. Among other entries was this: "I am acquainted with about thirty ministers and churches." He then went on to set apart certain hours in the day and week to pray for each of these ministers and churches, and also certain seasons for praying for different missionary stations. Then followed, under different dates, such facts as these: "Today I have been enabled to offer

what I call the prayer of faith for the outpouring of the Spirit on ——— church, and I trust in God there will soon be a revival there."

Of the missionary stations, if I recollect right, he mentioned in particular one at Ceylon. I believe the last place mentioned in his diary, for which he offered the prayer of faith, was the place in which he lived. Not long after, the revival commenced, and went over the region of that country, nearly, I believe, if not quite, in the order in which the places had been mentioned in his diary, and in due time news came from Ceylon that there was a revival of religion there. The revival in his own town did not commence till after his death. Its commencement was at the time when his widow put into my hands the document to which I have referred. She told me that he was so exercised in prayer during his sickness, that she often feared he would "pray himself to death."

The revival was exceedingly great and powerful in all the region, and the fact that it was about to prevail had not been hidden from this servant of the Lord.

According to His Word, "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Ps. 25:14. Thus, this man, too feeble in body to go out of his house, was yet more useful to the world and the Church of God than all the heartless professors in the country.

"There is only one word in the gospel to the sinner, and that is, 'Come'; and there is only one word to the church, and that is, 'Go'."

SELF-SATISFACTION NO EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

All men are self-righteous by nature. The more self-righteousness one is in possession of the more self-satisfaction he will feel, therefore a self-satisfied feeling should not be coveted or cherished as a virtue.

"God sent His son in the likeness of sinful flesh to condemn sin in the flesh." When Christ is received into sinful flesh, sin in that flesh stands condemned. He will say as did Paul, "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." The more of Christ we possess, the clearer we will discern our defects of character and the more we will feel our need of becoming partakers of the divine nature. Self will decrease, while Christ increases.

There are those who when looking back over their past experience are led to think they are not having as rich a Christian experience as formerly, simply because they now

reveals hidden iniquity, and makes man's "beauty to consume away as a moth." It is after men receive Christ that they testify, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." I Tim. 1:15. The one who is in possession of the greatest light will by contrast feel himself the greatest sinner. It is the one who will not come to Christ, lest his deeds should be discovered, that is satisfied with his attainments. "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be discovered (margin)." But on the other hand, "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest." John 3:20, 21. One does not desire to see himself a sinner, therefore remains away from light, while the other desires to have revealed his true nature and he comes to the light for that purpose. As the light grows brighter and brighter he sees his defects more clearly. He does not stop here but he confesses his faults to his brethren, and his sins to God as fast as they are revealed, thus as he continues to walk in the light, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses him from all sin. I Jno. 1:9.

The one who walks in the light never becomes elated over his attainments, as a knowledge of Christ increases, self decreases.

THE ANCHOR THAT HOLDS

WALTER HARPER

I wish to pass a word of cheer, hope and trust, on to the hopeless, cheerless and despondent, wherever you may be, even behind prison bars, and I want to tell you that the "anchor holds."

In the spring of 1879, just forty years ago this month of March, the blessed light from heaven fell across my path. I accepted it at once, and all these years it has kept me in the narrow way of life. There is a divine energy, a keeping power in this truth, that transforms the inner man; cleanses the heart and puts a new song into our mouths, "Even praise to our God." Ps. 40:1-4. That is just wonderful, indescribable. One has to accept it, obey it, to realize it. Oh, that all would have faith to lay hold on it, for it is surely from heaven.

For the last thirty-eight years, since May,



From Sunday School Times

have greater light and therefore see their defects better. They are not now so well satisfied with themselves; in other words, they do not think so highly of themselves as formerly. This is not a bad indication. Man does not loathe himself until he has a new heart, and a new spirit dwelling within him. Eze. 36:26, 27, 31.

It is the better knowledge of Christ that

1881, by the grace of God, I have been busy circulating the good literature on these most important Bible themes and the Lord has wonderfully blessed. All honor, glory and praise to His exalted name. In the soon coming kingdom of our Lord and Saviour I expect to see by His precious cleansing grace, dear souls saved from every walk in life, even some found rescued who were in bonds and imprisoned.

Accept Jesus now; the days of your exile and sorrow are soon to close. You have no time to lose, for "He is even at the door." Matt. 24:33.

AN EX-PRISONER ENTERING THE LORD'S WORK

One of the men who received encouragement from THE LIFE BOAT while in an Indiana prison and who gave his heart to God as a result, is now out of prison and entering the Lord's work. He writes:

"I will write you a line and ask you to send me fifty copies of THE LIFE BOAT at once by return mail, as it seems to me I can sell them for you here. My working hours are short and I have quite a little spare time and will be more than glad to do what I can. I have a class of boys here in the Sabbath School, but I will still try and do more.

"I trust the papers may be sent between now and February 15th so as to get them here in my hands by that time. If I find I can sell them, I will devote all of my time to the work."

A \$100,000 JAIL EMPTIED BY PROHIBITION

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

In the *Christian Herald* of March 29, 1919, appears the following statement by Hon.

George B. Ward, former president of the city commission of Birmingham, Ala.:

"The city of Birmingham has the handsomest city jail in the South, costing about \$100,000 and surrounded by twenty acres of ground beautifully cultivated.

"The normal number of prisoners confined within it before the advent of prohibition was 200 and upward. Today the number ranges from sixty to seventy, most of them colored women.

"Now our new problem is, what to do with this fine jail. As a result Birmingham is forced to do its street cleaning and garbage collection with paid labor instead of with prisoners."

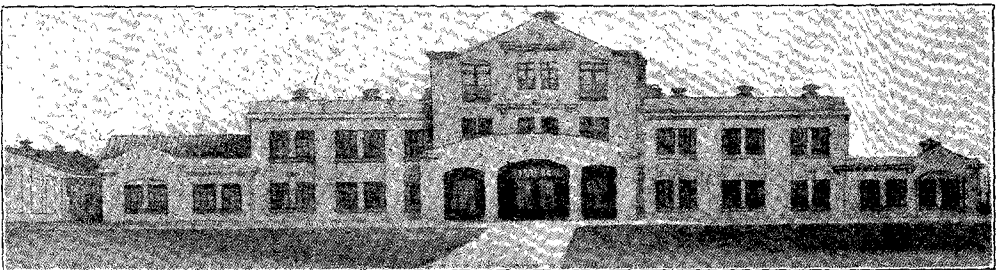
And the editor adds that:

"Since the above was written this jail has been closed for lack of prisoners and has been offered to the United States Government as a reconstruction hospital."

If the advent of prohibition can empty such large penal institutions as this one in Alabama, what does it do for the homes from which the men came who filled this institution? We are sure there are more happy homes open that otherwise would be closed, and less unfortunate children in state institutions as a result.

A tree will not only lie as it falls, but will fall as it leans. And the great question everyone should bring home to himself is this: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean towards God or away from Him?"

"Most any man can give an excuse for not being a Christian, but I have never met one yet who could give a reason."



The Birmingham, Alabama, County Jail

Tobacco or Life, Which?

D. H. Kress, M. D.

WHEN THE famous Charles Lamb came to the parting of the way and he had to choose between tobacco and life, he said, "For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die."

That tobacco is a poison is generally known. The gardener employs it in destroying insects on plants. One drop of nicotine, the active poison found in tobacco, placed on the tongue of a cat will cause convulsions and death in less than five minutes, in spite of the proverbial nine lives. Every smoker is probably able to recall the first attempt to smoke. The heart, overwhelmed with the poison, almost stops beating. Perspiration appears on the forehead. The skin becomes pale, cold and clammy. Sea sickness in its worst form appears. Death is preferable to life. A double dose of the nicotine would have caused death. Nature offered as vigorous a protest as it possibly could to forever leave tobacco alone. After repeated attempts, nature ceases to protest and allows the user to travel the downward path unwarned, but by no means unharmed. Every smoke taken injures the body. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Eccl. 8:11.

Committing Suicide on the Installment Plan

Because no immediate injury is apparent, that is no evidence that no injury has been done. The red nose of the drinker is the product of years of drinking. The first few drinks produce no visible symptoms of the rum blossom, and yet they have just as much to do in painting it as do the last few.

Tobacco kills as a cat kills a mouse, *gradually*. The first blow upon the flinty rock apparently makes little or no impression. If the rock is hard it may take forty or fifty well directed blows to split it. The last blow splits the rock, we say. But this is not so in fact. Every blow contributes its part. The first blow has as much to do with it as does the last one. The habitual smoker is daily shortening his life. He is, in fact, committing suicide on the installment plan.

Grave charges have been laid to alcohol as

a destroyer of life. No arguments need to be produced to convince anyone in this enlightened age, who is clothed and in his right mind, of the destructive nature of alcohol. So fully are nations aware of this that in their future interest they are now determined that drink must cease.

A Thirst the Town Pump Fails to Quench

In tobacco, alcohol has a silent partner. It is difficult for science to fully demonstrate how much of the degeneracy that now exists is due to alcohol and how much to tobacco, because the two are so intimately associated. They are twins. Where we find one, we find the other. All heavy drinkers are heavy smokers, as a rule, and 75 per cent of them smoked before they drank and drink because they smoked. Smoking creates an unnatural thirst that the town pump fails to quench. It creates a thirst for drink and leads to the open saloon. A smokeless saloon would not long survive.

Because of the more prevalent use of tobacco, especially by boys and women, it is perfectly safe to divide equally between tobacco and alcohol the degeneracy and consequent high mortality from disease of degeneracy usually ascribed almost wholly to alcohol.

