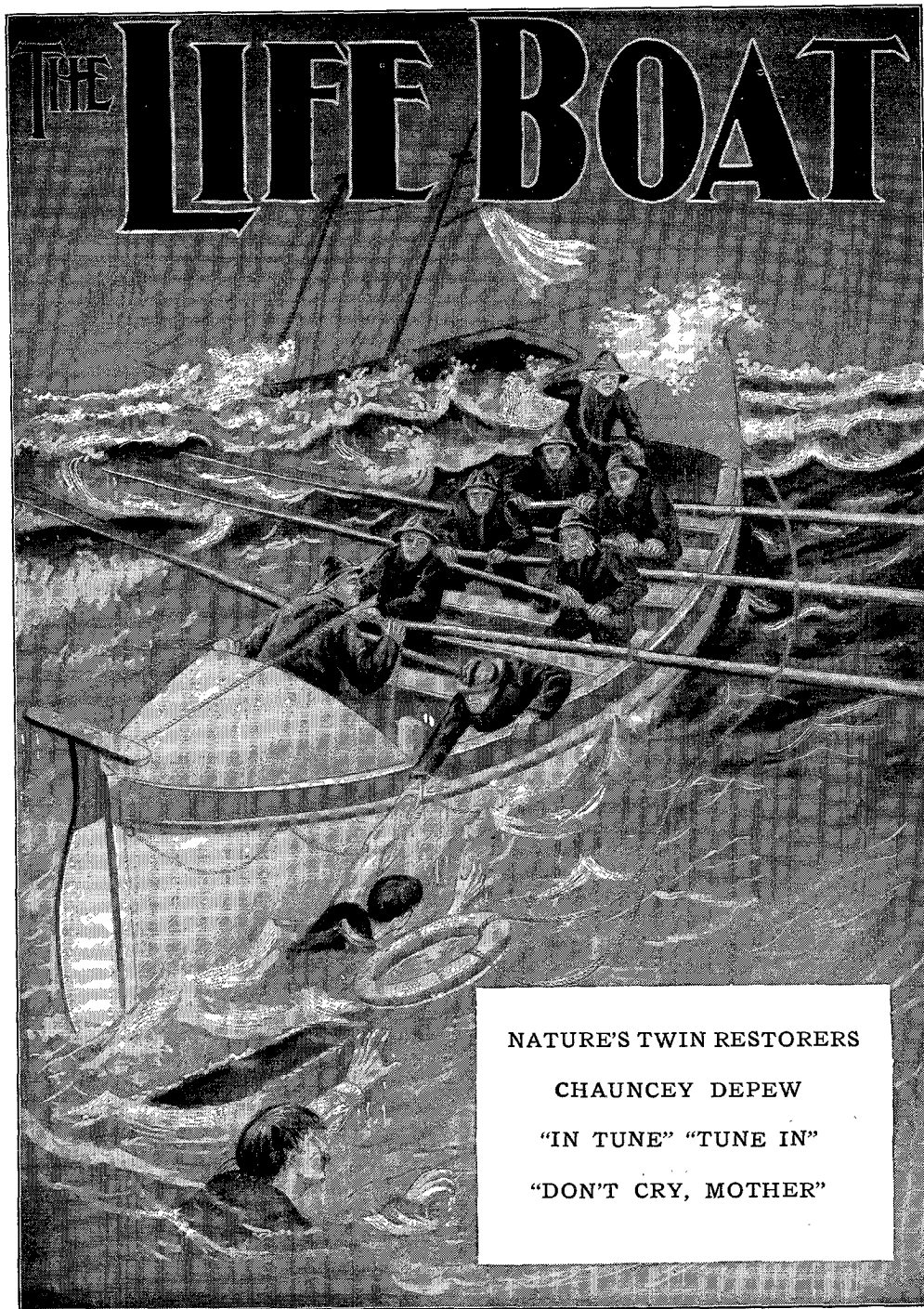


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The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations

NATURE'S TWIN RESTORERS

CHAUNCEY DEPEW

"IN TUNE" "TUNE IN"

"DON'T CRY, MOTHER"

Vol. 27. No. 2.

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

February, 1924

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Love

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

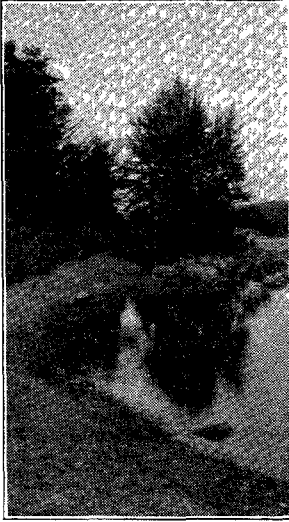
12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—Paul.

