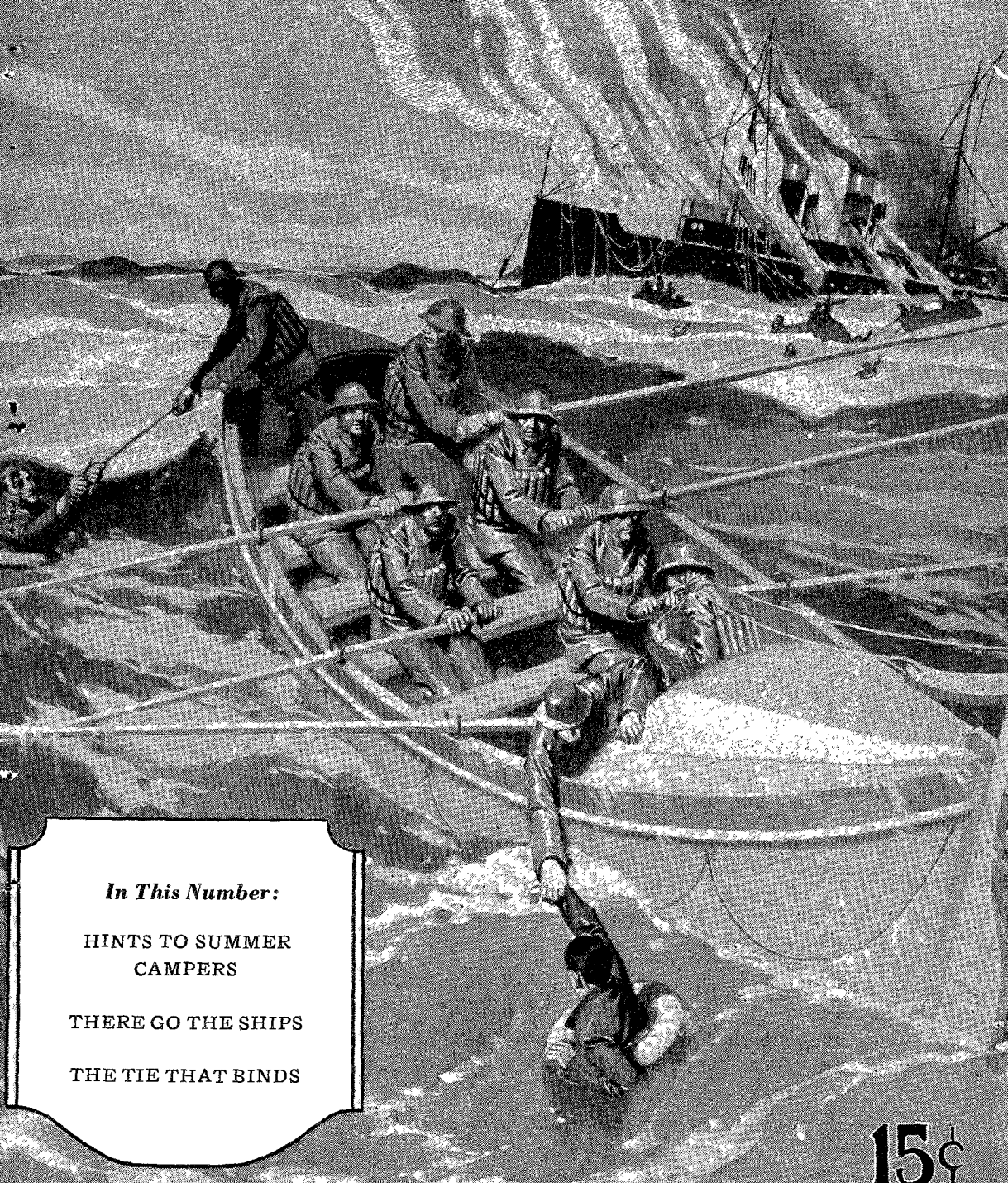


# THE LIFEBOAT

MAGAZINE



*In This Number:*

HINTS TO SUMMER  
CAMPERS

THERE GO THE SHIPS

THE TIE THAT BINDS

15¢

# **SIX REASONS WHY**

## **The Life Boat should be in your Home and your Community**

1. Because The Life Boat is a strong influence for righteousness and reaches the heart of the individual who reads it.

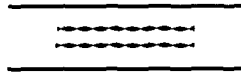
2. Because The Life Boat is so interesting and attractive that it is read by everyone, even by those who do not care for the things of eternal value.

3. Because it contains interesting reports of actual experience in soul-winning and social welfare work.

4. Because it is one of the best magazines in existence to use in home missionary work.

5. Because it appeals to the children who delight in selling it to their neighbors, thus earning money for their Sabbath School offerings.

6. Because many souls are saved through the medium of The Life Boat. If there is a discouraged soul in your home or even in your acquaintance, you need The Life Boat.



Send five dollars and we will send five Life Boats a year to any addresses you send.

**Editor.**

# THE LIFE BOAT

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS.

Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic, Health and Soul-Winning Work

NO ONE EMPLOYED TO SOLICIT DONATIONS

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Oh, would I were a boy again,  
When life seemed formed of sunny years,  
And all the heart then knew of pain  
Was wept away in transient tears!

—Mark Lemon.

# Hints to Summer Campers

Arnold H. Kegel, M. D.

Chicago Commissioner of Health.

**T**HOUSANDS of men, women and children take vacations in the summer months, to rest and to improve their minds, bodies and souls. All who appreciate camping and desire to commune with Nature by going to camps, especially large ones, require the supervision of modern sanitation.

Remember that large camps can be a source of ill-health instead of good health, if not laid out and supervised according to modern methods of health protection.

The would-be camper, whether old or young, wants to get out and "rough it." "Roughing it" is commendable when it does not involve danger to life and health, but all too often it consists of dropping many of the safeguards and sanitary conveniences which it is our pleasure and privilege to enjoy in the city. The modern idea of "roughing it" is to live in camps sometimes large enough to accommodate hundreds of people. The sicknesses brought back from camping trips usually result from some breach of good sanitary practice, or from a mistaken conception of how to "rough it," or from physical exhaustion occasioned by overdoing it.

Up in Alaska the "Sour-Dough," as the prospector is called, will take his pick, shovel, pan, bedding roll and a little "grubstake" and tramp through the mountains for weeks or months in his search for gold. His bed is of moss or evergreen boughs, with whatever

shelter Nature may see fit to give him at the spot he selects for the night. Sometimes he eats regularly, and sometimes Nature outwits him and he doesn't eat at all. But the prospector is as hard as nails; he is trained in the way of the wilds and as a result of that training and his own hardiness he pulls through. He drinks water from any brook or lake that is convenient, often without bad results because no one has been there before him to pollute that stream or lake. The refuse he leaves behind is dried by the sun and carried away by the wind perhaps years before the next prospector comes that way. Yet, even this man, when he first engaged in this work probably passed through a period when it was a question as to who was to be the victor, he or Nature.

Most of the typhoid fever cases that health departments discover in the cities are brought in by vacationists who acquired the disease through contaminated foods or drink while away from home.

Do not drink from uninspected roadside wells or springs, and buy your food only in places which bear a state health department inspection label or poster, or secure it in cities or towns which have their own health inspection service. Be certain that the camps you choose for yourself or your children bear the mark of good sanitary supervision.



## Discussing a Disgusting Habit

D. H. Kress, M. D.

I ADMIT that tobacco chewing is a disgusting habit; so is tobacco snuffing. Either one of them practically bars one from respectable society in these days. There are some things, however, that can be said in their favor: the chewer of tobacco obtains the same desired narcotizing effect that is obtained by the smoker of tobacco; so does the user of snuff. Tobacco is sought because it contains nicotine, whether it is chewed or smoked. The nicotine is absorbed from the mucous membrane of the mouth of the chewer. For this reason the first chew has the same sickening effect as the first smoke has. So far as obtaining the nicotine effect is concerned, it matters very little, therefore, whether a man chews, snuffs, or smokes tobacco. Of course no respectable citizen wants to appear in public or in society chewing tobacco or snuffing it.

While I admit that tobacco chewing is a filthy habit, one thing that can be said in its favor is this—while the one who chews tobacco injures himself the same as does the smoker, he does not by his presence injure those with whom he associates, as does the smoker. When he spits he does not spit into the water others drink. The smoker contaminates the air others are compelled to breathe. Compared with the smoker the chewer is, therefore, quite a harmless creature.

Every human being is entitled to heaven's pure air, and no man has a right to pollute it with opium smoke, or with tobacco smoke, and yet this is what every smoker does. The tobacco smoker has no more right to pollute the air than the chewer has to spit into the water.

The most injurious manner of smoking is by inhaling the smoke. It is smoke inhalation that makes the cigarette more injurious than the pipe. Cigarette smoke is practically always inhaled by the smoker. The pipe smoker merely draws the smoke into his mouth, where it is brought into contact with possibly a foot of mucous membrane. A certain amount of nicotine is absorbed. The cigarette smoker by inhaling the smoke brings it into contact with possibly one thousand

square feet of mucous membrane, a delicate membrane which readily absorbs poisons from the air. This explains why the cigarette smoker is injured to a greater extent than is the pipe smoker.

But it is not necessary to smoke cigarettes to be a smoke inhaler. The smoker is constantly impregnating the air about him with smoke. Those associated with him are, therefore, compelled to breathe this nicotine-polluted air. They are really smoke inhalers as verily as is the cigarette smoker himself, and the injury sustained by them is little less than that sustained by the cigarette addict.

Nicotine being a volatile oil, the smoker is constantly giving off the nicotine stored up in the blood and tissues of his body. Hence the smoker is an undesirable person in the presence of others, even when not in the act of smoking. The wife and children that are compelled to dwell in the home with a smoker who is saturated with nicotine are to be pitied. I pity the wife of refinement and culture who has to sleep along side of such a person. Many an infant whose hold upon life was not strong fills an untimely grave simply because of nicotine poisoning.

It was a custom among the chiefs of one of the North American tribes of Indians to have their servants smoke and blow the smoke into their faces for them to inhale. They used tobacco in no other way. These chiefs had a perfect right to be smoked in this manner if they chose to be, but no one possesses the right to blow tobacco smoke into the faces of those to whom it is offensive, or to impregnate the air they are compelled to breathe. We must admit that it is less objectionable to dwell in the presence of a chewer of tobacco, although it is a filthy habit, than to dwell in the presence of a smoker of tobacco, whether he is a smoker of cigarettes, cigars or a pipe.

There are other points in favor of the tobacco chewer. It is generally known that many of the fires which are so common nowadays are due to careless smokers, and practically all smokers are careless. A short time ago the large exhibition building of

Kansas City was destroyed by fire and the splendid automobiles on exhibit, valued at over a million dollars, were also destroyed. Just how the fire originated can only be surmised, but in reporting the disaster a writer said, "It is the first exhibition of this kind I have been at where smoking was permitted." Evidently he felt that a careless smoker threw down a half-smoked cigarette somewhere, and the conflagration which resulted in the loss of a building and automobiles valued at over a million dollars resulted.