The majority now die, not of germ diseases, but of organic diseases, or diseases which are better known as diseases of degeneracy. The vital organs, the liver, the kidneys, and the heart, from continuous irritation, wear out prematurely. Men die at an age when they ought to be at their best. Heart failure, apoplexy, diabetes, and Bright's disease are responsible for most of the deaths. The mortality among men from these diseases is rapidly increasing.

I said *men* because it is a fact that it is our men as a rule, not women, who at the age of forty or fifty die suddenly of heart failure or apoplexy. The prevalent use of tobacco is one of the chief causes of this rapid increase in the mortality rate from these diseases among men. It is difficult to find men at the age of forty with hearts and blood vessels in a normal condition. Blood pressure is invariably one-third to one-half higher than it ought to be. With an abnormally high blood pressure

and a degenerate heart and blood vessels, a little extra exertion, or even excitement which tends to temporarily raise the pressure a few extra degrees, frequently results in rupturing a vessel where the walls are thin as in the brain, which is termed apoplexy. In throwing an extra strain upon the degenerate heart which it cannot stand, it may give way, and the person dies suddenly of heart failure.

Organic and degenerative changes in the vital organs take place gradually from the use of tobacco, unperceptibly, insidiously, nevertheless surely. It is not the hard work or the hot weather, to which kind friends ascribe death, that is responsible. It is not the thing of yesterday or of today, *merely*. It is what the man had been doing day by day, possibly for years, thinking it was doing him no harm.

Athletes are forbidden tobacco. They cannot smoke and excel in athletics. They must have good wind and endurance, both of which depend upon a sound heart.

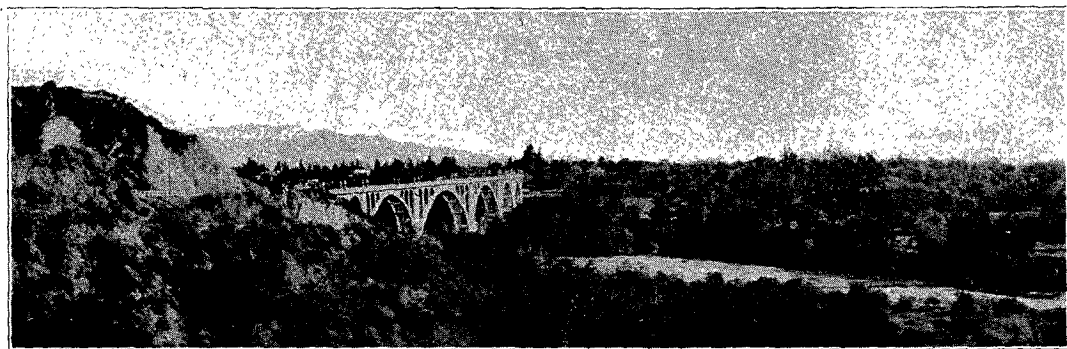
Ninety per cent of the young men rejected during the recent war because of defective hearts in reality had tobacco crippled hearts. They could not stand violent or prolonged exertion. When the epidemic of influenza struck the cantonments in America, the mortality was especially great among young smokers. The reason is apparent. The heart which cannot stand the extra strain placed upon it by athletics or on the field of battle, fails when an extra strain is placed upon it in sickness accompanied with fever and high blood pressure.

The mortality from pneumonia is tremendously on the increase. It already exceeds that of tuberculosis in some of our large cities. Death in pneumonia, we know, is always due to heart failure. The man who has a degen-

erate or defective heart stands a poor chance of recovery. With the great increase in the use of tobacco during the past two years, we may look for a still further increase in the mortality from pneumonia and, in fact, all other diseases which unduly tax the heart.

The average age of life has been increased by giving attention to public hygiene. The maximum age has been decreased through inattention to personal hygiene. We have yet to learn that it is more important to have clean blood than it is to have clean streets. It is impossible to daily introduce poisons into the blood without injury to the organs which have to deal with and eliminate them. Changes of a degenerative nature, though not apparent, are certain to take place. To wait and say, "I will stop smoking when my physician observes evidences of injury and advises me to stop," is unwise. The probability is, it is then too late to make a complete recovery from the injury done. "It is better to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen." To avoid results by avoiding causes is the only sensible course for anyone to pursue. Every smoker will at some time come to the parting of the ways, where he will have to choose between tobacco and life as did Charles Lamb. The sooner the decision is made, "For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die," the better.

"Put sinners into a paradise, and they would not rest satisfied until they had converted it into a hell. Hell is the natural choice of the carnal mind, hence the existence of such a place cannot be blamed on the Almighty. The Lord gives the wicked only what they choose, and adds death to it to make their choice more tolerable."



The Wonderful Cement Bridge Near Pasadena, California

A MESSAGE FROM A SHUT-IN

FLORA B. STAPLES

I have been a prisoner myself bound by the enemy of all flesh. I was born in 1861, and have never walked a step in my life.

My father died when I was ten years old, leaving my mother with three children and me, the oldest, and worse than a baby, having to be fed every bite I ate. For some time I could sit in an arm chair. I had no control of my body. When I sat up to the table in a high chair with my arms under the table I could take a spoon in my mouth and look over dry beans, dipping the good ones out and putting them in another dish, also build a fence with little sticks, string beads and blow bubbles—all with my mouth. When I think of those happy days sitting in my go-cart, being taken out in the woods with the children, getting flowers, filling my go-cart full, bringing them home, and planting them in a bed under a cedar tree, I was free from pain then, in fact, till I was twelve years old. Then the dreaded muscular rheumatism laid hold of me, and I gradually grew worse till I was sixteen years old.

I will draw a curtain over the next four years of intense suffering. Suffice it to say the rheumatism left me with scarcely a perfect joint in my body, and since then I have lain on my right side continuously.

Up to this time mother had taught school and had to be away from home much of the time, so when Benjamin Harrison was elected, the neighbors gave her the postoffice in Georgetown to look after. The postoffice was called "Bean Blossom" in Brown County, Indiana.

One day mother came in and wanted to know if I wanted to go to church. I was then lying on a cot without wheels, and it took four to carry me. Mother said the boys would take me if I wanted to go, so I went. I had been raised in a Christian home, but having lived in the country and being a "shut-in" for several years, I had never heard much preaching. I can't tell how much I enjoyed that meeting. That was about the middle of the week. I went twice on Sunday, and that night the Evangelist preached on "Multitudes in the Valley of Decision." At the close he asked me if I had made my decision. I said "No," but would like to see him the next day. He came over to our home. I told him I would

like to belong to the church but did not think I could do anything. He said, "You can show what side you are on." I then joined the church on my twenty-fifth birthday. The Lord blesses every step we take for good.

I had then been cutting letters out of apple peelings with my teeth, charging one-half cent a letter. I made death records, mottoes and marriage records, and mother pasted them on paper. With this work I paid my minister and bought wheels for my cot. Shortly after this the full truth of God's word flooded my soul and I was buried with the dear Lord in baptism. I have been rejoicing in the message ever since.

I am not a shut-in any more. I have only missed one camp meeting in the twenty-five years, so if the Lord does not see fit to heal my infirmity, I can hear Him say, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Then let us lift up our heads and rejoice, knowing the day of our redemption draweth nigh.

May we all hear the glad welcome and may the Lord bless THE LIFE BOAT wherever it goes, is the prayer of your little sister in Christ.

A TESTIMONY WORTH READING

I can tell you a little of the results of THE LIFE BOAT work in jail. Nine weeks ago last Sunday found me in the Harrison Street Police Station. It was the first time I had ever been inside of a jail. My parents died when I was quite young, and I traveled up and down this old country, seeing the country, always working. I never got into trouble with the police, but I happened to come to Chicago with a little more money than is good for most young people of my age to have, and I got to going a pace that landed me in jail, and I am not proud of it, I tell you that.

I was nearly discouraged, a stranger in the city, no friends, and I did not know what would happen to me, when THE LIFE BOAT people came in to start their services. It was something strange to me. Of course, when I was young, up to thirteen or fourteen years old, I had been to church and knew what the services meant.

They said a few prayers, sang a couple of songs, and the one in charge asked me if I would like to have a prayer said for me. It touched something in me that had been dead

for years. I was asked to kneel down. At first I did not want to, but I got up courage and repeated a little prayer after Mrs. Cobb.

When I went before the judge Monday morning, instead of being sentenced, he turned me loose and I went to Dan Batey's Mission. I never found so many good hearted Christian people in my life before. I never knew such people lived. Down there they took care of me until I got a place. I have roamed all around this country and have never had occasion to deal with Christian people before. The kind I had run up against was the hail fellow, well meant.

However, I got to thinking what these people had done for me and I decided that the best thing I could do would be to turn around and help some of the other poor fellows and keep some of the other boys from following the life I had lived, so I wish to thank Mrs. Cobb now, for she is the one who really brought me to Christ.

A PERSONAL LETTER TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN BONDS

MRS. L. L. MCCAMLY

Not being able to work for my boys and girls behind the bars, for nearly two years, I take this opportunity to let them all know through THE LIFE BOAT, that I have not lost my interest in them, for never a day passes but I bow humbly before God and ask Him to bless and keep the children he has committed to my care, and at last give them a home in that beautiful land where there will be no more parting.

I hope to again see many of you and talk face to face, and hear from you, that God is with you and blessing you, for there is no spot or place where God will not meet with those who call upon Him. And I am sure you will be able to find work for Christ just where you are. All around you are souls longing to be free in Christ.

Study God's word until He is everything to you, and you stand face to face with the Lover and Saviour of souls, and He can use you.

What a Saviour we have, both to trust and to tell others of, and how good it is to work for Him. I have learned that God gives us opportunities and responsibilities in this line, which are of His choosing rather than ours.