Nature's Twin Restorers

FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE

Mrs. E. G. White



Exercise, Air, and Sunlight

The chief if not the only reason why many become invalids is that the blood does not circulate freely, and the changes in the vital fluid, which are necessary to life and health, do not take place. They have not given their bodies exercise nor their lungs food, which is pure, fresh air; therefore it is impossible for the blood to be vitalized, and it pursues its course sluggishly through the system. The more we exercise, the better will be the circulation of the blood.

More people die for want of exercise than through overfatigue; very many more rust out than wear out. Those who accustom themselves to proper exercise in the open air, will generally have a good and vigorous circulation. We are more dependent upon the air we breathe than upon the food we eat. Men and women, young and old, who desire health, and who would enjoy active life, should remember

OUTDOOR life is the only medicine that many invalids need. Its influence is powerful to heal sickness caused by fashionable life, a life that weakens and destroys the physical, mental, and spiritual powers.

that they cannot have it without a good circulation. Whatever their business and inclinations, they should make up their minds to exercise in the open air as much as they can. They should feel it a religious duty to overcome the conditions of health which have kept them confined indoors, deprived of exercise in the open air.

Some invalids become willful in the matter, and refuse to be convinced of the great importance of daily outdoor exercise, whereby they may obtain a supply of pure air. For fear of taking cold, they persist, from year to year, in having their own way, and living in an atmosphere almost destitute of vitality. It is impossible for this class to have a healthy circulation. The entire system suffers for want of exercise and pure air. The skin becomes debilitated, and more sensitive to any change in the atmosphere. Additional clothing is put on, and the heat of the room increased. The next day they require a little more heat and a little more clothing, in order to feel perfectly warm; and thus they humor every changing feeling until they have but little vitality to endure any cold.

Some may inquire, "What shall we do? Would you have us remain cold?" If you add clothing, let it be but little, and exercise, if possible, to regain the heat you need. If you positively cannot engage in active exercise, warm yourselves by the fire; but as soon as you are warm, lay off your extra clothing and remove from the fire. If those who can, would engage in some active employment to take the mind from themselves, they would generally forget that they were chilly, and would not receive harm. You should lower the temperature of your room as soon as you have regained your natural warmth. For invalids who have feeble lungs, nothing can be worse than an overheated atmosphere.

If you would have your homes sweet and inviting, make them bright with air and sunshine. Remove your heavy curtains, open the windows, throw back the blinds, and enjoy the rich sunlight, even if it be at the expense of the colors of your carpets. The precious sunlight may fade your carpets but it will give a healthful color to the cheeks of your children. If you have God's presence, and possess earnest, loving hearts, a humble home made bright with air and sunlight, and cheerful with the welcome of unselfish hospitality, will be to your family, and to the weary traveler, a heaven below.

Walking and Other Exercise

The idea that those who have overtaxed their mental and physical powers, or who have been broken down in body and mind, must suspend activity in order to regain health, is a great error. In a few cases, entire rest for a time may be necessary; but such instances are rare. In most cases the change would be too great to be beneficial.

Those who have broken down by intense mental labor, should have rest from wearing thought; yet to teach them that it is wrong, or even dangerous, for them to exercise their mental powers at all, leads them to view their condition as worse than it really is. They are nervous, and finally become a burden to themselves, as well as to those who care for them. In this state of mind their recovery is doubtful indeed.

Those who have overtaxed their physical powers should not be advised to forego labor entirely. To shut them away from all exercise would in many cases prevent their restoration to health. The will goes with the labor of the hands; and when the will-power is dormant, the imagination becomes abnormal, so that it is impossible for the sufferer to resist disease. Inactivity is the greatest curse that could come upon one in such a condition.

Nature's fine and wonderful mechanism needs to be constantly exercised in order to be in a condition to accomplish the object for which it was designed. The do-nothing system is a dangerous one in any case. Physical exercise in the direction of useful labor has a happy influence upon the mind, strengthens the muscles, improves the circulation, and gives the invalid the satisfaction of knowing how much he can endure, and that he is not wholly useless in this busy world; whereas, if this is

restricted, his attention is turned to himself, and he is in constant danger of exaggerating his difficulties. If invalids would engage in some well-directed physical exercise, using their strength but not abusing it, they would find it an effective agent in their recovery.