The tobacco chewer is not a dangerous man to have about in this respect; in fact, he might in an emergency be of service in extinguishing a fire at its beginning if he spits as profusely as some do. After seeing a business man light a cigar and throw the match thoughtlessly into the corner of his office near a waste basket, an onlooker penned the following:

"If you can toss a match into a clearing,  
And never give a thought to put it out,  
Or drop your cigaret butt without fearing  
That flames may kindle in the leaves about;  
If you can knock the ashes from your brier,  
Without a glance to see where they may fall,  
And later find the forest all afire  
Where you have passed—with no one near to call;  
If you can drive your auto through the working,  
And cast your stogie stub into the slash,  
Unmindful of the danger therein lurking,  
Or homes or happiness that you may smash;

If you can leave your campfire while 'tis glowing,  
No thought of industries that it might blight,  
Or of the billion saplings in the growing  
Turned into charcoal ere the coming night;  
If you can start a fire beneath a brush pile  
When the wind is roaring like a distant gun—  
You surely should be jailed without a trial  
And boldly labelled 'lunatic,' my son."

Tobacco chewing blunts the higher brain centers and makes the chewer less of a gentleman than he would otherwise be, just as certainly as smoking does. He has less respect and less regard for others than he would otherwise have. He will spit into any convenient spot, regardless of where it is. If there is a spittoon at hand it matters little to him whether he hits it or not. I remember seeing a small poster in a store frequented by tobacco chewers which read, "If you spit on your sitting and dining room floor at home, spit on the floor here, we want you to feel at home."

While tobacco chewing is a filthy habit and should not be indulged in, it does less harm to the community than smoking. If tobacco must be used, for the sake of friends, it would be best to chew it. But why chew or smoke? The use of tobacco in any form is a habit just the same as is the habitual use of opium. Tobacco is a narcotic poison. It is destructive to health, life and morals. For our own sakes we ought neither to smoke nor chew.

## Are You a Living Christian?

**A**RE you alive? That is, are you a living Christian? Or are you spiritually dead? Perhaps the following questions will help you in arriving at a correct conclusion:—

1. What do you think about, talk about, and occupy yourself with by preference? Is it spiritual, or is it worldly matters?

2. What kind of company do you keep? Is it the company of humble, sincere Christians, or is it men and women who have little or no use for things that pertain to God and our relation to Him? In which group do you feel happy, and at home? You know "birds of a feather flock together," both in this life and in the next.

3. What do you spend your spare money for, when you do exactly as you please? Do

you spend it on yourself and your family mainly or do you contribute gladly to missions and charities, especially when nobody is "soliciting"? Is it your object to do others good by it, particularly to their souls, and do you find a genuine pleasure in making a sacrifice that you really feel? Do you ask God to direct you in these matters, as well as feel happy in doing what you honestly believe to be His will?

4. What do you pick up to read when you have a moment to spare? Is it the Bible, the church paper and devotional literature, or is it the daily paper and secular magazines? In other words, what kind of food are you hungry for and do you enjoy the most?

5. Are you a praying man or woman? Do you engage your Saviour in conversation,

freely and frequently, as with a friend? Are you "on speaking terms" with Him, or do you just naturally ignore Him and forget about Him mostly? Do you get along really well without talking things over with Him and without listening to what He has to say?

6. What is your relation to your pastor? Are you glad to see him and to talk with him about spiritual matters? or do you feel uncomfortable and embarrassed for fear he might ask you some questions about your soul and your prospects for eternity?

7. Do you yourself speak to others about "the one thing needful"? Do you confess Christ before men? Are you interested in the spiritual welfare of your friends, and making use of opportunities to put in a word that shows you care, or do you just talk money, politics, dresses, automobiles, and the news?

In other words, what is the mainspring of your life? What is the centre of gravity? What kind of water is flowing from the fountain of your heart? What is your "ruling passion?" What is the love that directs, determines, drives, shapes, colours, checks, switches, loads and unloads feelings, desires,

thoughts, words, and deeds? Is it the love of self and the world? or is it the love of Christ and His kingdom? Is it up-side-down, or is it right-side-up? You see it all depends on our real relation to the Lord Jesus.

If an honest answer to these questions should reveal something wrong with your inner life, even if you are "a good church member," won't you take it to the Lord in prayer and ask Him to set you right? If it condemns you, let Him convict you of sin and lead you to the mercy-seat. Let Him change your heart and make you a true Christian! Let Him make you a real "missionary" in your associations with men and women. Let Him make you a blessing to others and a happy pilgrim on the way to heaven!

God says: "I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day, that I have set before thee life and death, the blessing and the curse: therefore choose life, that thou mayest live, thou and thy seed; to love the Lord thy God, to obey His voice, and to cleave unto Him; for He is thy life." Deut. 30: 19, 20, R. V.—The Bible Banner.

## The Black Horse and His Rider

**C**ULPEPPER, the great southern Baptist evangelist, tells this story:

A group of boys stood out on the village commons, discussing a black pony, which was to be raffled off at three o'clock that afternoon. Notices had been posted everywhere, and about one of these notices stood this group of boys, discussing the same.

"Tommy, are you going to take a chance?" said one boy to another.

"No," said Tommy.

"Why, aren't you going to take a chance?"

"No, I am not," said Tommy.

"Well," said another, "his mother is opposed to raffles, that is why."

Three o'clock found Tommy with the rest of the boys down at the raffle yard to witness the raffling, when some one slapped Tommy on the back and said, "Cheer up, Tommy. Here, I have just taken a chance for you and you have as good a chance to win as any boy," and Tommy's uncle handed him the ticket.

When the winning number was read off and

it corresponded with the number of the ticket Tommy had, he could hardly believe it himself. They literally had to drag him to the prize pony. When the excitement was over, he mounted the young black steed. Picking up the reins, he started down across the raffle yard and took the road for home, first at a brisk walk and then they galloped. When Tommy drew up in front of the town store, Dick, one of the clerks, came out and said,

"Tommy, where did you get that horse?"

"Just won him at the raffle," he said.

"Won him at the raffle? Tommy, you get right down off of that horse. It is one of the most vicious horses ever known in these parts. He was just shipped in to be raffled off. Why, Tommy, he has killed three riders already. Get down off of that horse."

Tommy laughed and said, "Impossible. There must be some mistake. He is the finest horse you ever saw." Tommy started toward home.

His father and mother came running out into the yard and said, "Tommy, get down



of that horse. Where did you get him?"

"Down at the raffle yard," said Tommy.

"Get right down," said his father. "I have just been reading to your mother from the newspaper that that horse has killed three riders."

"Some mistake, said Tommy. He is just as gentle as can be. Why, you never saw a horse as easy to handle as this one. Watch me, dad," and he turned the steed about and away they went. The horse walked, and trotted and single footed until miles widened the distance between him and his father's home. The sun was setting in the west but Tommy rode on. Petting his pony, he talked to it about the air castles of future days. Little did he know that they were only built of flimsy fabric, soon to be shattered in death. But later, he tightened the reins to turn the steed about and start home, he found he was mounted on a vicious animal who would not turn. With dilated nostrils, lathered flanks, striking fire at every bound, he would not stop. He raced through thicket, maddened by piercing briars, brambles and thorns, becoming madder and wilder at every bound. Then he reached the precipice and over they went. Far below on the sharp, jagged rocks we find the remains of the black horse with his brave but deluded rider.

I wonder if I have been picturing some man, some woman in this audience tonight; some one who has mounted the black horse of sin and is riding on to sure, sudden and certain doom. One of the saddest sights in all the world is to look into the faces of men and women who know they have mounted the black horse of sin and in spite of all warning notes, sounded, ride on, and on, and on.

Woe be unto that godly pastor, woe be unto any evangelist who endeavors to check them in their downward career. Blinded by passion, they look unto the preacher of God as their worst enemy. They ride on, and on and on.

How many men do you know who have mounted the black horse of sin, catering to their own passions, appetites, their own lusts and own sinful desires? One of the most awful facts in human history is that sin divides households, digs graves, and is threatening American society today with bankruptcy. Sin! Sin! You can hear the hiss of the serpent in it.—S—s—s—in. If you are mounted on the black horse of sin that is taking you away from home and godliness, let me warn you

tonight. Dismount from that horse. It has carried men into eternity without God and without hope.—*Modern Prodigals, Harry W. Von Bruch.*

#### A LIFE-SAVER

"Last Monday noon I had an appointment with a man at the noon hour, and after I came out of the house and reached the car, my wife said she felt impressed to go across the river to the other side of the city. I told her I did not see any light in leaving this part of the city until we had finished it, yet we went in harmony with her feeling.

"After crossing the river, I drove about two blocks, parked my car, and at the first house I came to I saw a man sitting on the porch. I stepped up, introduced myself, and told him my business. He slowly replied that I had nothing for him, as his mind was not in a position to absorb anything of a Christian nature. I told him that the man today who enjoys the greatest freedom and peace of mind is the man who has a firm hold upon the Lord.

"After talking with him perhaps thirty minutes, he turned to me and asked why I had such an interest in his soul. He then told me his story; how he had been walking the streets for work, but had failed to find anything, and he and his wife were planning to leave the city the next day. He had just come over to his neighbor's house, and was sitting on the porch in their absence, waiting for his wife to leave home on a trip up town, and then he was going back to his own house, take his life, and end it all.

"I pleaded with him, telling him of the awful hereafter that awaits the man who deliberately takes his own life, and the promises to the one who is faithful to his trust. I told him there must be something in his life that was keeping away the blessing and that peace of mind God has in store for His children, and I asked him to go to his room and earnestly seek God to show him the better way. He asked me to go with him, and I gladly accepted the invitation.

"To make a long story short, the man said he now had a hold on the Lord that he had never had before. He left the city with his wife, a happy man. When he took me by the hand, he said, 'My friend, you are a life-saver,' but I pointed him to Christ, the only life-saver."—A Christian Colporteur.



## Seeking Fame

N. L. Ingram

One day in the days of long ago  
A soul set out to build a name  
But how, or when, or where to go  
She did not dream, where lay her fame.

She sought the wisdom and the lore  
Of all the books at her command,  
Yet still when she had read them o'er  
She did not fully understand.

"The path to fame is hard to find,"  
Thought she, "I'll start another quest.  
I have another plan in mind  
A talent that I can invest.

"I've read about the Christ of old,  
Who walked the shores of Galilee;  
I'll take my silver and my gold  
And travel there His steps to see.

"His name was great, 'tis great today,  
And thousands follow in His train,  
I'll hasten now, I'll not delay  
The plan seems good, simple, and plain."

And hither she resorted then  
To buy her wardrobe for the trip.  
Rich things and warm, both thick and thin  
To carry with her on the ship.

A poor blind beggar sat that day  
Along the street where she walked by;  
But she went swiftly on her way  
She had no pity in her eye.

A little urchin cold and sad  
Stood by the showcase looking through.  
She might have made his poor heart glad  
But she had other things to do.

Her heart was set on winning fame  
And so she hastened on her way,  
For his sad lot was she to blame?  
She thought within herself that day.

And in the store a poor bent frame  
Touched her upon the arm and said,  
"Madam, I do not know your name,  
But I'm hungry—in need of bread."

But in reply she heard her say  
"I'm going on a journey far,  
I cannot help you out today  
And too, I don't know who you are."

That night quite late she went to bed  
With these thoughts turning in her mind,  
"Those helpless souls had I but fed,  
Would that help me my goal to find?"

The morrow came both fair and bright,  
The sun in splendor rose that day,  
And when the shadows fell that night  
She was at sea well on her way.

With egoed look and selfish air  
She sat upon the moonlit deck,  
With bright jewels flashing in her hair  
And sable 'round her pearl-bound neck.