He who considers Christ's love or the world's needs will not hesitate to speak on the theme of themes.

I must not write too long a letter to you, but I want to leave this thought with you. Christ loves every one of you. No matter what your sins have been, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

I trust to meet many of you in that glad day when Christ shall come to take his loved ones to the mansions He has gone to prepare for those who love him. Prepare to meet thy God, for He is coming soon.

GLAD TO RECEIVE LETTERS

(From Michigan City, Ind., Penitentiary)

"I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am still trusting in God. I was very glad that you thought of me and I also appreciate the diary you sent me. I am well and am praying that God may bless you and your work. Now I would like very much to hear from you as I am living alone and have no one but God for refuge and it makes me feel glad to hear from you. I ask all to pray for me."

A HOMELESS CHILD AND A CHILDLESS HOME

MAUD WILSON COBB

[Mrs. Cobb visited recently the home of a splendid Christian man and his wife, who five years ago had taken a baby, and now have appealed to our Rescue Home for another child. The story of their taking the first child into their home is such an unusual one that we want to give our readers the benefit of it.—Ed.]

One day five years ago, it happened that the desire to be a mother became so strong in the heart of a childless wife that she said to her husband, "Let us go to some maternity home and take one of the homeless babies for our own." So the husband and wife found an institution near their home and asked to see the babies for adoption. A baby boy of four months was brought out to the man and his wife—a pitiful little object, nearly dead.

The matron said: "This child is not wanted; because of ill-health and red hair it is not very desirable."

Turning to her husband, the wife said: "Shall we take it?"

The husband said: "If it had been our own

we would have had to keep it. Let's take the child."

The baby was taken to their comfortable home, where dainty little clothes awaited it, and love and care. Days of watchful waiting proved that a mother's love and cuddling that only a mother can give will bring health. The



The Baby That Nobody Wanted

little fellow began to improve at once, although at four months he did not weigh as much as he did when he was born. The scales showed an increase daily.

At sixteen months of age he could have won anyone's heart. The red hair now had become golden. The sunken cheeks were firm, and anyone would envy the dimples. The glassy, sunken eyes were full of life, dancing with fun, and the shrunken, helpless limbs were firm and sturdy. He could have taken the prize in any baby contest.

The boy is now five years of age and begs daily for a sister, and the mother's heart yearns again for a little head to lie on her breast. So in answer to their call, we visited the home to see about placing a baby girl with them. When the mother and boy took piece by piece from a trunk to show me the clothes the new baby will wear, and when I knew the little mother had spent the long winter in preparing these little garments and had looked at them many times, knowing in the springtime she would ask us for one of our babies that had to be adopted, I could not help but think, "Did this just happen?" What induced these people to even make the little bed, placing the mattress and little warm blankets and pillow, all waiting for some baby to rest upon?

Does Jesus hear the prayer of the poor girl who does not know the future, but prays, "God take care of my little one"? And the girl who says, "For myself, I am not worth much, but my baby—I would die that it might have the best." Jesus does hear, I know, for such homes as I have just described are

brought to our attention because "He doeth all things well," and He does not forget His children when they call. He hears the motherless child cry for love. He hears the childless mothers and fathers call for something to fill the home, something to work for, something to love.

Who would doubt that Jesus is not guiding today? I believe when the foundation for our Rescue Home was laid, God knew the future.



The Baby That Everybody Now Loves

He knew where the money would come from to build this home. I believe His Spirit guided our Dr. Paulson to make the call for help

after the doctor had given all he had to give. Those who love humanity gave until we can say that we have one of the best built rescue homes in the state.

The principles we hold up with Jesus' help are bound to make stronger and better women to meet the world with its struggling mass of sin. For twenty-one years Jesus has kept us. Homes for women and girls one after another have been closed because of not fulfilling the requirements of the state. But Jesus sees fit to let our home remain open, and when I hear the cry of the broken-hearted girl-mother, and hear the cry of the childless mothers, I believe our Father cares, and it is His Spirit that prompts those who love humanity to remember us in our needs to make our home a haven of rest to the weary and sin-sick ones that cry to us in their distress.

A NEW EXPERIENCE

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS

When Mrs. Cobb, Matron of our home for girls at Hinsdale, called me on the phone and told me she was going away for a short time to be with her daughter, and asked me to lead the jail service, I said, "No, I can't do that." But she said, "Yes, you can." I did not think so and I tried to get out of it, but it has made no difference how hard I have tried, the Lord would not let me, and in spite of myself, the Lord has used me in a way I never thought he could. But, oh, how I have felt the responsibility! God only knows how I have prayed and asked Him to be the Leader. He has never failed me, and has been with me and blessed me. Surely all things are possible with God, and there is nothing too hard for the Lord.

I can see now why it was the Lord could not do more for me. It was because I was not willing to let Him work out his purpose in me. I have allowed many opportunities to pass, and how sorry I am for having neglected these opportunities, but many times I have thought I couldn't be a leader like others could, and so would get out of it if possible. But that was the devil, for he did not want me to grow in knowledge, but wanted me to be content with what I had. I never can thank God enough for the blessed experience I have had for three Sundays at the jail. The

Lord has been with us, and souls have been saved. Hearts were touched, eyes were filled with tears, and when the invitation for prayer was given, most of them wished to be remembered in prayer.

A young man knelt with me in prayer, after I had pointed him to Jesus, and he prayed the publican's prayer, and wept and told me how he was away from home and mother. Pray for this young man, that he will hold fast to the Lord, that no man take his crown for he was a bright, promising young man.

I wish we had a mission where we could invite these men to come. I know that many precious souls would be saved and gathered into the truth as a result.

I am praying that if it is God's will that we have a mission, that He will put it into the hearts of those who have means to give to start this work soon. Soon the work will be finished, and will we have done our part? Oh, may God help us to arise and shine and do the work God has for us to do, and then at last hear Jesus say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

DID YOU SMILE?

ROBERT HARE

Did you smile a sweet smile this morning,

With a heart flashing out through your eyes?

There's a magic in smiles, let me tell you,

They brighten life's wintry skies;

And they paint the cheek that has faded.

With roses of brighter hue—

Then listen—if you will smile sweetly,

Someone will smile back to you!

Did you say "Good morning" this morning.

To someone whose spirit was sad?

Or, say, did you whisper, "God bless you,"

To someone whose spirit was glad?

There is power in a life full of courage,

And help in a heart all sincere;

The world has scowlers in plenty—

You whisper some sweet words of cheer.

That is a good day in which you make someone happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this.—
Talmage.

Money, time and strength are sacrificed for display and self-indulgence; but few are the moments devoted to prayer, to searching the Scriptures, to humiliation of soul and confession of sin?

Does Rescue Work Pay?

Maud Wilson Cobb

HOW often I have to answer this question and I always stop for a moment before I answer, for it is a great problem, and how can one answer, for we do not know what the harvest will bring forth. We do know the seeds of kindness and words of truth will surely find a lodging place in some heart. And there will be a response.

In reading over some mail from the girls, I have laid aside quite a few letters—some from girls who were in the Home over a year ago. It may interest some of our readers to know these letters are unsolicited. The girls write because they want to express their appreciation of what has been done for them. Here is part of a letter from a young girl, now in school, who was helped just as she started to stray from the safe path, just when she was being persuaded to go out late at night, and to attend picture shows with strange young men. This girl knew how to pray, but was being led away by an older girl. She listened to the wise counsel of a friend, and left the old paths and is now in a Christian college. She writes:

"I think of you and your work many times a day. I know you don't forget to pray for me. I have the chance now to get books and read about the truth as presented in God's Word. I am learning much. I have been reading the 'Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan.' Many things are clear to me that I couldn't understand. I am so thankful for this wonderful privilege of learning the will of my Father."

Has an Ambition to Climb Up

Another girl writes: "You asked me not to forget the things I learned while in the Home. No, indeed, I will not. I wish I could have some of the times over again when my nurse, Miss Bengtson, sat by my side and told me things I never before dreamed of. Her talks were not wasted, because I remember it all very well. My life will never be just the same, for I know better now, and I have an ambition to reach higher ground. Pray for me."

Another girl writes: "Mother Cobb, what can I do? My heart is broken. I thought my baby's father would never come back from

France. I could not break my poor sick father's heart by bringing my fatherless baby home, and I knew I must help support my aged father and mother, so I left my baby to be adopted. How many times I have longed for him. Not a night draws near that my heart doesn't ache for his little soft face to press it against mine. But I would ask Jesus to help me bear it and be strong.

"If it had not been for the war, maybe my baby's father would have saved me from this



Found a Real Mother in Its Foster Mother

sorrow and disgrace. But now my grief is more than I can bear. He has returned and I am working in the office of a large firm and my baby's father is in the great factory and passes me every day, and only bows to me. He goes with other girls, passing my window each day, without a care. I cannot eat or sleep. Pray for me. It seems more than I can bear. I have never gone to a dance or a movie or with any boy or man. I cannot, for I seem to have a sense of dignity that holds me from such places where I cannot take Jesus with me. I wish Jesus would come soon and then He may give me my baby boy to live

throughout eternity with Him. Pray that I may be true to Jesus and please send me a picture of my baby. I want to look at it when I am sad."

Lifted Above Discouragements

Another girl writes: "I received tracts to-day, which clear up some of the questions in my mind. I have been reading the book 'Alone With God,' which I finished reading today. It also cleared up some doubts in my mind and I am sure will be a source of power to me in future days.