Those who are feeble and indolent should not yield to their inclination to be inactive, thus depriving themselves of air and sunlight, but should practice exercising out of doors in walking or working in the garden. They will become very much fatigued, but this will not



"Sunlight may fade your carpets but it will give a healthful color to the cheeks of your children."

injure them. It is not good policy to give up the use of certain muscles because pain is felt when they are exercised. The pain is frequently caused by the effort of nature to give life and vigor to those parts that have become partially lifeless through inaction. The motion of these long-disused muscles will cause pain, because nature is awakening them to life.

Walking in all cases where it is possible, is the best remedy for diseased bodies, because

in this exercise all the organs of the body are brought into use. Many who depend upon the movement cure, could accomplish more for themselves by muscular exercise than the movements can do for them. In some cases, want of exercise causes the bowels and muscles to become enfeebled and shrunken, and these organs that have become enfeebled for want of use will be strengthened by exercise. There is no exercise that can take the place of walking. By it the circulation of the blood is greatly improved.

The Evils of Inactivity

Physical exercise and labor combined has a happy influence upon the mind, strengthens the muscles, improves the circulation, and gives the invalid the satisfaction of knowing his own power of endurance; whereas, if he is restricted from healthful exercise and physical labor, his attention is turned to himself. He is in constant danger of thinking himself worse than he really is, and of having established within him a diseased imagination which causes him to continually fear that he is overtaxing his powers of endurance. As a general thing, if he should engage in some well-directed labor, using his strength and not abusing it, he would find that physical exercise would prove a more powerful and effective agent in his recovery

than even the water treatment he is receiving.

The inactivity of the mental and physical powers as far as useful labor is concerned, is that which keeps many invalids in a condition of feebleness which they feel powerless to rise above. It also gives them a greater opportunity to indulge an impure imagination,—an indulgence which has brought many of them into their present condition of feebleness. They are told that they have expended too much vitality in hard labor, when, in nine cases out of ten, the labor they performed was the only redeeming thing in their lives, and was the means of saving them from utter ruin. While their minds were thus engaged, they could not have as favorable an opportunity to debase their bodies and to complete the work of destroying themselves. To have all such persons cease to labor with brain and muscle, is to give them ample opportunity to be taken captive by the temptations of Satan.

Open the Windows of the Soul

The burden of sin, with its unrest and unsatisfied desires, lies at the very foundation of a large share of the maladies the sinner suffers. Christ is the mighty healer of the sin-sick soul. These poor afflicted ones need to have a clearer knowledge of Him whom to know aright is life

(Continued on page 52)



"Physical exercise in the direction of useful labor has a happy influence upon the mind."
View taken on Hinsdale Sanitarium Grounds.

Chauncey Depew

D. H. Kress, M. D.

THE book written by Chauncey Depew, entitled, "My Memories of Eighty Years," was written during the eighty-sixth year of his full life. Chauncey Depew occupied important and responsible positions in political and public life, which brought him into intimate contact with leaders from the time of Lincoln to that of President Harding. No man is better prepared to produce a book of reminiscences covering this period.

Chauncey Depew, although near in his ninetieth year of life, is still actively engaged in business, and is a remarkably well preserved man. What success he may have had in life, he attributes to a godly mother. He said, "The foundation and much of the super-structure of all that I have and all that I am were her work. Several times in my life, I have met with heavy misfortunes and what seemed irreparable losses. I have returned home to find my mother with wise advice and suggestions, ready to devote herself to the reconstruction of my fortune and to brace me up. She always said what she thoroughly believd. "My son, this which you think so great a calamity is really divine discipline. The Lord has sent it to you for your own good because in His infinite wisdom He saw you needed it. I am absolutely sure if you submit instead of repining and protesting, if you will ask with faith and proper spirit for guidance and help, they both will come to you and with greater blessing than you ever had before." He says, "That faith of my mother inspired and intensified my efforts, and in every instance her predictions proved true." In the closing words of his book are found these words, "Life has had for me immeasurable charms. I recognize at all times there has been

granted to me the loving care and guidance of God. My misfortunes, disappointments and losses have been met and overcome by abundant proof of my mother's faith and teaching that they were the discipline of Providence for my own good, and if met in that spirit and with redoubled efforts to redeem the apparent tragedy, they would prove to be blessings. Such has been the case."

To the recognition of God in His providences and the early teaching of a godly



Chauncey Depew

mother, he ascribes his political and business career. With such a mother to mould and fashion him, he became what he is,—

one of this world's great and most successful men.

He was for many years a member of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, and was always present at the club banquets enjoying with others the luxuries and delicacies furnished on such occasions. For a time he absented himself. Not even on the occasion of one of the annual birthday dinners given in his honor was he present. After long years he again attended one of these banquets, and in explaining his seeming remissness, he said, "I had rheumatism so badly I could not be about without difficulty. One day I was at a dinner in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Professor Cheuvril, the great French Chemist. I said to Professor Cheuvril during the course of the dinner, 'Professor, how do you manage to preserve your life and vigor to such an advanced age?' 'By temperance,' he replied. 'I drink no alcohol. I eat no meat, and do not use tobacco.'"