The eyes of all might look and see,  
No need or want had she denied.  
And all who saw her will agree  
Her clothes the best they ever spied.

Twelve times the eyelids of the morn  
Looked up and smiled ere she was there;  
And twelve times did the sun adorn  
The western skies with colors rare.

She first went down to Bethlehem,  
Where Christ the Lord, lay on the hay.  
The chosen One, the Great I Am,  
Spent there on earth His natal day.

Her very soul was thrilled to see  
Where wise men in the days of old,  
Beneath the star on bended knee,  
Poured out to Him their gifts of gold.

And then to Nazareth she came;  
A mean and cursed little town,  
Though, yet because of His dear name  
A place of wondrous renown.

Then next up to Jerusalem  
She traced the path the Saviour trod,  
And fancied that she stood with Him  
Within the temple courts of God.

Then she went down to Jordan where  
The voice of God came like a dove,  
And with this blessing filled the air,  
"This is the Son of My great love."

But now, she turns and traces Him  
Along the path where duty lies,  
Where souls are sad He comes to them  
And places joy before their eyes.

Where fevers rage, where sickness reigns,  
He goes right in their lot to bless,  
He binds their wounds, and soothes their pains,  
And ministers to their distress.

The days wear on: she feels somehow  
That she has missed the goal she sought.  
In humbleness she's willing now  
To learn her lesson and be taught.

And so with retrospective view  
 She takes the situation in;  
 And calmly starts with hopes anew  
 Another quest now to begin.

Her lesson now, ah, well she learns,  
 Self-abnegation is her goal.  
 And calm reflection slowly burns  
 A love for service in her soul.

She thought at first, that her fame lay  
 In seeing footprints on the sand,  
 That Jesus in yon bygone day  
 Left on the Galilean strand.

But now, her view is not the same,  
 For fame she would not even ask.

Yet many tongues proclaim her name  
 As she in love pursues her task.

She goes about a doing good,  
 And finds His footprints everywhere,  
 And greatness now is understood  
 In terms of love, service and prayer.

The urchin and the bent old frame,  
 The beggar sitting by the wall:  
 In these she reads her Master's name  
 And ministers unto them all.

Her heart is light, she would not shirk,  
 She's happy as a soul can be.  
 Absorbed in her great newborn work,  
 For God and for Humanity.



## There Go the Ships\*

Psalms 104:26.

R. E. Harter

**T**HE city of Tacoma state of Washington, is situated on the sloping side of a high elevation of land facing the east, one street above the other. At the foot of this decline stretches out the waters of Puget Sound, where great ships from all parts of the world find anchorage at her docks. Many times from that elevation have I looked down and watched those great iron-clad vessels hoist their sails and start on their voyage until they disappeared where the sky and water met.

The scene described and the language of David, suggest a lesson appropriate for this occasion today, in comparing the great vessels that sail the seas, with the human vessels afloat on the ocean of life.

If you were to visit one of the great ship yards of the world, where these vessels are undergoing construction, you would see many

under process of building. Master mechanics, men richly endowed with inventive skill, hands and brain long trained, producing out of the rough timbers grown on the mountain side, a thing of majestic beauty. A great bird with white wings, challenging the deep. The last touches have been applied, the workmen pronounce the work perfect and ready for service. Many come to praise and admire. The purpose, however, of its construction, was not to invite the admiration of the multitude, but for service, and to fulfill the design, it must be launched. To remain in the yard would be useless. The anchor is lifted, the sails spread, **THERE GO THE SHIPS!**

The nurses' class of 1928, has for three years been in the shipyard, under process of training. You have learned precious lessons of self-denial and discipline, how to relieve suffering and pain; lessons in patience and self-control. You have mastered the studies prescribed for your course, and your instructors have pronounced the work well done. We

\*Abstract from the Baccalaureate sermon delivered to the Hinsdale Sanitarium nurses' graduating class of 1928.

are here today to praise God for the finished product; for these young men and women who today offer themselves in their service, for the good of humanity. You will soon lift the anchor and launch out on life's sea, and those left behind will be saying, "There go the ships!"

### The Ships Go On Business

They have a charter and compass, and are bound for home port. So as we take up our life work we should have a fixed, earnest, and mighty purpose. We are living in an age of uncertainty. Men are hoping, thinking and guessing. It is time to know. If there ever was a time when we ought to stand for something definite and positive, it is now in this time of vain visions, unsettled purposes, and voices, many calling out of the night of fog.

God wants young people today like Daniel, who purposed in his heart he would do right! like Joseph who would not stain his pure soul when even tempted by royalty. As meek as Moses. Workers whom the Lord can trust—that He does not have to watch. That will represent the character of God and the principles of heaven.

I would stand before you with shame today if I should say I had no object in life. I am living to please myself. **THERE GO THE SHIPS, NOT IDLY, AIMLESSLY, BUT ON BUSINESS.**

Their course leads them over a changeable sea. Today the sea is smooth like glass; tomorrow a breeze is blowing. The breeze increases to a gale, then a hurricane. The sea mingles with the clouds, and vice versa. The ship mounts up on the crest of the waves, and then dives into the abyss between the enormous billows. Marines stagger like drunken men.

So in life, we sail along smoothly at times, then disappointments and losses come. Friends prove untrue. Our own failures and defeats cause us to lose heart, and like Peter we cry, "Lord, carest thou not that we perish?" And the pilot who controls the waves, saying, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," speaks the word of command to the storm-tossed waters, and there is a calm.

### Where Go the Ships?

Riding on the train one day, before me was a typical young American, belaboring his mother with ceaseless questions. As the train drew up to a large station, many people on the platform were hurrying to and fro. There was the merchant in search of new orders; a father cheered by the sight of the dear home faces; a young lady looking for her waiting friends; the glad and the weary, the friendless, and the forlorn—all going somewhere. As the boy saw the people elbowing their way through the great mass of humanity, he turned to his mother and said, "Where are they all



going?" And listlessly she replied, "Oh, somewhere."

I looked again—that crown had a new meaning to me. All those hurrying people were going somewhere. And yet there are but two ways in which they go. The broad and the narrow. Many hasten on the broad way. Some lured on by the siren songs of sin; some driven by the cool and cutting lashings of despair. Fewer walk the other way, the way of life.

What port are you making? Many ships are lost on the rocks. A defective plank may cause a leak. One sin cherished in the life, will eat like a cancer, causing death at last.

Some ships are lost on the sands. They venture too near the shore and find themselves hopelessly stranded. Some ships flounder; drifting about, rudderless, captainless, aimless, dangerous to others, and miserable themselves.

"It is easy to drift with the current,  
Adown the stream of time,  
To float with the course of the river,  
Like the music to some old rhyme;  
But ah! it takes courage and patience,  
Against the current to ride,  
And we must have strength from heaven  
When rowing against the tide."

"We may float with the river's surface,  
While our oars scarce touch the stream  
And in visions of early glory,  
On our dazzling sight may gleam.  
We forget that on before us,  
The mighty currents roar,  
And while we are idly dreaming,  
Its waters may carry us o'er."

"But a few, ah! would there were many  
Row up the stream of life,  
They struggle against its surges,  
And mind neither toil nor strife,  
Though weary and faint with labor,  
Yet singing triumphant their ride,  
For Christ is the hero's captain,  
When rowing against the tide."

"Way on through the hazy distance,  
Like the mist on the distant shore,  
We see the walls of a city,  
With the banner floating o'er.  
Seen through a glass so darkly  
We almost mistake our way,  
But faith throws light on the harbor,  
When darkness shuts out the day."

"Shall we then be one of that number?  
To mind neither toil nor pain?  
Shall we mourn the loss of earthly joys?  
When we have a crown to gain?  
Or shall we float on with the river  
With death at the end of our ride,  
While our brother with heaven before him  
Is rowing against the tide?"

**"Mister, Won't You Save Me?"**

A man who had left home and loved ones, to go to the gold fields of Africa, was return-

ing home. In the midst of toil and sacrifice and loneliness, he had secured the precious metal that was to make his future life comfortable; free from care and anxious thought for the necessities of life. Standing on the deck of the returning vessel, he was thinking of the happiness in store for himself and family, when suddenly as the ship was nearing land there rang out the awful warning, "The vessel is going down!"

He hurried to his stateroom, buckled the belt containing the gold around his waist, secured a life-preserver, and with the others, plunged into the sea. While he was battling in the waters, clinging to a piece of broken vessel, a little girl, with white scared face, drifted near, and seeing him, said, "Oh Mister, can you swim?"

"Yes," he replied.

And lifting her pleading face to his, she said, "Oh, Mister, won't you save me?"

What should he do? There was only a moment to decide. The frail driftwood to which he was clinging would not bear the added strain. He could not have his gold and the little girl too. Without a moment's hesitancy he unbuckled the belt containing his treasure and let it drop into the sea. Taking the little girl, under his protection, he began the journey for land. Just as he was being overcome by the effort the rescuers from the shore arrived and lifted him unconscious with his precious burden, on board. When they reached the land, and he regained consciousness, there returned the disappointment and the life of poverty. He bowed his head and wept. The little girl came and put her arms around his neck, and imprinted a kiss on his weather-beaten cheek, saying, "Oh, Mister, you have saved my life!"

What is gold or influence, or worldly honors, compared to saving life? I would rather be able to bring one soul to Christ, than to sit upon a throne, clad in royalty, and worshipped by thousands of subjects.

**"You've Been a Long Time Coming"**

When the yellow fever was raging in the south, a gentleman, his wife, and little boy, moved into the fever-stricken district.

The father soon sickened and died. And the death-cart came and took him away. The mother, knowing that the dread disease would



soon fasten upon her, called the little boy to her side and said, "Mamma won't be with you much longer. But when I am gone, Jesus will come and take care of you."

A few days later the death-cart came and carried her away, and the little boy followed and saw her body lowered in the grave. He returned to the house, all lonely and still, and sat upon the doorstep, until the shadows of night led him again to the place where his mother was resting. Falling prostrate upon the new-made grave, he cried himself to sleep in his loneliness.

In the morning a gentleman found him there, and inquired, "Little boy, what are you doing here?"

He looked up into the face of the stranger and said, "I am waiting for Jesus."

He then told him of his mother's promise, and the stranger said, "Jesus has sent me to take care of you." Then the little fellow with tears in his eyes, said, "Oh, Mister, you have been such a long time coming!"

The world is lonely and sad. They're waiting for your help and your service. No greater work than to seek and save the lost. "They that bring many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Class of 1928, you are about to leave the shipyard. You will soon lift the anchor, and start on your life-saving voyage for humanity, and we who are left behind will be saying, "THERE GO THE SHIPS!" And may God go with you.

## Nurses' Commencement Address

John F. Morse, M. D.

**W**E HAVE assembled this evening for the one purpose of adding to the pleasure of the Graduating Class. We have come to assist in the celebration at the completion of their course of training. They enter tonight upon a new phase of their service for God and humanity. They are following in a path first travelled by Florence Nightingale and other heroines of the midnight vigil. With the passing of the years since the honors of the Crimean War, the science of nursing has made marvelous strides. For those pioneers the way was like the uncharted wilderness through which no one had dared to venture. They blazed the way; others have entered into their labors. Little by little a highway has been cast up, along which the suffering ones of all the world, even the babies, may be carried safely and speedily to health and happiness. At the present time this highway to health which has been placed upon the solid foundation of God's great laws of biologic living, may be fitly compared to a highway of concrete

which shall carry weary travelers smoothly to their desired destination.