"I have known that I would not always have you to think for me and hear your Christian experience, but I have hopes sometime of seeing you again. I cannot live up to the truths which I know and hold on to Christ, because my surroundings are so discouraging. You seemed to lift me above my discouragements, just as a light in the darkness, and brought me to a knowledge of Christ. Of course I love Christ the best, but I have not read enough of His works yet to apply them in my every day life, while I do have warnings and advice from you, that lead me closer to Him, and I have faith that He will not let me fall into temptation. I will not go where my guardian angel will leave me, or make him hang his head in shame.

"I am reading another one of your books called 'Bible Readings,' which is just full of questions and the answers quoted from the Bible, so that I think I can find the answers of many questions I could not understand. I thank you for the good tracts. I will send them on to someone else."

The Memory Lingers

This letter comes from a girl just after her arrival home to bid farewell to an only brother on his way to France, the only relative she has to depend upon. She writes: "I just got home in time to see my brother away." I did not miss my baby so much while with him, but now he is gone. We were only together the one day. Now my heart is aching for my baby. I cannot live without her. Oh, how I longed to tell my brother all, but I couldn't, for he trusted me and thinks me the soul of honor. Is baby now in her new home? I feel as though I must fly back and hold her so she can never be taken from me. No matter where I look, I see her face. Those pleading

eyes, that seem to look my sad heart through! It seems like I can't wait until Jesus comes so my brother, my baby and myself will be together again. I know then my big brother will take me in his arms and tell me he will forgive me and tell me that I was brave to bear this cross alone, without his help. I am leaning hard on Jesus today, for I cannot bear my great sorrow alone. Brother gone, baby gone, I stand alone in this big cruel world. Pray that the Grace of God will be greater than the cross that is so heavy upon me. Your lonely girl!"

Friends, these letters are all from girls not seventeen years of age. They came to our home in their hour of trial and it has helped them to look up. Only two of these girls have had mothers since they were mere babes. Does God impress you to help keep our home open for these children?

If necessary, inside of twenty-four hours we could reach every girl that has been in our home the last fifteen months. Not one of the girls are unemployed or not in school or their own homes. Many have better positions or are in better schools than formerly. Most of them have renewed their church vows or joined a church if they were not members of some church. Some who had never known of faith or trust in God are now followers of Him.

TESTIMONY OF A HOME GIRL

"Your work in Hinsdale certainly has done a wonderful lot of good for many a girl, not only sheltered them in their hour of trouble, but taught a good many to give their hearts to God."

YOUR FATHER CARETH

The sparrow falls, a brief life quickly ended;
Some wanton hand has blotted out the sun,
The throbbing pulse of life for aye suspended,
Unheeded and unmourned except by One.
"Your Father careth" for a sparrow falling,
His eye hath marked the dying agony
Which rent the veil of life in throes appalling,
And choked forever its sweet symphony.

If he so care for these weak tiny creatures,
O soul distressed, doth he not care for thee?
Can he not read in all thy anguished features
Thy mute appeal against the things that be?
"Your Father careth" cease thy vain repinings;
All that thou needest he will send to thee—
Mercy and love through all the interwinings
Of the mysterious working out of his decree.

—Mary E. Kendall.

A GRAFTER'S CONFESSION

PROF. LYNN H. WOOD

Lazarus had just been raised from the dead and Jesus was on the way to Jerusalem for the last feast. People in that part of the territory had heard of this wonderful miracle, and as He passed through Jerusalem—the home of wealthy Jews, the headquarters of the custom officers of the Roman government and the place where many of the officers lived—the people thronged the streets to see him. It was a gala day anyway and especially so when this great Master was to come on his way to the feast.

One of the men who wanted to see Him was one of these tribute officers named Zacchaeus. He was a man of small stature, for Luke says he had to climb a tree in order to see Jesus. Zacchaeus had been trying in various ways for months to get right with God for he knew he was doing that which was not right. He had been taking taxes that did not belong to him. He got all he could make and the Jews hated him and looked on him with disfavor. When he really found that he could find Christ and that, though his sins were many, yet Christ would forgive him—when he had seen what had been done in this wonderful miracle, how he had raised Lazarus from the dead, he thought perhaps Christ could really save his poor sinsick heart, and with unutterable longing there came a desire to see the Master and be saved.

He did not need to tell the Master of his desire, for that great student of human nature understood. Zacchaeus had run before and climbed up into a sycamore tree. The Saviour stopped under the tree and said, "Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down: for today I must abide at thy house."

Can you not see that great crowd as they looked upon Jesus as the wonderful Teacher, the wonderful miracle worker, as they gave way that Zacchaeus might come down and stand before him? They tried to move aside, for they did not want this tax collector to touch them. He could have no influence over them at all for they knew his past life, but Zacchaeus was looking at Christ and not at them. So he came down and said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man

by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Luke 19:8.

If you turn back a little to Deuteronomy you will remember that the maximum penalty for bribery and thieving such as Zacchaeus was guilty of was to restore to the person fourfold. Zacchaeus had read that and so he said, "I am going to make restitution for the things I have taken; I am going to restore them fourfold."

As he stood there, Jesus the great Master Teacher, his guest, somehow turned and became host and Zacchaeus became guest. And Jesus gave Zacchaeus that which only God could give. "This day is salvation come to this house."

Jesus went to that man's house as his guest, a self-appointed guest you might say, for while there was an unutterable longing in Zacchaeus' breast that Jesus might come and be with him, yet he dared not express it, but Jesus saw it and just as Zacchaeus opened the door of his heart, Jesus said, "I will come in." He became the guest of Zacchaeus, but before he had been seated long at the table Jesus turned to be the host of Zacchaeus and he received that which he longed for, a greater gift than he could give the Master in asking him to be the guest.

Today, amid our trials and temptations, amid the awful scenes of the last four years, there has come to many hearts an unutterable longing that they might have the peace that Jesus can give to them, so he speaks in Rev. 3:20:

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

I never got the fullness of that, "I will sup with him, and he with me," until I saw it exemplified in the life of Zacchaeus. To those who are living in these last days Jesus says, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." The same privilege is ours today, for if we come to the Lord with a sincere heart that opens the door, he says, "If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him." Today Christ stands before us, the same Saviour, to be our guest as in Zacchaeus' time.

ONE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS

MAUD WILSON COBB

On the 13th of April the sun seemed to shine its brightest. The morning seemed to sing with gladness as the company of LIFE BOAT workers gathered at the depot waiting for the train to take them from Hinsdale to Chicago to begin their regular Sunday work among the prisoners confined in jails. By 9 o'clock we were at the old Clark Street jail door. While waiting for one of our city workers, the patrol wagon halted at the door.

comes into their hearts. After prayer we went to the first floor and began our service in a corridor with cells on each side filled with men. Often fifty men are confined in these cells. Song books were given to the men and one man asked us to sing "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning." He said he had been a sailor for many years, and whenever he would cross Lake Erie, and the lower lights were not burning on the shore by Cleveland, they would have to "heave to" and lay in until morning, or they would be dashed against the shallow bottom of the lake and wrecked, as



View of Our Jail Workers, Taken in Front of the Clark Street Station

An officer brought five young men, all under twenty years of age, from the wagon, handcuffed together. Two of the boys seemed careless. The other three looked down and their faces were pale. They were put into a cell and locked up. One fair-haired boy buried his face in his hands and wept bitter tears. It was a plain case of two bad boys leading the other three into trouble. The two had been in jail before, but the three who seemed sad were having their first sad experience behind prison bars.

We began our services at 9:15. We first enter a private upper room given to us to keep our wraps and organ and song books in. We always seek Jesus in a word of prayer—asking Him to give us wisdom and to overcome the evil spirits that dwell in the hearts of many of the imprisoned, before Christ

there were only certain places the boats could land.

He then said, "Sing about the lights that will guide an old wreck like me into a safe harbor. I have been dashed against the rock many times, until I am bruised and sore."

As we sang, the poor old man wept tears of sadness. He bowed his head in silent prayer. Every man asked for prayer. After three of our company had talked to them of their own Christian experience, we then went to another part of the jail and there we sang and prayed with every man. As the love of a mother was compared to Jesus' love, one of the young men who had just been brought in cried out aloud and said: "My poor mother! I would have died rather than disgrace her gray hair, that I have helped to make by my

waywardness. Lady pray for me, that I might repent before I am lost."

As our busy workers went from cell to cell, old and young men said, "Pray for me." Many wept. Several said, "No one ever asked to pray for me before in my life. I have never prayed. I have only cursed God."

The sergeant who has served in this jail and the old Harrison jail for twenty-seven years said to an officer, "I have watched the work of these people for twenty-two years and many a man has left this place with a desire to be a better man and a Christian for the work done here on Sunday mornings. I have seen and heard hardened criminals weep like a baby when some of these workers would talk to them of their mothers, and I have seen jail birds come back here clean and sober and talk and pray with other prisoners after they had gotten positions and were leading Christian lives." I tell you it pays in the long run. This sergeant has always been very kind to us and grants us any privilege to help our work.

We left this jail, taking a car to the Desplains Street Station. There we found many more prisoners. Two meetings were held in this place. Every man bowed or knelt in prayer and sang with us, and some said, "We thank you, and remember us when you pray."

Our company then divided. Part went to the Maxwell jail, others to the Stanton Station on the South Side. We attended this jail with three other workers, Miss Shilling, Mrs. Lawston and Miss Youngs. This jail only cares for women and girls. Twelve were confined here on this day. The writer asked how many of the twelve had ever professed conversion. Only one had not at some time been a member of some church. After an earnest heart to heart talk, and songs had been sung, every woman and girl knelt in prayer and repeated the Lord's prayer together.

