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HUMAN VARIATIONS OF A DIVINE THEME—Alfred W. McCann

The Pilgrims and Their Bible



There is no doubt that every family that sailed in the "Mayflower" possessed a copy of the Bible which they diligently studied, so that they might "receive further light." Several of the Bibles possessed by the leaders are still in existence.

Every question that arose among them was "discussed, disputed, and cleared up by the word of God," and it was not considered settled until it was found "agreeable to the Holy Scriptures."

Public officials were selected according to the directions given in the Bible, the qualities there demanded being set up as the standard for all office-holders.

The Bible was to the Pilgrims a guide in all things. It truly was "a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path."

They studied the Bible so that they might know themselves, so that they might know each other, but principally so that they might know God.

They held that God spoke to them through his Word in an individual, personal way, without any medium or interpreter being required.

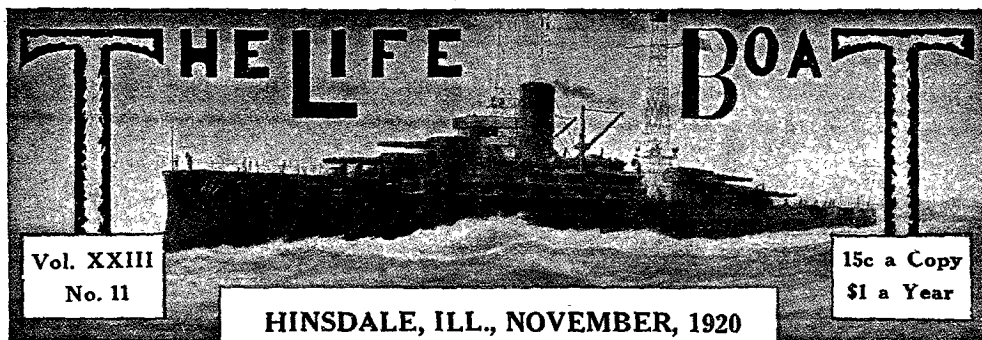
The Bible served as the whole literature of life for the common people in the times of the Pilgrims; because they had access to practically no other books.

The Bible was a divinely inspired Book to the Pilgrims. With them "Thus saith the Lord" meant the final word of authority.

They approached the Bible with an open mind, with their faces toward the light, in the supreme confidence that God would not disappoint them in their desire to be led through his Word.

Wherever the Bible has gone it has lifted up the race, intellectually, ethically, spiritually. This is one of the greatest testimonies to its power and influence.

—Selected.



Human Variations of a Divine Theme

Alfred W. McCann

PERHAPS you have heard of the little girl who caught cold easily, and whose mother for that reason kept her home from school on rainy days.

From the pages of "Starving America," published, 1913, by George H. Doran Company, of which work this is an elaborate extension, I again present her to you for the reason that she symbolizes millions of her kind.

She went one day to a playmate's birthday party at a neighbor's home. Set before the children was a great frosted cake with lighted candles; ice cream bricks striped with red, white, green and brown; candies of seven hues, and a riotous assortment of goodies that struggled with each other in a debauch of color to catch the attention of greedy little eyes.

The little merry-makers were transported by the rainbow sweets before them. Angel cake and wafers were consumed without end.

That night the tired but happy little darling was tucked away in her warm little bed by little mother, who was happy too. In her sleep she fretted and tossed a bit. The next day she did not seem well enough to be sent to school. Toward evening a slight fever had developed. Her mother called it an "upset." The fever continued into the second day and the doctor was called. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and asked what she had been eating. When the party was described he smiled and said: "She has eaten too much."

He gave her medicine and in a few days she was "well." The doctor had not taken into

consideration the fact that the milk of which that richly decorated ice cream had been made was raw milk; he did not know that a microscopical examination of it would have revealed millions of organisms to the cubic centimeter, much less than a teaspoonful. He did not attach much importance to the fact that many of those organisms were of the pathogenic or disease-producing type, and that the simple but effective remedy against them, pasteurization, had not been applied. He little heeded the fact that once infected, neither milk nor its products, ice cream and butter, are made safe by anything but pasteurization or sterilization. He did not recall that the low temperature or even freezing has no effect on the disease germs of milk, and does not destroy the tuberculosis, typhoid and diphtheria bacilli, the highest exponents of milk-borne infection. He did not know that the ice cream, sent in from a store, was stiffened with a bodifier made of commercial gelatine, more truthfully classified as carpenters' glue, which the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington has found to contain as many as 6,000,000,000 organisms to the gram, of which there are 29 in a single ounce.

He did not know that glue, containing sulphites, copper and arsenic was originally intended as wall paper sizing, or for use in the paper box factory or furniture shop, but that through the cupidity of the wholesale bakers' supply houses it had been appropriated for use in confectionery, ice cream and cake.

He did not know that the marshmallows consumed by the child consisted of glue, sugar and a coal tar dye. He did not know

that the colored candies were made chiefly of glucose, sweetened with ten or fifteen per cent. of sugar, flavored with ethereal extracts and ornamented with ribbon dyes. He did not know that the soft drinks, pop, consumed by the child were sweetened with saccharine, contained soap bark for "suds," were colored with dye preserved with salicylic acid, benzoic acid or formic acid, and flavored with esters, ethers and aldehydes.

He did not know that small town "pop," as well as big city "pop," contains as a rule not a single ingredient recognized as food.

He did not know the destructive action of refined glucose and refined sugars when excessively consumed.

He did not know that on such a diet bees are quickly killed, though it has been generally supposed that an abundance of table syrup and granulated sugar is good food for the child. He had read something of the high calorie value of sugar and glucose, but had not stopped to consider that alcohol and gasoline have a much higher calorie value.

He did not know, as we are going to discover a little later, that "high calories," although a scientific phrase, is not only meaningless but dangerous when applied to food as it is being applied today.

The little party as a single instance of childhood dissipation did no particular harm to its victim except perhaps to infect her through the ice cream with the germ of bovine tuberculosis, although every time she consumed a glass of raw milk of unknown origin at home she encountered the same danger.

The significance of the little birthday party lay in the fact that all the delicacies served to the romping children were merely typical, under other forms, of the refined foods so generously incorporated in the every day diet of the American people.

We are to learn why our little girl caught cold so easily, and why it seemed difficult

to cure those colds, and why she had so many periodical "upsets." Of what did her breakfast consist?

There was, of course, the usual coffee, which no child should ever consume, and the usual rolls, toast or pancakes with glucose syrup, with one of the many popular breakfast foods served with milk produced by cows fed on brewers' grain, beet pulp, distillery waste, cotton seed meal and gluten feed, a by-product of the glucose factory, compounded black strap feeds, containing ground corn cob, oat hulls, peanut shells, buckwheat hulls, cottonseed hulls, rice hulls, cocoa shells, chaff, elevator screenings, shredded straw, plant refuse, dirt and sand.

"Is this not the breakfast of millions?" you ask. Of what did the "breakfast food" consist? Breakfast foods made of wheat, corn, barley and rice must "keep"; they must "look nice."

The corn flakes, the farina served under trade names in fancy packages at high prices but purchasable in bulk without the fancy names at half the price, and the puffed rice are merely other forms of angel cake and wafer without the sugar and eggs. They represent but the starchy part of the grain from which the many wonderful substances we are about to describe have been removed for commercial reasons.

At noon, as father did not come home for lunch, mother fried the potatoes from last evening's meal, and perhaps added a bit of bologna in which in the uninspected establishments, of which there are thousands in the United States, the raw flesh of the rejected dairy culls (old and diseased cows) is utilized. White bread and margarine, with syrup, were present in abundance. They were always present!

Natural Immunity Versus Business

Our little girl liked white bread or biscuits,

PRESIDENT WILSON ON BIBLE STUDY

"I ascribe to Bible study the help and strength which I have had from God to pass in peace through deeper trials in various ways than I had ever had before; and after having now above fourteen years tried this way, I can most fully, in the fear of God, commend it. A man has deprived himself of the best there is in the world who has deprived himself of intimate knowledge of the Bible."—Woodrow Wilson.

deluged with table syrup, for lunch. Her mother did not know what life-sustaining substances had been removed from the bread and the biscuits, or what had been taken out of the hydrolized corn starch that produced the syrup. She also liked jam purchased from the store, with its ten per cent of fruit and its ten per cent of apple juice, made from the sulphured skins and cores of the dried apple industry; with its seventy per cent of glucose, sweetened with ten per cent of sugar, held together with sufficient phosphoric acid to supply the jellying quality, and preserved with the classic one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda to prevent the mass from disintegrating.

You did not think that such jam as this is to be found in America. Examine the fine print on the labels of the jars sold in the stores; examine the fine print on the labels of the thirty-pound pails sold as "pie filler" and "cake filler" to the baker. More than seventy per cent of all the commercial jam consumed is exactly like this.

Our little victim liked the bright strawberry hue of the sweetish stuff. This hue had been contributed through the legal use of a coal tar dye known as amranth. Only one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda was declared in fine print on the label, and her mother had never noticed even that.

Before the war, when benzoate of soda did not cost \$5.00 a pound, the presence of as much as five-tenths of one per cent in many foods was determined by the Commissioner of Agriculture, of the State of Georgia. The facts were reported to the state chemist in serial No. 56. Today formic acid and other preservatives less costly are secretly employed. The little girl's doctor did not know this; moreover he was not worried by the presence of a little benzoate in her jam. She was also fond of pickles, hardened in a bath of alum,

the astringency of which prevents the softening of their tissues. Her father and mother had not been taught the chemistry of food in the schools, nor the relationship which refined food, juggled food, and drugged food might some day bear to their anemic child.

The evening meal was well suited to the father's needs. It consisted of chops or pot roast or sausages or baked beans and ham, or liver and bacon, or kidney stew, with vegetables and a bakery pie, or a home-made pudding, white with corn starch and milk or brown with corn starch and chocolate, or pink with ribbon dye.

The ever-present white bread and something that resembled butter was, of course, consumed in abundance. It was the average American meal as you shall see from authority much higher than mine, government authority, and it is the average American meal with which we are concerned.

During the afternoon a candy shop down the street received many of the pennies of the little girl. It had existence for the purpose of attracting those pennies. At least twenty million such pennies are spent each day in the United States by school children.

Thus she feasted between meals on dyed glucose and chemical flavors, with an occasional ice cream soda to add romance to her little life.

Delicate always, anemic and "nervous," she had been treated by the family physician for tonsillitis, acute chorea and anemia. At the age of six she underwent an operation for adenoids. Every year among children there are more than 200,000 such operations in the United States.

She had also taken a tonic of iron and manganese. Remember these words, "iron and manganese." On other occasions tonics of strychnia were prescribed. Her teeth, like those of millions of children, were decayed.

THE BIBLE THE ONLY BOOK

"There is but one book, and I have found that the man who is best versed in the Bible and makes it his guide is best qualified for serving his fellow-men. If in America we could have a campaign, 'Back to the Bible,' and men and women as well as children could memorize a verse every day from the Word, the guide and inspiration of these nuggets of divine inspiration would shine out in all lives and make this old world akin to heaven."—Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels.

Mother was anxious about her, and at times would say, "I wonder if we feed Helen properly?" But Aunt Jennie always answered, "Her ills are natural to childhood, and are to be expected. The sooner she has them all the sooner she will be done with them."

Moreover, the neighbors told mother that the less attention she paid to her child's food the better, because people who were always worrying about food had the toughest luck. Here and there a "plump" child was pointed out as a model of what eating "anything and everything" would produce. The neighbors did not know that water-logged tissues are frequently mistaken for plumpness, or that plumpness has nothing to do with muscle tone, with normal functioning of the glands, with vitality or resistance to disease. The neighbors did not know that the "plump" child, fed on "anything and everything," succumbs more quickly than the well-fed, muscular but thin child.