Opportunities are not lacking for heroines among those who care for the pilgrims passing their time along the highway of life. The annals of daily history do not lack for a single day their records of deeds nobly done for the helping of others. Most of these splendid efforts are unknown save to those who are helped and to the watchers from above who never slumber or sleep.

Because of the many lessons which it teaches I shall repeat the story of a gray-feathered soldier of the air, one of the eight hundred carrier pigeons that were with the American Expeditionary Force in France. The story, as told by Appleton Street, appeared in a recent magazine.

The pigeon's name was "Cher Ami" (meaning dear friend). He was taken with four other pigeons by the Lost Battalion when they made their memorable night advance in the Argonne Woods. During the night the Americans were entirely cut off from

### THE GRADUATING CLASS OF NURSES APPEARS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

The top row, reading from left to right: Lydia Becker, Ila Walker, Anthony Cotter, Thelma Colvin, Louise Draper, Ralph Reynolds, Hertha Christiansen, Florence L. Nelson.

Second row: Kathryn L. Rasmussen, Elva E. Siemers, Irene L. McCamment, N. L. Ingram, Emil Reising, Mabel E. Ives, Esther V. Steffen, Alma W. Bechthold.

Third row: Della R. Bluntach, Lolo Bell Clark, Lois E. Pierce, Theodore R. Reising, Nellie May Clark, Florence M. Nentwig, Elsie A. Sewell, Meta June Hendrick.

Fourth row: Bernice J. Anderson, Elizabeth Hiebert, Elma I. Schneider, Naomi Bean Stoneburner, Ruth E. Wait, Ruby June Betz, Ione Robertson, Helen L. Gable.

their supplies by an unexpected advance of the enemy. For five days they famished under almost continuous gunfire. One by one the pigeons were released but no help came. Finally, as they were gnawing leaves and roots and sucking mud for water, a new barrage began to fall from outside the line of the enemy that surrounded them, and they realized that they were being shelled by allied artillery. One pigeon only remained in the basket. An officer hastily wrote the message, "For Heaven's sake, stop it!" rolled the message into a capsule, and tied it to Cher Ami's right leg. For a moment the bird lingered in the hand of his friendly comrade and then rose swiftly into the air. A moment later he dropped back, wounded and fluttering wildly with pain. But Cher Ami was not done for. Out of the welter of choking fumes and shrieking shells there came a mysterious insistent call, "Come home", it whispered. His spirit heard. The wings that had been trained for strong swift flight caught the air again and soon disappeared from sight above the battle smoke. One-half hour later at Rampont, twenty-four miles away, the sargent saw a speck of gray drop down from the clouds as Cher Ami fluttered to the loft landing board. He dripped blood as he reeled, hopping on one foot into the loft entrance. The sargent picked up the wounded bird. A machine gun bullet had pierced his breast and torn his right leg off. The message capsule hung by a clotted tendon.

That is how headquarters first heard from the Lost Battalion. The barrage was stopped immediately and a little later the 304th Infantry smashed through the woods and brought to safety the remnant of the Lost Battalion, 252 men saved because the bird followed the call of instinct.

Very naturally the question comes to us, are we training our instincts?

Josiah Royce says that humanity depends for its spirituality and its whole civilization upon faiths and passions that are in the first place instinctive, inarticulate, and in part unconscious. I am glad to remind you that this class of nurses has been training their instinct to care for the sick and helpless,—the mother instinct of the whole race. Tonight they appreciate the need of the training received and its value as they could not three years ago. The world applauds the achievement that has transformed the hospital of olden time from "shambles of horror" to a longed-for "haven of rest and recreation" of today.

But I wonder if we are training our other instincts. To creatures as capable of complex endeavor as men and women are, many lines of training may be carried on at the same time or at least by the same person. Love of music, a knowledge of birds and flowers, of trees and stones, as well as the stars and great forces of Nature, should be cultivated. Each and every one should progress and grow in knowledge and understanding as long as life lasts. Above all should our spirits heed the call to "come home" that sounds from the Heavenly Father's house. May it be true for each one of you, my dear young friends, that you may ever hear the call above the strife of the market place or the tumult of allurements, and may your answer be swift and successful, making you the "Cher Ami" of every suffering, wounded soul entrusted to your care. May many of them also hear the call and with you "come home" to our Father's home. For God and Humanity.

## Watch For the Leadings of Providence

F. W. Bralliar

**T**HE life of the Christian is so bound up with the program of the Master in His work on earth, that it is his privilege to look for the hand of the Lord in all the happenings of life. The story of providential leadings and the providential arrangement of

affairs is told again and again in the character sketches of the Bible.

Elisha was a teacher in Israel, and his duties carried him on an itinerary through different parts of the kingdom. Time after time he passed by the house of the woman of



Shunem, and as he passed he was invited to eat at the table with herself and her husband. Finally the generous spirit of the housewife led her to propose that they build an extra room to the house for the man of God to occupy as he passed that way. A number of years later the woman of Shunem reaped the reward of her act of kindness. Her son fell sick and died, and calling for a servant, she drove with all speed to Elisha. When the man of God found her heart burdened with sorrow he went with her, and through the blessing of the Lord and the son was restored to life. The story of that healing spread through the kingdom, and paved the way for other interesting experiences.

Following the healing of her son this woman of Shunem went from her home to the land of the Philistines, and dwelt there for seven years because of famine in her home country. When she returned to Shunem she made application to the king for the restoration of her property. Whether or not she made the appeal through Gehazi, Elisha's assistant in the educational work, may not be clear, but it is told that the king was in conversation with Gehazi when the woman entered the court. "And the king talked with Gehazi the servant of the man of God, saying, "Tell me, I pray thee, all the great things that Elisha hath done."

This king needed to know the doings of the great teacher of the times, and of the various activities of the school, under his supervision, and probably no one was better able to give him inside information than Gehazi, the close associate of Elisha. Among other things, Gehazi related the raising to life of the son of the Shunemite woman, and as they were in the midst of the narrative Gehazi looked up to see this woman herself. And he said, "My Lord, O King, this is the woman, and this is her son, whom Elisha restored to life."

How nicely the Lord timed these events, and yet not better than He times events in the lives of His people today. The king talked with the woman herself, got further details concerning the sickness and restoration of the young man, became interested and appointed an officer to look after her property matters, restoring to her the land and the income of the property since the day she left it.

If one looks at it from the mercenary point

of view only, it pays to be generous, philanthropic, kind to the distressed. From the spiritual standpoint, it means a great deal more to have these characteristics of the Master. Nothing merely happens; the Lord times all the events in our lives.

#### Help the Poor to Help Themselves

Elisha had many experiences similar to those we meet today. One of the students died, leaving a widow, two children and a debt. The wife came to the teacher of the schools of the prophets, stating that her two sons were about to be taken as bondsmen. How shall she meet the situation? Elisha was well acquainted with the king and might have asked aid for this widow, or mercy for her from the creditors. Instead, he instructed the woman and her sons to follow a course which would bring relief in a business like way.

They were bidden, "Go, borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, empty vessels; borrow not a few," and she sent the boys out to borrow vessels. They went to all the neighbors asking for the loan of empty vessels. The neighbors asked what was to be done with the empty vessels, and the lads probably told that they were in need of money and the prophet had advised them to do this, and then to fill these vessels from their limited supply of oil.

Interest was aroused, and when the vessels were finally filled with oil, the neighbors who had loaned the bottles were ready to buy from the widow. The Lord not only miraculously supplied the means of getting money to meet the needs of the family, but he gave a method of labor that naturally brought quick returns for the efforts the woman and her sons put forth.

It is worth noting also that the amount of oil these people had for sale was limited only by the faith they exercised in the matter of borrowing vessels for the Lord to fill. All these are profitable lessons for workers who are giving their time and means to the work of the Lord. He has not only promised to supply all of our needs but He gives wisdom to meet the conditions under which we live. He wants laymen to lean on Him following His methods of work trusting Him to fulfill His promises. He wants to time the events in our lives for the benefit of His people and for His own glory.



The Building, Now Being Remodeled for the Home Family.

## “I Can’t Go Home”

Superintendent, Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

**N**EARLY three years ago there walked into my office a little sixteen-year-old girl and her sister. I soon learned the story which comes to my ears so often that sometimes I wonder if the world is not losing its morality altogether,—a poor little, shrinking, frail piece of humanity in need of the shelter of a maternity home, with heart trouble and symptoms of chorea.

Blanch remained with us a few months, sat at our table, attended our worship, enjoyed the kind and loving service of our matron, until she was ready to take her little girl on her arm and go out to make a living for herself and the helpless baby. Her mother shared her meager home with the daughter and her child. Then the struggle began. For two years the mother and grandmother, both nearly helpless, have kept up the struggle for existence.

The time came when they decided it was not possible to give the little girl the care and training she deserved, so a letter came, saying:

“I am having trouble and have decided the

best thing to do is to adopt out my little darling. I can’t stand it to see her go but I think it is the best thing for me to brace up and let her go because I can’t support her and myself, too.”

Arrangements were made for the child to leave and we were there at the appointed time and our little blue-eyed girl with golden curls was ready and willing to go with us. No words can picture the anguish of those left behind, yet it was best for her to leave, and with a brave little heart she said, “Good bye” to all her loved ones and tripped off to our car to place herself in our hands, trusting us to care for her.

The next day our hearts were touched when a visitor at the Home said:

“Darling, where is your mother?”

“At home,” came the quick response.

“Do you want to go home and see your mamma?”

“No. I can’t go home any more. I can’t go home any more. I can’t go home.”

“So this tiny little two-year-old seemed to realize that she was leaving her uncles

and her grandmother and going she knew not where, yet she is like a ray of sunshine winning her way into the hearts of all who meet her.

We now have a quartette of little tots waiting for permanent homes. This little two-year-old; another sweet girl who has just arrived and is going to a boarding home. Her mother who thought she would have to give up both of her little girls has now decided to try a while longer to support them. Then we have a dear little boy who has been with us since he was three months old, now three years old. His father cannot give him up. The fourth one is our little Jean who is being supported by her mother.

Aside from these four little toddlers who make the house ring with their prattle, there

is a chorus of fifteen or twenty voices frequently heard from the nursery. The senior nurses from the Hinsdale Sanitarium are flitting back and forth looking after the comforts of the babies, giving them the love and caresses which their mothers would give if they could.

This interesting family of little ones and young women who need our shelter are now located in the original building which the friends of this good work provided twenty years ago. Only a portion of the building is ready for the family. We must get it all ready before cold weather. But we can do nothing until more money comes in. We are asking God to impress some hearts to give of their abundance to make our family comfortable.