An elderly woman near eighty years of age was brought in by an officer. She was lost and had been hunting her daughter, and the officers were trying to locate the woman's daughter. The poor, feeble old soul was weak and trembling. The matron made her a cup of tea, and the girls tenderly took her wraps and tried to console her. After she had stopped weeping she said in a broken language, "God is good. He makes me not afraid. He brings

my daughter to me, too. He's good Father to all of his children." We asked the girls if they had an old mother looking for them in the highways and byways, and did their mothers know that God was good, and were they trusting Him. All wept bitterly, and over half of the girls said that their mothers were Christians. We told them the Spirit of God would not strive with them always, and today was the day of salvation. I then asked how many would accept it. Every girl promised to begin to trust Jesus, "just for today."

After this service we were ready to leave the city. The day was well spent. We wonder what the harvest will be from this day's sowing the seed.

"NURSE, I'M SO GLAD WE PRAYED"

MAY STUYVESANT

[Miss Stuyvesant, a graduate from Hinsdale, is now in charge of the dispensary connected with the White Memorial Hospital, Los Angeles, Cal. She writes of her experience.—Ed.]

One morning, a short time ago, a little patient came to us, here at the Dispensary, for a surgical operation.

She seemed so nervous and frightened that I felt impressed to find out something about her and, if possible, to speak some word of comfort. On inquiring, she told me that she was only seventeen years old, and that she had a baby girl one year of age.

Her story was a sad one of disappointment and betrayal, and she had no friend or relative to care for her or help her with her burden of sorrow and mistakes. She cried as she told me of how lonely and frightened she was, and how she longed for the help and protection of someone who would really have her interest at heart, and would help her to be a good brave woman.

I was so thankful to be able to point her to Him who said "Like as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Isa. 66:13.

After an earnest prayer to God to give her strength and comfort, we went into the operating room and as she went to sleep she kept repeating "I'm so glad you told me that He really loves me."

When the operation was over and she was ready to go home, she called me and, throwing her arms around me, whispered: "Nurse, I'm so glad we prayed, and that you made me

understand that no matter what happens He loves me and will help me when I need Him most."

Thank God for a prayer-answering Saviour, who says, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." Isa. 41:13.

A BEACON LIGHT

A. HOFFMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.

That the Medical Missionary work will be the last means of carrying the Truth to a dying world is quite manifest in our new but rapidly growing Hospital and Dispensary here in Los Angeles.

While the same success attends all departments, we wish to emphasize especially the work at the dispensary where a large number of patients gather every day, between the hours of one and three p. m., for medical attention, and it is encouraging to hear the expression of praise and gratitude from the lips of those who have been benefitted by our humble efforts.

Many of the better classes of people attend here also. Not as they say, "because it is a free clinic," but because they like the methods of treatments and the kind, Christian influence felt throughout the place. In canvassing for the *Harvest Ingathering Signs*, as soon as the name "White Memorial Hospital" was mentioned, many would say "Yes, we know of your place, and you people are surely doing a good work over there."

This is indeed a place where those of our number who are contemplating going to a foreign field can get something of an idea of the work they will enjoy in their respective fields by spending a few months here for a few finishing touches before leaving.

THE ADVERSE WIND

There is a beautiful picture in one of Wordsworth's poems of a bird that is swept from Norway by a storm. It battles against the storm with desperate effort, eager to wing back to Norway. But all in vain; and so at last it yields, thinking that the gale will carry it to death—and the gale carries it to sunny England, with its green meadows and its forest glades! Ah, how many

of us have been like that little voyager, fretting and fighting against the will of God! And we thought that life could never be the same again when we were carried seaward by the storm; until at last, finding all was useless, perhaps, and yielding to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, we have been carried to a land that was far richer, where there were green pastures and still waters.—Selected.

AN INCIDENT

D. L. Moody told the story of a conversation which he had with a man at Manchester. "Are you a Christian?" the evangelist had asked. "No, but I wish I was." Then Moody proceeded to quote passages from the Bible, but the man said they did not meet his case. "The fact is I cannot feel that I am saved." Then Moody clinched matters by asking, "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him, or was it the ark?" The man thought awhile and then said, "Good night, Mr. Moody; it is all settled." Some time afterwards this convert came up to the evangelist and said, "Do you remember the man and the ark? I had been trying to save myself by my feelings. The moment you spoke of the ark, that settled it." And Moody added, "It is not your righteousness or your good works that will save you. Rich or poor, learned or unlearned, you can only be saved by the blood of Jesus Christ." —Selected.

They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

"Yesterday is dead—forget it. Tomorrow does not exist—don't worry. Today is here—use it."

"If you never do more than you are paid for, you will never get paid for more than you do."

No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been.
—Adelaide Proctor.

It costs something to be a Christian; it costs much more to be a sinner.

THE BROKEN LOCK

MRS. H. E. SAWYER-HOPKINS

"Be sure to get up in time for the seven o'clock train, Ellen," said her brother James, as they separated for the night to take rooms at a hotel in the city of Boone.

"You can certainly depend on me for that," Ellen replied. And true to her word, morning found her awake and up in good time. But before she was quite ready, a knock was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" she questioned.

"Porter," was the reply.

"What's wanted?"

"Your brother sent me up to call you; it's near train time," answered the porter.

"Tell him I'm up and nearly ready to come down," said Ellen.

Then she hurriedly completed her toilet and, with hand baggage, she started to go downstairs, but the door would not unlock. What could be the matter? She tried again, but all in vain. "The lock is surely broken," thought Ellen, "and brother is expecting me down every minute. What can I do?" Then, kneeling by the bedside, the trouble was poured forth into the ears of the great Deliverer, of whom David tells us in the 107th Psalm. He says, "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses."

Again there was a rap at the door, and her brother said, "Why don't you hurry up and come down? We'll be left." "Simply because I can't get out; the lock is broken," she replied.

Then her brother lost no time in finding the porter, who hurriedly went up to see what could be done. He saw the lock was indeed broken, and the door could not be

opened. The only way to do it was to secure a ladder, enter the room through the window, and pry the lock off on the inside.

This completed, Ellen hurried out, and with her brother rushed to the station, trying to reach it in time for the train, but before they could get there, they saw the train move away. James dropped the baggage and ran toward it, waving his handkerchief, hoping to attract the attention of the trainmen, when suddenly the train stopped and backed up. The conductor came out to meet them and assist them with their baggage.

How thankful they were to be on board again, and not be compelled to wait over until the next morning to continue their journey homeward. Surely our heavenly Father is a present help in time of trouble, when we call upon Him.

Esau had no regard for spiritual things and hence did not realize what he was giving up when he sold his birthright.

Only Christ can influence the world, but all the world sees of Christ is what it sees through you and me.

"A great work of saving souls remains yet to be done. Every angel in glory is engaged in this work, while every demon of darkness is opposing it."

The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote; the work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.—*Mencius*.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN MEDICAL MISSIONARY TRAINING?

If so, write us at once for full information concerning our new class which will start July first. We are now accepting applicants for this class. Our course is three years in length and we desire those to apply who have consecrated their lives to the Master's service, or wish to do so. If God impresses you to take up this work, write at once. Address Mary W. Paulson, M. D., Hinsdale, Ill.

FURTHER ON

ROBERT HARE

A little further on, beyond the toiling,
The heart will rest amid its fragrant bowers,
While fairer skies pass o'er and soften breezes
Fill both the noontide and the gloaming hours.

A little further on, the burden pressing—
The load that bows the weary spirit down
Will be forgotten in the radiant glory
That shares the splendor of a fadeless crown.

A little further on, the tears now falling
Above the thorn-path and the darkening day
Will pass forever from the brighter vision,
A Hand Divine will wipe all tears away.

A little further on, the silent voices—
Hushed in the glow of past and happy days—
Will waken in a joy supreme, unmeasured,
To share love's anthem of eternal praise.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

A carelessly written, misspelled letter is a sign that you will not get the job you are applying for.

A caved-in chest and bowed shoulders are a sign that you will have a dangerous illness. It may not come for a few years yet, but it's coming.

If you give up without trying again after a failure, it is a sign that you will always occupy a lower rung on the ladder that leads to the world's treasure-house.

If you find yourself cheating in a game or work or lessons, it is a sign that promotions will be few and far between for you.

If you lose your temper before breakfast, it is a sign that you will have an unpleasant day.

To smile and speak softly when you are angry is a sign that you will be a leader of men.

If you ask three favors of a friend before offering even one, it is a sign that you are going to lose your friend.

To borrow money to spend on pleasure or indulgence is a sign that your mind is weak.

If you can make three people smile before breakfast on a rainy morning, it is a sign that great good fortune is awaiting you.

If your money doesn't last from one payday to another, it is a sign that you will be poor all your life.

To betray a confidence given you is a sign that shame is coming to you.

If you wear a scowl or gloomy look four days out of each seven, it is a sign you will have few friends.

To do a favor for a stranger or some one who cannot repay you is a sign that you

will be happy for the next twenty-four hours.

To tell one lie is a sign you will suffer from an uneasy conscience; to tell two is a sign of a bad memory; to tell three is a sign that disgrace is on its way to you.

To own up to your fault and take the blame for any trouble it may have caused is a sign that you will not repeat that offense.

It is a sure sign of so-called good luck if you keep at a difficult problem or task until you have mastered it.

To be suspicious of people's motives or good intentions is a sign that you will be frequently cheated.

It is a sign of long life to be able to control your appetite.

To rejoice in another's good fortune is a sign that you will have many friends.

To show respect to your elders is a sign that you will be a social success.

To think twice each time before you speak is a sign that you will be advanced to a position of trust.

To be magnanimous to an enemy when you have a chance to even up old scores is a sign that you will be a great man.