Senator Depew determined then and there to follow the splendid example of the aged professor. In relating his experience in giving up tobacco, he said, "I used to smoke twenty cigars a day, and continued it until I became worn out. I didn't know what was the matter with me, and physicians that I applied to did not mention tobacco. I was in the habit of smoking at my desk and thought I derived material benefit in my work from it. After a time I found I could not do any work without tobacco. I also found that I was incapable of doing any great amount of work. My power of concentration was greatly weakened, and I could not think well without a lighted cigar in my mouth.

"One day I bought a cigar and was puffing it with a feeling of pleasure which is only possible to the devotee. I smoked only a few moments and then took it out of my mouth and looked at it. I said to it, 'My friend and bosom companion, you have always been dearer to me far than gold. To you I have ever been devoted, yet you are the cause of all my ills. You have played me false. The time has come when we must part.' I gazed sadly and longingly at

the cigar, then threw it into the street. I had been convinced that tobacco was ruining me. For three months thereafter I underwent the most awful agony. I never expect to suffer more in this world or the next. I didn't go to any physician or endeavor in any way to palliate my sufferings. Neither did I break my vow. I had made up my mind that I must forever abandon tobacco or I would be ruined by it. At the end of three months my longing for it abated. I gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I slept well for seven or eight hours every night. I have never smoked from that day to this. While no one knows better than I the pleasures to be derived from tobacco, I am still well content to forget them, knowing their effect."

At the advanced age of eighty-eight years, Chauncey Depew is still active in business life and capable of giving to the world the benefits of what he has learned in the school of experience during these years.

In his case the words of Professor Metchnikoff have come true. "Man should be at his best at eighty-five." Why not? Hard work does not shorten our earthly career. The heart, the liver, kidneys, brain and other vital organs wear out prematurely from the unnatural irritants and poisons constantly in contact with them.

Dr. Carroll of the Rockefeller Institute of New York City found he could keep tissue alive almost indefinitely by merely keeping the medium in which it was bathed freed from all poisons which are naturally formed by tissue activity, and by adding from time to time the proper nutrients. The life is in the blood in which the body tissue is bathed, and, other things being equal, he who keeps his blood freest from impurities and poisons will live the longest and fullest life.

Continuous contact of poisons with the brain cells brings about degenerative changes of these cells, causing mental inability. The secret of Chauncey Depew's life lies in simple living.

"Christ has never asked impossibilities from any disciple—only the very highest, utmost possibilities."

"In Tune" "Tune In"

William P. Pearce

THE Associated Press on January 4th of this year, told how officials, electrical experts and newspaper men who were huddled in a dripping tunnel ninety feet below the surface of the Hudson River, and one thousand six hundred feet from an exit, "tuned in" on radio concerts broadcast from Pittsburgh and a half dozen nearer stations. "The experiment was conducted at the farthest end of the uncompleted Jersey-Manhattan tube of the dual vehicular tunnel." For the men to hear the ether vibrations carried into the tunnel it was necessary for them to penetrate thirty feet of water, sixty feet of earth, and several inches of steel. This demonstration proved beyond a doubt that the radio can be used as a life-line of communication by entombed miners or deep sea divers, "if they carry small portable radio transmitting and receiving sets which will make them independent of all other means of communication."

Light waves travel at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Radio waves travel just as fast, if not faster. Those in charge of "broadcasting stations" tell us that a message can be sent seven times around the world at the equator, in a single second of time. On November 1, 1923, the Chicago Tribune stated that a radio signal made twenty round trips from the New York Radio office to Warsaw, Poland, in twenty-five seconds. Wonderful!

We thus see what a universal benediction is the radio. It safeguards passengers on ships at sea, bringing help in time of distress. It keeps nations in touch with each other, so that one cannot pounce upon the other at the slightest provocation without bringing protest from others. It aids in controlling and stabilizing the markets of the world; comforts the "shut-ins" with music; and inspires the aged pilgrim with sacred messages as they recline in their arm-chairs on the Sabbath Eve "amid the encircling gloom." Without a doubt radio with its lightning wings and never-tiring voice is the greatest discovery of modern times.

Recently, my wife and I were invited to a fashionable home. It was after a Sunday evening service. The young man of that home was a radio-faddist, and as he sat by the little instrument, he said: "Listen, I'm going to 'tune in.'" Adjusting the machine, he was soon giving us a solo from Davenport, then a speech from Dallas, and finally, instrumental music from St. Louis.