## The Tie That Binds

Viola F. King

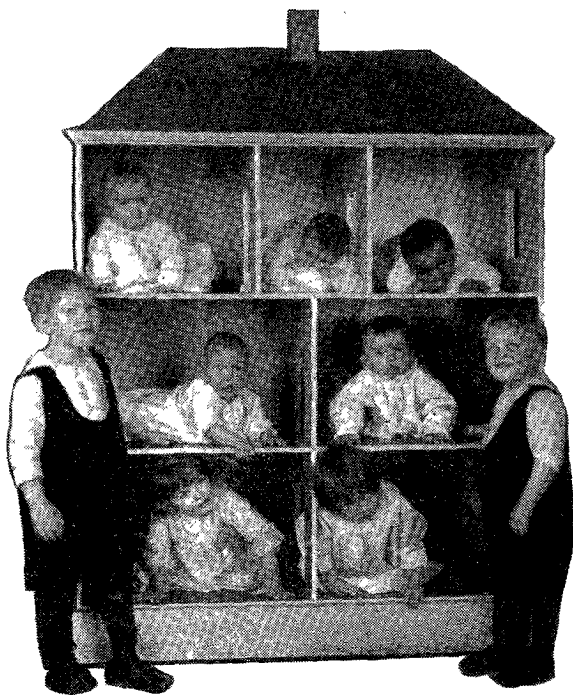
**J**UST a few days ago a small paper bag containing several bills and a few pieces of coin was handed us. After we heard the tragic story connected with it we almost felt like we had received money from the dead. Back of this donation to our Life Boat Rescue Home lies many a heartache, many tears and a wrecked life.

This dreadful experience is the only one we have ever had of its kind. Several years ago Helen came to our Home with the same story we so often hear from those who enter our doors. She left the baby in our care to be placed for adoption and went out

to face the world but she found the struggle too much and gave up the fight by committing suicide.

Now the only material thing we have left of Helen is the Consent for Adoption paper bearing her signature. Two happy foster parents hug her baby to their hearts. Her sister grieves night and day about Helen's death but it was she who sent us this donation because we had been kind to Helen.

As we look at this token of appreciation we only hope we did all we could for Helen and we can only leave her in the hands of our heavenly Father



A Full House.

who has gone this way before us and understands every heartache which comes to one of His children. The one consolation we have is in knowing of human shipwrecks we have prevented,—the broken ties we have helped to bind.

How the world is changing! We have had two cases come to us recently which never would have been recorded on our books had the girls been reared with a mother's love,—not that their mothers had died but they have been neglected by their own mothers. One of these girls said her mother would go for days without saying a word to her. When she was old enough she was made to go out and work and pay \$10.00 a week board at home. Is it any wonder she married unwisely? When her husband deserted her she



Some of Our Babies With Their Nurses.

had no place to go and so she came to our Home. Through prayer this girl has been able to win her mother's affection. The mother has bought little things for her girl,—a thing she had not done for years. The father and mother are also being drawn together as the result of this experience. They were on the verge of separation.

Just recently we had a girl who was very anxious to have her baby placed for adop-

tion. She said she was too young to be bothered with a baby. She wanted to go out evenings. Her mother had not cared for her so perhaps we haven't much reason to wonder why this girl did not have a natural love for her baby.

Another girl was deserted by her husband and when her mother refused to help her she came to us with her two children and asked us to place them for adoption. Just today we received this note from her,—“Poor babies, to think they were brought into this world to live away from their mother! You may not think I love them, but I do. Only God in heaven knows how much I love them. May God look after my babies who are going into the world to live their lives.”

Some would have us believe that there is no such thing as love, that it is electric waves, and many other such nonsensical beliefs. Such beliefs are wrecking our world, for we know that love is the greatest force in all the world,—the only enduring bond which will last throughout eternity. What a privilege God has given to poor human clay to help bind these broken ties.

#### TAKING CHANCES

“Boys, let this be a warning to you,” said a young man of the writer's acquaintance, as he held up his hand from which every one of the fingers had been severed.

The young fellow had been hopping freight trains. He had done it many times before, but he took one chance too many. At times it is all right to take chances, even when there is the greatest of danger, as in the saving of lives. But to take chances needlessly is foolhardy. During the first four months of 1927 the Inter-State Commerce Commission reported that six hundred and sixty-eight persons lost their lives by taking chances at grade crossings.

Some young men take chances with their positions. They do their work in a slipshod way, saying when it's completed that it's “good enough.” The very phrase “good enough” indicates that the work has not been well done. Such young men are taking chances for an increase in salary; taking chances for advancement. And besides, they are taking chances for the peace of mind and the happy and satisfactory feeling that comes from work well done.

Then some take chances with their health. The body is a machine, and like a machine it must be taken care of. He who keeps late hours night after night, has irregular time for meals; doesn't take sufficient exercise in the open air, is taking a chance that may result in a life of misery, or premature death.

A boy or girl who goes to school and loafs away his or her time in idleness is taking a chance for a successful career. Success in life does not come in these days by mere chance. Competition is keen, and success is hard to win, but the reward goes to those who have put forth their best efforts.

Then some take chances with their character. Such a chance is the greatest chance of all. He who engages in petty lying, cheating or swearing, and the like, is forming habits which are soon almost impossible to overcome; habits which are a ruination of character. Unlike the writing with chalk upon a blackboard which can be erased, but more like the carving of marks upon it with a sharp instrument which are permanent, are these habits when they become ingrained in our lives.

We could sum up the whole idea by saying, take no unnecessary chances.—Selected.

### MANNERS IN THE MAKING

EDITH LOCHRIDGE REID

"Why do I have to say 'Please' when I ask for anything, Mother?" Stanley looked earnestly for the reply, and as he was blessed with an understanding mother who respected her little son's intelligence, the answer to his question was not only interesting but constructive.

His mother explained "manners" in a way that appealed to his imagination and which likewise inspired him to want to be mannerly. She could have made the mistake of telling him to observe this little courtesy because she said that was the proper thing or because it is the way that polite persons do; but Stanley's mother knew a better course. So she said:

"Now, I'm so glad you asked me that, dear, for it would be hard to go on saying something every day of your life if you couldn't think of a good reason for doing it. And when you get puzzled this way you

must always ask me, so that we can straighten the puzzle out."

By this time Stanley's eyes were beaming. His mother knew how to create interest in little every-day affairs.

"When you say 'Please' in asking for an apple, that means that if I give you the apple you will be happy. Then you see that makes Mother happy because she has done a little act for some one she loves very much. If you didn't say 'Please' I might think that you didn't care much whether I gave you what you asked for, and then I couldn't be sure whether you were much happier or not."

Stanley's face lighted up and he seemed to catch a new vision of what folks call politeness. He queried further:

"When I thanked Mr. Barnes this morning for letting me take his hammer to fix my wagon, do you think he liked me better?"

Mother smiled indulgently. "It made him happy to think that he had helped you, for you must remember, Son, that these words of politeness and deeds of thoughtfulness are happiness makers. They help folks who hear them and see them to feel love and friendship."

"What about folding my napkin at table?" inquired Stanley, now swept away with his interest. "Grandma told me I was being polite when I did that."

Again Mother laughed a pleasant little ripple of loving merriment. She threw him the challenge. "Now you think hard and tell me the reason—for we must not do things all the time unless we understand why it is better to do them."

Stanley paused for a half a second. Then he exclaimed, "It would make the table look bad if I threw my napkin down! And then you would have to work harder folding it up for me after meals."

"Then if the table would look better, manners help to make the world more tidy and beautiful," continued Mother, "and when you try to save me work, you add more love to the home where we live."

So from that one hour of discussion, Stanley caught a lasting spirit of good manners and kindly courtesy. Never again did he question these amenities of daily life, because their value had been submitted to his intelligence instead of their form being demanded of him as a matter of obedience.

After that he performed such acts of politeness with understanding. The motive came from within, which was as it always should be. By using imagination he found

reasons for every pleasant little favor or sacrifice, and to have omitted such courtesies would to him have been an affront to love and friendship.

## Equal Chances

(A Parable)

**A** CERTAIN man had two sons; and when the sons had grown to man's estate, their father said unto them:—

"O my sons, through many years have I toiled, until, as ye see, I have much riches. Behold, half that I have is yours. Go ye out into the world and ask of me whatever ye may require from time to time, and it shall be done for you unto the half of my substance."

Then went these young men their several ways.

One got him to the city and gathered unto him boon companions, and with them passed his time in feasting and drinking and making merry. And when the accounts for these things were sent unto him he did but send them to his father, and his father paid. Many were the debts which he did incur by the way, and as often as he did bring them to his father's notice his father paid, and that unmurmuringly.

Now, it came to pass that the other son did perceive in his father's promise an open door by which he could go in unto a life of great usefulness and prosperity.

Therefore, when he left his father's presence, he did go straightway into the business quarter of the city and began to do business for himself.

He bought him much goods that he might sell them again, and when the accounts were sent unto him he did but send them unto his father, and his father paid. And as the merchants found his money was sure, they brought him the finest of their goods, which when the people discovered they did flock unto his store, so that his business did increase. Then did he open other stores like unto the first, and for the goods he sold in them the father paid.

Thus it was not long before this son was known throughout the city and held in high

honour for the business he had carried on and the riches he had gained, so that his brother heard thereof and marvelled.

Meanwhile, all that the brother had had from his father to pay his debts had reached unto the limit his father had set for him, and a messenger came from his father to warn him thereof.

Therefore, full of fury, he did come to his father and did accuse him of having done more for his brother than for himself.

"Nay," said the father, "I have but done for him that which I did for thee; but thou hast channelled my gifts into a cistern which leaked, and, behold, it is now empty; but thy brother turned his share into fields which were fertile, and, behold, his harvest is very great. The gifts were the same for ye both. Thou didst limit them. He multiplied them. Verily, the rest that I have shall belong unto him."

Moral.—It is not the number of our gifts that matters most, but the use we make of them.—Exchange.

### HOW TO STAY YOUNG

Some one asked an old lady how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white. She was eighty years old, and her energy was waning; but she never impressed one with the idea of age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interest. And this was her answer:

"I learned how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore people. I tried to find any work that came to hand congenial."

This is good advice, but it is of value only to those who are still young. Will they heed it?—The Christian.

## THE BIBLE—YESTERDAY, TODAY, FOREVER

### Yesterday

John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States: "The first and almost the only book deserving of universal attention is the Bible. I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you, 'search the Scriptures.'"

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States: "I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. \* \* \* In regard to the great Book, I have only to say that it is the best book which God has given to men."

Ulysses S. Grant, eighteenth president of the United States: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives."

William E. Gladstone, England's "Grand Old Man": "There is but one question and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct anything that needs correction. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation."

John Wesley, founder of Methodism: "O give me that Book! At any price give me that Book of God! Here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book."

### Today

President Calvin Coolidge, "If American democracy is to remain the greatest hope of humanity it must continue abundantly in the faith of the Bible."

Prof. William Lyon Phelps, American educator, Yale University: "I thoroughly be-

lieve in a university education for men and women, but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible."

Howard A. Kelly, M. D., American surgeon and scientist: "The intimate experiences of life have shown me that the Bible is a living word, just as definitely God's Word to me, as a letter received in the morning mail from my mother to me, personally."

Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth president of the United States: "A man has deprived himself of the best there is in the world who has deprived himself of this" (a knowledge of the Bible).

William Jennings Bryan, American statesman: "For nineteen hundred years the battle between the spiritual and the material conception of life has raged around the Bible. 'Search the Scriptures' was the command of Christ, and to the Scriptures the Christian world has turned ever since for its authority."

### Forever

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."—Matt. 24: 35.—Moody Bible Institute Bulletin.

## THE TOUCH THAT LASTS

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts, the touch of your hand and mine, which means far more to the fainting heart than shelter and bread and wine:—for shelter is gone when the night is o'er; and bread lasts only a day, but the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice sing on in the soul always.—Spencer M. Tree.

## SIMPLE THINGS

SIMPLE THINGS ARE BEST.