Grandmothers and mothers had fed children for ages, and surely they must know a little about their business, so after all little Helen's mother felt that the child would eventually outgrow her poor health. "She just wasn't strong" but "would get strong." It was a comforting thought.

A few weeks after the little party, as Helen was going home from school, she was caught in a rainstorm. Mother changed her clothes promptly upon her arrival and gave her hot lemonade. There was another fever and the doctor was called. When he came he uttered the word, "pneumonia."

We now know, for the Census Director at Washington has told us, that every year in the United States 400,000 children under ten years of age are buried, as little Helen was buried.

Such are the facts. They cannot be disputed. The apparent cause of the child's death was pneumonia; the real cause was malnutrition, followed by low resistance and inability to fight off the pneumococci.

Man's methods of endowing his children with natural immunity unfortunately involve a side issue of "business expediency." God's methods disclose no such taint. By following the divine hints that lie at his feet man can still have his business without the tragedy on which it is built.

(From A. W. McCann's new book, "The Science of Eating.")

SERVICE

You never hear the robins brag about the sweetness
of their song
Nor do they stop their music gay when'er a poor man
comes along.
God taught 'em how to sing an' when they'd learned
the art He sent 'em here
To use their talents day by day the dreary lives o'
men to cheer.
An' rich or poor an' sad or gay, the ugly an' the fair
to see
Can stop most any time in June an' hear the robins'
melody.

I stand an' watch 'em in the sun, usin' their gifts
from day to day,
Swellin' their little throats with song, regardless of
man's praise or pay,
Jes' bein' robins, nothing else, nor claiming greatness
for their deeds
But jes' content to gratify one of the big world's many
needs.
Singin' a lesson to us all to be ourselves and scatter
cheer
By usin' every day the gifts God gave us when He
sent us here.

Why should we keep our talents hid or think we
favor men because
We use the gifts that God has given? The robins
never ask applause
Nor count themselves remarkable, nor strut in a
superior way
Because their music sweeter is than that God gave
unto the jay.
Only a man conceited grows as he makes use of
talents fine,
Forgetting that he merely does the working of the
Will Divine.

Lord, as the robins, let me serve! Teach me to do
the best I can
To make this world a better place an' happier for my
fellow man,
If gifts o' mine can cheer his soul an' hearten him
along his way
Let me not keep that talent hid. I would make use
of it today.
An' as the robins ask no praise or pay for all their
songs o' cheer
Let me in humbleness rejoice to do my bit o' service
here.

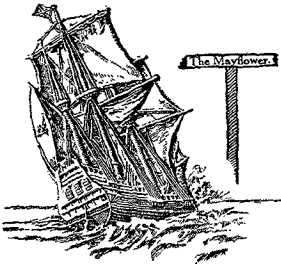
—Edgar A. Guest.

"The advice you don't like is often the best."

This is a law—that thought without subsequent action is useless. *So do the thing.* It is better to be partly right in practice than perfectly right in theory. Better, action that is sixty per cent right than inaction that is one hundred per cent perfect. Don't think too long without acting. *Do it.*

The Mayflower Tercentenary

Caroline Louise Clough



HE minds of all Americans are being turned this year toward the beginning of things in this country. The 300th anniversary of American origin will be celebrated

at Plymouth, Mass., in November by the landing of a modern Mayflower from England, bringing prominent men from across the waters who will take part in the exercises.

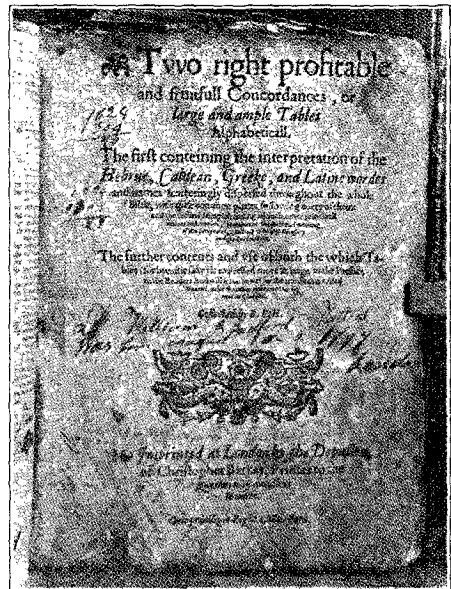
Mr. Haven of the American Bible Society says that "one of the greatest glories, if not the greatest glory in the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers was the fact that they brought with them the open Bible and founded the new colony thereon." Hence the American Bible Society is making this year a Special Bible Year, culminating in Mayflower Universal Bible Week November 21 to 28.

The little band of God-fearing, liberty-loving men and women that cast anchor off the coast of Massachusetts on November 21, 1620, faced a new world with all its hardships and privations, but they also faced freedom of conscience to serve the Lord and for this freedom they were willing to embark on an unknown sea and pitch their tents on the shores of an untried country.

"They came not for the purpose of adventure nor for the sake of building up a prosperous economic community, nor was it primarily for the purpose of establishing trading posts which would result in great financial gain, but to establish a free colony where they might worship God in their own way, to study and apply the word of God as they pleased, and set up a Christian commonwealth which should support and sustain the Church."

The Bible which they brought with them was their rule of life and so long as they followed its teachings they were a model Christian community. But like the history of all ages the new American nation grew more and more to depend

upon its own vast resources and less and less upon God and the word, until in 1833 we have that pathetic picture in history of four American Indians traveling the long weary journey from Oregon to St. Louis to get what they called "The White Man's Book of Heaven," and the sad story is that after spending the winter being entertained with theatres, shows and banquets and losing two



Title Page of Governor Bradford's Bible

of their number from the high life to which they were unaccustomed, their chief at the last banquet made this sad speech of reproof:

"I come to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us; they were the braves of many

winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams. They were tired in many moons and their mocassins wore out.

"My people sent me to get the 'White Man's Book of Heaven.' You took me to where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and the pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long and sad trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my mocassins will grow old in carrying them, yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness and they will go a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

This speech of the chief awoke the church from its slumbers.

So today the effort which is being made by The American Bible Society and the churches in general to lead the minds of Christian people back to the word of God and to give the Bible the place it should have in our lives cannot be emphasized too much. While copies of the printed word are within the reach of every soul in this country today, even the North American Indians, yet we find very little of the living Word in the lives of professed Christians.

Helen Hunt Jackson states the situation beautifully in these few verses taken from her splendid poem, "The Pilgrim Fathers," published in the *Expositor* for February, 1920:

"Unto the faith they bought so dear
We pay each day less reverent heed;
And boast, perhaps, that we outgrow
The narrowness which marked their creed.
* * *

Find me the men on earth who care
Enough for faith or creed to-day
To seek a barren wilderness
For simple liberty to pray.

Men who for simple sake of God
All titles, riches, would refuse,
And in their stead disgrace and shame
And bitter poverty would choose.

We find them not. Alas! the age,
In all its light hath blinder grown;
In all its plenty, starves because
It seeks to live by bread alone.

And what we have of ill, of shame,
Our broken word, our greeds for gold,
Our reckless schemes and treacheries,
In which men's souls are bought and sold—

All these have come because we left
The paths that those forefathers trod;
The simple, single-hearted ways
In which they feared and worshipped God."

THE HIGHEST EVIDENCE OF DIVINE AUTHORSHIP

MRS. E. G. WHITE

It is impossible for any human mind to exhaust even one truth or promise of the Bible. One catches the glory from one point of view, another from another point; yet we can discern only gleamings. The full radiance is beyond our vision.

As we contemplate the great things of God's word, we look into a fountain that broadens and deepens beneath our gaze. Its breadth and depth pass our knowledge. As we gaze, the vision widens; stretched out before us we behold a boundless, shoreless sea.

Such study has vivifying power. The mind and heart acquire new strength, new life.

This experience is the highest evidence of the divine authorship of the Bible.

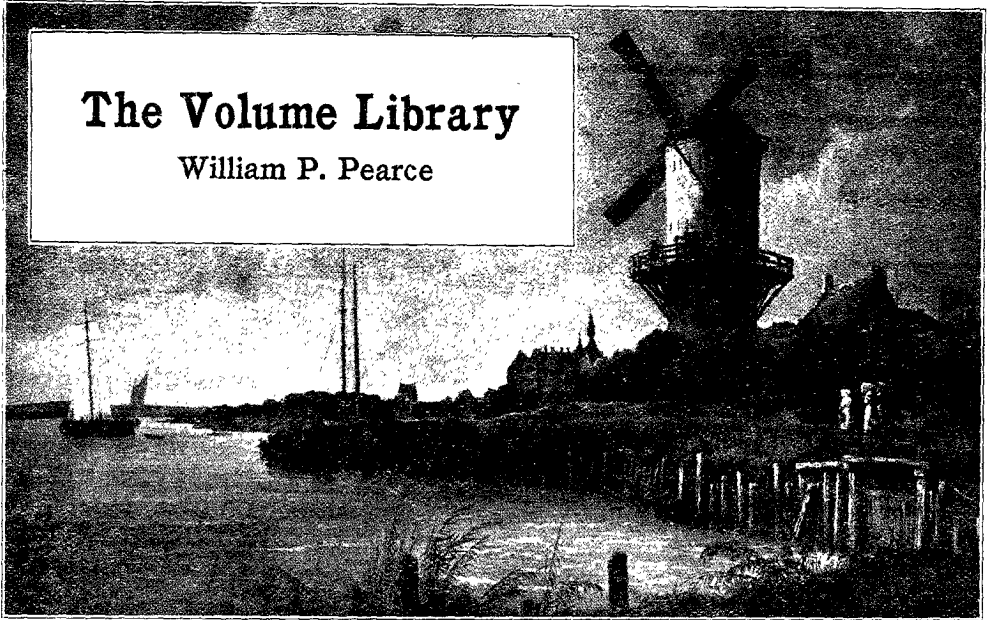
Education, Page 171.

INFLUENCE ON NATIONAL LIFE

"I believe the religious and moral life of the nation depends upon the teachings as laid down in the Bible, and that as we increase our knowledge of its contents, and apply to everyday life, there is a corresponding increase in the richness and usefulness of our lives."—Governor L. J. Frazier, of North Dakota.

The Volume Library

William P. Pearce



IN 1911, there appeared a book of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, entitled, "The Volume Library." That's exactly what the Bible is. It is made up of sixty-six books. These books are divided into two sections—Old and New. The Old has thirty-nine, the New twenty-seven.

A pleasing way of remembering the number of books is to bear in mind the number of letters in the words "Old Testament."

OLD TESTAMENT

3

9

Put these numbers near each other and we have 39—the number of books in the Old Testament. To get the number of the New Testament, multiply them thus:

$$3 \times 9 = 27$$

Add the 39 and 27, and we have 66, the complete number of books of the whole Bible.

It is well to systematize these books. The Old Testament is divided into four classes. First, *legal*, Genesis to Deuteronomy; *historic*, Joshua to Esther; *poetic*, Job to Songs of Solomon, and *prophetic*, Isaiah to Malachi.

The books of the New Testament are divided into the historical and epistolary, though a more simple method is the *Gospels*, *Apostolic Acts*, *Epistolary* and *Revelation*, the latter in reality being the title of the whole volume: "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him." Rev. 1:1.

