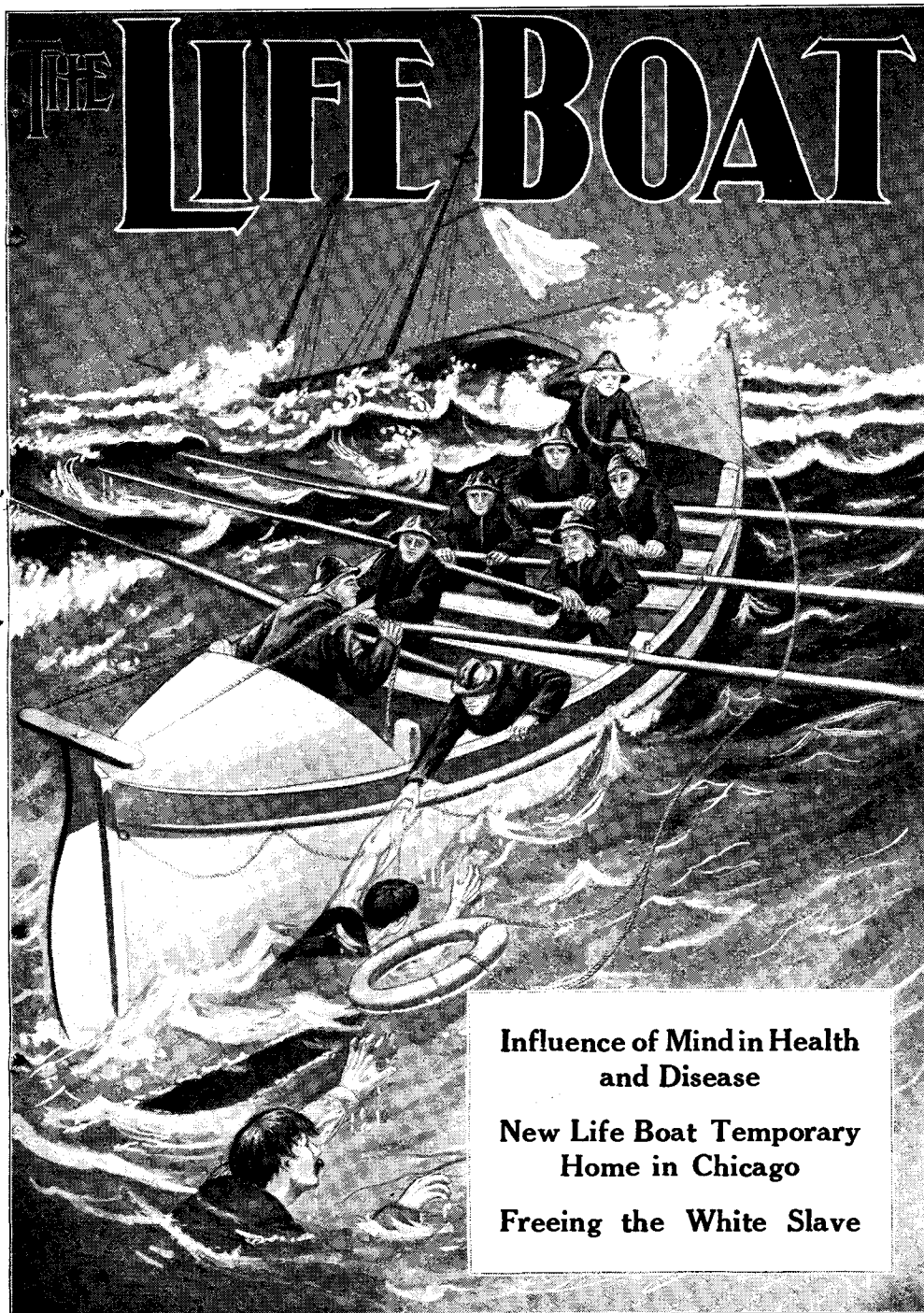


**Special Prisoners' Number Next Month**

**50 Cents a Year**

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**Volume Thirteen  
Number Four**

**Windsor, Ill.**

**April, 1910**

**A Message from Fanny Crosby Next Month**

**We Need Three Hundred Dollars More to Furnish the Next Life Boat to the Prisoners. How Much Will You Give?**

# THE LAST CALL

**T**HIS is our last opportunity to solicit your interest in the **MAY SPECIAL PRISONERS' LIFE BOAT.**

We want to send this number into every prison in this country, giving each inmate an opportunity to read it. They are in dire need of gospel literature.

The field is ripe, ready for the harvest. Who will help us send forth reapers to gather the golden grain from the chaff?

That there are precious sheaves to be gathered, we are sure—we have already found many of them, as the letters published in this number will testify.

**WE ARE IN EARNEST.** Christ was annointed to “preach deliverance to the captives” and He says, “The works that I do shall ye do also.” We can not afford to neglect this work; can you afford to?

We need **THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS AT ONCE** for this purpose. This money is not used to pay salaries or in any way to enrich private individuals. It is used to pay for the printing of the Life Boats which are sent to the prisons.

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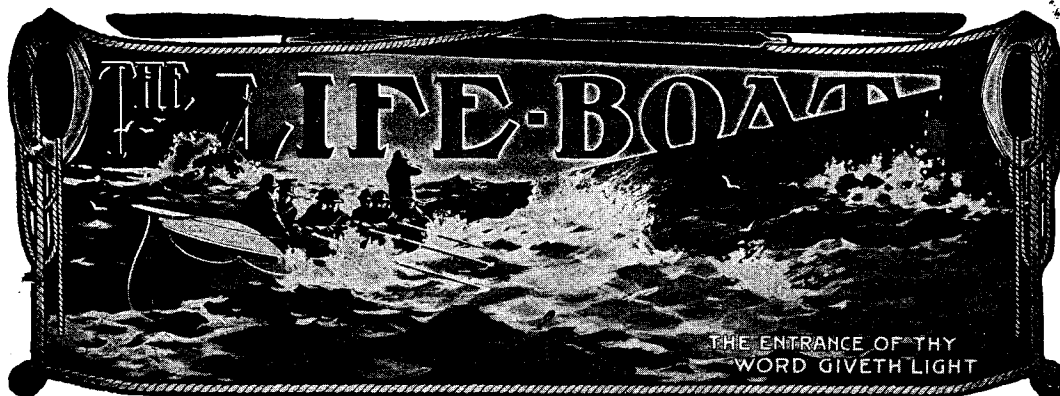
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**An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic,  
Health and Soul-Winning Work.**

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**Volume XIII**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: APRIL, 1910**

**Number 4**

## **The Influence of the Mind in Health and Disease.**

**David Paulson, M. D.**

Psychotherapy is in the air. Christian Science is everywhere. The Emanuel Movement is agitated far and near. The doctors are discussing mental therapeutics in their medical meetings.

New conditions are arising which favor it. Mental diseases are increasing three times faster proportionately than our population. Neurasthenia, which is a disease that was not even described seventy-five years ago, today numbers its victims in every community. Mental depression, brain fag, nervous prostration and brain storms are common talk among the common people, and it is natural enough that mental conditions should instinctively reach out after mental treatment.

This partly accounts for the enormous increase in the use of alcoholic stimulants. A sad, morose, despondent woman who had not laughed for ten years filled herself with liquor and staggered down the streets of Chicago laughing as she did when she was a light-hearted school girl. She wanted to laugh so desperately that she was willing to pay first the price of the liquor and secondly endure the awful despair that followed when its effects wore off.

There can be no doubt but that inspiring ideas can cheer up the despondent. Here is a poor, tired wife who has struggled all day caring for a sick baby or two, trying to keep the house in order and have supper ready for her husband when he came home. Suppose he brings her a bouquet of flowers, tells her that she is the dearest little woman that he ever saw,—her whole face brightens up, there is a new elasticity in her step. She becomes light-hearted and half of her weariness and fatigue seems to have disappeared as if by magic. What wrought the transformation? Something that appealed to the mind.

But across the street there is another tired and half broken-down woman. Her brutal husband comes home, finds fault because the supper is not ready, wonders what his wife has been doing anyway, hopes she will hurry up and not keep him waiting any longer, then lights a cigar, throws himself in the hammock on the back porch and reads his newspaper. That woman's troubles have *increased* fifty or a hundred per cent. Again just an idea has done it all. Yet who has not discovered by experience that heartache is more destructive to the health than toothache?

Tell your child that you are going to take it to a picnic to morrow and it dances around on its toes, its heart beats more rapidly, there is a new glow in the cheek, and it is a different child all the rest of the day. Just a mental influence again.

It has been noted that there are more colds and other sicknesses follow a funeral than a wedding, even though they be at the same season of the year. Why? The prevailing sentiment at a wedding is joyous and optimistic and it serves to brace the body against even infectious diseases, while the despondency and gloom incident to a funeral predisposes to sickness those who attend.

The Bible declares that "a cheerful heart is a good medicine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones" (Prov. 17: 22, American Standard Version). Another translation has it, "The cheerful spirit doeth good to the medicine." That is a divine recognition of the principle we have just called attention to.

But *how* does a broken spirit dry up the bones? Modern medical science has revealed the fact to us that God has put the factory for making red blood cells in the ends of the hollow bones. Who has not observed that after a few weeks of sorrow and depression the individual becomes pale and anemic? That is because the red blood cells are not being replenished in sufficient quantities. The broken spirit is *drying up the blood factory*.