These three things are signs of so-called good luck that will follow through life: To tell the truth when it is difficult, to keep cheerful amid discouragement, to keep clean in evil surroundings.—*Selected.*

A SUGGESTION FOR HOMEKEEPERS

"I was so glad to get the March LIFE BOAT. There are many good things in it and so helpful spiritually that I enjoy reading every word. My neighbor next door to me likes THE LIFE BOAT so well she will read it before any other paper. She often comes in and asks if I have a late LIFE BOAT, saying, 'I would like to have one so well. I like to read it as there is much good reading in it.'

"An old lady was visiting her for a couple of weeks who noticed THE LIFE BOAT on the library table. So she picked it up and began reading it. After she read a while she said, 'I never saw a book like this before. It is good, and I am interested in it. Can I have it? I want to take it home with me.' So my neighbor came in to buy another one and send to her."

FROM A FIRM FRIEND OF THE LIFE BOAT

MRS. SAMUEL PRESTON

How many lives THE LIFE BOAT has saved, surely none will know until that great day when all accounts are settled; then, and not until then will we know. This we do know, that if any are missing in that great day, they will not have THE LIFE BOAT to blame, that's sure. Its lifeline has been thrown out in every direction where distress and want exist.

I have become a firm friend of THE LIFE BOAT, and I do so much enjoy the many good letters from the state prisons.

I have lived to see many changes in this world's history, and I do rejoice to see this day when this old world is fast getting ripe for the great harvest, and each day is bringing nearer, "The great day of the Lord." For "it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord: The mighty man shall cry there bitterly." Zeph. 1:14. What a great privilege to be looking for that blessed hope. Titus 2:13.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY

"I am a regular subscriber of THE LIFE BOAT, and I like the paper so much that I would like to get others interested in it, and the splendid work you are doing for the Lord.

"I am an orphan and have been afflicted with deafness since I was twelve years old, but I know now that my affliction has been for the very best, because when life seemed no longer endurable and I would gladly have ended it all, the Lord found me somehow and performed a miracle in my hardened, unbelieving heart.

"When I read in THE LIFE BOAT of your work among the prisoners, I think of how the Word of God took me out of prison when I was so desperately unhappy and felt that life was a burden. I was truly born again.

"But I have become very miserable and dejected over my seeming uselessness. I am always longing to work in God's vineyard, but I feel so weak and helpless and so thoroughly convinced of my own worthlessness that I am not sure I can do any work. But there is something that keeps saying to me, 'You are bound, but the word of God is not bound.' I can't be a missionary among strangers, but I am pretty well acquainted in my own neigh-

borhood where I was born and brought up, and I think if we Christians would only begin in our own house and among our own neighbors, God would surely bless our efforts.

"I want to begin in a very small way and bring THE LIFE BOAT into the homes around here, for such an earnest and whole hearted little worker as THE LIFE BOAT can do wonders in arousing people to their spiritual needs.

"I would like to have you send me LIFE BOATS of the last issue for the amount enclosed, and would appreciate a personal answer to my letter. I feel that I can write to you people as I could write to my own mother were she here."

PEACE ON EARTH

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

Peace is one of the fruits of love, and love is of heavenly origin. This divine plant needs to be tenderly cherished and cultivated, in order that it may reach a state of perfection. Every thought of love should be permitted to blossom into a deed.

There is no place in the universe more favorable for the cultivation of love than this world. The necessities of the poor, the afflicted, the sick and the suffering are designed to encourage its growth. As these calls are responded to, man becomes assimilated to the image of his Maker.

But in order for love to reach perfection, mercy and pity must be shown not merely to fellow creatures but also toward the lower creatures. Perfect love casteth out fear between man and God; between man and man and also between man and the creatures below him. Love will, when perfected, usher in the reign of peace; the time when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." The time when God says, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Isa. 11:6, 9.

I admire the spirit which prompted the words of the poet:

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn,
Taught by that Power that pities me
I learn to pity them."

Man was at the beginning placed upon earth

as God's representative. He was to reveal toward the creatures below him, the same love that God revealed toward him. The lower creatures were made capable of responding to this love and to render to him the service of love. Sin entered into the world and pain and death by sin. Man instead of now representing God, the healer and preserver of life, represents Satan, the destroyer. The fear and dread of him is upon every beast of the field and upon the fish of the sea. Christ came to this earth to bring in divine love.

At the birth of Christ the angels brought the message which was designed to bring light, joy and peace to every living creature—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will toward men."

How strange and out of harmony with God's plan is the spectacle observed in the market places. Even Christmas is made a day of feasting, slaughter and bloodshed—a strange way indeed to celebrate or commemorate the birth of the Prince of Peace.

Even Christ's death was not to be commemorated by partaking of the flesh of dead animals, but by unleavened bread and the unfermented juice of the grape. "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." How out of place it is to commemorate his birth by slaughter.

The story is told of a priest who wrote a Christmas sermon. His theme was "A plea for universal love." He pleaded for "Love between man and man, nation and nation, and between man and brute; not only do we owe love to our fellows," said he, "but also to those silent, uncomplaining pain bearers—the animals." He drew a sad picture of horses thrashed and mouth-jagged for slipping under their heavy loads; of tame stags hunted from the hands that had reared them, by yelling packs of hounds; of birds driven in front of guns and slaughtered by men who claimed to be sons of the Prince of Peace. After he had finished he fell asleep, and there came a dream to the wearied priest. In his dream he saw his wife who had been dead for some time. She came near, stooped over him and kissed his brow. "You have finished your work?" she asked. "Quite finished," he answered. "I have brought the animals to thank you," she replied, "they are grateful. Few who preach love call to remembrance their fellow crea-

tures—the pain bearers." He smiled gladly. "You make me very happy," he said. Then there passed before him a great company of animals, and he looked upon them with bright, exultant eyes. "Will you plead for others, too?" she said. "The others?" "These." And then there came before him with large, pleading eyes, ox and calf, sheep and lamb, and they gazed into his eyes with a sadness that seemed to rebuke him. "I had forgotten these," he said, "but—" he paused; he met her eyes with a troubled look. "How can I plead," he cried, "for the animals that—I kill?"

There are those who belong to organizations to suppress cruelty toward animals who are in part responsible for the cruelties of the slaughter house. Slaughtering crushes the higher nature and blunts all the finer perceptions of the men who are engaged in it.

"God did not mean a man to earn
His bread from day to day
By taking life in a coward's strife
Like a prisoned beast of prey.
For souls succeed by gentle deeds;
Love is not armed to slay.

O trades there be that harden hands
And rob their gentle skill;
That wear the flesh till it grows as hard
As the stone of a crushing mill;
But no hand grows so hard as those
Whose trade it is to kill."

YOUNG PEOPLE WANTED FOR NURSES' TRAINING

We are now making up the membership of our new nurses' class which is to begin July first. If you are at all thinking of taking up medical missionary training, please apply at once, as the class will soon be filled up. Earnest, consecrated young people can here find an opportunity for training. Write to us early for further particulars. Address Dr. Mary Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

MORE WORKERS NEEDED AT HINSDALE

More workers are needed at Hinsdale to help in the domestic department, serving room work, washing dishes, waiting table, chamber work, etc. A splendid opportunity for young women desiring employment with chance for missionary opportunities and medical missionary preparatory training. There is an opening now for several strong young women. Earnest Christian workers preferred. Address at once the Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

EDITORIAL

EDITORS:

Mary W. Paulson, M. D., Percy T. Magan, M. D.,
D. H. Kress, M. D., Caroline Louise Clough

A HEART TO HEART MESSAGE TO THE SHUT-INS

"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise: when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Micah 7:8. This text does not say "When I fall, I shall arise unless I happen to be a prisoner." No, no. There is an opportunity for the prisoners to rise again, just as there is for any one who has ever lived and has fallen from grace. Some of the best men in Bible times were criminals before their hearts were changed. Why did the Lord allow their sins to be put in the Bible, after they had thoroughly repented? Simply so that their experience might help you and me to climb up.

David committed murder in the sight of God, but he repented, yet God said he was, "A man after mine own heart." He climbed up in spite of his fall. We could mention many others who have done the same. The important thing to do is to take the Lord as your partner, then you are bound to rise. But the man who takes the devil in as his partner will fall every time, and great will be his fall.

So if this message reaches you who sit in darkness, we can say, "The Lord will be a light unto you." It is only by special prayer and effort that we are able to reach you with this LIFE BOAT, and we trust that its coming will bring light and cheer, for there is hope for you.

We shall be glad to correspond with you and help you get better acquainted with your God. Write us as soon as you can. Address: The Editor of THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

C. L. C.

"KEEP YOUR EAR CLOSE TO THE WORD"

One writer says: "Keep your ear close to the Word and your eye on the signs, and you will hear the rumblings of the coming of the Son of God." How true that is!

No student of Bible Prophecy need err in these days of turmoil and unrest, when kingdoms rise and fall in a day, when Bolshevism, anarchy and the masses are struggling for control; when death and destruction is on



This was published in the Chicago Tribune under the caption, "Trying to Hatch an Imperfect Egg." This world is worn out like a garment and none but the Prince of Peace can restore it.

every hand; when the nations' rulers are striving in vain to bring peace out of chaos. For does not the Word say that, "In the last days, perilous times shall come? For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

C. L. C.

WHY WE ARE ENGAGED IN RESCUE WORK

Occasionally some one says to us, "I have no sympathy with your rescue work. The girls ought to know better than to get into trouble; they only come to you to hide their sin."

We have only to turn to the Bible to get our authority for rescue work. In the Old Testament we have the account of how Rahab, the harlot, was miraculously saved from destruction when the walls of Jericho were destroyed. The Lord performed a miracle in order to save the life of that woman that the world called a prostitute.