Then it is valuable to know that these books were written by thirty-nine distinct authors—the same number as the books in the Old Testament—thirty writing the Old and nine the New. They were among the literati of the day. Some were princes, some philosophers, some scholars, while others were shepherds, fishermen and mechanics.

THE BIBLE AN INDISPENSABLE BOOK

"I wish to say that from every point in life the Bible is the indispensable book. If you should take away from the literature, the music and the art of the world, all that they have gained from the Bible, you would make them ordinary. If you should take away from the laws of the land all that they have caught from the Bible, you would remove the very foundation for justice. If you should take away from devout individuals the hope and the inspiration of the Bible, you would ruin the civilization which has builded the churches, the hospitals, and many of the leading institutions of learning."—Governor H. J. Allen of Kansas.

This Volume Library is then *A DIVINE VOLUME*. The word "Bible" in the oriental language is really two words, El Bib. El is the most widely used name for God. Others are only descriptive titles, as El Shad-dai—God Almighty; El Elyon—God Most High. When any Bible name begins with El, it means God something; when it ends with it, it means something of God. Take the name *El-eazar*—God my helper; *El-isha*—God his salvation. Samu-*El*—asked of God; Nathan-*El*—given of God.

The word "Bib" is an old word for book. The Greek word "Biblos" means book. Matthew begins his Gospel thus: "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ," thus carrying out the same idea, that the Bible is the revelation of God. As a revelation it is inspired. Paul said, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." 2 Tim. 3:16. The proof of its inspiration is, it inspires.

Like a Diamond Field

To study this one volume library, we need to *dig in*. The Bible is like a diamond field, no matter where we dig we discover rich gems.

Dig into *the times* and we'll find they vary. The earliest parts of this book were written somewhere about fifteen hundred years before Christ, and the latest about ninety-six after Christ. Here we see that nearly sixteen hundred years elapsed in writing this book.

Dig into *the history* of the Bible and we'll find it to be the most romantic and remarkable. Beyond four hundred years before Christ little is known. But the Bible goes back three or four thousand years prior and tells of things which scientists ridiculed years ago, but which archeologists have since proven true.

Dig into *the geography* of the Bible and we'll find the cradle of the world, the birth-place of the monostheistic religion, the center of civilization, the ministerial parish of Jesus, and in many respects the only unchanged land of Bible times. In this alone we have God's plan to carry out His prophetic utterances from the beginning to the closing of time.

Dig into *the biography* of the Bible, and what inspirational characters we find. Names in man's "Hall of Fame" fade and are soon forgotten, but many Bible names will be surrounded with a halo of glory as long as the world lasts. Their characters will mould coming generations.

Dig into *the customs and manners* of the peoples of the Bible, and we'll understand some of the bewildering peculiarities of the East. We cannot explain them by our customs, for they widely differ. The devotee in his sacred place took off his shoes, we our hats. The men greeted each other with a kiss, we with a handshake. The ministers sat when teaching or preaching, we stand.

Dig into *the literature* of the Bible and we shall find it the most fascinating ever penned. Here is history and philosophy, poetry and drama. It permeates and saturates Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Browning and Tennyson. It thrills in the thought and style of Carlyle, and supplies the mind of Hawthorne, and Thackeray, and Scott.

Dig into *the great truths* of the Bible, and how they grip us. They run like veins of rich coal through book after book. Creation in Genesis is linked with the Christ of Colossians, who was "before all things, and by whom all things consist." Col. 1:17. The Tabernacle worship cannot be explained without reading the fifth to the tenth chapters of Hebrews. The atoning blood of the Paschal lamb, and the Lamb of God, runs like a scarlet thread from the first book to the last.

Dig into *the words* of the Bible, and what nuggets of gold are they. God frequently illumines them as business men illuminate their names or business by electric lights. Take the word "Friend." Jesus said, "Ye are My friends." John 15:14. The word is from *philōs*—lover. That puts a new stress on the declaration. Take the word "agree." "If two of you shall agree." Matt. 18:19. That word is *sumphoneo* in the Greek and means harmony. Take the word "abundantly." "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." John 10:10. That word is from *perissos*, and means "above the common." So might we draw water out of the well-words.

Cultivate a Right Spirit to Study

To study this One Volume Library, we need to cultivate a "right spirit." Such is essential in discerning "the mysteries of godliness," 1 Tim. 3:16, as a clean lens is necessary to see the beauties and sublimities in nature.

This right spirit is four-fold. First, a *prayerful spirit*. One should always ask that the light of Him who guides "into all truth," John 16:13, shall illuminate the sacred page.

"Open Thou mine eyes," prayed David, "that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Psalms 119:18.

Second, a *thankful spirit*. The Bible has meant more to the human family than all other books combined. Its decalogue has been the foundation of all good legislative acts. Its code of morals has lifted men nearer the Ideal Man than the Talmud of the Jewish Rabbis, or the Koran of the Mohammedans, or the Vedas of the Hindus, or the "Golden Bible" of the Mormons. It is every man's book.

Third, a *practical spirit*. We should study the Bible to learn how to act and live. It is no bigger than we have in our heads, our hearts, and transformed into our lives. This is what Paul meant when he wrote: "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men." 2 Cor. 3:2.

Lastly, an *obedient spirit*. James said, "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." James 1:22-24. A looking glass is to aid one in remedying imperfections. That's what the Bible is for—to reveal our wrongs and aid in putting us right; to show us the way wherein to walk; and the work planned by God that we might do it.

In reading and studying the Bible, let us endeavor to follow Bengal's three rules:

First, "Get everything out of the Bible."

Second, "Read nothing into the Bible."

Third, "Let nothing remain concealed in the Bible."

"A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none."

THE BIBLE BROUGHT ORDER OUT OF CHAOS

Charles M. Alexander tells some remarkable stories of the success of the Pocket Testament League among the British troops on Salisbury Plain.

A sergeant came to Mr. Lane, one of the Y. M. C. A. workers, and asked if he had some book or Bible with which he was working.

Mr. Lane answered, "Yes, why?"

The sergeant told of his difficulties with two squads of soldiers, fifteen in each tent.

The discipline in those two tents had driven him almost to despair. One night a soldier pulled out a little book and commenced to read. In response to his comrades' questions he said, "I am reading a pocket Testament. I have joined what they call the Pocket Testament League, and I promised to carry this with me wherever I go and read a chapter a day. I am reading my chapter."

"Don't be stingy," said the others. "Read us some out of it." The next night there were five men reading Testaments. Soon all the soldiers in the two tents had joined the league. They stopped drinking, quit their filthy language, and became the best squads in the encampment.

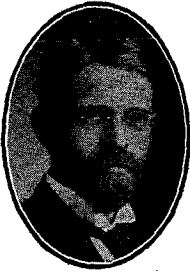
Some of the men asked the sergeant if he had noted the difference. He said that he certainly had. They told him that the Testaments and the league had worked the miracle.

The sergeant not only secured a Testament and promised to read it, but took a decided and determined stand as an out-and-out Christian. Enormous quantities of Bibles and Testaments were distributed among and read by the soldiers in England and in France.—*Selected.*

THE BIBLE FOR DOUBTERS

J. G. LAMSON

Let us imagine one of those young preachers saying in response to the verse, "He that cometh to God must believe that he is," "Now I don't know whether you are or not. I doubt it. I have never seen you. It is not 'reasonable' for me to think that you exist." Wouldn't that be a splendid person to try to lead some poor soul to the Saviour? Here is a poor man longing to be relieved of his load of sin, and the ever present question with him is "Is there a God?" "Does he receive sinful men?" "Will he forgive me and make me pure?" What mockery to hand him the hell-grown husks of doubt; and why play with a soul by tossing him the word of God after it has been smeared and smutted by higher criticism and the other "isms" that deny our Lord? *Never.* God is God. He loves the sinner, though he hates sin. He forgives the sinner and blots out the sin. What he says is *so*, even though before he said it wasn't so, for just the second he says a thing is so it becomes so,—*it is so.* You may come to him unrighteous, but he forgives you and makes you accepted in the beloved.



Footprints of Faith No. 11

Helping the Sick Poor

David Paulson, M. D.

[When Dr. and Mrs. Paulson decided to build the sanitarium, they promised the Lord that as soon as the main institution was self-supporting they would do something for the poor of earth. The Good Samaritan Inn stands today as the fulfillment of that vow. In 1914, the time Dr. Paulson told this story of Hinsdale to the patients and guests in the sanitarium parlor, he was laying plans to greatly increase the Good Samaritan Inn department of our work. The war, high prices, and scarcity of workers hindered the carrying out of the plans, but during all this time the Good Samaritan Inn has been blessing sick humanity and has been crowded to the doors practically every day in the year. The December number will complete this series of articles which we trust have been enjoyed by all our readers.—Ed.]

ABOUT the time we were making our last enlargement of the sanitarium and building the Rescue Home, we felt the time had come to definitely establish our work for the sick poor, the Good Samaritan Inn. So we purchased the property across the street. God put it in the hearts of some to help us and we began to take in the sick. We had some very striking experiences in the way of restoration, but strange enough, I could not get hold of any money to put in a heating plant. I presented its needs to several and I prayed earnestly about it, but fall came, the house was cold, and the patients had to be moved over to the sanitarium. That is a chapter in our experience I have never been able to quite fully understand. Perhaps I was back-slidden, perhaps we lacked the necessary faith, perhaps after all we were not as well prepared to care for the sick poor as we thought we were. It actually took us a couple of years more before we were again able to open our Good Samaritan Inn for the sick poor. When we did, a good woman gave us \$400 without any solicitation, to make the necessary repairs. And now we are planning an extensive enlargement.

Just the other night a stranger who happened to be here, sent for me after I had gone home; wanted us to tell him about the Good Samaritan Inn, which I did. He wrote me a check for \$100. The next one of our patients, without my having mentioned the matter to

her sent me \$100 for the same purpose and just this very day another good woman gave me a hundred dollars. If God wants us to do it, He will make it possible. If He doesn't want it done, we don't want to do it. When we are trying to spell out God's principles we may always expect to meet God's providences, for the manna follows the Pillar of Cloud.

An Interesting Experience

Coming back again to the time when we were completing the main building of the sanitarium, I will give you a glimpse of a few other of our many interesting experiences. When we came to pay the last bills on this building Mr. Hoyt came to me and said, "Don't you suppose you can go to Dr. Pearsons (the millionaire philanthropist whose home was in Hinsdale) and borrow five thousand dollars?"

I said, "Well, you know Dr. Pearsons is hard to approach." But he let me have five thousand. By and by we needed another five thousand, and Mr. Hoyt asked me to try to borrow five thousand dollars more from him. By that time he was a patient in our sanitarium. You know he spent practically the last two years of his life here. When I asked him for the money he said, "The trouble with you, Paulson, is you keep the house too warm. If you didn't waste so much that way you wouldn't need to borrow money."

He let me have the five thousand, but he wanted it all back again April first. I hoped

the old man would forget about it. This was during the holidays, and we paid our bills and thus slipped through another crisis.

Two weeks before April first he came along, and said, "Doctor, have you got those ten thousand dollars for me?"