How often we hear the remark, "The man was so angry he was white in his face,"—which simply means that the state of mind so acted on the nerves that control the circulation that the blood vessels in the face were contracted. In fact they were more or less contracted all over the body. That raised the blood pressure, and that is why so many people have had a blood vessel rupture in the brain during a fit of anger. On the other hand the bashful girl under embarrassment will blush to the tips of her ears, which simply means that now those same blood vessels are *dilated*, all due to mental influence.

Pawlow, the great Russian investigator, found out when experimenting on the digestion of his dogs that if he put a cat with the dogs when they were eating there was scarcely any gastric juice poured out in their stomachs. This was because the dislike that the dogs

had for the cat acted reflexly on their digestion, and hindered it. In other words, the dogs did not like the company they had at mealtime.

You remember that day when you had a great sorrow in your home. Some one said to you, "Shall we sit down and eat?" and perhaps you responded, "Don't mention food to me; I can't possibly eat." And you were right. You could not have digested it even if you had eaten it. But there are plenty of people who are going about seven days a week with the ghosts of funerals in their brains, with their digestion impaired, and falling into a decline, being gradually destroyed on the installment plan by their own wretched condition of the mind.

Years ago I had a patient under my care who had met with an accident that had injured his vocal cords. For seven years he had not spoken above a whisper. He came to me to be treated for some digestive disturbance; but one day the thought suddenly came to me that this man was able to talk and did not know it, and so without giving him any warning I shouted to him, "Say SUNSHINE!" And before he had time to think he obeyed. I then said, "Say ONE! say TWO! say THREE!" and he said them. I kept him talking for about half an hour for fear that he would get switched off.

He was so delighted that the next day he went home to talk to his wife. She wrote me the most appreciative letter thanking me for the "great miracle" as she called it that I had worked for her husband, stating that I could not appreciate how good it seemed to hear her husband's voice again after she had not heard it for seven years.

This man's speech was destroyed once. It recovered and he never found it out. I only helped him to discover what he *already* possessed. That suggests that there are many people who are not so sick as they think they are. Others, notably consumptives, are generally more sick than they think they are. But there is scarcely any illness where there is not large room for the right kind of a mental influence.

If that is so then what is the fault with Christian Science and the many other mental healing cults? It is this: "They have healed

the hurt of the daughter of my people *slightly*, saying, Peace, peace; when there is *no peace*." Jer. 8:11. They do not sufficiently recognize the *causes* of disease.

Suppose I stand on a man's foot and keep grinding away. It is not enough for you to come up and exhort him to look pleasant, to be cheerful, to exert his mind in the right direction. That may be good as far as it goes but how much better it would be in addition if you would push me off the man's foot. Then you would reach the *root* of his trouble.

But suppose instead of some one standing on the patient's foot he is eating a lot of wretched food that is decomposing in his alimentary canal and making poisons that are irritating his brain and rasping on his nerves. Is it not just as important to have that patient *change* his diet as it would be to have me step off his foot? Or suppose he is smoking to-

bacco or sleeping in a poorly ventilated room or violating any one of half a dozen other of nature's laws, my Bible says, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination (Prov. 28: 9), and it also says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Let us first endeavor to get men in harmony with God's plan mentally, morally and physically. Let us then invite all the weary and the heavy laden to come unto Christ, who will give them rest. Let us introduce them to the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, anchor them to a Father's love and tender care. Let us in addition pour into their lives all the human sympathy, optimism and cheerfulness that God has put into our lives; and then we shall have verified the inspired declaration, "The spirit of a man will *sustain* his infirmity." Prov. 18: 14.

## Why I am Interested in Freeing the White Slaves

Lucy Page Gaston

Supt. National Anti-Cigarette League, Chicago.

Those who have long been familiar with conditions in the so-called "red light district" with its unspeakable horrors, and have realized that even to mention this district in polite society was open to objection, are encouraged because it seems that at last something is being done and more is likely to be.

I cannot describe my feelings when in response to an urgent plea from Deaconess Lucy Hall, "the angel of the levee," I went out with her one night to aid Miss Winkler of Germany in investigating the white slave traffic as it affected girls of German birth. Miss Winkler's mission to America had the hearty interest and approval of the German Emperor.

The scenes of that night can never be forgotten and I registered a vow to high Heaven that if I could help rid the city of these terrible plague spots, I would do so; and the girls with whom we talked awakened the keenest pity.

Shortly after this I told a group of representative club women of the experiences of the night. They were surprised and shocked beyond measure and a party of them accompa-

nied me a short time after for a tour of investigation. Mrs. Judge Heap was in the party, and a full page write-up of conditions as we found them, for which an enterprising Tribune reporter was responsible, did much to call public attention to this disgrace to our civilization.

From that time forward Chicago club women have become more and more concerned and seem thoroughly convinced that it is their duty to organize effectively against the spread of this social evil and also to assume large responsibility for the unfortunate victims of vice.

It is fortunate that the Spirit of God has moved upon the hearts of men and women to make provision for the unfortunate; and among all the so-called rescue homes, at least in and about Chicago, the new Life Boat home at Hinsdale stands preëminently for location and equipment as well as for successful management.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation to the management that a city branch has now become possible with such a patron as Mrs.

Mary D. Hall. As I listened to her inspiring address to a room full of club women gathered in the interests of homes for girls I felt that God had raised her up for this special work. While Mrs. Clough, Mrs. Swanson and others are looking after the physical and spiritual needs of the girls, Mrs. Hall will be able to help relieve them of the financial worry that usually attends such efforts.

In the chains of homes which it will be necessary to maintain if a determined effort is made to free the white slaves of Chicago, it is safe to say that none will excel the Life Boat Temporary Home for Girls which will be opened April first.

### THE LIFE BOAT TEMPORARY HOME

MARY D. HALL.

362 East Fifty-ninth Street, Chicago.

[Mrs. Hall has for some time been interested in the homeless woman and the girl whose feet are just beginning to take the first steps that would lead her to perdition, and she has volunteered to co-operate with us in establishing in Chicago a temporary home for such. For the present Mrs. Swanson will be matron of this home as well as the one in Hinsdale. We enlist the interest of all of our readers in this new enterprise.—Ed.]

Regarding the Life Boat Temporary Home for Women, in this day and age when men and women work side by side in almost all lines of business we have not only homeless men without funds or friends and for whom, by the way, Chicago has spent some ten thousand dollars for municipal lodging houses, but we have, too, many girls and women who need just such a place and for whom no provision has been made except this effort we are now making in establishing this home.

Many girls who are out of work and money go to ruin, not because they really so desire but there is no other way,—no wholesome place to go for a few days, no friends, not a soul to help them except in the downward course. Hence many girls who try to keep straight are forced to spend a night or more in the Harrison street police station,—not that they have done wrong, but they have no place else to go; and few can forget a night in the police station.

Then there are girls who have committed some small offense, perhaps their first, and are

not yet criminals. Yet there is no place to send them except the Harrison station, while we know many such can be made most useful women by taking care of them right then. The municipal judges would be only too glad to send them to the Temporary Home.

Then there are girls who have met with misfortune, who come here from country towns, sometimes brought by men who desert them, sometimes driven from home by their parents when they find out the girl's condition. Many of these girls are not much more than children; they scarce know how it all happened, yet they are most desperate when they realize what they have to face, and need a mother's care if ever.

If such girls, found by the municipal judges, the charity workers of the many churches, the police, or the matrons of the railroad stations are sent to the Temporary Home they can from there be sifted out and taken care of,—some sent home to parents, work found for others, and those who are to become mothers sent to the Hinsdale refuge home, there to find the best of care, kind motherly treatment, taught to keep and care for their babies, and taught useful work.

This temporary home is not working for any one church, but to make useful women of those who would otherwise drift into the vice district. It is to be run on the very best basis; the matron a good, motherly, sensible woman, filled with the Christ spirit, a graduate nurse, a woman who will teach the girls the best care of their bodies as well as of their souls. It will be sanitary in every respect.

This home will act as a clearing house, the girls remaining from one night to a week or more as the case may be, but always taught some one thing useful even if there only a short time. It is one of the greatest needs of Chicago, a link in the chain of other charities, and we hope the small seed planted may bud, blossom and bring forth good fruit.

The home will be run on strict business principles, with a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, and matron, who is one of the board of directors. No salaries are paid except to housekeeper. Strict account is kept of all donations; books are open to donors at any time.

## From The Life Boat Rescue Home

Mrs. Hannah Swanson, Matron

I have never known a better spirit to be in the home than there has been the past month. At a recent social meeting everyone took part but one, and she is afraid to come out openly for the Lord for fear that she will not be able to hold out.

We have eighteen in the family now beside seven babies. The girls seem to take a deep interest in helping in the management of the home and are concerned about the expenses.

One girl who expects to leave the home

that she take the baby at night in order to lighten my burdens. I know it is the spirit of the Lord in the home that helps us to live as we do.

We are of good courage. I want to thank the friends who have sent us the towels. We still need more money to pay our plumbers' bill. Do not forget us.

For some time I have been longing for a greater work to open up for us in Chicago. We have all been waiting, believing that it



SOME OF THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE HOME FAMILY.

shortly said the other day that she felt that she must let God come into her life in a special way to help her in life's battles as she goes out.

A little baby came to the home last week whose mother is unable to care for it, so one of the girls takes care of it at night, another in the daytime, which is a great help to me. This was willing service, as one girl insisted

would come. Now, with the opening up of our new Life Boat temporary home for girls the first of April God has answered our prayers. I hope to again spend more of my time in the streets and lanes of this great city searching out those who need rescuing.

We believe that this new home for girls right in the city will be a beginning of a great work for God in these last days.

## The New Life Boat Temporary Home in Chicago

David Paulson, M. D.