SIMPLE FOOD FOR HEALTH.

SIMPLE DRESS FOR COMFORT.

SIMPLE WORDS FOR BREVITY.

SIMPLE HABITS FOR PEACE.

SIMPLE TASTES FOR BEAUTY.

SIMPLE FAITH FOR POWER.

SIMPLE TRUTH FOR LIGHT.

SIMPLE RULES FOR ORDER.

SIMPLE THOUGHTS FOR CLEARNESS.

SIMPLE AIMS FOR HAPPINESS.

SIMPLE THINGS ARE BEST.

—Grenville Kleiser.

## On Cannibal Tanna

John G. Paton

### A Host Put to Flight

The time came when the missionary had to flee from the island. War had broken out between the tribes. Paton had fled from his home to the village of a friendly chief, Nowar, but now the enemy was coming upon them. The missionary says:

"On reaching Nowar's village unobserved, we found the people terror-stricken, crying, rushing about in despair at such a host of armed savages approaching. I urged them to ply their axes, cut down trees, and blockade the path. For a little they wrought vigorously at this; but when, so far as eye could reach, they saw the shore covered with armed men rushing on toward their village, they were overwhelmed with fear, they threw away their axes and weapons of war, they cast themselves against the trees as if to court death before it came. They cried: 'Missi, it's of no use! We will all be killed and eaten today! See what a host are coming against us.'

"Mothers snatched up little children and ran to hide in the bush. Others waded as far as they could into the sea with them, holding their heads above water. The whole village collapsed in a condition of indescribable terror.

"Nowar, lame with his wounded knee, got a canoe turned upside down and sat upon it where he could see the whole approaching multitude. He said: 'Missi, sit down beside me, and pray to our Jehovah God, for if He does not send deliverance now, we are all dead men. They will kill us on your account, and that quickly. Pray, and I will watch' . . .

"We prayed as one can only pray when in the jaws of death and on the brink of eternity. We felt that God was near, and omnipotent to do what seemed best in His sight. When the savages were about three hundred yards off, at the foot of a hill leading up to the village, Nowar touched my knee, saying, 'Missi, Jehovah is nearing! They are standing still.'

"Had they come on, they would have met with no opposition, for the people were scattered in terror. On gazing shoreward and around the harbor as far as we could see was a dense host of warriors, but all were stand-

ing still, and apparently absolute silence prevailed.

"We saw a messenger, or herald, running along the approaching multitude, delivering some tidings as he passed, and then disappearing in the bush. To our amazement, the host began to turn, and slowly marched back in great silence, and entered the remote bush at the head of the harbor. Nowar and his people were in ecstasies, crying out, 'Jehovah has



Vernal Falls in the Yosemite.

heard Missi's prayer! Jehovah has protected us and turned them away back.'"— *Hand that Intervenes*, pp. 179-181.

### A Double Deliverance

Mr. Paton and Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson, two other missionaries on the island, were awakened one night on the island of Tanna, in the South Seas, to find the church next to their dwelling house in flames. The crisis had come. After many a deliverance, it seemed this time they were to be slain. Armed savages were all about. Mr. Paton ran out to



tear down the reed fence by which the flames were being carried swiftly toward the mission house. A shout was raised, "Kill him! Kill him!" Mr. Paton told them:

"Dare to strike me, and my Jehovah will punish you! He protects us, and will punish you for burning His church, for hatred to His worship and people, and for all your bad conduct. We love you all; and for doing you good only you want to kill us. But our God is here now to protect us and punish you."

"They yelled in rage, and urged each other to strike the first blow, but the Invisible One restrained them. I stood invulnerable beneath His invisible shield, and succeeded in rolling back the tide of flame from our dwelling house.

"At this dread moment occurred an incident which my readers may explain as they like, but which I trace directly to the interposition of my God.

"A rushing and roaring sound came from the south, like the noise of a mighty engine or a muttering thunder. Every head was instinctively turned in that direction, and they knew, from previous hard experience, that it was one of their awful tornadoes of wind and rain.

"Now, mark, the wind bore the flames away from our dwelling house; had it come in the opposite direction, no power on earth could have saved us from being all consumed! It made the work of destroying the church only that of a few minutes; but it brought with it a heavy and murky cloud, which poured out a perfect torrent of tropical rain. Now, mark again, the flames of the burning church were thereby cut off from extending to and seizing upon the reeds and the bush; and, besides, it had become almost impossible now to set fire to our dwelling house. The stars in their courses were fighting against Sisera!

"The mighty roaring of the wind, the black cloud pouring down unceasing torrents, and the whole surroundings, awed those savages into silence. Some began to withdraw from the scene, all lowered their weapons of war, and several, terror-stricken, exclaimed, 'This is Jehovah's rain! Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them and helping them. Let us away!'

"A panic seized upon them; they threw away their remaining torches; in a few mo-

ments they had all disappeared in the bush; and I was left alone, praising God for His marvelous works. 'O taste and see that God is good! blessed is the man that trusteth in Him!'"—Idem, pp. 205, 206.

Next morning their enemies were jubilant, however, for it had been finally decided to kill the missionaries without further hesitation, and burn the house. Friendly natives crept in, weeping and terror-stricken.

Just then a cry was raised on the beach, "Sail O!" All eyes turned, and there, sailing into the bay, was the trading ship "Blue Bell." It was time to heed Christ's instruction, when persecuted in one place to flee into another, and here was the providential provision of the way. It was time to flee from furious Tanna. The missionaries got on board the "Blue Bell," thanking God again for deliverance, timed to the very moment of their extremity.

In after-years John G. Paton saw all Tanna transformed from savagery by the power of the gospel.

—*W. A. Spicer in the Hand That Intervenes.*

#### ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM A MISSIONARY

(Evangelist R. Hare, missionary in New South Wales, sent us these encouraging words and this poem.)

"I am glad that your work is progressing. There is surely need for all the help that loving hands can supply in this old world with its many sorrows. I am sure you often have to look great difficulties in the face in running your work, but the Lord has a hand in the loyal purpose and He must see it through."

##### IN YOUR OWN LITTLE FENCE

Hoe your own little garden, my brother,  
Just hoe it and keep down the weeds,  
Do not watch other men, far rather  
Fill life full of holy deeds.

Hoe your own little garden and never  
Let envy or jealousy find  
A place in your heart that would sever,  
Or make your spirit unkind.

There are plenty of weeds, just remember,  
That grow in your own little fence,  
And whether in June or December,  
Your life must be more than pretense.

Then hoe in your own little garden,  
Each heart has its holy ground.  
For wrong, bring life's sweetest pardon  
But hoe where your own weeds are found.

The neighbor that lives cross the way, dear,  
May not be always divine,  
But looking at plots far away, dear,  
Will never take weeds out of thine!

### DOROTHY'S MORNING SONG

Ringling through the pine woods, where the birds twittered among the trees, the sweet voice of a girl singer fell upon the ears of three week-end visitors hastening to catch the Monday morning early boat at a pier on the Firth of Clyde. "Listen a moment, lads," said one of the three. "Talk of angels' songs; surely that was one of them." Again the sweet voice broke the stillness, and this time the words could be clearly heard echoing through the silent wood:

"Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
Ever my trust shall be."

As they stepped from the wood on to the road, they discovered the singer to be a bright girl seated on a swing, pouring out her heart in song to the one whom she loved. "You are happy this morning, my lassie," said one of the three young men, as they passed, which drew from the young singer the quick reply, "Yes, sir, I am happy, and I hope so are you." Dorothy was truly happy, and her joy had its source and spring in this, that she knew the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, and rejoiced to confess Him among companions and friends everywhere and at all times as her Lord. I remember the day on which she came to Him as a sinner, and found rest to her weary heart in himself, through believing his Word, "Come

unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28.) And now she could truly sing of Christ as her "heart's dear Refuge."

Ten years had come and gone since that summer Monday morning on the Firth of Clyde, years which had brought their sorrows and changes to Dorothy's home. Her father and mother had died, and she with a younger brother had emigrated to one of the Australian colonies to find a home. At the close of a simple Gospel service in the settlement where they lived, and where her light still shone for Christ and her voice sang her great Redeemer's praise, a visitor came up and inquired if she ever lived in Scotland or spent a summer holiday at Kilchattan Bay. "I believe I passed you there on a Monday morning over ten years ago. I remember your face and the song you sang. It was the first link in a chain of events by which the Lord brought me to himself." It is a blessing of untold value to be saved to sing to and serve the Lord in early life.—*The Young Watchman*.

A good character is worth more than a good bank account. Character can make a bank account, but a bank account can't make character.

"Time works for you only if you work."

## The Prisoners' Page

In this department are published extracts from letters received from prisoners, also any word of advice to prisoners. This department belongs entirely to prisoners. We shall try to make it just as interesting and helpful as possible and encourage all behind the bars to correspond with us and thereby avail themselves of the spiritual help and encouragement which we can give.  
—Editor.

### WHAT I'LL DO

(Contributed to the prisoner's department by a paroled convict of the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater, Minnesota.)

What can I do to the cruel world  
For the wrongs it's down to me?  
How can I wreak a sweet revenge  
For its heartless cruelty?  
How can I force mankind to pay  
The damage-debt they owe  
To me whom they crushed and trampled down  
With the lowest of the low?

And yet, was it all the fault of the world?  
Did I have no part to play  
In raising the storm that wrecked my bark  
On that horrid, tragic day?  
Perhaps mankind is not so much  
To blame, then, after all:

You see, they didn't push me down—  
Nobody made me fall.

Then, of course, they suffer as well as I,  
So perhaps I'll not add to their load.  
I wish sometimes when I hear their groans  
As they're stung by the devil's goad  
I could ease the pain of their aching hearts,  
And relieve the backs that are bent  
Under burdens of grief, and could guide their steps  
Into gardens of sweet content.

Then, too, as I think of the kindly deeds  
The world has done for me,  
Of the love they showed, and the help they gave  
To be what I ought to be,  
I'm puzzled a bit as to what I can do  
To pay it all back again.  
Ah, now I know. I'm going to give  
Myself in the service of men!

**IF A BIRD CAN SING**

If a bird in a cage can sing, my dear,  
 As though the days of spring were here;  
 And can sing in a room that is dark and dim,  
 Yes sing for those that imprison him.  
 If a bird, when all that he knew were gone  
 To the sunny South or the crimson dawn  
 Can sit alone, and still sing on,  
 Surely then you and I can sing.

Whatever shadows around us cling,  
 Or what the moment may chance to bring,  
 Surely then you and I can be  
 Though bound in body, in spirit free  
 Can sing and smile as well as he.  
 For few shall find what they most desire,  
 We are all shut in with our strands of wire,  
 Till hearts grow heavy, and bodies tire.

We lose some pleasures, as we pass along,  
 Some go right and some go wrong.  
 No night so dark, but the dawn is near;  
 Oh we can find some thought to cheer,  
 If a bird in a cage can sing, my dear.  
 —By Gypsy Bob, Marquette Prison.

What's the use o' havin' sky that smiles at you,  
 If there wasn't ever clouds t' hide the blue?  
 What's the use o' seein' grins that make you glad,  
 If there wasn't faces somewhere that are sad.

Kind o' looks like sickness comin' for a spell  
 Makes folks all the gladder for the time they're well.  
 An' I know that posies seem a sight more sweet  
 Bloomin' up thru ragweeds at a feller's feet.