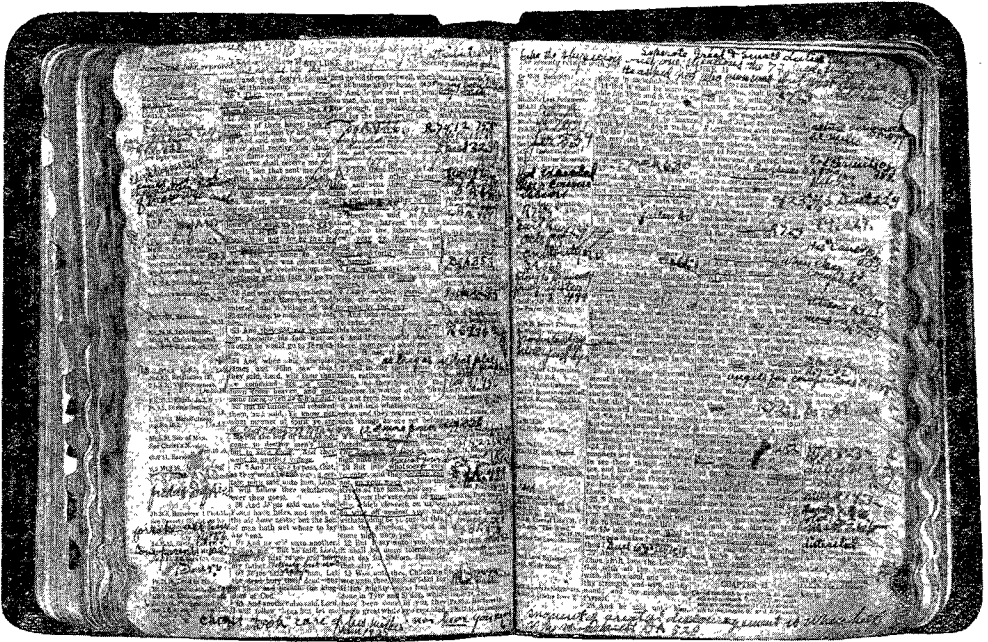
"No, I hoped you would forget about that."

"I want that to give to Governor Deneen for one of the colleges he is interested in." And then he said, "Do you know where to go for the money?"

I said, "No, I do not." I saw the old man was in earnest and wanted that money. He said:

not know where to get any of it. Some of you know it is not easy to pick up money when you really need it. I was very much concerned about it. On Tuesday morning, a lady who had been here a few days and whom I had not talked with at all—she was just here visiting some friends—said to me after patient's morning worship:

"I want to see you, Dr. Paulson." We stepped into my office and then she said, "Just while we were singing in here at morning worship something came to me. I am receiving five thousand dollars this morning, and it came to me that perhaps you could make good



THE LAST BIBLE OF DR. PAULSON'S.

The text in Luke 10 where Christ sent out His disciples to preach the gospel and heal the sick was a familiar page to Dr. Paulson, as is shown above.

"Well, I would not have let you have that if I had thought you could not get it."

I said promptly, "I can get it."

He said, "Where can you get it?"

I said, "I'll look to the Lord for it."

The old man appeared as though he wished I had a little more satisfactory place to look, but said nothing further.

I can assure you I prayed about that thing. The first of April was on Thursday, and by Monday, when we got up to the 28th I did

use of it."

I said, "I have been praying the Lord to send me ten thousand dollars. I have to pay that amount to Dr. Pearson on Thursday." She said, "I'm sorry I can't let you have more than five."

I sent for my business manager and we fixed up a note for her then and there. I said to our business manager, "That is strange; I have prayed for ten thousand; where is the other five?"

He said, "That may come from another source." A few hours later Dr. Pearsons knocked on the manager's door and said:

"Say, if you folks can dig up five thousand I can tell you where to get the other five."

He said, "We already have the five thousand."

"Good," he said. He had gone down to the bank and said, "Why don't you cater a little to those folks up there? Suppose you lend them five thousand and show them your good will?" And they agreed to that; so Pearsons said to go down and get our five thousand at the bank.

It was only a simple experience, but life is largely made up of simple things. Most of us have only a very few really wonderful or great experiences, so it is important to see God's hand in the ordinary every day incidents and affairs.

All of these experiences and many others like them have helped confirm my faith in this thing, that the Bible, when it said, "Ask and ye shall receive," is not a mistake. It does say if we *turn away* our ears from *hearing the law* our prayers are an *abomination*. (Prov. 28:9). But I believe when one is trying to do the right thing, Providence is on the side of that man, as Detective Burns maintained was the great secret of his success. I have seen that principle work out again and again in my dealings with patients.

Lord Helped the Sick to Get Well

Now here is an important truth I hope that none of you will overlook. If Providence helped us to establish this institution so that we might care for sick people, why shouldn't the Lord help the sick people get well here? And I have seen this thing happen in a special manner over and over again. For instance, a woman was operated on here a couple of years ago. The surgeon believed that she would die before she left the operating room. The case was so absolutely hopeless that it was beyond all human hope that she could possibly live. I told her husband it was an absolutely hopeless case. I told the nurse that there was no prospect she could live over night. The surgical operation revealed conditions that no one had suspected and the

situation was so desperate that humanly speaking there was no chance for life at all. But the nurses prayed and Mrs. Paulson and I prayed, and God heard our prayers and she was restored to health.

A year and a half ago a good earnest woman was dying here in this sanitarium from pernicious anemia. The laboratory test showed that her blood was almost as thin as water. I had telegraphed her husband to come, and when he arrived, told him that there was no hope, and that his wife could not live beyond forty-eight hours. Mrs. Paulson whispered in her ear that her end was near, if there was anything she wanted to say. She feebly responded, "pray." Mrs. Paulson sent for me. We knelt down at her bedside and humbly and earnestly committed this dying woman to God's restoring power for recovery if it was his will. From that hour she began to improve and in three months' time went home a comparatively well woman. I had a letter from her husband recently who is a railroad man, saying his wife had gained fifty pounds in weight and was as well as she ever was.

(Continued in next number)

FAITH'S PRAYER

R. HARE

Not calmer seas, but deeper trust;
Not smoother tide, but stronger hands;
Not less to brave, but courage true
That dare fulfill all His commands.

Not distant sight, but clearer faith;
Not less to dare, more power to do—
This is my prayer, O Lord of all,
And this the hope love brings to view.

Fulfill it all in me, O Lord;
Grant life's objective-strength divine;
Self shall be hidden, and the praise
With all the glory shall be Thine.

Active faith causes things to move.

* * *

Thoughts of fear and regret are not the product of a peaceful trusting soul.

* * *

Satan can never gain advantage of the child of God who relies on the word of God as his defense.

The Mountaineers and the Bible

Arthur W. Spalding

Editor, The Watchman



THE people of the southern Appalachian keep a closer tie to our fathers than any of the rest of us. Least affected by the transformation wrought by modern machinery and motive power, they more nearly hold to the customs of a past age, to its simplicity,

its leisure, its generosity, and its faith. I speak, of course, of the rural and more isolated parts; for the mountains are streaked through with the paraphernalia of American civilization, in industry, recreation and education. In the greater valleys with their large cities, on the more accessible plateaus, and about the mines to which capitalistic enterprise has penetrated, there is little of the peculiar flavor of the mountains. But one who goes out into the more retired valleys and coves and up on the mountain sides and farther plateaus is, if he be a man of sympathies, refreshed by waters that are nearer the cool fountain head.

Faith is the keynote of the mountaineer's mind, a discriminating faith, that chooses its authority and does not trust to unproved sources either of word or of flesh, but a faith which rests unflinchingly upon that which it trusts. And first of all authorities to the unspoiled mountaineer is the Bible, for it is the book of his fathers, and he is nearer to his fathers than we are to ours.

The settlers who filled the mountains were Protestant in religion, and Protestant they remain today. Something more of contempt than of ignorance is manifest in this story current in the mountains of the old woman who was visited by a missionary in clerical garb.

"Mother," he asked, "do you know of any Episcopalians hereabout?"

She chewed a few meditative moments on her snuff-stick.

"Hain't never seed none," she replied at length, "but my old man's hung up yander the skins of all the varmints he's kilt. Ye might go thar and look."

It might be expected from the large Scotch element that peopled the mountains that the church of greatest numbers and influence would be the Presbyterian. And indeed in the early history this was true. Presbyterianism was the prevailing creed, where there was any, not only in the mountains but in the western part of Kentucky and Tennessee, into which the mountain population overflowed.

Into the valley of the Tennessee, in 1780, came Samuel Doak, the first Presbyterian minister of whom we have record as crossing the mountains. He settled first in Sullivan County, near the northeastern boundary, and later in Washington County, on the Nolichucky. He was teacher as well as preacher and to him belongs the honor of establishing in 1783, Martin Academy, the first school west of the mountains. Here he supported himself on his farm while at the same time preaching and teaching.

It was at once the strength and the weakness of the Presbyterian Church that it demanded an educated ministry. It was its strength because it thus maintained a high standard of service and of worship; it was its weakness in this western country because it could not supply ministers enough to reach the rapidly growing and scattered population. Thus the mountaineers were left largely without the help of ministers and teachers, and too frequently large communities lapsed into irreligion and ignorance.

Education was by no means so widely diffused in the eighteenth century as at present, and it must not be supposed that the majority of the western settlers, whether they came from the seaboard or from Britain, were able to read and write. Of Daniel Boone, in many respects the superior of his fellow frontiersmen, one of his biog-

raphers states that he was the worst speller he ever knew, a fact attested by a short record left by Boone on a beech tree until recently standing near Jonesboro, Tennessee:

	D. Boon	
Gilled	A BAR	On
		Tree
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ThE		
yEAR		

1760.

Even those who could read, in the more isolated districts, often lacked books for their children, who grew up with no learning but that of the woods and fields. Naturally, these rough frontiersmen, free of thought and rude of manner, grew impatient with the formal and polished Presbyterian service, which they had only infrequent opportunity to attend, and Presbyterianism then tended either to become modified in form or to be driven from the field by the simpler Baptist and Methodist forms of worship.

Methodism entered the mountains almost as soon as it appeared in America. It was only the year 1783 when Jeremiah Lambert was appointed to the Holston Circuit, which meant the valley of the Tennessee, and there in that year he found sixty members, the result, doubtless, of the work of some nameless lay preacher.

Carried by the undaunted and tireless circuit-rider, Methodism spread with marvelous rapidity through the western country. The circuit-rider was a minister who had several churches or preaching places in his charge, around to which he went, usually on horseback, sometimes on foot, on a circuit that was often a hundred miles in extent, and not infrequently more. The pioneer preachers are more properly called itinerant, or traveling ministers, than circuit-riders, since there was no regular circuit established until some churches or companies were formed.

These itinerants and circuit-riders were often men of little learning, but of mighty zeal. They endured privations and persecutions that would have daunted ordinary men, braving the terrors of the wilderness and the even more terrible vengeance of lawless opposers, who did not hesitate to beat and stone them. We read concerning one of these, of his "breakfasting on a frozen turnip; sleeping at night in a wretched cabin,

with his head in a chimney-corner; fording streams; living on the poorest fare; preaching in cabins, sometimes with part of the congregation drunk, at others with children about him bawling louder than he could speak; and receiving, for the four months of his toil, three dollars and fourteen cents." Yet he writes "Though the life of a Methodist preacher is very laborious and fatiguing, it is what I glory in!"

Except for the faithful, unselfish, tremendous efforts of the itinerant preachers in the early days, be they Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian, frontier America must have gone upon a godless career, a state which would have gravely affected not only the religious conditions, but the political. There were influences in those early days in the wild and independent western country, which the pressure of a finger might have served to make paramount, tipping the scales against national ideals, and, with an eye toward the South, toward a license of conquest, plunder, and disintegration. Least of its consequences perhaps, but to be reckoned none the less, was the political stability resulting from the work of the Christian itinerant and the great Book he bore as the symbol and source of authority. The circuit-rider saved America.