Every week the policemen of Chicago bring a number of what prove to be to all intents and purposes innocent women to the bar of justice in Chicago courts. The first impulse of many such a girl is that her parents must not under any circumstances know that she has been more or less discredited by an arrest. She does not want that her friends shall know about it; she *must get out of it* some way without them knowing.

You may say that is foolish; but the first impulse of half of you who read these lines would be to do just the same. It is human nature to attempt to cover up our real or imaginary disgraces.

Right here is a field where there is need of a stranger friend in whom such a girl can have confidence and yet whom she is not afraid of making a confidant for fear of jeopardizing her standing with her old friends at home.

You remember that Paul wrote of his experience before Nero at his first trial, "No man stood by me." He felt keenly his utter loneliness and helplessness as far as human friends were concerned. But when these girls are brought into court there are always some *pretended* friends who are sent there by the devil ready to advise them, to furnish them bail, pay their fines if they have committed some trivial offense, and who are ready to promise they will see to it that the girls' friends do not find it out,—all with the view of getting a partial mortgage on the poor girl's soul. And that is not a difficult task when she is already confused by the new and unexpected situation that she finds herself in.

Years ago Fannie Emmel, before her health broke down, used to spend a great deal of her time being a sort of guardian angel to some of these poor girls, gaining their confidence, persuading them to let her write to their mothers, asking the judge to let her undertake the responsibility of their future well behavior,—all of course with the view of getting these girls won to Christ, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. 18: 24.

Since our work has become so fully established in Hinsdale, where we have today un-

doubtedly the best established rescue home in the state of Illinois, we have felt the need of a temporary headquarters in Chicago where an experienced worker like Mrs. Swanson, with some one to help her, could spend at least part of her time helping just this class of girls who through inadvertence and in many cases almost thoughtlessly have been led by some overmastering temptation into some trivial offense. Here they could be taken and kept for a few days or a week or more; then they could again come in touch with their friends, home, or find new friends and new homes. But the expense of maintaining it has seemed insurmountable, and furthermore God seems to raise up but few women in the same generation who can do this sort of work successfully.

Just recently a very encouraging providence seems to be coming our way which will answer many prayers in the direction of establishing this new home. A few weeks ago Mrs. Mary D. Hall, an influential Chicago lady, happened to be visiting friends in Hinsdale. She was a woman who had been deeply interested in having something done for just this class of girls, and one of her friends, president of a leading eastern railroad, had encouraged her efforts in this direction with some substantial financial help.

Her Hinsdale friends suggested to her that she should visit our Life Boat Rescue Home. This she did. She became profoundly impressed that she ought to assist us in establishing just such a work in Chicago as she was endeavoring to maintain. She met our rescue home board and we came to a mutual understanding; and after an earnest season of prayer we all believed that God was in the project.

We have already taken over the work which other friends had helped her to maintain and we are now eagerly searching for a building that will serve as a headquarters where not only such women can be taken care of temporarily but where a number of persons who may wish to come and connect with this home for a training can be suitably roomed, and where if possible a meeting hall can be se-





This new Life Boat Rescue Home in Hinsdale was completed last year at an expense of about twelve thousand dollars. The Lord moved so wonderfully upon the hearts of men and women to assist in this enterprise that it was dedicated free from debt except the plumbing, which was installed subsequently, and is yet largely unpaid. Of the last one hundred girls who have been at the rescue home ninety of them today have positions and are fully established. Legacies and wills for maintenance should be made to The Life Boat Rescue Home, located near Hinsdale, Ill.

cured on the first floor for carrying on helpful work in various lines in the neighborhood.

We are praying God that He may open the way for us to secure suitable quarters amidst the teeming multitudes on the west side of Chicago where we have done the least work in all these years. We ask the prayers of our readers that we may be successful in finding the place God wants us to have, that this may be the beginning of a great work in Chicago.

We are glad to present in this LIFE BOAT an article from Mrs. Mary D. Hall showing her deep interest in this work, and also one from Lucy Page Gaston referring to a meeting of club women in Chicago before whom Mrs. Hall gave an address enlisting their interest in this enterprise.

Thirty dollars will furnish a room in this new building, and the name of the donor will be put upon the door. Who will be the first to assist in building up this rescue station in the heart of darkest Chicago?

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### MY FIRST VISIT TO THE RESCUE HOME.

MRS. G. H. CRANDALL.

Last night I was invited to attend the regular Wednesday evening service at the Life Boat Rescue Home. As we neared the building I was impressed with the magnificent building and quiet location. Then I thought of how few young women of those who need rescuing ever gain an entrance into such a home away from the din of wickedness and crime where they can have a nice warm bed and good wholesome food and a sweet Christian matron who takes a motherly interest in them. They can see that there is something in religion and in living good lives that they can not find in a life of crime.

As we entered we found the girls all assembled in the large parlor with their song books and Bibles, ready for the service. Mr. Ford, a converted Jew, who is at present a patient at the sanitarium, told the story of his conversion and how much it cost him to accept Jesus. He then asked all to stand up who were Christians and all but one of that large family of girls stood on their feet.

We knelt in prayer and while Mrs. Clough

with her arm around that one pleaded with her to yield to Christ the hearts of the others were all turned toward the one and they prayed the Lord to touch her heart and that she would find what they had found,—peace and comfort in Christ. They all seemed so sincere.

Mrs. Swanson, the matron, who has the real mother spirit for them, pleaded most earnestly with the Lord for her salvation. The Spirit of the Lord was very manifest in the meeting. One young woman who had been found in the police station pleaded earnestly with God that she might get all there was in serving Jesus. She prayed that God would help the Christian people to help her.

This service so impressed me that I could scarcely keep from breaking down. It touched my heart to think of the sweet Christian influence those girls are under and then to think of the hundreds of other girls who are not being cared for as they are. Why can not we rescue more such girls before they get into crime? My prayer is that there may be hearts touched to provide these homes.

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### A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

While sitting in a cell of the Harrison street police station, sad and broken-hearted over my misfortune, and thinking where whisky had brought me, Mrs. Clough and some of the LIFE BOAT workers came and held service on Sunday morning. She talked to me of our good Lord and Jesus Christ and of heaven, and how I could be saved if I would only give my heart to God.

After service was over I said I would try and serve Jesus Christ but was not firm enough. But when I went into the Life Boat Mission one night I told all to Mr. Van Dorn and he talked to me of heaven and our dear Lord and brought me out here to Mrs. Swanson's home. Ever since then I have opened my heart to the Lord and let Him in, and He is in to stay.

Oh, how happy I am to think I can live in the right way and that Jesus Christ will help me and lead me forever, and will be my friend in all troubles as I face the world.

I beg everybody from my heart to get right

with Jesus, our Lord, and let Him into your heart: you will always be happy, as I can truthfully say I am. I can not thank Mrs. Clough, Mr. Van Dorn and Mrs. Swanson enough for their kindness in helping me so much; they will surely have their reward in heaven, where I hope to meet them all. I ask all the dear sisters and brothers to pray for me to have strength to live and love Jesus Christ forever.

### TO YOUNG WOMEN IN NEED OF HELP.

We are in a position to help any girl who has gotten into trouble. You need not give up in despair because you have taken one misstep. You have a soul to save and you are responsible to God for the salvation of your own soul. Seek Him. He can help you live down the influence of the past. Take courage and God will reward you. If you are in need of help, write to us. Address your letters to Dr. Mary W. Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill., and you will receive an answer.

### THOUGHTS FROM A FIELD WORKER

MRS. MARGARET KEDLER.

One evening I entered a place where several men were assembled, and I was not making much headway although I had been very successful in another place just a few minutes before. I asked several men to buy, but one after another had refused and I was beginning to despair. I finally stepped up to a large, well dressed man who looked as though he might be a traveling salesman, and asked him to buy. I noticed that he looked good-natured.

"I can't read," said he, "my eyes are poor."  
\* But I said, "I think you *need* one of these books."

Then he said, "I guess I'll have to buy one."

He took the copy in his hand. "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?" he read very thoughtfully. "I am glad you brought me this little book," he said to me then, "I thank you very much." And he paid me for it.

"Where will you spend eternity?" Dozens of men have read that quotation and then answered, "That's a pretty hard thing to settle." I tell them it is something for them

to *think* about, for them to *decide*. They may have life eternal or everlasting death.

"It's too late for me to repent, I'm too far gone," some say. I tell them it is *never* too late to repent; the devil tries to make them think so that he may keep them. "I guess you're right," said one man.

"Are you a friend of ours?" asked a very young and pretty girl who was evidently a victim of the white slave trade. I told her I was. I showed her the page of forty babies and told her that they were the children of poor unfortunate girls like herself and that any time she wanted to come to our Home she would be welcome. Several LIFE BOATS were bought in this place.

At many of these places they would not let me in, but the crowd was so great on the street that I sold more books right outside the doors than I could have sold inside.

At one house a young woman rushed up to me and said, "This is no place for a decent woman. You get out of here; we don't want you here." I stepped out into the entry and then turned and looked into her face and said, "There is no reason why you should be a bad woman." I noticed her face soften, and her eyes fall.

I went into the next place. "Oh, do buy one of these for me," said a young woman. "This is THE LIFE BOAT. They have done so much for us poor girls, they had one of our girls at their home." I sold several copies there.

I have sometimes traveled in places where it has been hard work for me to sell my books, because some one had preceded me with something of a similar character which was not as it had been represented; and the people had never seen or heard of THE LIFE BOAT before. At one of these places that I remember in particular the little children came to my rescue and bought my books when the older ones refused.

Workers all over the land are meeting with marvelous success in selling The Life Boat. Send for a dollar's worth at agents' rates and try it in your community or write for special terms in quantities.