Christ spent many hours and days in helping the unfortunate. You remember the woman of Samaria who had a questionable career, yet Christ was so interested in working for her salvation that he had no time to eat or drink. The Son of God who had inhabited sinless eternity was not above extending sympathy to the sinful woman who was brought to him, and to tell her, "Go, and sin no more."

A prominent Pharisee invited Christ to his house to dinner, and he went and sat down to eat. "Behold a woman in the city, which was a *sinner*, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment. Now, when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, 'This man, if he

were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a *sinner*.'"

That Pharisee did just as many people would do today. In fact, they would not allow such a character to enter the room. But Jesus said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee." Luke 7:36-40.

"Mary had been looked upon as a great sinner, but Christ knew the circumstances that had shaped her life. When to human eyes her case appeared hopeless, Christ saw in Mary capabilities for good. He saw the better traits of her character."

No doubt, if the whole truth were known, this Simon at whose house the Saviour had eaten was the very one who had led this girl into sin. And Christ knew his life as he does the lives of those today who are making great professions, but are sinners at heart.

After all, the sin of which the unfortunate girl is guilty is only one of six commandments which pertain to our relation to each other. In the eyes of God, is it not just as great a sin to dishonor father and mother, or to bear false witness, as it is to break the seventh commandment? Hence, true Christianity, the Christ kind, commissions us to work for and endeavor to lift up the fallen and disheartened girl.

Many prominent workers have encouraged this work, and their words of encouragement linger in our memory. Chief among these is a statement made by the well-known writer, Mrs. E. G. White, who visited our Home some years ago, and in our parlor with a group of the girls around her, said: "Those who are

IF YOU HAVE MONEY TO LOAN, READ THIS

The Hinsdale Sanitarium has had the largest patronage for the past year in its history. For many months it has been possible to accommodate only a small percentage of those who have wished to come here for care and treatment, therefore we have decided to build a fifty-room addition this summer.

This will make it necessary for us to borrow a few thousand dollars. We will give the note of the Sanitarium, signed by the president and the secretary, bearing interest at six per cent, payable semi-annually and running for whatever length of time may be desired—one, two, three or more years.

Anyone having money to loan us or who may wish further particulars, address The Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

conducting this Home are doing an important work, and I believe that as a result of such efforts, many souls will be saved. Jesus gave his life to save *fallen* humanity. Those who are laboring here are laboring together with God. Let no one become discouraged." C. L. C.

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Prof. Thomas D. Rowe of Battleford, Sask., visited friends at Hinsdale recently.

Mr. A. C. Graefe of Clinton, Mo., has recently connected with the Hinsdale Sanitarium in the capacity of landscape gardener.

We are all glad to have with us again Mrs. C. H. Rhodes of Havana, Ill., a warm friend of THE LIFE BOAT and its activities, who has spent her summers at Hinsdale for several years.

Miss Florence Jones of Green Bay, Wis., has recently connected with THE LIFE BOAT as stenographer in the editorial office.

Prof. Frederick Griggs, President of Emmanuel Missionary College, was a visitor at Hinsdale and entertained the patients and

guests of the Sanitarium with an illustrated lecture on India Tuesday evening, April 8.

Prof. J. W. Osborn of the Broadview Swedish Seminary, La Grange, Ill., gave a musical program in the Sanitarium parlor.

On April 8 Pastor William Guthrie, President of the Lake Union Conference, Berrien Springs, Mich.; E. A. Bristol of Petoskey, Mich.; C. S. Wiest of Indianapolis; C. A. Russell of Berrien Springs, Mich.; W. H. Holden of Springfield, Ill., and H. H. Rans of South Bend, Ind., were entertained at Hinsdale.

Lynn H. Wood, President of the Southern Junior College, Ooltewah, Tenn., and Prof. W. E. Nelson, President of the Southwestern Junior College, Keene, Texas, were welcome visitors at Hinsdale.

Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Strickler of Boggs town, Ind., and their son, Carl E. Strickler, of Shelbyville, Ind., visited the Sanitarium recently.

One of our LIFE BOAT workers writes that "THE LIFE BOAT magazine is going as well as ever. I only wish that I could put in more time at it."

A SPECIAL OFFER FOR THIS MONTH ONLY

WE are making a special offer of The Life Boat for eight months beginning with the May number, for only forty cents.

If you want several of your friends to have The Life Boat, now is the time to subscribe for them.

Send us a list of names and addresses of those you feel would be benefited by The Life Boat, and send check along.

If you have wanted The Life Boat, but felt you could not pay one dollar a year, why not take advantage of this offer?

May we hear from you?

Publishers, The LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

BOOKS WE RECOMMEND

If this magazine has interested you, we would refer you to the following books and magazines for further study. They can be procured from our office or ordered direct from the publishers:

The Marked Bible is a new booklet by the late Prof. C. L. Taylor. It brings out Bible truths in story form, being an actual account of a missionary's experience on shipboard. The book is having a remarkable sale. Price, 15c per copy.

Soul-Winning—G. B. Thompson. A splendid book to encourage professed Christians in personal soul-winning work. 192 pages, 75c.

Steps to Christ—Mrs. E. G. White. A splendid book for the unconverted and the seeker after God, and a constant guide to the Christian. Published in several bindings from 25c paper or khaki cover to a \$1.00 gift book.

Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing. An application of the principles of Christ's sermon on the mount. A real gem of truth. 218 pages, 85c.

Ministry of Healing. One of the most remarkable books ever written on the subject of health and healing, with instruction for the upbuilding of the Christian home. We have a few copies of this splendid book on hand which we will furnish at \$1.50 each.

The Signs of the Times is a weekly periodical which deals with Bible truth and its relation to the times in which we live. \$1.50 per year. Published at Mountain View, Cal.

The Watchman Magazine. A live up-to-date, illustrated monthly magazine dealing with world-wide current topics from the Scriptural standpoint. \$1.50 per year. Address, Nashville, Tenn.



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

Entered as second-class matter July 17, 1905, at the P. O. at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1919.

Mary W. Paulson, M. D.....	} Editorial staff
Percy T. Muggan, M. D.....	
D. H. Kress, M. D.....	
Caroline Louise Cough.....	
N. W. Paulson.....	Business Manager

The Life Boat is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, Incorporated.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

Do not send currency in your letters, as The Life Boat will not be responsible for receipt of the same. Single copies, 16 cents.

Yearly subscriptions, \$1.00.
Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Expirations
The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription expires. We do not continue any names on our list after the expiration of the subscription, so please renew your subscription promptly.

Change of Address
When writing to have the address of the Life Boat changed, be sure to give the old address as well as the new one.

Mistakes
The publishers of The Life Boat will be pleased to have their attention called to any mistakes that may occur, and will be glad to correct them.

Premiums
The attention of our readers is invited to our valuable premium offers. We are constantly in receipt of most appreciative letters from those who have taken advantage of these liberal offers.

Rates for Advertising
Full page, single issue, \$20; three months, \$50.
Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.
One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

Life Boat Magazine Agencies in Chicago
The Life Boat magazine can be secured in quantities at wholesale rates from the following agencies in the city of Chicago.
D. K. Abrams, wholesale nut store, 3529 Cottage Grove Avenue. Phone Douglas 6743.
Illinois Tract Society, 116 North California Avenue. Phone Garfield 3361.

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If you want the very best grade of cooking oil (or salad oil) be sure to get **GOLD MEDAL VEGETABLE COOKING OIL**, sold at wholesale prices to all. We ship all over the United States. Very low rates.

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Many years' experience has taught me how to turn out first-class prints with "a finish" to them.

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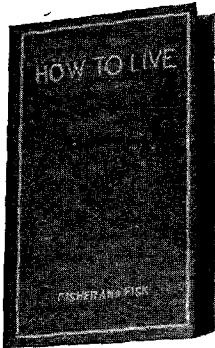
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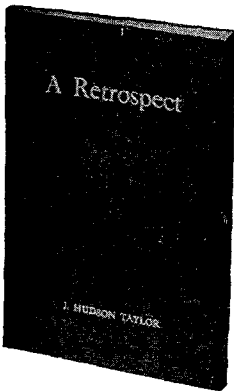
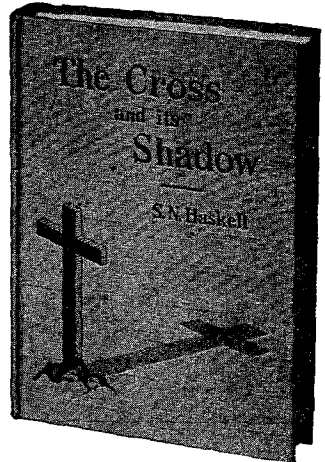
"How to Live, or Rules for Healthful Living, Based on Modern Science"



By Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy, Yale University, and Dr. Eugene L. Fisk. Hon. William Howard Taft, formerly President of the United States, has written the foreword and in fact has edited the entire work. We quote the following from the Preface: "A sad commentary on the low health ideals which now exist is that to most people the expression 'to keep well' means no more than to keep out of a sick bed." This book has a splendid chapter on air, another one on food, another one on poisons, such as those due to constipation and those due to infected teeth, etc. A chapter on exercise, one on hygiene; a chapter containing the last word on alcohol and on tobacco, and how to avoid colds; signs of the increase of degenerate diseases, etc. By special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer this book as a premium for one new subscription and 50 cents additional. Induce some one to subscribe for The Life Boat the coming year and receive this most excellent book.