In the main, the man who ministered to the spiritual needs of that new western country was not a man of education. Impelled as were the ancient prophets, there went out to preach the gospel men often lacking in outward polish, but filled with fire for the salvation of souls. This character, indeed, came to be typical of western preachers in all denominations, but particularly among the Methodists. Some of the men most powerful in their mission were neither scholars nor great students, except of their Bibles. "Brother Gwin," said an educated young minister from the East to one of these men, "how is it that you are ever prepared to preach? You seem to be seldom in your study, and scarcely ever read."

"Oh, my son," replied the frontier giant, "you do not understand it. You preachers of your class have to read and study books to master your subjects, but I know what the books are made of before they are printed!"

Many were the famous characters produced on the circuits of those days, men fearless in

danger, unwearying in labor, enduring in privation, powerful in exhortation, ready in wit, and often prepared to use physical as well as spiritual muscle in their combats with the devil and his human agents. To call the full roll is impossible, but even today there remain in memory such names as Lorenzo Dow, Peter Cartwright, Jesse Walker, and James B. Finley, men of mighty deeds, who worked for souls as those who must give account. There were giants in those days.

And however imperfect may have been

their work, however lacking in all the elements that go to make for perfect Christian character in service, they laid the bedrock of power for the people of the mountains by the implicit confidence they inspired in the Word of God. Today in the mountains the Bible is the Book of books, and if its teachings be not wholly absorbed, nor its commandments completely understood, it serves still as the anchor which holds to safety and to progress the great mass of the Southern mountaineers.

Putting Bible Stories Into Practice

E. A. Sutherland, M. D.

THE Bible becomes a wonderful book of instruction and guidance when men learn how to adapt its teachings to their every-day life. Jesus is called the Word—God's word—because in his man-life he studied the Scriptures and then lived them out. When men watched Him they saw God's will fulfilled before their eyes. He *was* that Word. And so, today, the more nearly we can do as the Bible instructs, the greater will be our success.

Doctor David Paulson, editor of *THE LIFE BOAT* until his life ended in the midst of intense Christian activity, was a man of wondrous faith in the Bible. Some twenty years ago he and the writer were closely associated in the education of young men and women for Christian service. We had attended a number of meetings that brought together prospective students. The openings to service for consecrated workers properly trained were presented, and a large body of young people responded. They were willing to give their lives to a Cause, but they must have further education. They wanted the training, but they had not the money to meet school expenses.

Here were promising students, young men and women who were willing to devote themselves to the needs of suffering humanity, but they had not the price in money. Facing these conditions, in the early morning hour we sought a retired spot for prayer and study. It was another "hay-stack meeting." We read together the Bible record of the Schools of the Prophets in the days of the great teacher

Elisha. Into these schools were gathered the cream of Israel as a nation. They were trained for the Master's service, and as they studied they were taught to work with their hands and to pay for their education by work. As we rose from prayer, Dr. Paulson said to me, "Were I in your place I would found a school in which students could work for their education—a school which no man or woman would ever be refused admittance who was willing to put forth honest labor to pay for his education."

He had the vision. Here was a solution to our problem. I went back to my post in Battle Creek College. The Doctor's words gripped me. We purchased a farm and endeavored to operate it with student help. But a farm at a distance did not meet the need. So we moved the college into the country, out onto a 270-acre farm. That college farm furnished the basis for a system of student activities. The problem was being solved, but it more fully reached its solution when, a few years later, the work was carried to greater lengths, on a larger farm and with a greater number of industries, by the Nashville Agricultural Normal Institute, near the capital city of the state of Tennessee.

While the work was developing in Michigan, Doctor Paulson was an interested friend and counsellor. He often left his own work in Chicago to co-operate with us in developing the plans of student self-support.

Then after we had left Michigan and were working out the educational problem on Tennessee soil, Doctor and Mrs. Paulson trans-

ferred their work from the city, and the foundation was laid for Hinsdale Sanitarium in a grove, surrounded by trees and grassy lawns, near enough to the great city to be reached by its suffering multitudes, yet far enough from its contagion to give promise of renewed health and strength. Doctor Paulson and his good wife gave themselves without reserve to the development of this institution with its two-fold purpose, of healing the sick and training men and women. Hinsdale and the Nashville work were sister institutions, born of the same spirit, fostering the same idea. Year after year Doctor Paulson visited Madison and in every way possible lent his aid to the training of teachers for rural districts of the South, and nurses and farmers, and Christian workers of various arts and crafts.

The dream is being realized. It is possible, today, for students to train for Christian service much as they did in the days of Elisha, working with their hands for the education of body, mind and soul. God's blessing attend the efforts of men who endeavor to follow His plan of education. Hinsdale has grown; the Southern school, known commonly as the Madison School and Rural Sanitarium, has likewise grown, and from the doors of both institutions have gone forth many men and women to labor for their Lord.

Doctor Paulson's memory is fresh in many minds. His faith encouraged many to take new hold of life. Today his friends contemplate the erection, on the Madison School grounds, of a David Paulson Memorial Cottage, for students who are seeking an education and making their way as they study. No sacrifice seemed too great for Doctor Paulson to make in behalf of those who were willing to devote their lives to the great cause of Christian education, and this memorial cottage on the grounds of Hinsdale's sister institution is a fitting tribute to the Doctor.

THE "OTHER SIDE"

HELEN L. LOTH

The sunset which I am about to describe is painted in my memory with colors that will never fade.

We were driving along a country road one evening not long ago when some one exclaimed, "Oh, look over in the western heavens." We did so and I must confess that I never have seen before or since such a gorgeous sight. The heavens were aflame. Many different sunsets have been reproduced by the brushes of great artists, but this sight was so very wonderful that I doubt but few, if any, would attempt to paint it. Large cars containing those blessed with this world's wealth, but with very little currency in the bank of heaven, had stopped, while their occupants gazed at the sight and probably wondered for the first time if there really was a God.

There were delicate tints of sapphire, amethyst and about every color imaginable. Every moment the colors would seem to change. This thought immediately came to me: "Am I prepared to meet my God?" No, I am sure I was not, and how glad I was that it was not the coming of Christ for I would have a little time yet to serve God more faithfully. How very glad I was to understand certain scriptures in the precious Book which tells in a clear manner the events that will occur before He comes.

While the sun is sinking in the heavens from a world of luxury, comfort, freedom of speech and thought, it is rising on a land where people are dying for lack of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. One country we know as Armenia, is being completely wiped out by the ruthless hand of the Turk who has apparently no regard for religion or anything that is pure and uplifting.

Some of the startling statements I am about to repeat were told by two doctors from New York City who had recently

THE BIBLE AN INCOMPARABLE BOOK

"There is no book with which the Bible can be compared and no other reading that means so much to the human race. It is the support of the strong and the consolation of the weak; the dependence of organized government and the foundation of religion."—Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts.

returned from a relief expedition to the Near East. The misery over there cannot be described by the human tongue. Beautiful children, as dear to their parents as the little tots in our country, are being murdered by the thousands; also are starving to death. As the relief train pulled through one certain little village in that country, an eggshell, considered as garbage by the members of the train, was thrown out of the window. Soon a little child, hardly able to stand, walked over to the track and picked up the eggshell which had by this time been bathed in grease and dirt from the track. The little lad relished that shell as we would a piece of mother's cake or pie.

Thousands and thousands of people are seen in the fields gathering grass. We immediately think this is for the cattle, but not so. It is for themselves, and even then they often eat it without cooking, for they are sometimes too weak to walk to the little stream to get water. This cannot last long, as we can easily realize, for cholera soon sets in.

If we turn back a few pages in history to the persecutions in Martin Luther's time or even before that, we can but get a dim picture of what has been going on across the waters for the past few years.

An orphanage was opened in one of the towns and a wall built around it. One day the news spread that a bun would be given to every child that came to the gate. Try to picture a flock of wild pigeons in the air, so many that they shut out the light of the sun, and after doing this you can more easily imagine the children that came to the gate that day. It was the first real meal they had had for four years. Finally the supply gave out and they had to announce that the rest of the children would have to go away as they had no more. As soon as the officials went in they heard the pitiful rappings on the gate of little skeleton

hands begging to give them just a crumb or two. But no, their request had to be ignored. Gladly would these relief workers have given all they had but they realized they were there to help the sufferers and in order to do this they would have to have food to exist. Finally these children went sadly away and a day or so after were found dead close to the gate. Some had beaten their little heads on the ground and on the stones to end their misery.

One young lady just out of college had decided to give her life to suffering humanity across the waters. From early morning until twilight let down its curtain she worked hard and faithfully bathing little bodies covered with vermin and sores. Most of these little tots hadn't had a bath for four years. What are our young people sacrificing here in the Homeland?

Great sorrow falls upon the girl who has taken the wrong road here but nevertheless there are places of refuge to which she can flee in her hour of trouble and trial, but over there the girls which by the way are some of the most beautiful girls in the world are being thrown into slavery and put into Turkish harems with no one to rescue or care for them. The suffering cannot be comprehended. I wonder if we who do not know what hardships really are would be willing to stand for Christ as those Armenians do? There it is a matter of the Koran or the sword. In order to stand up for the Lord who is soon going to put an end to all their sufferings and tears they have to pass through many Calvaries and Gethsemanies and bear their cross alone without a murmur or complaint. But Christianity comes out victorious and Christ has the honored place in their hearts. Do you suppose God will remember them as they stand before the great white throne? Yes, their reward will be all the greater in heaven.

THE BIBLE THE SOURCE OF RESTFULNESS

"If the spirit of the Bible were to enter and to hold the hearts of men for a single day, a divine restfulness would succeed the unrest which now menaces civilization."—Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.

Many other heart-rending stories were told which were all true, but I will leave the rest to your imagination. True is the statement that the Lord made about the harvest being great, but the laborers few. Prophecy is being fulfilled rapidly and this question should be constantly in our minds: "Am I ready to be caught up in the clouds when He shall appear?"

The sunset mentioned at the beginning of this article will be nothing compared to the beauties of the home God has prepared for those who love him and keep his com-

mandments. After all, there is nothing here; there must always be parting. There death will not be known, neither tears or sorrow. In that radiant instant when Christ shall appear we shall have no doubt as to whether or not we will be saved. The rocky road we had to travel to get there will then be but a dim retrospection.

It is therefore my earnest prayer to God that we endeavor, by the help of him who created all things, to reconsecrate ourselves to him so our names will be placed on the waiting list for heaven.

Heart-Touching Experiences

Maud Wilson Cobb

Matron Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE LIFE BOAT Rescue workers have now been working twenty-four years, and still the work goes on. Day and night our home is never closed; neither has it ever been vacant. The LIFE BOAT magazine, also, has been going on its mission to prisons, hospitals, and private homes. Many discouraged and hopeless mothers and young girls have found their way to our Home through reading the LIFE BOAT magazine.

The Record of Ninety Girls

Hundreds of young girls, children, and deserted wives have been sheltered in our Home. I have selected from our records ninety names. Some of the ninety were deserted wives; some were widows with no means of support, who were drifting with no place to anchor. All are independent now, and able to support themselves; all they needed was a little help and encouragement, and to renew their trust in Christ.

We have adopted into foster homes fifty-four babies born in our Home; this is part of the record of the ninety cases. Twelve babies deserted by parents we have also placed in foster homes the past year. We have cared for thirty-four children temporarily until proper homes were found for them.

Twenty-four of these ninety were school girls, quite a few not out of the grammar school, their ages being from fourteen to seventeen. The different vocations represented by these ninety girls and women were that of

school teachers, bookkeepers, house-maids, stenographers, factory workers, and only one of the number made no profession of religion.