## Some Often Overlooked Rules of Health.

Dr. Mary W. Paulson.

Physical deformities not only interfere with the outward appearance of an individual but also greatly prevent normal action of the internal organs. A person with a flat chest, round shoulders and a posterior curvature of the spine can not be healthy. A flat chest prevents deep inspiration.

Experiment with yourself. Try to take a deep breath with your chest dropped. You will find you can only take a very shallow breath. Lift up your chest and you will find you will be able to take a much deeper breath. This little experiment gives one an idea of the conditions which are constant with one who has a flat chest.

As a result of the shallow breathing the foundation is laid for chronic diseases,—auto-intoxication, tuberculosis, etc. Together with the flat chest we very frequently notice relaxed abdomen, oftentimes protruding. This



INCORRECT SITTING POSITION.



CORRECT SITTING POSITION.

deformity means a serious condition inside. The vital organs located in the abdomen, such as the stomach, liver, kidneys and intestines, are dependent upon good tense abdominal muscles to hold them in position.

If the abdominal muscles are relaxed, as they must necessarily be in case of protruding abdomen or curvature of the spine, the viscera of the abdomen become gradually displaced downward, thus making a diseased condition of those organs and greatly interfering with their function.

Many people with pain in the back, between the shoulders or in the small of the back, need to have their abdominal muscles strengthened and their prolapsed organs replaced, and to generally get straightened up.

These muscles become weak from various causes: from wrong positions of standing and

sitting, from wearing of clothing which prevents the use of the muscles, and so the individual gradually falls into decay. Chronic invalidism follows as a result.

Children develop these deformities early in life. In school they are not furnished the proper seating so that we often find them sitting on one side, with one arm elevated over the desk. Or oftentimes a child is allowed to form the habit of standing on one foot.

This condition may be corrected in the child by furnishing him with exercises where he supports the body by hanging with his hands, such as a trapeze or a swing or a ladder.

For development of the chest no exercise is better than that of deep breathing after putting himself in a correct position. You can get yourself into a normal position by throwing the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, pushing the chest upward and forward and hips backward, raising the arms straight out shoulder high and rotating them backward.

The abdominal muscles can be strengthened



CLIMBING STAIRS THIS WAY BREAKS ONE DOWN PREMATURELY.



WALKING UP STAIRS THIS WAY IS AS GOOD AS MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

by combining with this movement the leg-raising exercises when lying down, and when standing, maintaining an erect and straight position of the body. Much can be accomplished for chronic conditions by simply developing muscles which lack development, and by correcting such common deformities as these.

### THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH IN CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

A whole city in itself all in one building! That is what just one public school is in the city of Chicago. We visited one yesterday containing thirteen hundred children.

For several years Dr. Paulson has visited some of the leading public schools of Chicago at the earnest solicitation of the principals to give a lecture to the students on the importance of building up a good foundation for health while young, and especially shunning

the cigarette which is a mighty foe to health culture.

Yesterday there was a veritable sea of faces greeted Dr. Paulson as he stepped out on the platform of the large assembly hall in the Bismarck school. The hall was crowded to its greatest capacity and still not one-half of the students were able to get in.

All gazed in wonderment as Dr. Paulson told them he was interested in knowing how they would look ten years from now. One could see from the look on many faces that such a thought had not occurred to them. They were living to satisfy the desires of the present with no regard as to what their present habits in life would have on their future prospects.

Then Dr. Paulson told them of Dr. Pearsons, Captain Diamond and others who are now enjoying a ripe old age because they began to sow for health early in life. He told them of the importance of breathing fresh air, maintaining good positions, chewing their food thoroughly and not eating between meals.

Back in the old days when the horses pulled the street cars, the horses never lived more than four years because they had to work all the time; so it is with our stomachs, if we compel them to work steadily all the time they will soon wear out, and you can not buy a new stomach like you can a new horse.

Improper habits are like bricks about the neck of a person who is learning to swim,—they will pull him under every time. The cigarette habit is like a chain on the ankles with a heavy ball attached, such as the southern prisoners have to wear while working in the stone quarry or on the road. It is easy enough to have a blacksmith file off the chain, but there is no blacksmith can be called in to file off the chains which the cigarette binds about the boy. It is sure death to the boy, but like the cat kills the mouse, it is done on the instalment plan.

If every boy who smokes had a wart come on his nose for every cigarette smoked, more than likely the first one would be the last in most cases. But unfortunately the warts are forming just the same, but on the brain where they can do much more damage.

One young man came to our sanitarium who was smoking seventy-five cigarettes a day. He

had to pay for the cigarettes he smoked and then he had to pay twenty-five dollars a week to get rid of the habit. Poor financial proposition! One would think a person had gone crazy who would take money and burn it, but that is identically what the cigarette smoker is doing and he inhales the smoke be-



sides. The boy that smokes cigarettes has bought a ticket straight through to "Down-and-Out" station. He is making himself useless for this world and unfit for the world to come.

In the Pontiac Reform school there are eleven hundred boys; and one thousand of them, the guard said, are there because of smoking cigarettes. Any boy who wants to accomplish something in life must not let the devil get his claws into him through the deadly cigarette.

As Dr. Paulson stood there and poured this living message into those young lives the boys and girls sat with their eyes, ears and mouths wide open. There were some cigarette smokers among them but they felt sorry for themselves and they will probably have a

thorny path hereafter if they attempt to keep up the practice.

The principles that Dr. Paulson taught these children should be taught by the parents in the home. Every child should be thoroughly informed as to the harm of these pernicious habits. Any mother who sends her boy out to mingle with other boys without first fortifying him against the cigarette evil and other harmful practices that he will meet will live to regret her neglect in bitter tears.

The principal and teachers of this school who are wide awake to the importance of this instruction were delighted with the lecture. One said it struck them like an electrical shock. More must be done to educate the young to simple and health-giving habits of living.

### WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

PASTOR A. T. ROBINSON,  
Hastings, Neb.

If we look about us we do not have to look very far to find our neighbor. Everybody in this world who happens to be a little worse off than we is our neighbor. And how little distance we have to look sometimes!

There was a strong, robust man who took a berth in a sleeping car, but a little child was crying in the car and he could not sleep. He endured it as long as he could and then cried out, "I *wish* the mother of that child would keep it quiet, I want to sleep. I paid for my berth to sleep, not hear a child *squall* all night."

A man's voice responded, "My friend, I am doing the best I can, but we are on a long journey and the mother of this child is in a coffin in the baggage car ahead. We are taking her to where she is to be buried."

That man bounded out of his berth and said, "Here, I know how to look after babies, I am good at that; you get some rest."

That man found some one whose trouble was greater than his, and don't you suppose he got more real rest from that than by continuing his sleep in his berth?

There are lots of our neighbors who have gone down to Jericho and fallen among thieves, and we can help them as we pass by.

A few days ago in Nebraska two young men were in a pool hall playing billiards. They were very intimate friends, but one of them picked up something and hit the other and he died in a few minutes. When he saw what he had done he ran out to get away from being captured and through exposure to the cold froze both his feet. When found nobody would have anything to do with him, so the mayor of the city called me up. I said, "In the name of the Lord tell them to bring him up here." Some said, "Will you take in a colored man and a murderer? What will become of your institution?" But we took him in, and he had to have his feet amputated.

There are so many fallen among thieves and the Lord wants us to have our eyes looking about as Job did, and the cause we know not search out. The best way to cure all our troubles is to get down and help some one else in trouble.

I heard the story of two men traveling in a storm and they were just about frozen to death and about to give up. One of them lay down in the storm prepared to perish. The other one rallied to try to save him and struggled along, and the very effort to save that man brought the circulation into his own veins and they were both saved. So by helping others we always help ourselves.

### A SUGGESTION.

Are there not many of our readers who will adopt the suggestion contained in the following letter? Here is a good woman whose eyes give her so much pain that she can scarcely read or write. Yet she feels a burden upon her soul to have her friends read the LIFE BOAT magazine. The Lord will bless this kind of sowing:

"I send a few names of persons to whom I should be glad to have you send the current number of THE LIFE BOAT as samples. True, I do not know them all personally but I believe it would be well to have them acquainted with your work. I send stamps to help with the postage, which is all I can do. My eyes are so painful I am almost deprived of any reading, and can write but little."

## A MESSAGE FROM FANNY CROSBY FOR THE NEXT LIFE BOAT

Who has not at one time or another joined in singing some of Fanny Crosby's almost immortal hymns? This blind poet, who will be ninety years old before these lines are read by the Life Boat readers, is still in the full possession of her powers and has promised to write a message for the prisoners' number of The Life Boat. She has written more than eight thousand hymns and is still writing. Look for something inspiring from her pen in the next Life Boat.

### APPRECIATIVE WORDS FROM THE TOMBS.

It was a source of gratification to us to receive the following appreciative words from the officers of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs prison, New York City:

Feb. 28, 1910.

Dear Dr. Paulson:

At the annual meeting of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs, the Supervising Committee, as customary at all their gatherings, learned of the continued and practical interest you have taken in giving Mr. Sanderson supplies of printed matter. By special resolution, the undersigned officer of the corporation was instructed to write you and express the appreciation we all feel of your attention and help. The mission enjoys from your hand these kindnesses and shall merit them.

Yours very sincerely,

THE GOSPEL MISSION TO THE TOMBS.  
By Wm. DeWitt Sterry, Treas.

We trust that many of our readers will be aroused to assist us in furnishing the next LIFE BOAT to all the prisons in this country. We need to raise several hundred dollars yet in order to make this possible. Will you give us your generous assistance?