So it must be, heaven makes days dark and blue  
 Just so things will glitter when the sun bursts  
 through.—Selected.

**A LETTER FROM A FRIEND**

Written by a Prisoner in Auburn, N. Y.

"I received the May Life Boat and was glad it came for I am always looking forward for it to come for I love to read it. The day that I found one in the durth box was the turning point in my life and I am not ashamed of it either.

I am a man of 42 years of age and 39 of those years I have not answered God's call always. I put it off and said "not now" but since I found The Life Boat and read it I saw what a fool I was all those years. But now I can thank God I am a changed man and can go and tell others His story. If the good Lord spares you and me you will hear me tell of the wonderful work He has done for me and other men as bad as I was."

**A DOUBLE MISFORTUNE**

(A portion of a letter from a man who says he and his wife are both in the same prison on the same charge.)

"I have a prisoner brother here in the Lord Jesus Christ who gave me The Life Boat to read and I surely do enjoy reading it. It is a blessed paper and I will remember you always in my prayers."

**FROM A PRISONER IN THE  
OKLAHOMA STATE  
PENITENTIARY**

"I want to say that I surely appreciate this little magazine as I love your work and if I am ever released from prison I'll have a part in it. I feel that this is the only message that could have held me up with all the trials and temptations I've had. I want to say that I remember all in my prayers that are working to bless humanity. Pray for me."

**SUNSHINE SONNETS**

MURIEL BREWSTER

If we could carry with us when we go  
 Beyond the hidden shores across life's sea  
 Some treasure—would we choose a victory  
 Or great achievement shining with fame's glow?  
 No, not these things. The loves that we have  
 known.

The gentleness that soothed and stilled our pain,  
 The perfume of the garden after rain,  
 The music of a bird that sings alone  
 The golden hue of cornfields, poppy strewn,  
 The perfumes rising from the sun-warmed sod,  
 The silver radiance of the crescent moon,  
 The scent of roses and the love of God—  
 All these we joyously may carry through  
 The mystic gate. For all these things are true.  
 —Selected.

"There are in each year 365 opportunities—  
 of twenty-four hours each."

**A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT**

(A portion of a letter received from a friend of prisoners.)

"I certainly admire the deep interest that you folks take in humanity from every standpoint and enclosed you will find my little donation of five dollars toward your prison fund."

**GET ACQUAINTED WITH  
YOURSELF**

Get away from the crowd for a while and think. Stand on one side and let the world go by, while you get acquainted with yourself and see what kind of fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Ascertain, from original sources, if you are really the manner of man you think you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if in short, you are really the sort of a man your sweetheart or wife knows you are. Get on intimate terms with

yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out of those private interviews you will be a stronger, better man. Don't forget this and it will do you good.—Robert Burdette.

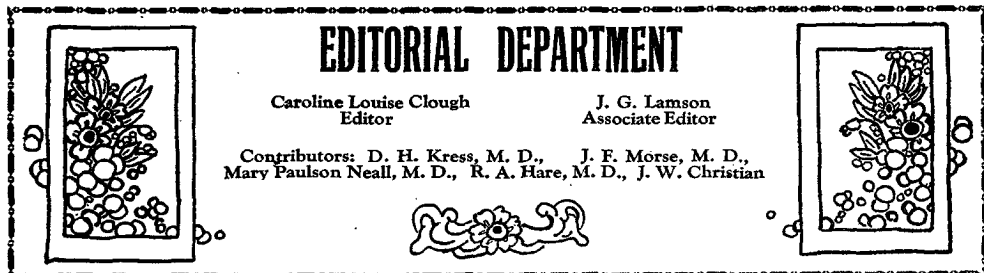
### COURTESY TO THE AGED

In these hurrying, money-making times, these days of social and mental advancement, young people are apt to forget the courtesy and respect due to older persons. Progressive education is prone to place the children of today a step or two ahead of where grandma and grandpa left off, and they put on airs in consequence.

Now this is all wrong. "Book learning" is not everything. The courtesy that springs from a kind heart is worth far more than the disagreeable showing off of superior knowledge which places the old people at a disadvantage,—though to outsiders it is the young who appear the meaner of the two, with their flippant contradictions and their manner quite averse to that which we are taught is the correct one to employ toward our elders.

Old people are entitled to respect if for nothing else than that they are veterans in the war of life, and as such to be regarded with reverence by the raw recruits who are just beginning their first skirmish. The deference due to gray hair is not sufficiently considered, and when one does come across a young man or girl who thinks it but natural to offer the best chair in the room to anyone older than they are, who listens respectfully to words that may seem dull and prosy, yet merit attention because issuing from the lips of persons of maturer years, then onlookers say: "Those young people have been brought up as they should be."

At any rate, whether good breeding or good sense or a kind heart prompts to these little attentions, it is always well to remember that we may some day be old ourselves, in which case we would appreciate the little spontaneous attentions that are now often given carelessly or grudgingly, or are forgotten entirely by young people, who think that their up-to-date accomplishments compensate for their lack of good breeding and respect for old age.—Selected.



### ARE THE LITTLE ONES PROTECTED?

In the summer of 1927, in the State of Georgia, a mother pushed her little daughter into a dark closet to punish her for some trivial offense. The child began to scream, "Mother! Mother! Something is getting me!" The mother did not believe this and let her stay, while the child continued to scream. Presently a gurgling, stifled sound came from the closet and the mother opened the door and found her little girl dying in the coils of a great coachwhip snake.

Just so surely the great Serpent who deceived Eve in the Garden and who has lured mankind into his deadly grasp all through

the ages is working harder today because he knows his time is short. Boys and girls, young men and women, are special objects of his attacks. Fathers and mothers should live close to God in these times and lead their children to Christ,—the only safety for boys and girls in these days.

### THE FOOT THAT DOES NOTHING

I drive an automobile and frequently there comes to me a beautiful spiritual lesson from my experience with the car. For instance, a few weeks ago I observed that the car was not making the hills as easily as it had formerly, and it invariably complained whenever an extra strain was brought upon it,

frequently coughing vehemently. We found the difficulty lay in the fact that it needed to be cleaned of carbon. When placed in the hands of the master mechanic it was soon cleaned and put in good condition again. This reminded me of the human body with the bodily functions stagnating because of the accumulation of waste matter in the tissues everywhere. If our human machine does its best it must be given scientific care as well as the automobile.

But another thought has come to my mind recently. On long trips my left foot gets tired and pains from inactivity, while the right foot which feeds the gas never tires. People say to me, "Don't you ever get tired of driving?" or, "I should think your feet would get tired." I tell them that it is always the foot that does nothing that tires.

So in our service for humanity and those we love, it is inactivity that kills. The one who is afraid to serve is always in trouble while the one who serves tastes the joy of real happiness. "It is better to wear out than to rust out." How many lessons we can learn from the common place things about us.

#### MEETING CRITICISM

"Oh, no, at least not now," said Lincoln once. "If I were to try to read, much less to answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I intend to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference." We are reminded of an inscription on the town house of Zittau: "Bene facere et male audire regnum est." "To do good and hear evil spoken of you is kingly."

#### "I DON'T SMOKE"

This Lindbergh story comes indirectly to the newspapers from a War Department flyer. According to this Army flyer, when "Lindy" was about to set off for France on his great adventure a year ago, the manufacturers of a certain popular-priced ciga-

rette made publicity overtures to him. If when he landed in Paris he would turn to someone and ask for a cigarette of that make, the manufacturers would pay him \$25,000. But "Lindy" replied, "I don't smoke," and he didn't, and still doesn't.—Exchange.

If one goes about thinking that the world is filled with crooks and schemers, the world is filled with crooks and schemers. On the other hand, if one believes that the world is filled with fine, neighborly, helpful, kindly folks, one finds people of that class in the great majority.

#### NEWS HERE AND THERE

The Annual Commencement exercises of the Hinsdale Sanitarium Nurses' Training School brought many relatives and friends of the graduates to the Sanitarium from Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, Indiana, Wisconsin and North Dakota.

Dr. J. F. Morse, former medical superintendent of the Hinsdale Sanitarium, gave the Commencement address and R. E. Harter of Washington, D. C. gave the baccalaureate address.

Three doctors from Loma Linda, California have called at the Sanitarium recently, Doctors F. W. Gardner, Harold M. Walton, and M. S. King.

Dr. B. E. Nicola and Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Stevens visited at the Sanitarium from College View, Nebraska.

Misses Esther Talbert and Grace Johnson, both graduates of the Emmanuel Missionary College of Berrien Springs, Mich., have connected with the business office of the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

The girls at the Home are glad to welcome Miss Myrtle Foreman back to the Home after several weeks' absence on account of illness.

Drs. J. H. and Mary Paulson Neall spent the week-end of July 7, in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Miss Louise Dedeker of Cedar Lake, Michigan, has returned to the Hinsdale Sanitarium as a teacher in the Sanitarium Academy, which position Miss Dedeker filled acceptably some years ago.

Miss Gertrude Simpson, graduate of the Class of 1922 has returned to her Alma Mater, taking the position of Nurse Instructor, which was the position held by Miss Sara Ingersoll of Madison, Wisconsin, during the last year.

The Life Boat Home family moved, July first, to its former building, three blocks north of Highlands Station. Only a part of the building is in readiness for occupancy. The babies are temporarily housed in the convalescent room of the maternity department.

**A LETTER**

"My June number came today and there are such wonderful things in it I want two more to give away.

"The poem the 'Refiners Fire' is beautiful. I lend mine and they read it and bring it back and then I send it to the jail. Am in hopes to take some extras next year."

**REMEMBER THE LIFE BOAT HOME IN YOUR WILL**

Here is a form to follow;  
 "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 nar Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation."



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

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**Editor:** Caroline Louise Clough  
**Associate Editor:** J. G. Lamson  
**Contributors:**  
 D. H. Kress, M. D. R. A. Hare, M. D.  
 Mary Paulson Neall, M. D. J. W. Christian  
 J. F. Morse, M. D.  
**Business Manager:** N. W. Paulson

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

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### THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW

THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW, with headquarters at Hinsdale, Illinois, sends THE LIFE BOAT into all the large penal institutions of this country. The prisoners enjoy THE LIFE BOAT and many are led to give their hearts to Christ through its influence. Prison authorities recommend THE LIFE BOAT. A prisoner writes: "The boys who read THE LIFE BOAT seem to have a different spirit from the others. They are trying to be good to their associates in prison. Their opinion and attitude is on the right side of every question because they are under the spiritual influence of THE LIFE BOAT. THE LIFE BOAT seems to say to us, 'When your father and mother or friends forsake you, we will take you up.'"

The prison field is a neglected field. Our Master bids us to visit the prisoners. What have YOU done for them?

### More Money Needed

We have been making a special effort to raise funds for our Lighthouse Crew and today we have renewed the subscriptions of 170 Life Boats going into prisons. We find there are still 141 needed in twenty-four large prisons that are today without the cheering influence of The Life Boat. Are you a member of the Lighthouse Crew? If not, why not join this Crew by sending a donation to The Life Boat? In response, you will receive a beautiful hand-tinted bookmark. Help us to raise this money at once as there are souls going down into perdition who otherwise might be rescued. We must hasten to reach them.

You can be a member of THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW by signing your name here and donating \$1.00 or more. Don't stop with one dollar; send more. Please fill out the coupon below and hand or send it in with your donation.

Date .....

THE LIFE BOAT,  
Hinsdale, Ill.