The mother and father of this one had separated when she was only nine years of age. Her father was holding a government position and made several trips to Europe, taking the girl with him. She had learned several languages. The father, however, was an atheist and the girl had been taught by him to believe as he did. We were fearful of her influence in the Home among our girls, but she did not try to influence them because she felt that she had made a failure of her life. Her friends had deserted her after her father's death, and with money all gone she came to us.

"A Spirit I Have Never Found Before"

After a stay of six weeks in our Home she was able to leave, taking a position, and boarding her little one, for she would not give him away. When she told us "Good-bye" she put her arms around me and said:

"Won't you pray for me? I am persuaded to believe that there is a God, for I know there is a Spirit here I have never found before. Here I have had peace, and I want you to know I have read your own Bible. I wanted to learn what you have learned that makes you patient. I have learned more than that. I have learned that I must believe in Jesus if I would have peace. Pray for me and for my child after we are gone."

Eight girls have been baptized and many others have been reinstated in their own

home churches. All the girls have taken part in our morning worship, some acting as leaders. No one refuses to come; they look forward to the worship hour. After they have left us they write back saying that they miss the worship hour more than anything else, and they often sing the songs they learn here.

The experience in our home has made them stronger, better women. I know this.

Saved Another from Falling

Before me is a letter from a young woman who writes:

"Now for the first time I can truly say, 'I believe all things work together for good to those who love the Lord.' Do you remember where you first repeated those words to me, the night you took the bichloride tablet from my hand? I had fully planned to end my life. I felt I could not do it in my mother's house; the shock would have killed her; it was as much as she could bear to know of my condition. But I fully intended to end my life.

"But after reaching the Home I decided to pass through the sorrow that was mine to bear. Don't you tire of it—everybody's trouble?

"But now I am able to say that my experi-



Smiles, Dimples, Sweetness and Tempests.

ence has helped me to save someone else from my fate. My little cousin, an only child without a father, has been spoiled by an indulgent mother, who is an invalid. If the girl had done as she planned the act would have killed her mother. The girl had her suitcase packed, intending to meet a man she had known only a short time; he was to come with his car to meet her at the cross-roads near her home. He had promised to take her to Michigan and marry her, but he said he expected a lot of money if he did not marry for a year, so they must keep their marriage a secret until that time. My little cousin believed him, and thought that in a short time she would have a comfortable home for her mother, for she loves her dearly. But, oh, is not that the same story that led me to my ruin?

"How well I remember when I kissed my father and mother good-night, and stole out to the road to meet my baby's father, and how I thought day after day he would marry me, and how I hid in the hotel by day thinking

every day, and how near I came to being a murderer—all because I believed a man who led me to do wrong.

"She listened to my story, and, thank God, she believed it. The suitcase was unpacked that night and she crept into her mother's bed and asked to sleep with her, for she was nervous and afraid. When near midnight she heard an auto stop and heard the horn blowing she drew a little closer to her mother. Her mother said, 'What can that mean—does someone want us?' And the daughter replied, 'Let them blow the horn, we cannot go out.' Little did the mother know the shelter her daughter sought in time of trouble. Oh, if every mother could protect her child at such times your Home could be closed, but I thank God it was open for me."

How a Life Boat Came to the Rescue

One seventeen-year-old girl without mother or friends had made up her mind that she



VISITING DAY AT THE HOME.

Some of our foster parents with their children.

each night would be the last night there, and he would take me home, but at last one night he did not come to the hotel, but sent a letter, stating that I had better go home to my parents, that he had a wife and family, and I could not expect any help from him, and telling me to forget him as he was leaving the city. Well do I remember packing my suitcase and starting for home. Every step I hoped would be my last. I did not want to meet my father, who had always warned me.

"I crept into my mother's room, so glad my father was not there. I told her all, and to her alone cried out my sorrow.

"She was the one who had read of the LIFE BOAT Home and sent me to you. All of this I told my little cousin. I told her my heart fairly broke when I placed my child in your arms and said: 'Find a home for her, I cannot keep her.' I told her how I grieve for her

could not live, and had decided to end her life and her trouble. She was told one day to go to the attic of the house where she was working and bundle up some old papers and magazines to sell. As she did so she noticed a copy of THE LIFE BOAT and in it read of our Home and the invitation to those in trouble to write to us.

Although the paper was two years old, the girl believed that the Home would still be open to her, and she came in a few days.

I remember the big, sad eyes and the quivering lips when she asked to stay. Her stay in our Home meant much to her. She learned to love Jesus, and she also learned that someone cared for her soul. Today she is married

to the father of her child, who had left her in her sad condition. After spending two years in France, and passing through many hardships, he came back to make right the wrong. He could never forget those pleading eyes. Now they have a Christian home. The last few years have taught them both valuable lessons. She says it was THE LIFE BOAT work that saved her and now she is happy.

Another girl writes:

"Will you pray for me? I cannot rest. I feel worse since I came home. My heart is aching for my baby boy. Those three weeks I had him I forgot my disgrace. I was really happy. I believe if his father had lived he would have given us both a home. I loved him and I love my baby boy. I would give the world, if it were mine to give, just to have him, and to hear him cry; it would be music to me. When he would look up into my eyes he seemed to understand—and those beautiful brown curls I never can forget. If he had died I could stand it better, but he lives and someone else claims him! My father found me sobbing last night and he said, 'Mary, you will forget in time.' Mrs. Cobb, do mothers forget? Can they forget in time? Did one ever tell you she forgot?"

In answering this letter, I quoted: "A mother may forget her sucking child, yet will I not forget thee." Friends, Christ can show us through his disciples that he has not forgotten. When we say we are Christians we must be Christ-like. To be Christ-like we must do as he did, and we find him all through his life helping the fallen and healing the sick. Where else do we find him working but with the lowly ones? Did not the Mary, whom he did not condemn when men were ready to stone her to death according to Jewish laws, follow him to his grave and deliver his first message after his resurrection? She loved him most because he had forgiven her much.

The thief on the cross was promised eternal life by Christ as he hung by his side. That was Christ's last promise to man before his death on the cross. He will keep that promise, and in the earth made new, if we are saved, we will meet that thief and Mary Magdalene.

So long as there are other Marys and other thieves, shall we not try to save them? Jesus said he would send the Comforter. Do they not need to know it? It is the sick who need the Physician, so will you not help us to keep our doors open this winter? We need food, coal, and clothing, for our children are crying for help.

Friends, hearts are breaking, brains are

being overtaxed. We must labor on while evil exists. Christ is watching the great harvest field and will send forth reapers. He expects each one of us who claim his name to be workers until the work is done.

PAINTING THE LIFE BOAT HOME

For the last two months the Life Boat Home has appealed to our readers for funds to paint the outside of the building which is sadly in need of a new dress. Many friends have responded, but we must again ask for help as we have not a sufficient amount. May our readers give as they have been blessed. Our fund stands today as follows:

Reported in October.....	\$156.50
Mrs. Doerrs	3.00
A friend	5.00
Helen Curtis	10.00
Helen Curtis Dawes	10.00
Total	\$184.50

HAPPINESS

R. HARE

I want to be happy, say, don't you?

Happy, yes, happy the whole day through,
Calm and contented, peaceful and sweet,
No matter how darkly storm clouds meet;
To wake with the daisies that crimson the dawn,
To breathe in their perfume as moments roll on,
To sing with the birds in songs sweet and clear—
"Trust on and trust ever, the Master is near."

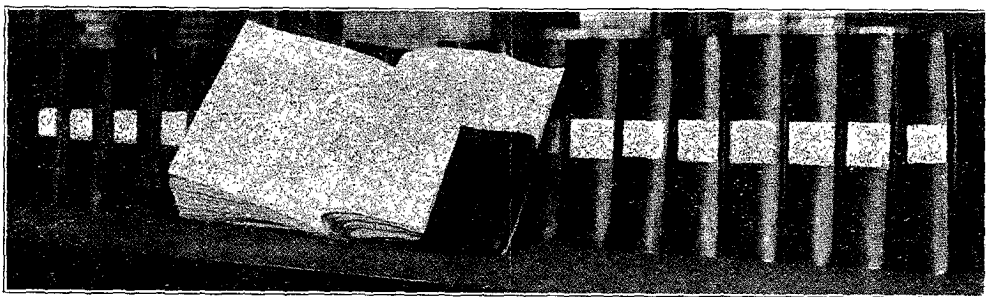
I want to be happy, say, don't you?

Happy as sunshine and just as true,
Catching sweet thoughts from flower and fen,
Cheering the spirits of weeping men;
Listening for angel songs in the night,
Sweet heavenly echoes, all filled with delight;
Whispering softly as onward I go,
Cheering some heart in its valley of woe.

There's many a dream would add to our bliss
And many a joy that selfish hearts miss,
Because in the struggle to grasp every sweet,
They shatter the charm that makes life complete.
Too anxious, too selfish, too thoughtless, unkind,
Forgetful of others in spirit and mind—
But self turns its fairest idol to clay,
And chases the brightest of visions away.

I want to be happy, say, don't you?

Then look for the roses that love brings to view,
Thorns there are plenty to pierce hands and feet,
But look for the roses, their perfume is sweet;
And the sunshine sent out in smile or in tone
Will surely bring back to the hearts its own.
Love, in forgetfulness mounts to the skies,
But cradled in self our happiness dies.



THE BIBLE FOR THE BLIND.

This Bible is in nineteen volumes and fills seven feet of shelf space. Notice the ink print Bible which holds open one of the nineteen volumes. The blind must pay \$77.50 to purchase the Bible in American Braille.

A BLIND MAN'S TESTIMONY

CLARENCE J. SELBY

The Book of books, written by men, inspired by God; the Book that stands out as a bright light; as a sign post, pointing to the way of life; to the straight and narrow path that all should tread.

From my earliest childhood I have loved it. I loved the Bible stories my mother used to

... tell me ...
... the Bible ...
... the Bible ...

The Title and First Two lines of the accompanying article as written by Mr. Selby on his typewriter for the blind.

read to me as I stood at her knee, and I then became familiar with the names and deeds of the holy men and prophets. But the one life that impressed me most was the life of our blessed Lord and Master, Jesus Christ,—His life full of deeds of love and mercy; his purity; his great example that all should endeavor to follow; and then the great sacrifice of that precious life that He offered up to redeem mankind. Precious Bible, I love it! And I wish that all blind persons could read it and obtain the great comfort contained in its pages, and follow in the footsteps of our blessed Saviour.

I often think of a hymn I learned in my childhood about the Bible. It is this:

"We won't give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age, the guide of early youth;
The lamp that sheds a glorious light, over the dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love, and leads us home to God.
We won't give up the Bible, but spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard, beyond the rolling tide."

Would that I possessed the means I would

place it in the hands of all the blind in this country.

TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY

A. R. KLUG

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is the call that we have received, and we are making an effort to answer His call by going out in the highway and hedges. We must preach this gospel to every creature wherever man is found.

In our services in the Chicago police station we find all classes of men—intelligent, ignorant and radical. We are glad to tell them of Jesus. Some have never heard this beautiful story of Jesus. The only way some men have ever heard the name, Jesus, is in cursing. And how good it seems to some to hear this message of our Saviour who died for all. Jesus is the only one that can make all men of one class—make them brothers.

We tell them of the blessed hope in Christ Jesus. No matter how deep in sin they are there is hope for all. We, as workers for them, have blessed experiences singing, praying, and talking with them, and some express their thanks for our interest.

We never leave the jail until we ask how many want to take Jesus for their Saviour, and nearly all the hands are raised.