### DOES IT PAY TO SEND LIFE BOATS TO PRISONERS?

The following letters are from two of the many prisoners who have been benefited by reading THE LIFE BOAT. Can you and I afford to deprive them of this privilege?

"The little LIFE BOAT that came to my cell twenty-seven months ago did its mission toward lifting me up out of a sinking mire. I

am now putting my whole hope and trust in God and my Redeemer Jesus. But for THE LIFE BOAT and the Christian friends I have made through it I would today be the same as of old,—a heathen and a coward."

"THE LIFE BOAT has been the means of taking all the desire for strong drink and the appetite for tea, coffee, and tobacco out of me. It has taught me to hate sin. It is one of the best little books that a sinner could read. It is good in time of trouble. It teaches those who are weak and heavy laden and full of trouble where to go to find sweet rest and repose,—to that dear Friend that is always present and willing to aid us."

### HOW ONE WOMAN IS RAISING THE MONEY.

Last year Mrs. Ella S. Irwin of Cynwyd, Pa., interested her friends in THE LIFE BOAT for prisoners and as a result sent remittance for sixty yearly subscriptions to be sent to the Pennsylvania state penitentiary. This club will expire in April. A letter recently received from her says she is trying to renew the sixty subscriptions for the prisoners, and has faith to believe she will succeed. She has induced her social club to assist her in making this possible again the coming year. She writes:

"I am sure we will be able to renew the sixty subscriptions. I already have some money towards it and trust to soon have the full amount."

What this woman is doing is a suggestion for others. If you are interested in furnish-



ing this gospel sheet to the prisoners of our land can you not with a little effort awaken an interest among your friends and neighbors which will result in furnishing your state prison with THE LIFE BOAT?

#### AS SOON THINK OF HAVING A HOME WITHOUT A BED.

A prisoner writes from Windsor, Vt.:  
 "I have two years from April 14 and it will please me very much to get the dear LIFE BOAT all the time. They all love it here, and when I get one it never stops; it goes until it is all gone. I can't tell you the joy it gives me to get it, but if I live I shall pay you for it and your kindness as far as I can. There are some things that never can be paid. I should as soon think of having a home without a bed as of being without THE LIFE BOAT. When free I shall see to it that my name is never taken from that blessed list."

#### TURNED DOWN BY THE HOME FOLKS.

One of our prison correspondents writes from Waupun, Wis.:

"I thank you for the interest you have taken in me and the way you have stood by me and helped me this past year. I am sure your kindness will always be remembered.

"I received a letter from home in Canada and they wanted to know where I intend to go when out. Really I feel downhearted today to think I was never away from home before, and to run away and fall in prison.

"My people don't want me to come home because I disgrace them, when I am willing to make good and do what is right. There is always something to turn up to try to pull a young man down.

"I have felt pretty bad these last two weeks, hardly able to do anything, but feel some better today and still praising God for victory that He gives me over sin. I know that God does the saving. When I realize my inability, condition and circumstances, I know I must have God's help to faithfully run the race that is set before me.

"I hope you will always write me for I feel you are the only friend I have in this country. But if you have not the time to write you may know of some Christian worker who

is interested in one who is trying by God's help to do what is right day by day. I am reading a book written by D. L. Moody, 'The Way Home.' It is certainly good."

#### GLAD TO GET A BIBLE.

The following is taken from a prisoner's letter, written from Ossining, N. Y.:

"I thank you so much for my Bible, and if you only knew how much I enjoy studying it and what a blessing I get from it you would feel the same as I do,—happy all the time.

"Many read my little book, THE LIFE BOAT, and many want me to send their names in to you, but I tell them that they can read mine. But I am sending you one poor fellow's name who wanted me to ask you if you would please be so kind as to send him an extra LIFE BOAT. I told the rest that I would let them know what you said about them, so I leave it with you to do what you think best.

"I have about four years served, yet I look to the Lord to help me and I know He will, for He has said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

#### ECHOES FROM THE POLICE STATION SERVICES.

LUELLA RASMUSSEN.

For more than ten years the LIFE BOAT missionaries have been conducting services in the Harrison street police station in behalf of those behind prison bars, and it has been my privilege from time to time to attend some of these services.

Last Sunday morning on arriving at the police station, as usual we first knelt in prayer asking God's blessing upon the services which were about to be held. We then went into the women's corridor where there were about six women that day. These poor wretched beings certainly do give one a glimpse of what Satan has wrought by his wicked temptations and what are the terrible results of sin.

After a short talk by Pastor Everson the invitation was given for those who would like to have us pray for them to make it known by the uplifted hand. Every hand was raised and some knelt with us in prayer. We are glad that Jesus always comes into such dark places as these to help poor souls who are truly penitent.



Some members of the Kentucky Prison Christian Endeavor Society. Will you risk five dollars to furnish such men the next number of the LIFE BOAT? We are earnestly praying that God will move on the hearts of a few to risk a much larger sum, and a good many who will risk smaller sums.

## THE LIFE BOAT.

We then went from this place to the men's corridors. In two rows of cells were thirty-six men. Mr. Everson gave a very good stirring talk concerning certain men who had been brought to the foot of the cross through his instrumentality, who had been outcasts both in the families and the community in which they lived, and how Christ had come into their lives and made new creatures of them, reconciling them to their families, and who were now living clean, honest lives. When the invitation was given here thirty-two of the thirty-six men asked to be remembered in prayer. The Spirit of the Lord was there in great measure.

In the next corridor were fifteen men, and as the little organ was placed in the center of the corridor, in one of the cells in front of it three men were noticed. One of them had the appearance of having been a man of influence in the world, and was very deeply impressed with the service. One could see that he was thoroughly disgusted with himself; the tears began to stream down his face and he turned his back to us and leaned against the wall of the cell and wept bitterly. No doubt the thought of a dear devoted mother or father or perhaps a wife whom he had left brought back memories of home.

We did not need to tell these poor unfortunates that they were sinners, for they were well aware of their undone condition. Mrs. Clough read the text about the lost sheep. When the invitation for prayer was given nearly every hand was raised. On leaving the corridor the men thanked us for coming and singing those old familiar songs that mother sang in their boyhood days.

From this place we went upstairs to the annex, and it would have brought tears to your eyes, dear reader, to see such young girls in such a place as this. My heart was touched, and how I longed to see them find the Saviour, and that they might know that He is the best friend that they ever had. He is the same yesterday, today and forever, always the same dear Jesus.

One of the sisters read a few verses from John 14: 1-6. What blessed assurance and comfort there is in these words spoken by our dear Redeemer who did so much for us.

Upon request I spoke a few words to these

girls. Using the text which had just been read I told them of that beautiful home and of those mansions more beautiful than the mind can conceive. I asked them if in looking for a good time they had found it, and they all answered no. No, I said, this is the good time Satan gives one; he gets one into trouble and finally into such places as this.

While I was speaking to them two girls were brought in. It was evidently their first experience of being locked up in a police station. They wept bitterly.

While the matron took down their names in a book I thought of that Book of Life in heaven and wondered how many of those girls whose names were in the book at the police station would have their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life. In telling them of that beautiful home over there and how much the Saviour loves them and how anxious He is that they all might be saved they were all moved to tears. I asked them if they did not want to be in the beautiful Eden and they all nodded.

Mrs. Clough, who is faithfully doing all she can for these unfortunates, then asked how many wished to make a new start in life, and that we would pray for them. Every hand was raised, and she then prayed earnestly that these girls would come to Jesus before it was everlastingly too late.

May we make our calling and election sure, that we may obtain the crown that God has laid up for us, and may it be glittering with stars. For each soul we bring to Christ we have a star placed in our crown; so let us try to work for the Master, bringing our sheaves with us.

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### WANTS TO SELL WATCH CHAINS TO HELP THE WORK.

C. N. Johnson, a prisoner in Deer Lodge, Mont., writes:

"Your kind and welcome letter reached me some time ago and also *THE LIFE BOAT*, with which I am greatly pleased. I write to let you know that I am saved and kept by the blood of Jesus Christ; He is my Saviour and my helper. When I get your little magazine I read it and then pass it on, and when I get it back to my cell it is almost worn out.

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"I am sending a lady's watch chain in this letter. I am making men's and ladies' chains, and I would like to ask you if you can't find some one that would sell them for me. I will keep one busy as my agent and pay three dollars a dozen for these ladies' chains,—that is twenty-five cents apiece for all they sell. If they sell one dozen a day it is three dollars a day for them.

"I want to do something for the good work that is going on in Hinsdale and this is the way I can do it. You find some one for me that will sell my chains and work steady for me, and for each dozen chains that are sold you keep one dollar for the home and good work. The ladies' chains will sell for one dollar apiece easy. I also make link chains and some in different styles that bring as high as five dollars apiece, and other articles. Kindly see what can be done along this line, and when out I will prove myself a man and show that I appreciate kindness. I will send a nice watch fob in my next letter with the money for THE LIFE BOAT.

"I wish to remain true to the blessed Saviour who died for me and has redeemed me with His blood. Pray for me that I may be drawn nearer to His side and follow in His steps daily."

#### A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Augusta C. Bainbridge, who was president of the San Francisco W. C. T. U. at the time of the earthquake, and whose relief station for months afterwards attracted national attention and received the commendation of the military authorities, writes:

"I take my copy of THE LIFE BOAT down to the car barn near here as soon as I have read it."

#### BRINGING FORTH FRUIT IN OLD AGE.

A good brother in Hudson, Wis., writes:

"I have just sold a package of one hundred LIFE BOATS and want some more, so I will send now for four hundred. I intend to sell them right out now. I was seventy-five last May. Owing to a terrible grasshopper raid in Minnesota I lost my property so I am a poor man."