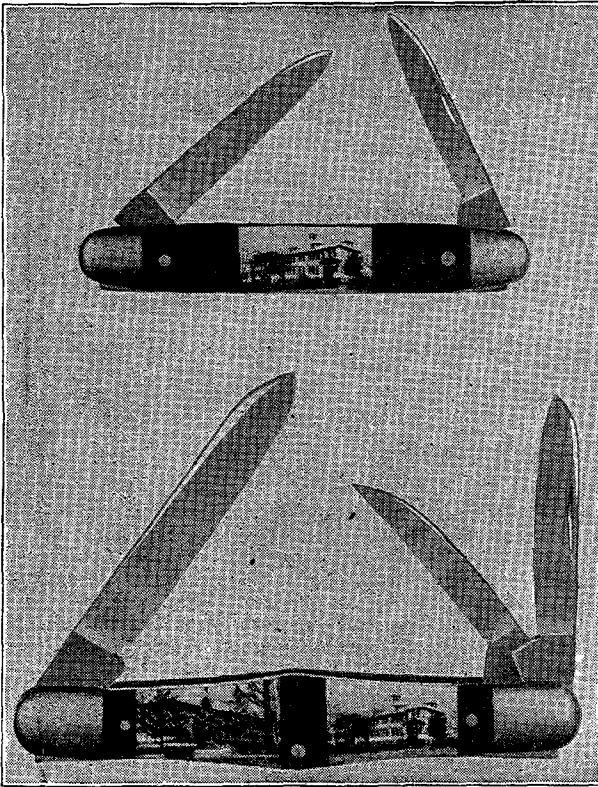
Gentlemen:

I hereby enclose \$..... (one dollar or more) to join THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW for this year, as I desire to assist in sending THE LIFE BOAT to prisoners and other shut-ins.

Sincerely yours,

.....  
.....  
.....

# THESE ARTICLES



With only a little time on your part you may secure one or more of these high-class, guaranteed articles for yourself or for gifts to your friends.

Great care has been

(Illustration shows exact size of knives.)

**SOUVENIR POCKET KNIVES** for men and women. The Canton Cutlery Co. manufacture knives of the famous "Car-Van" steel which combines hardness, flexibility, toughness, and ability to hold a keen cutting edge and is capable of taking a wider range of tempers than heretofore known. The knife will have a picture of The Hinsdale Sanitarium on one side, your name or your initials can be placed on the other side.

Note what some say of these knives:  
"I have owned one of the Canton Cutlery Knives and carried it for ten years in all kinds of weather and places, and it has proven to be of the very best quality and material."—W. F. Adams, New Buffalo, Mich.

"The Canton Cutlery Knife is a gift to me. I have had it fourteen years and I have never had to sharpen it. The knife has always a keen edge. It is the very best material."—L. E. Metcalfe, Singing Evangelist, Battle Creek, Mich.

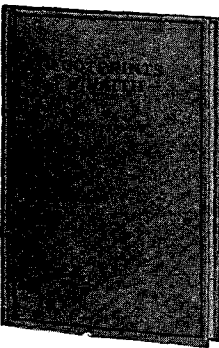
"These knives will hold a keen edge for a longer length of time than any other knife I have ever carried."—W. H. Ferriot, Supt. Horticulture Dept., El. M. C., Berrien Springs, Mich.  
This wonderful quality knife can be yours by sending in only **TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE LIFE BOAT AT \$1.50 EACH.** The ladies' size will contain a ring attachment, not shown in illustration

## "FOOTPRINTS OF FAITH"

Everybody likes it! This new book by David Paulson, M. D., given free with one subscription to The Life Boat magazine, and fifty cents. It is a true story of a poor boy who attained great success, told in such a fascinating way that it captures and holds the interest of everybody reading it. C. L. Paddock, Manager of Winnipeg Branch Canadian Watchman Press, says, "I haven't read a book in a long time which has helped me more than 'Footprints of Faith.'"

"I think it is a very good book. I have passed it along to several people for reading and they also enjoyed it," says H. M. Bigelow, Superintendent of Bullocks' Department Store, Los Angeles, California.

Don't miss this splendid opportunity to have this good book in your home. \$2.00 brings The Life Boat to you for a year and this charming book.



## INGERSOLL MIDGET WATCH

Every one knows the value of the Ingersoll. It is inexpensive, yet is the best time keeper of any watch of its price in the world.

A ladies' model will be given free with four subscriptions at 1.50 each.

A Radiolite model which shows time in the dark is furnished with five subscriptions at \$1.50 each.

**SEND YOUR ORDERS DIRECT TO**



# ABSOLUTELY FREE

taken in the selection of these premiums and we are presenting to you the very best of materials and quality,—goods ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to be FIRST-CLASS.

## Manicure Set

Five pieces. Contains flexible knife, with French ivory handles, cuticle scissors, nail buffer, nail file and emery stick.

Put up in black karatol folding case, with assorted colored linings. Two subscriptions to The Life Boat at \$1.50 each, brings you this useful manicure set absolutely free.



## WAHL PEN

hard rubber barrel. Ladies size Eversharp pencil with gold cap and point section, packed in a beautiful velvet-lined gift box.

## EVERSHARP

A beautiful fountain pen and Eversharp pencil set. Ladies Special Signature Wahl Pen in hard rubber, with gold band and ring in the cap combined with Eversharp pencil with gold cap and point section, packed in a beautiful velvet-lined gift box. The retail price of this set complete is \$6.50. The set is yours if you send us seven yearly Life Boat subscriptions at \$1.50 each. This makes an ideal gift.



## Aluminum Ware

This set of "Life-Time" Aluminum Cooking Utensils will be furnished for nine subscriptions to The Life Boat at \$1.50 each:

- 1 Cake Tube
- 1 8-cup Percolator
- 2 Bread Pans
- 1 6-quart Convex Covered Kettle
- 1 3-Quart Sauce Pan
- 1 2-Quart Pudding Pan
- 2 9-Inch Pie Plates
- 1 6-Quart Panelled Tea Kettle

This ware is manufactured by The Aluminum Products Company and is guaranteed to be absolutely of substantial weight, nicely finished, the very best wearing aluminum. We have used this ware for a number of years and can guarantee it absolutely. The set is yours for eleven \$1.50 subscriptions to The Life Boat.



THE LIFE BOAT, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

# **Life Annuities with Interest.**

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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."

Write for full information and particulars of this plan.

Address

**LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME**  
**Hinsdale, Ill.**

THE - - - **CANODE** PRINTING  
BRONSON COMPANY

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A Complete Modern Equipment for Efficient and Economic Hand-  
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on **QUALITY** and **SERVICE**.

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We print **THE LIFE BOAT** and many other publications.



## Liquid Paraffin

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

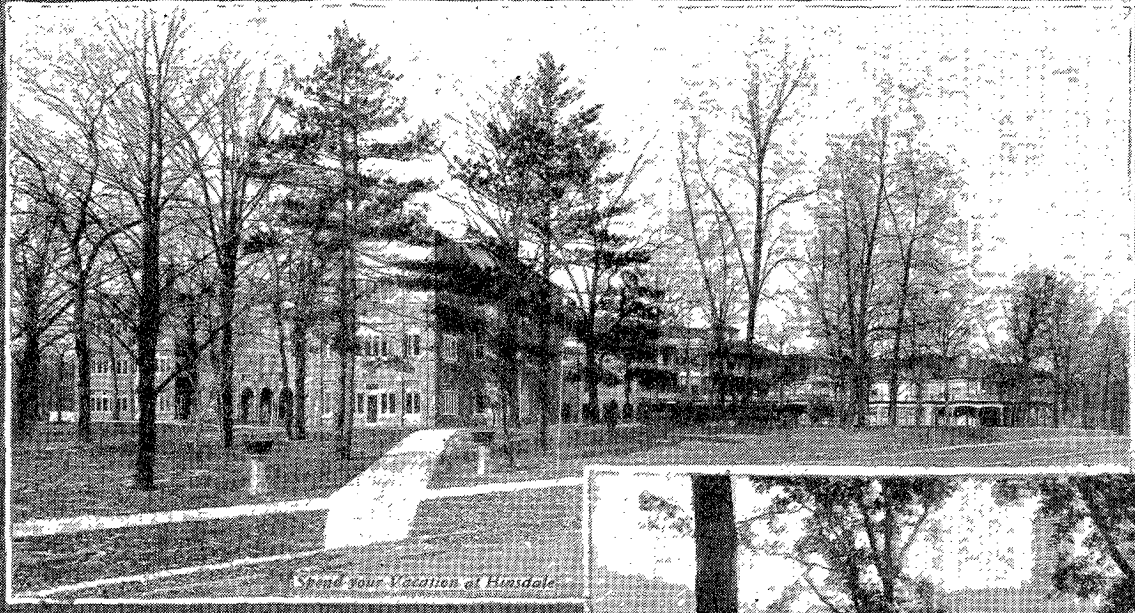
Liquid Paraffin, or what we called White Russian Mineral Oil when we imported it from Russia before the war, seems to be a veritable godsend to thousands of these cases. Being a mineral oil it is not absorbed by the body. It merely lubricates and softens the bowel contents. It can be used with perfect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

### Prices

1 Pint _____	\$0.45	Shipping weight _____	2 lbs.
1 Quart _____	.75	Shipping weight _____	4 lbs.
2 Quarts _____	1.25	Shipping weight _____	6 lbs.
1 Gallon _____	2.25	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.

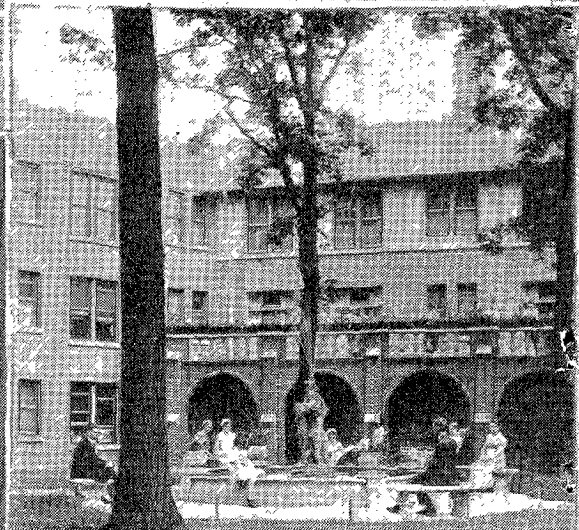


*Spent your Vacation at Hinsdale*

## *The* Hinsdale Sanitarium

*A Medical and Surgical Institution  
charmingly located in one of Chicago's  
finest residence suburbs*

- Accommodations for 150 guests
- All private rooms furnished with modern conveniences
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- Hydrotherapy
- Electrotherapy includes:
  - Zoalite, Biolite, Deep Therapy,
  - Radiotherapy, Quartz Light and Violet Ray
- Massage and Swedish Movements
- Occupational Therapy
- Scientific Dieterics
- Modern Operating Rooms
- Educational advantages include:
  - Parlor Health Lectures
  - Demonstrations in Healthful Cookery
  - Stereopticon Lectures
  - Musical Entertainments
  - Gymnasium



*Beautiful Grounds Invite the Invalid*



*Competent Physicians and Nurses  
always in attendance*

*Write for Free Booklet "Health and Happiness at Hinsdale"*

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# THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM

HINSDALE - ILLINOIS