I asked one prisoner if he wanted us to pray for him. He said he didn't care if we did or not. I had a good heart-to-heart talk with him, telling him of Jesus and the times in which we are living. Then I asked him again, and he said, "Yes, pray for me."

We are glad that the Hinsdale ministerial band has the privilege of helping in these gospel services every Sunday morning. It gives us a burden for souls. Pray for this work that we may see many results through these meetings.

HELPING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE

MYRTLE FOREMAN
(First Year Nurse)

We meet with many and varied problems in our house to house visiting in Chicago. In one family we may find some member who is mentally afflicted and it becomes our problem to help place such a one in an institution. In another home we may find a chronic invalid who suffers constantly—our part is to give treatments regularly, thus relieving the pain. In still another home we may find the mother ill and in need of a surgeon's services. In still other homes we find the need for spiritual consolation, or perhaps some clothing is needed for a large family of children. Whatever the problem, we do our best to solve it by the help of God.

About two weeks ago we got in touch with a lady whose physical condition was very poor. We invited her to come to the Sanitarium and visit Dr. Paulson and have an examination. This she did and was advised to come to the Inn for a few weeks.

The next question to be answered was, "What shall I do with the children?" She is the mother of four children, one eighteen years, one thirteen, and one four, and another a year old. We tried to answer her question by finding homes for these children. It seemed for awhile our efforts would fail, but with the Lord's help we have been able to find a place in the home of one of the nurses for the baby, and the two boys, thirteen and four, are to be taken care of in a country home at Woodstock, Ill., where they will enjoy the comforts of real out-door life, while the mother, under these conditions, will be able to again recover her health. We trust she will soon be home happy with her children.

The blessing of helping others reflects on our own souls and we are happy in this work.

SIBERIA FACES A TERRIBLE WINTER

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Mr. Ralph Mosteller, formerly assistant bacteriologist for the City Board of Health of Atlanta, has recently returned from Siberia, where for two years he has been in charge of the clinical laboratory of the Red Cross Russian Island Hospital at Vladivostok.

Speaking of the Red Cross work, Mr. Mos-

teller says: "Only for the work of the Red Cross the suffering in Siberia would have been much greater, as the few Russian hospitals were certainly nothing better than a mere shelter for the sick and injured. In the ones I visited, being sent to make an examination of conditions, I found a most unbelievable situation. In the hospital at Nikolsk, sixty versts from Vladivostok, there were approximately five hundred patients. On the staff were two doctors and three nurses. Both doctors were disabled by illness, and two of the nurses were unable to work, leaving but one nurse to care for the five hundred patients, many of whom were at the verge of death. There were no drugs, not even Epsom salts nor castor oil. The dying persons were on beds of rags, and filth was everywhere. There could be no conditions imagined that could equal the actual suffering and inadequate service found in this hospital.

"The Red Cross immediately furnished medicines and other supplies, including clothing, but there was no way by which nurses or doctors could be secured, as those in the Red Cross Hospitals were kept busy day and night and then could not reach all under their care as thoroughly as would have been wished. There were few Russian doctors, the better class of Russians being scarce in Siberia. The women are due much credit for their relief work; in fact they were the only Russians who made any attempt to help, the men showing no interest whatever in human welfare.

"The Russian Island Hospital was the first opened in Siberia by the Red Cross, and was the last to be closed. After the entrance of the Japanese there seemed no fixed place for the Red Cross, yet the hospital was kept in operation mainly because of the presence of more than seven hundred children, who had come under the care of the Red Cross during the revolution. These little ones had been sent out of Petrograd and forced into Siberia. When the Red Cross assumed care of them they were in the most destitute condition. They were taken to the Russian Island, where they were cared for by the American Red Cross. In the hospital were four American doctors, one pharmacist, one bacteriologist and thirty nurses supplemented by four Russian doctors and twenty nurses' aides.

Aside from these children the hospital cared

for all manner of patients, wounded, victims of typhus and typhoid—in fact, all who could be accommodated. The surviving children have been sent back to Petrograd, but whether or not they were restored to their own homes I cannot say.”

“What I wish to impress,” Mr. Mosteller added, “is the fact that Siberia is in a condition where aid is essential, and yet the needed assistance cannot be rendered at this time. Many thousands will succumb to starvation and exposure during the coming winter season. There is no immediate prospect for material improvement in conditions, and what the ultimate outcome may be no one can even guess.”

SENATOR HARDING ON WELFARE WORK

“The conservation of human resource is even more important than the conservation of material resource,” said Senator Harding, at his home on September 23, in addressing a delegation that has paid special attention to child welfare and social work.

“I am glad,” said the Senator, “that you have come to see me with the presentation of the facts about your field of service to America. That must be the spirit of all our citizenship—service, a willingness to serve intelligently, to train for human service, to cleave to an idealism of deeds and honest toil and scientific accomplishments, rather than to serve by mere words.

“This fact is forgotten by many persons. On the one hand, there are those with a strong sentiment to improve the conditions of the less fortunate or by a policy, even more wise, to prevent the development of unjust social conditions or low standards of health and education, and to maintain our position as a land of equal opportunity. So fixed do some of their eyes become on the human resources of America and on occasional misery and suffering, that they even become impatient with those who are working to build up an industry, wholesome business enterprise and productivity, the material resources and, consequently, the standards of living of our people.

“On the other hand, there are other persons who, in the main, I believe are not heartless or selfish, but who are so intent on their tasks of manufacturing and commerce, driven per-

haps by that impulse for creation which is so often misinterpreted as mere money-hunger, that they forget that the men, women and children about them, sometimes in their employ, are not mere commodities and are not even mere machines to be consumed, worn out, treated without love and tossed aside, but are human beings whose welfare in the end is so intertwined with that of every other human being that the imperfections, the poor health, the neglected old age, the abused childhood, the failure of motherhood in any one of them becomes an injury and a menace to us all.

“We must awaken the conscience of the ignorant and the misguided to the fact that the best social welfare worker in the world is the man or woman who does an honest day’s work. We must awaken their conscience to recognize that American business is not a monster, but an expression of God-given impulse to create, and the guardian of our happiness, our homes and of equal opportunity for all in America. But it is true that we must awaken the conscience of American business to new interest in the welfare of American human beings. It is not enough for America that her business and commerce shall be honest; they must also be humane. Men, women and children of America are not commodities. To treat them as commodities is only to forget the responsibility we owe to the brotherhood of man, but also it is to be blind to the fact that American business cannot flourish nor the material prosperity of America be built upon a firm foundation until by just such work as that to which you have dedicated yourselves—by protection of health, by education, by the preservation of wholesome American motherhood and vigorous and happy American childhood, and a national humane spirit finding expression in enactment of law when need be—we insure the welfare of our human resources.”

The Senator expressed the belief that we could not have the fullness of America until all turned again to love of toil and love of production, to respect for honest organization of effort and to a willingness to put all our shoulders to the wheel and throughout the organization of industry and commerce there runs the flow of love of man.

“Knowing what to do is not so important as doing it.”

A LESSON FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Mrs. D. K. ABRAMS

At the service in the police station this morning I met a young man only sixteen years old who had a very good face. He was behind the bars for burglary. I talked with him about the condition of his soul. He told me that he had started to steal by taking little things and lying about them. He was disobedient to his parents. Gradually he grew to take larger things and so he went from bad to worse until he finds himself today with three other boys facing a sentence of ten years in the state reformatory. All because he yielded to the small temptation at first. What a lesson for boys and girls!

THE OPINION OF PUBLIC MEN

Governor Lee M. Russell, of Mississippi: "I think all men, regardless of belief, should read the Bible daily and systematically. No business man can afford to neglect this certainly. Students everywhere should get this habit, regardless of whether they are religiously inclined or not. For myself, I have formed the habit of reading the Bible daily and have continued this for more than twenty-five years, and find it a source of much interest and profit."

Governor Frederick D. Gardner, of Missouri: "There is no substitute for the Bible as an infallible guide to the nation and the individual. There are books and books, but the Bible is the Book; the only safe and sure guide to our feet and light to our pathway. A careful reading of the Bible and a practicing of its precepts, together with a wise application of the principles therein given, will unerringly point the way to the proper solution of all the troubles of a disturbed world."

Mayor James R. Watt, of Albany, New York: "I believe the Bible is now, as it has always been, the best book published. The reading thereof and the acceptance and practice of its teachings would, in my opinion, bring to this world the peace for which the most of us are laboring."

Mayor William F. Broening, of Baltimore, Maryland: "I may add in my humble way to what has already been said of this, the most wonderful Book of all time, that reading it constantly is the most health producing occupation one can indulge in."

Mayor Andrew J. Peters, of Boston, Massachusetts: "The great thoughts and uplifting ideals of the Bible should be of importance in the lives of all the people, and I am sure that the plan to make this a Bible Year cannot fail to bring results which will strengthen and help all the people."

Mayor Christian Gallmeyer, of Grand Rapids, Michigan: "I read the Bible, and have great confidence and belief in the value of Bible reading."

Mayor Meredith P. Snyder, of Los Angeles, California: "The great leaders of the past and of today are those who have been guided by the precepts and teachings of the holy Book; and I am glad to say that in my life's battle it has given me the greatest of aid."

Mayor David E. Fitzgerald, of New Haven, Connecticut: "Never before has the world been confronted with a condition when all mankind should keep an eye and a thought on the works of God, as at the present time. If we do this, we will be better as citizens, better as men, and above all, better in the fatherhood of God."

Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco, California: "It is difficult to estimate the amount of good that has been done in advancing civilization in the world by the glowing words of the Bible. Men of all walks of life find inspiration in it, and it is perhaps the one book that never loses interest with repeated reading."

Truth forever on the scaffold,
 Wrong forever on the throne;
 Yet that scaffold sways the future
 And behind the dim unknown
 Standeth God within the shadows
 Keeping watch above his own.

Lowell—"The Present Crisis."

We must get the wrinkles out of our brows and we must have smiling faces. The world is after the best thing, and we must show them that we have something better than they have.—*Moody*.

"I never complained of my condition but once," says the Persian poet Sadi, "when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes;" but I met a man without feet, and therewith became contented with my lot."

WHEN speculations thick abound
And wise and learned men
Give theories and hypotheses
From pulpit or by pen,
On present or on future life,
Or ages long ago,—
How sweet to turn from all of these
To say with Job, "I know."

"I Know"

PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD
Quito, Ecuador

I know that my Redeemer lives
And that, in latter day,
Himself upon the 'earth shall stand
And even Death obey
His wondrous voice, its captives loose,
And find its power to end;
No stranger shall mine eyes behold
But One I know, my Friend.

*(Unto you it is given to
know the mystery of the
kingdom of God.
—Mark 4:11.)*

I know that He who made the worlds
In one creation week
Is still all-powerful to create
Clean hearts in those who seek.
I know the mighty miracles
Long writ on sacred page
Are true, not myth, because I know
His power in this our age.

No more His mystic birth I doubt,
When in my heart He's born,
Than one can long the sun deny
Who views a cloudless morn.
And can I doubt His power to heal,
Or still the stormy sea,
Or make dry path through rivers deep,
When this He's done for me?

I do not need to ask the wise
What they may think or guess,
When I've a Book that has withstood
All time, and change, and stress.
When "wisdom" of a year ago
Is changed or now forgot,
Is it not best to pin one's faith
To One who changes not?

In silent hours I've learned to know
My Saviour and My God;
I know His all-protecting power
When danger stalks abroad.
I know that perils manifold
Will to the end increase,
But that, of those who keep His law,
They cannot mar the peace.