The harvest from the seed that this good man is sowing will be a part of his joy in the

next world. There is something inspiring in a man of his age setting all the rest of us such a stimulating example in soul-winning efforts.

#### PICKED IT UP SCORNFULLY.

A good woman who has spent nearly all of her life in useful service for the Master writes this encouraging letter. If you who read these lines will go and do likewise you may perhaps have a chance to write a similar letter some day.

"Not one copy of THE LIFE BOAT goes to waste in this house, but is passed on to others.

"One family to whom I subscribed for a Christmas gift have a large house full of growing children, the oldest a rather frivolous, forward, yet kind-hearted young girl of eighteen years. When the first number came she picked it up a bit scornfully, saying, 'I don't see why auntie sent us this paper. I don't think I care anything about it.'

"But she began to read, and before she knew it, was *intensely interested*, and never left her chair until she had read it through, and told me afterwards that she believed she had it by heart, and that it moved her strangely to see all those babies and hear their sad history and that of their mothers; and added that she could scarcely wait for the next copy to come.

"Mamma sent a subscription to one of her grandchildren, a girl of thirteen years who said about the same thing. I truly think I never read a magazine so filled with the Spirit and that made the Spirit *felt* upon the heart so perceptibly strong as does THE LIFE BOAT. I always want to read every word of it."

#### SOWING THE SEED IN A FACTORY TOWN.

J. Q. Burleigh, who is an old veteran, instead of camping around the hearth stone is out among his fellow men putting in their hands the LIFE BOAT magazine to remind them that there is something besides this life to be reckoned with. He writes:

"In New Bedford there are large mills employing from six hundred to fifteen hundred people each; there are eight or ten factories, and six cotton and yarn mills in process of

construction. I am anxious to get good reading matter in the hands of these people, and I have not found a plan that just suits me. Can you give me any suggestions as to the best plan? I have permission to go into a shoe factory and glass factory during the noon hour, and I presume I can get as good a chance in some other factories.

"Enclosed find five dollars for which please send me one hundred copies of the February LIFE BOAT and one hundred copies of the March number. If you still have the January numbers on hand I can use at least fifty of them. I took in nearly three dollars today for the LIFE BOATS, and worked only about four hours."

#### LET OTHERS DO THE SAME.

There are many who order fifty or more LIFE BOATS and sell them to their neighbors. It is a splendid way of interesting them in the things of the kingdom.

Mrs. Viola Shrock, of Gillett, Wis., writes:

"Please find enclosed payment for the fifty LIFE BOATS sent me about a week ago. I sold them all in the little town of Gillett without any trouble, through the blessing of the Lord."

#### "THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR."

A couple of weeks ago we received the following letter from Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Tacoma, Wash., who have recently started out as field missionaries, selling THE LIFE BOAT and other religious magazines from house to house. That the Lord is rewarding their faith can be seen from the letter:

"We went to Seattle last Thursday for the day. My husband sold fifty-nine copies of the Signs of the Times and I sold one hundred and eight LIFE BOATS in less than six hours. It was the best day we have had since we have been in this work. The Lord wonderfully helped us. We are encouraged to press on.

"We have golden opportunities to work and witness for the Master. The Lord willing, I would like to put one thousand LIFE BOATS of the March number in Spokane. We ask an interest in the prayers of the LIFE BOAT family in our work, especially in the jail work. We

visit the jails on Sunday, hold services and give out literature."

Just before going to press we received an order for five hundred additional copies, making one thousand copies of the March number which they have ordered. Mrs. Williams writes:

"I sold one hundred and five LIFE BOATS in less than four hours yesterday. We praise and thank the dear Lord for His goodness to us. When we step out by faith and keep our eyes fixed on Jesus there is nothing to fear. We are wonderfully helped in selling our periodicals. 'It is the Lord's doing.'"

Are there not others who read these lines who feel a call to help scatter the gospel seed? Look about you; are you living in or near a large city? If so, what have you done to warn the wicked therein of his evil ways?

God is going to raise up people all over this country to carry His saving truth to those who sit in darkness. One thousand copies of the LIFE BOAT magazine ought to be placed in every city in this country every month. The Lord is raising up workers to do this. Is He speaking to your heart? If so, step out by faith and God will surprise you just as He has Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Will you help us put a thousand LIFE BOATS in your community or send us the address of someone you think will help, or get five others to join with you, thus dividing the effort? Let us hear from you.

#### TO THE SHUT-INS FROM A SHUT-IN.

F. B. UNDERHILL,  
Montrose, Pa.

Dear brothers and sisters in affliction, I will call on you again through THE LIFE BOAT. "Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience." James 5: 10. We will look at Job, and what we want is the patience of Job.

Job had the painful affliction of boils and was covered with them from head to foot, and Job was perfect and upright. You can read the story in the first chapter of Job. He was the greatest of all the men of the east,

and he lost all his possessions but he did not lose hold of God. "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." So it was not Job's sin that afflicted him. When we endure all kinds of hardship with patience, then it is a blessing to us. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life." James 1: 12.

Let us rejoice to receive a blessing in a coat of persecution. Just take off the coat and discard it and look at the blessing that is in the inside. Be happy when the weather is cloudy as well as when the sun shines, for the rain as well as the sunshine is a blessing. Just look through the clouds and you can see the sun.

We can not see why we have to endure so much, but let us rest in the arms of Jesus, for He will carry the lambs in His arms. Let us be willing to trust in His knowledge, for He does know us and knows what is for our good, and let us rest in knowing that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

We must endure hardship if we receive the reward of a good soldier and a follower of Christ our Saviour. "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried." Dan. 12: 10. What we want is strength from Christ so we can endure being tried and purified and made white. God is love and it is through love for us that He permits us to suffer affliction. God does allow things to come upon us for our own good in the end. Read Heb. 12: 5-7.

Endure with patience all trials and you will receive the blessing at the end of the race in the world to come, and also a double blessing as Job received in the latter end of his life; only we will look for it when Christ comes, and He is coming soon.

"And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends: also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before." Job 42: 10. The Lord can also turn our captivity into a blessing if we trust in Him and do His will at all times.

**Remember the shut-ins in prison next month with the special prisoners' Life Boat.**

## MY SHEPHERD.

PEARL WAGGONER.

"The Lord my shepherd is!" In childhood days  
Full often had I read the psalmist's phrase;  
Yet had I found in it no power to bless,  
As from my lips the words fell meaningless.

Again I read, "The Lord my shepherd is,"—  
As shepherds know their flock, He knoweth His,  
And leads them wisely, tenderly along;  
I grew to love the simple shepherd song.

Yet 'twas the imagery the words defined  
I loved the most—the picture brought to mind—  
The poetic phrasing I so loved to hear,  
Which fell in pleasing rhythm on my ear.

And then it came, in hour of deepest need,  
I learned to know my Shepherd-Lord indeed;  
No heart could feel, no power could help but His,—  
Since then I sing, "The Lord my shepherd is!"

As though there lived no other soul beside,  
I know He cares for me, that He doth guide  
My feet, so prone to wander, in right ways,  
And walks beside me through life's winding maze.

With living water does He satisfy  
My parched and thirsty soul, and makes me lie  
Where pastures greenest are. No figures, these,—  
No flowery words the ear alone to please.

Ah, no! It is a bright reality,—  
I have a Shepherd who is leading me.  
What peace it brings, what solace, and what rest,  
To feel oneself so wholly thus possessed!

Though storms arise, or though some outlook drear  
Should stretch ahead, what need have I to fear?

I know that He is mine and I am His  
And so I rest. "The Lord my shepherd is."

## GET IN TOUCH WITH THE SUPPLY.

C. T. EVERSON.

3722 Irving Park Blvd., Chicago.

The Christian religion is founded on love. It is not that Christ went out and founded a religion so He could have His name proclaimed through the world, but He was willing to go out and die when twelve men alone adhered to the religion, and one of them betrayed Him, another denied Him, and the ten ran away and left Him. The Christian religion is not founded on popularity but on the fact He was there to die to help men to become better; it is founded on love. But He died knowing He was not only man but God, and that one day He would see the travail of His soul

and be satisfied. The superiority of the Christian religion rests in that fact that God is love.

Some people think there is no God because they have not that love. It is because they have not made connections. Suppose a man should go out and say, "We are not getting any water." Would he say, "The lake has gone dry, there is no more water to be had on the place?" No, he would say, "Something is wrong with the pipes, somehow we are not in touch with the supply." No man thinks when his water supply has gone wrong that the lake has gone dry.

If the love is lacking you can take it for certain that somehow you are not making connections, but that the great fountain of love is there and if you make connections you will find your heart will be full of love.

It is so great a principle that you can have

all and everybody else can have all. A mother can have six children and yet love each one with all her love. It is all for each one, and that is the way with God,—enough for each and enough to go around for all. It is like the sunlight. You do not say, "The sun is giving me all its benefit; I hope it is not shining in Galesburg because I want all its benefits."

If God can make a sun to give full benefit to every one can't that same God have a love for everybody and yet deprive no one? The sun is only one yet can be everywhere. God is only one but extends everywhere. I hope if our hearts are dry, if we do not realize the love of God, that we will put ourselves in touch with that great fountain of God's love; and may God help us to live and bask in the sunshine of His love for ever.



The Good Samaritan Inn is a sanitarium effort for the self-respecting poor which is located just across the street from the Hinsdale sanitarium. Patients pay from one to two dollars and a half for rooms. Board is furnished on the European plan, costing from thirty-five to fifty cents a day. The charges for treatment are similarly in proportion to their length and expense. Total charges average from six to nine dollars a week.