The Cross and Its Shadow

A new book by S. N. Haskell. This book presents the whole Old Testament sanctuary service in a new and living setting. The sacrifice of Christ for us is beautifully portrayed on every page. This book is a marvelous inspiration to a holy life and should be in every home. It contains 388 pages, 50 chapters and 218 illustrations, and will be given absolutely free for only two subscriptions to The Life Boat and 25c extra for mailing. Take advantage of this offer while it lasts.



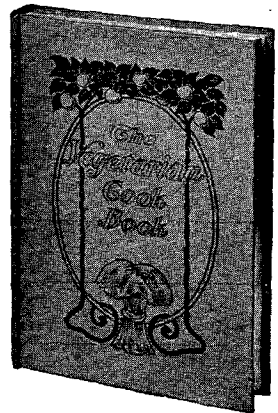
A Retrospect

This book by J. Hudson Taylor is one of the most thrilling and inspiring books on the market today. We have sold nearly 4,000 of them. Should be read by every young person who desires to be of some use in the world. This red, paper-covered edition can be furnished with one subscription to The Life Boat at \$1.10

with one subscription to The Life Boat at \$1.10

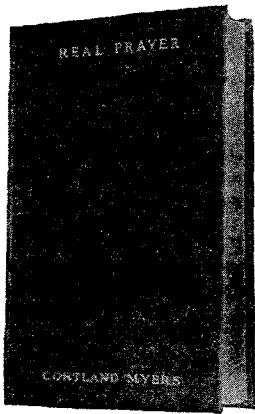
Pastor Hsi

This charming book, "Pastor Hsi," by Mrs. Howard Taylor, daughter-in-law of the late J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, has found such a warm reception by The Life Boat readers everywhere that we are offering it again this year. The author gives in a most fascinating manner the remarkable story of the life work of Pastor Hsi, the man who, after his wonderful conversion from heathenism, founded more than forty medical missionary centers in the province of Shan-Si. His remarkable faith and power in prayer has brought his work to the attention of the entire Christian world today. This book is an inspiration, and you can have it by sending us one dollar for your subscription to The Life Boat for one year.



The Vegetarian Cook Book

should be in every Life Boat reader's home. It is a splendid compilation of valuable recipes for a sane and sensible dietary. If you want to learn how to cook "for health and not for drunkenness" send us \$1.50 for The Life Boat for one year and this useful book. This is an unusual offer.



Real Prayer

By Courtland Meyers. A most inspiring book on prayer. It will make you hungry for a personal experience in the power of prayer. This book will be sent you for only one subscription and twenty-five cents extra. Send us \$1.25 and receive The Life Boat for one whole year and this splendid book.

A New Webster's Pocket Dictionary

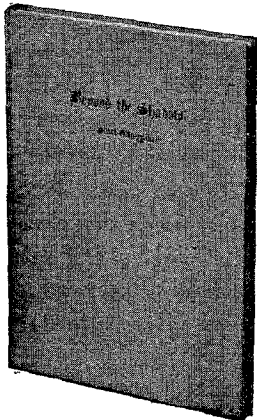
for only one subscription or renewal at one dollar. This book is really five books in one. It is not only a dictionary but a complete parliamentary manual, a rapid calculator, a compendium in business and social forms, a letter writer and literary guide, and a pronouncing and statistical gazetteer of the world. Everyone should possess a copy of this handy booklet; bound in morocco and stamped in gold.



A Fountain Pen



for only one yearly subscription at one dollar and fifty cents extra. Every pen is guaranteed 14-carat solid gold and will do good service. This is your opportunity to receive a good fountain pen for fifty cents and only a few moments of your time in securing the subscription.



Beyond the Shadow

Pearl Waggoner Howard, The Life Boat poet, has collected some of her best poems and published them in book form. The book, contains ninety-six pages. We will send the cloth binding free with two subscriptions to The Life Boat at one dollar each or a paper-covered copy for only one subscription. Subscribe now —before you forget it.

Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch

free with twelve yearly subscriptions and three dollars extra. This is a seven-jeweled watch, gold-filled, with a ten-year guaranteed case and beautiful design. We have placed hundreds of these watches where they are giving the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch. Send us twelve yearly subscriptions at one dollar each and three dollars extra and receive this watch.



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The PATRICIA GARMENT is a PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CORSET and a great improvement in other respects, as it permits natural circulation, perfect respiration and freedom for every muscle, with no bands or strings. There is no opportunity for girding the soft parts of the body, as it follows the natural curves, preserving the contour of the figure.

We are now able to furnish the Patricia health garment in stock sizes from 32 to 42 bust measure, made from the very best of materials and carefully shrunken before making. Price \$4.00. Write for further particulars and description of garment.

"Once in possession means never without it."

"Just the Garment for health conservation."

"A splendid step in advance over corset wearing."

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"I received the PATRICIA and think it is just the garment for health."

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"For comfort, style, saving of time in dressing, saving in laundry—in fact I have never enjoyed any garment that has brought me so much pleasure. Once in possession means never without it."

"I have worn this garment now for five years and find it eminently satisfactory. I consider it superior in many respects to any other garment of its kind which I have worn and can heartily recommend it to other women."

Address **THE PATRICIA GARMENT CO.**, Hinsdale, Ill.

Liquid Paraffin

Stagnation of the bowels is the most common disorder among civilized nations and is perhaps by far the most common cause of our various chronic diseases. These diseases are not readily cured for the simple reason that the real cause is not removed. The laxative drug habit is the most common drug habit among mankind. Every remedy of this kind sooner or later loses its effect and, unfortunately, in every instance does the system more or less harm. Bulky food, plenty of green garden truck, and an abundance of fruit will relieve many of these cases. But some cases have such a tendency to hyperacidity and to intestinal irritation that the liberal use of these things actually seems to aggravate the condition.

Liquid Paraffin, or what we called White Russian Mineral Oil when we imported it from Russia before the war, seems to be a veritable godsend to thousands of these cases. Being a mineral oil it is not absorbed by the body. It merely lubricates and softens the bowel contents. It can be used with perfect safety as it does not create any laxative habit. The dose is from one teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls three or four times a day as may be necessary. It can be procured in any town, but by buying it in large quantities we are able to furnish it to our readers at about one-half the prevailing retail price.

Prices

1 Pint	\$0.45	Shipping weight.....	2 lbs.
1 Quart75	Shipping weight.....	4 lbs.
3 Quarts	1.25	Shipping weight.....	6 lbs.
1 Gallon	2.00	Shipping weight.....	10 lbs.

It is put up in tin cans so that it can be sent by parcel post. These rates do not include transportation charges.

Address **THE LIFE BOAT**, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



Physicians, pastors and other workers are constantly perplexed as to how to properly extend a helping hand to the unfortunate girl. To meet this pressing need the charitable public assisted in erecting this splendid eleven thousand dollar institution and it was dedicated July 25, 1909, Judge Orrin N. Carter of the Illinois Supreme Court giving the principal address. During the past eight years hundreds of girls have been sheltered in this Home. They have been carried through the saddest chapter of their lives. More than half the girls who come do not have a dollar, but they are received just the same. The institution has no endowment and beyond the mere pittance that some of the girls are able to pay, it is entirely dependent upon the generosity of those who become interested in its work.

Are You Contemplating Making Your Will?

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

Why Not Be Your Own Executor?

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

In either case will you not generously remember the Life Boat Rescue Home?

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

For those who desire to remember this institution in their wills we give herewith a proper legal form for a bequest.

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Rescue Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum of.....
.....dollars to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Life Boat Rescue Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation."

Address: **The Life Boat Rescue Home** Hinsdale, Illinois

VISIT HINSDALE FIRST



The Main Building

A suburb of Chicago—trains every few minutes—fifty trains a day.

Sixteen acres of virgin forests, fruit orchard, cottages, lawns, shady walks, lawn tennis court.

A work cure department.

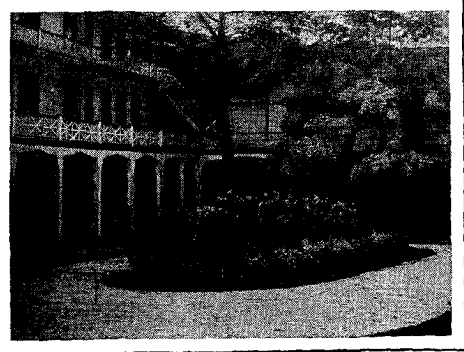
Musical entertainments and lectures.

No experiments or medical fads. Common-sense, honest treatment.

Electric light, private telephones in each room, a beautiful outlook from every window.

**Endowed by Nature
Equipped by Science**

Do not go abroad for what you have at home. Were it possible for you to see Hinsdale as it is, you would come. So pleasant as to attract many guests who have no ailment. Patients are kept so busy getting well that they have practically no time to worry over their troubles. Pleasant, refined associates. Rates as low as ordinary hotel. Atmosphere delightfully different.



The Driveway

Open air treatment, Swedish movements, hydrotherapy, electric light baths and electrical treatments, massage, scientific dietetics, sun baths, the work cure, and sensible health culture, cure thousands of invalids when ordinary means fail.

You will find any of these treatments not only beneficial but delightful and refreshing. We do not countenance routine of baths, the heroic reducing idea nor the starvation cure. Every case is decided on its own merits and treated accordingly. We rely on substantial, simple methods, offer all these features to be rationally enjoyed.



The Main Parlor

**Let Us Send You Our Booklet
"Visit Hinsdale First"**

It is completely descriptive and beautifully illustrated. Once you read this book and note the location, the charm of Hinsdale and the ability of this institution to benefit the sick, you will realize that we offer you every possible means of restoring your health and of becoming completely rested, among surroundings that are ideal. Write for booklet today. It is free. Address

The Hinsdale Sanitarium

Phone
Hinsdale 645

Hinsdale, Ill.



A Glimpse of the Lawn