I know in whom I have believed,
Nor will be left to shame;
I know all things but work for good
To those who love His name.
With Paul, I know a crown of life
Awaits me at that day
When Christ Himself rewards the ones
Who for His coming pray.

Why spend our time considering
If that or this be right
Of all the grave hypotheses
Paraded for our sight,
When in our own experience
The truth is manifest,
When God Himself attests our faith
And by it we are blessed?

Amid the loud, confusing sounds
Of doubting age like this
There's nothing brings more calm content
Or more of restful bliss,
Than just to build upon God's Word,
Which naught can overthrow,
And find an anchor to the soul
By saying to Doubt, "I know."

EDITORIAL

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OUR SPECIAL BIBLE NUMBER

This month we have made a special effort to awaken an interest in the great Book of books which is so shamefully neglected by the masses and unmercifully criticized by some leading educators, yet it ever has been and will still continue to be God's personal gift to humanity,—His letter to the human race through which we know of his love for us and his plan to redeem us from eternal destruction. God's word, if followed, will lead us safely through this life and give us an abundant entrance into the life to come.

Then why do we see on every hand a departing from The Word and no interest to search into its great fountain of truth? The answer I find in the fly leaf of my Bible, "This book will keep me from sin, and sin will keep me from this book." But the invitation comes ringing down through the ages—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: 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. And the last invitation found in Rev. 22:17 is also for you and me: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And to the one who accepts, comes the message, "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book." Verse 7.

ARE YOU DOING THE SAME?

"I take pleasure in remitting check for another year's voyage with LIFE BOAT people. I could ill afford to be without your little magazine. May God prosper and keep you at the work is my prayer."

READ TWENTY-FIVE TIMES

George Messick, 75 years of age, a retired railroad man, has made a practice of reading

the Bible through, once a year, for the last twenty-five years. Usually he starts on the first of the year, and has so divided the chapters as to finish at the end of the year.—*Selected.*

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Dr. John Hopkins and family of Washington, D. C., have recently connected with the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Miss Mable Cutler, a former bookkeeper at Hinsdale, who has been in California more recently, spent a few weeks at Hinsdale during the past month.

Mr. Henry Kiooster of Lacombe, Alberta, Canada, was a welcome visitor.

Dr. Martin Keller, who is connected with the White Memorial Hospital at Los Angeles, California, visited the Sanitarium.

Dr. G. K. Abbott, medical superintendent of the St. Helena Sanitarium, California, called recently while visiting in this part of the country.

Pastor M. N. Campbell, of London, England, was a welcome guest recently.

Pastor L. A. Hoopes and family of Nevada, Iowa, have recently connected with the Hinsdale Sanitarium. Pastor Hoopes takes the position of Chaplain made vacant by the departure of Professor J. G. Lamson.

An interesting farewell evening was given to Professor and Mrs. Lamson on Tuesday evening, October 12th, at which time the Sanitarium family presented these workers with an album of Sanitarium views. Professor Lamson will take up evangelistic work in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

KOKOFAT

We offer at a very low price the best grade of KOKOFAT at the following prices:

Kokofat 50 lb. tin	27c per pound
Kokofat 25 lb. tin	28c per pound
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The Life Boat

An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to
Charitable, Philanthropic, Health and
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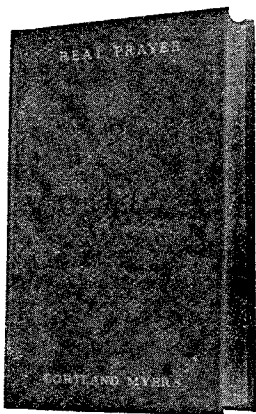
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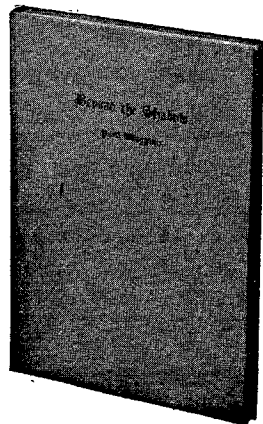
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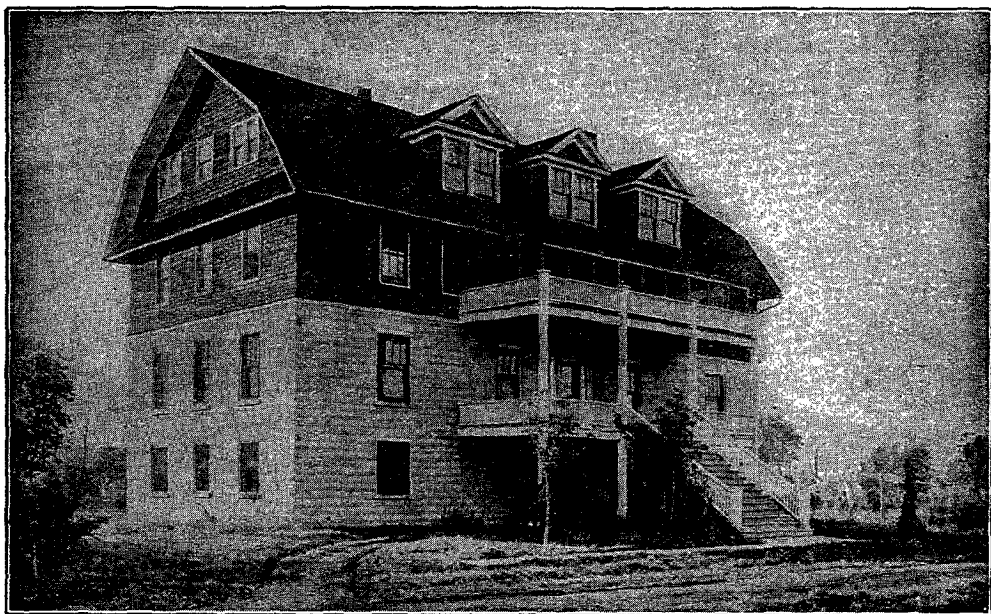
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Physicians, pastors and other workers are constantly perplexed as to how to properly extend a helping hand to the unfortunate girl. To meet this pressing need the charitable public assisted in erecting this splendid eleven thousand dollar institution and it was dedicated July 25, 1909, Judge Orrin N. Carter of the Illinois Supreme Court giving the principal address.

During the past eleven 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

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The Life Boat Rescue Home is now in a position to accept **life annuities** and to pay interest to the annuitants while living.

Annuity means the placing of your money while alive, where you will want it to be after you are dead. You will thus have the satisfaction of seeing your money do good. You will be saved the trouble of having to make out a will and the possibility of having it contested afterward.

One Annuitant writes: "The purchase of Life Annuity Bonds has been a **SOURCE OF GREAT BLESSING TO US**, providing an **ASSURED INCOME**, a share in the good work you are doing, **FREEDOM FROM CARE** and worry, and, without doubt, lengthening the life of the writer. Annuitants can provide an assured income for themselves, relatives and friends and at the same time lay up for themselves treasures in heaven."

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Address

LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME
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"Once in possession means never without it."

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"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."

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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.
2 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.**

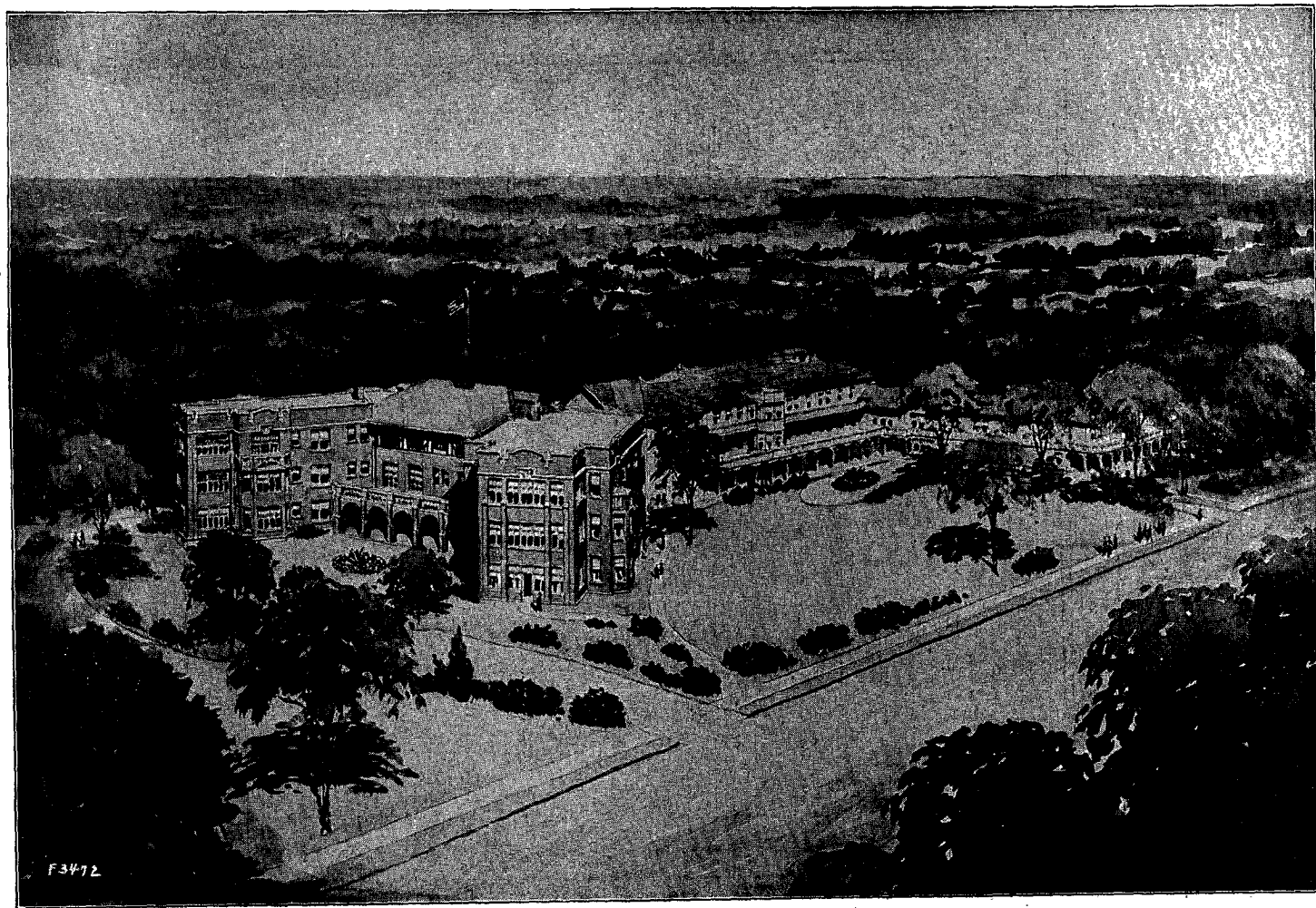
The New Hinsdale Sanitarium

THE new fifty room addition to the Hinsdale Sanitarium, together with numerous other enlargements and improvements, have now been completed. Nearly all the new rooms are occupied. A large amount of splendid new equipment has been installed. The sanitarium is able to accommodate about 150 patients.

Although the construction is completed, we still have unpaid bills and wish to borrow a few thousand dollars to meet these obligations.

We will give the note of the Sanitarium, signed by the president and secretary of the institution, bearing interest at six per cent, payable semi-annually, running for whatever length of time may be desired, one, two, three or more years.

Anyone having money to loan on the above conditions, or who may wish further particulars, address The Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Illinois.



The Hinsdale Sanitarium, showing the present building with the new fifty-room addition. See inside this cover for further information.