This institution was closed during the winter because no heating plant had been installed. It will be opened again in a few weeks. We hope and pray that the Lord will enable us this summer not only to put in a heating plant but also to enlarge this unique and much needed institution.

### ECHOES FROM THE HEART OF AFRICA.

The following letter was recently received from S. M. Konigmacher, a former co-worker in this country. He is now in the heart of Africa teaching the natives the gospel of Jesus Christ. He writes the following concerning his work:

"Our work is growing here, all praise be to the kind Father above. We have a station school of from thirty to forty students and three outschools, one with fifty-four students, one thirty-seven and one ten. There are about twenty villages influenced by our station and we have had other calls which we are not able to fill.

for any European he must pay a dollar and a half a year. This government is very good to the native.

"Some learn very quickly and in the older missions they are taught trades and do quite good work. They love to ape the European in his dress. Very frequently we see one with a vest and a loin cloth on, or an old coat, once a white collar and only a loin cloth. They think they are well dressed.

"All the work here is done by hand although the train comes into Blantyre, sixty miles from here. We get the mail about every week but we must send to Blantyre for our supplies. A boy will go and return in three or four days and bring sixty pounds



SIMPLE LIFE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

"The people here are very ignorant but fairly industrious. It costs them little to live as they go to the woods and cut down some trees and make a hut. The women plaster it with mud and help thatch it. They make their own pots of the clay and pound their food in a hollow tree. They plant potatoes, corn, beans, pumpkins and have chickens, goats, and some hogs and sheep. In some places all these live in a single roomed hut, to protect from the wild animals at night.

"The regular wage for a laborer is seventy-five cents a month. They have seventy-five cents a year taxes to pay. The chap who has more than one wife must pay seventy-five cents for each one. If he does not enter work

of flour, for which he pays twenty-four cents.

"It is a long time even after these people learn to read their own language before they know what they are reading about. They love to study English but I think it is because they are curious to know what the Europeans are talking about.

"God has some here for His kingdom and we must find them. These people know nothing of the world or the poverty and trouble in it."

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."



## AN UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCE.

U. N. MURRAY.

[It seems very interesting to us that a young man in a foreign field should pick up a LIFE BOAT that should result in his coming to this country to fit and prepare himself to become a foreign missionary. Surely God's ways are strange and past finding out.—Ed.]

It was just about this time, March, four years ago, when I was going around the wards of the Public Hospital, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., on some special duty, that I came across THE LIFE BOAT, evidently left by a Mrs. Harrison, who is connected with a mission in Jamaica.

I was not very much interested in the paper at first sight for I was far from being a Christian. I would rather say curiosity led me to turn over the pages, which I did rather hurriedly, but my eyes struck a paragraph which aroused my interest. I do not remember the exact wording of the advertisement, but the substance of it was that the secretary of the American Medical Missionary College would be glad to have applicants for medical missionary training. Well, I then and there communicated with Dr. Paulson, who was not slow in putting me in communication with Dr. Eggleston, then registrar.

While I was waiting for a reply the thought occurred to me, is it possible that America is so civilized as to encourage a medical institution for the purpose of training men and women for propagating the gospel in heathen lands? I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses, for up to that time I knew very little of the good things of America. All, or most of what I heard of America, was the weekly lynching of negroes, the arrest and conviction of bankers, trust managers, embezzlers, etc.

I however began to be interested in America, having in view the possibility of being a student of the American Medical Missionary College. I read our daily papers more often, but I nevertheless had the misfortune of seeing the usual things recorded,—these base things always looming up on the front pages of the papers. I was not encouraged a bit. The fact is I was discouraged, for in looking for good things other evils which did not appeal to me at first now made themselves prominent, to wit, divorces, etc. I mention

this flagrant social disease because of the importance it bears on the subject I am now disposing of.

I gave up reading the papers and thought I would await a catalogue from this school. This was not long in forthcoming, for no sooner had I put down the papers than it arrived a few days after, and I feasted on it. I began to think differently. Instead of having narrow viewpoints in my judgment I began to broaden out, for that catalogue revealed things that I never thought any individual in America would have dreamed of doing. When I saw the special emphasis laid on the fact that students are prepared especially for foreign medical missionary work, I began to accuse the papers and ask why did they elect to advertise only the evil things of America?

My views of America then changed. It was not indeed the kind of a place the papers made it to be,—at any rate not all parts of it. The fact that there was existing at least one institution of the kind as this college, eclipsed to me all the bad reputation with which it was painted.

It is not difficult for the reader to see how naturally my attention would be riveted in the direction of America. The divorces (I put that first on the list this time), lynchings and other things were now insignificant as compared with the pleasant fact that a part of the human element was self-sacrificing and generous enough to extend the limits of their philanthropy to heathen nations.

I delayed my coming for two years and arrived at the college in September, 1908, since when I have enjoyed my stay much better than I anticipated. Christianity, idealism, straightforwardness, the missionary spirit,—these are the watchwords of the American Medical Missionary College.

But before closing I want to appeal to the readers of this magazine to pray for this school that it may keep up its unique position among the medical schools of this country, that none but those who have an ardent desire to do good for humanity at large, regardless of race, color or creed, be privileged to come within its walls; that the tares will always be thrashed out when applications are sent in from time to time, for the devil is not slow in

making use of the first opportunity to overturn a good cause.

In conclusion I must thank the Lord for such a good paper as *THE LIFE BOAT*, for I probably would not have had the advantage of a medical education such as is given by the American Medical Missionary College had I not seen this paper.

### ONE NIGHT AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Supt. 471 State Street, Chicago.

We had a good meeting, there was a fair attendance and the Spirit of God seemed to be working; yet no one made a definite surrender as far as we knew during the meeting. After the service was over and we were bidding those who were there good-night, a young man came in asking us to give him a pledge to sign, and saying he wanted to live a different life. I asked one of the young converts to take the matter in hand, and in a few moments the two were on their knees, and he gave his heart to the Lord.

He had been on a six weeks' drunk and was about to the end of his rope. He had a little money but he was miserable. Go where he would it was impossible for him to have rest. He had lost his position, and truly he was in a sad plight. After he got right with God he signed the pledge and then asked us to pray for him about getting a job. We did so and then he prayed, and as the result he is back at work and is the happiest man in town. He said it was the last time for him.

It is a terrible thing to be in the clutches of the demon drink. If you are there you need go no further, for the great Physician is near to break every yoke and to set at liberty those that are bound.

This young man came back the next evening and testified how that previous to this he had been drinking, had wasted all, and there was no eye to pity, none to save; but how after his conversion he prayed the Lord to give him his position back and his prayer was answered. He had received so much from God that he wanted every one else to know it. God is no respecter of persons, He will in no wise clear the guilty. Truly God is good to those who trust Him. He is not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance.

### FREEDOM FROM WHITE SLAVERY.

REV. CAPT. KINGSBURY,  
Santa Ana, Cal.

Right here in one of our beautiful coast cities there are today twenty-five hundred or three thousand scarlet women. Now though I dare say that some of these women are just where they are from choice, yet I believe only a small per cent of them really choose to live the life of sin. They are there from dire necessity and their parents are not yet aware of the depths to which their loved ones have fallen. Society has no place for them, the average woman would not for a moment draw near the outcast creatures, yet no greater miracles have been wrought than the miracles of grace wrought among these fallen sisters. No nobler women walk the earth today than some of these redeemed women.

Let me tell you a story. It is a real story and it came under my own observation. Some years ago in one of our southern cities there lived with her parents a young woman, beloved, idolized by her father and mother. The girl was beautiful, educated, moved in the highest social circles, had a wide and select circle of friends and acquaintances. One day a handsome, stalwart young fellow dropped into the home city, attended one of the social gatherings, invited there by a gentleman friend who really knew but little of the stranger except that he was finely dressed and had plenty of money.

There he met this beautiful girl and sought to win her affections. His efforts were not in vain. The girl fell in love and one day he prevailed on her to accompany him to another city, where a mock marriage ceremony was performed. She was sold into a life of sin and shame.

Abandoned by the man whom she loved, she was sold into worse than bondage within less than a week and could not communicate with her parents or with a single friend in the world. Left alone, with virtue, purity, respect, all that a womanly woman loves and holds dear, gone, she became utterly hopeless, careless, indifferent, and gave up to the devil. Drink and dope came in, for these things only helped control the woman for her keepers, and these served to drown out and crush all care for the past or for any aim in life.

By and by, after running the race of sin and shame in bondage so terrible, at last the girl became so reckless, so downfallen, that the only thing left was the street. Only the lowest of the low cared for the society of this poor woman. One day, loaded with drink and despair, clothed in filthy garments and the old body itself a loathsome mass of disease and filth, this poor outcast sought the big river and was about to plunge into the dark waters of the turbid stream. A good friend of mine saw the wretched creature and caught her garments just as the fatal plunge was made, and saved her. He took her to a place of shelter, and there was fought a battle royal for better things, for salvation and a new life. On the one side all the forces of evil, all the powers of darkness, the awful past, the tormenting drink appetite, the dope, the devil, waged warfare for the possession of this poor soul. On the other hand the good missionary and his loyal wife, the Word of God, the Holy Spirit, Jesus, the Lord, the true Good Samaritan, wrought and prayed and labored till the victory came and the poor outcast came to Jesus and cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

On that day all heaven's host watched on the battle field till there came joy among the angels, for one was born again, born out of sin and shame.

Then what a holy, humble, helpful life this redeemed sister lived. With what love, what patience she bore the burdens, won the love of other sisters in shame! The record is on high. Not one of all the sisterhood of women has a nobler motive in life, a nobler mission in life, a nobler Christian character, or a nobler, more glorious prospect ahead than this woman, once so soiled and stained with sin but now so Christ-like and pure.

Worth while? Yes, ten thousand times over. Jesus blessed, lifted up, commended, and said, "Go in peace, thy faith hath saved thee," to the soiled, unfortunate Magdalene. Some of these outcasts will shine in the kingdom by and by.

Ah, mothers in motherhood, women in honorable marriage, better get in touch with some of these outcasts, better get the Christ love, and see what you can do for these unfortunates.

What a joy will be yours if you enter such a service as this! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."

Do it; walk along the avenues, the streets, the slum regions, the highways and byways in fellowship with the Seeker of the lost. Let faith be one bright star in your soul. Let love beam forth as a radiant star shining for Jesus, shining for the lost.

### STRONGER MEN.

It was Phillips Brooks who uttered these inspiring words:

"Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God."

### SAVING THE LIFE SAVERS.

Rev. R. Ashley Cake, the life savers' evangelist who has been taking the gospel to the isolated islands of the sea, writes that his work is full of interesting incidents. He has traveled the whole length of the New Jersey, Long Island, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina coast. In writing for financial help to carry the gospel into all the United States Life Saving stations on the Massachusetts coast, he says: "My key note always has been and still is, Faith in God. I am constantly looking to the hills from whence cometh my help."

Any of our readers who would like to assist Rev. Cake in this work can address THE LIFE BOAT or Rev. R. Ashley Cake, Port Republic, Atlantic City, N. J.

Just one more reminder that next month we shall issue a Special Prisoners' Life Boat. Will you help us to put it in the hands of the prison population of this country?



## Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR



### ANOTHER SPECIAL PRISONERS' LIFE BOAT NEXT MONTH.

The next number of THE LIFE BOAT will be the Eleventh Annual Prisoners' Number.

Fanny Crosby, the blind poet who is now ninety years old, will contribute a live message coming direct from her heart still throbbing with love for her fellow men.

The wonderfully interesting experience of a Sing Sing prisoner will be told by himself. Others will tell of what God has done for them since they left the prison.

We believe it will be the best LIFE BOAT ever issued. We want every inmate of our state prisons to have a chance to read it. How much will you do to make this possible?

The majority of prisoners came from defective homes. While you were being taught to pray, in many instances they were being taught to steal or to lie. Many of them were taught by drunken parents to use intoxicating liquors, others are serving sentences for crimes of which they are entirely innocent.

They all need the gospel and nearly all of them love to read THE LIFE BOAT. WE NEED SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS TO SUPPLY THIS PRISONERS' NUMBER TO ALL THE GREAT PRISONS OF THE LAND. We are earnestly praying that some large stums may come in as well as a goodly number of smaller ones.

### AN ADVANCE IN PRICE.

Owing to the increasing cost of material and labor the actual cost for paper and printing has made it impossible any longer to issue The Life Boat at its present price.

Beginning with the next number the price will be ten cents a copy with special discounts in quantities to agents.

For the present there will be no increase made in the yearly subscription rate.

### BUYING FLOWERS FOR THE FUNERAL.

Some time ago I attended a funeral where the coffin was fairly covered with flowers. The most endearing words were spoken concerning this woman's life by the heart-broken husband and the bereaved children.

I could not help but think how one-tenth of those words would have thrilled the heart of that woman if they had only been spoken when her ear was open to hear them. For years her soul had starved for a few kindly words of appreciation, but they were unspoken.

If an occasional bouquet of roses could have been brought into that home as a kindly recognition of her faithful services, how they would have cheered her on the way! but the fragrance of roses never filled that home but once and then it was too late to awaken sweet sentiments in the heart of that wife and mother.

Are you who are reading these lines making a similar mistake?

### FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE.

The chemist can analyze the sugar, the cellulose and the juice of an apple but he can not analyze the flavor; yet to a large extent it is the flavor that makes one apple worth more than another.

The botanist can analyze and classify the flower but who has caught and analyzed the fragrance of the rose?

Likewise you may classify and analyze soul-winners to your heart's content but in the last analysis it is the flavor that permeates the soul and the fragrance that surrounds the life that is the most valuable asset in soul winning.

Paul thanks God because he "uses us to spread the perfume of the knowledge of Him everywhere. For we are a fragrance of God—a fragrance as of Christ himself—both among those who are on the way to salvation and

among those who are on the way to ruin." 2 Cor. 2: 14-16. Mod. Eng.

The nourishment of the food is not in its flavor yet it serves to tempt the appetite. Your worldly neighbor has no appetite for the gospel. God wants to use your life and my life to flavor the gospel to tempt his spiritual appetite.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." "Who is sufficient for these things?" We need each day to have our lives fertilized by the Word of God, we need to come often into the audience chamber of God and then our lives will not fail to smell of heaven.

### THE ANTITOXIN FOR SPIRITUALISM.

During the last few years spiritualism has become literally epidemic, one reason being that it has recently become *scientific*. As is well known the scientists reject what they can not weigh, measure, photograph or otherwise demonstrate by well-recognized laws.

In an estimation by scientific men spiritualism has been simply regarded as sleight of hand performances which would not bear scientific investigation. A few years ago a fakir in India astonished multitudes of people by simply holding a rope over a bare flagstone, making a few passes with his other hand, and directly every one in the audience could see a serpent crawling up the rope. But a wide-awake American in the crowd took a kodak photograph of the performance and when the picture was developed nothing was seen but the rope. In other words, the rope was real, the snake was simply in the eyes of the hypnotized audience.

I have frequently had patients suffering from delirium tremens who insisted most energetically that they could see snakes crawling up their bed posts. But of course I could not see them, nor would the photograph camera have seen them. They existed only in their own disordered brain.

Scientific investigators have maintained that spiritualistic manifestations were simply hypnotic tricks imposed on those who were present. But now the forces of evil have come out distinctly into the open.

Photographs have been taken of tables suspended in midair without absolutely any visible support. A perfectly visible hand entirely detached from any visible human body has not only been felt but has been *photographed*.

Spiritualism is now being turned to enormous commercial advantages. Recently an enterprising promoter of a tooth paste company in Germany secured the unqualified endorsement of Martin Luther's "spirit," and as a consequence in a few weeks sold one hundred and ten thousand dollars' worth of stock. In the recent political struggle in England a spiritualistic medium secured from Gladstone's "spirit" his political advice to voters in the coming election. It is credibly asserted that many of our leading business men in this country do not make any important financial move without consulting spiritualistic mediums.

Who has the antitoxin for this Satanic delusion? Not the average scientific man; he is swallowing it whole for it passes all of his tests. Not the Christian worker who believes that his dead relatives have simply stepped behind a veil, and who believes that the spirits of dead Christian workers are now hovering over their assemblies adding by their presence a benediction to the occasion. To one who believes all this it is not a large stretch of his faith to having these very spirits become *visible*.

It is only those who can read from their Bibles clearly and decisively the words, "*The dead know not anything.*" They and they only have the antidote for this spiritualistic poison.

But it is not enough to be able in a negative way to deny spiritualism. There is in the human heart today a genuine craving for the supernatural. If God does not get a chance to satisfy that the devil will. It is for us to show by a *transformed* life and by a *personal* contact with the divine, that the kingdom of God *within us* is a *mightier* force for good than the kingdom of darkness can possibly be in the hearts and lives of any of its subjects. And that means that while others are turning towards familiar spirits and unto wizards that peep and that mutter, we should be seeking unto our God. Isa. 8: 19.



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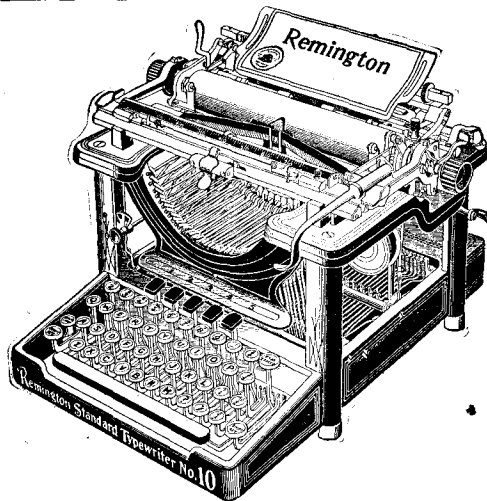
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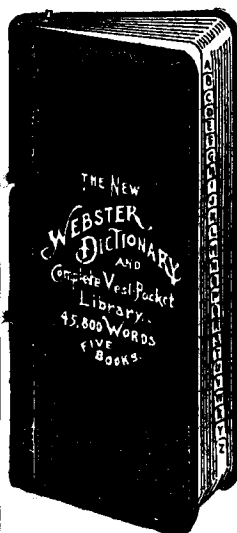
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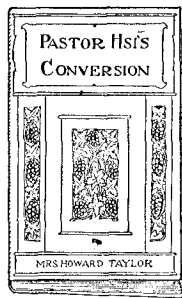
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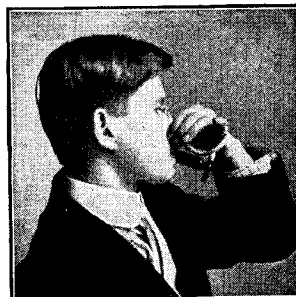
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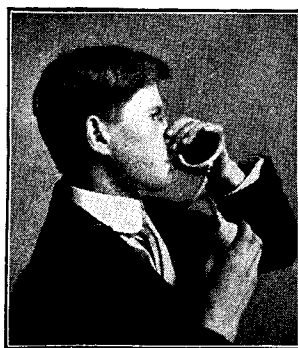
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