It is quite an easy and simple thing to "tune in." We were being entertained in another home. After dinner the friends entered the parlor and engaged in song. The husband-father was a strange, gruff-kind of a man—homely in character. But he became ecstatic as he joined in the songs with the glee of a boy playing ball. He "tuned in."

I was in Paris on the Fourth of July. The orchestra was playing during the hour of dinner. Suddenly it switched to the "Star Spangled Banner," and every American rose to his feet in a moment. So did the French guests. And when the orchestra came to the chorus, we all "tuned in" by singing it.

Now you get the idea. God is a Spirit. Jesus said so. (John 4:24) He inhabits all space. "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" (Psalm 139:7) asks David. Nowhere. The skeptic says, "prayer is talking in the air." So is radio. And as we hear, God hears. He hears quicker than we do by radio. "Before ye call, I will answer," said He, "and while ye are yet speaking, I will hear." (Isa. 65:24.)

"But suppose I only whisper my prayer," someone asks. "Can God hear?" Science has already demonstrated that one's voice can be amplified to a cannon's roar. But God's "ear is not heavy, that it cannot hear." (Isa. 59:1) In fact the mystery of prayer goes beyond science, for one can speak within his heart, and God hears. Of Hannah we read: "She spake in her heart . . . but her voice was not heard." (I Sam. 1:13) God heard it, however. Then again intercessory prayer is broadcasted prayer. When David Lloyd George spoke in Dexter Park Pavil-

ion, Chicago, the mammoth building was crowded and thousands stood on the outside. When the distinguished Welshman was introduced, he said: "It fills me with despair when I see such a gigantic gathering and when I realize that it is quite impossible that my feeble voice should extend over such a vast gathering." "We hear you fine," responded a voice far back in the audience.

There were radio transmitters inside and outside and everybody heard, while in the home of an editor of one of the dailies, the message was being recorded, word for word. So God "broadcasts" our prayers and missionaries in foreign lands are encouraged, provisions are provided for institutes where live the helpless; sad hearts are comforted, tempted ones delivered, and souls over whom someone has agonized, are saved.

By simple adjustments one can "tune in" with God, by doing the Golden Rule; by ministering to the needy; by attending Divine worship; by taking part in the singing and responsive reading, and in many other ways.

Here's the direction for "tuning in." By Ministering to the Needy We Can Tune In With God

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." (James 4:8).

Sometimes it is a little difficult to get the radio machine adjusted, and then we have nothing but a jargon of sounds. That's true in "tuning in" with God. To overcome this, we have a set of directions given in Hebrews 10:22: "Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."

Now for a moment or two, turn the theme around and we have "IN TUNE." That's a

different proposition. One may "tune in" and not be "in tune." Too many of us are "out of tune" with the Infinite, even though we now and then "tune in."

To be "in tune" means harmony. That's the meaning of the Latin term *symphonia*—agreeing in sound.

The great trouble with the world is, it's "out of tune." If nations would honor the Lord God in their legislative halls, international discord would soon cease. Many in modern society are "out of tune," because of the "sharps" which have invaded the moral realm; and the "flats" of the nonsensical and giddy round of pleasures. Many in our churches are "out of tune" because of ultra liberalism of thought, and the introduction of worldliness in the choir of devotion.

David was often "out of tune" with God, but he gives us the key of getting "in tune:" "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." (Psalm 73:25) Loving God and longing for God are evidential of being "in tune with God."

When Jesus rose very early and went out into a solitary place to pray, Mark states that "Simon and they that were with him, followed after Him." (Mark 1:36) They were "in tune" with Christ. When John laid his head upon the bosom of Jesus, he was "in tune" with Him.

Like begets like. The secret of happiness, contentment, usefulness and success is in being "in tune." When thus, there will be "melody in our hearts," (Eph. 5:19) if not songs in our mouths. We are only

—"organs mute, till God touches the keys,
A silent harp such as the Jews hung on the
willow trees."



Modernists vs. Fundamentalists

Prof. J. G. Lamson

(Stenographic Report of Sermon Given at Hinsdale, Jan. 12, 1924)

THIS morning my heart is set for defense of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. My soul rises within me as I think of the enemies of the cross all over the world, predominating the churches, filling the hearts of men, causing the world to lose hope.

I know that I myself am weak, mortal, fallible, but if God can use me to speak one word in the defense of His Son, I shall be glad this morning.

"In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain? For, lo, the wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart. If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" Ps. 11: 1-3.

I believe that the only way we can get at this thing this morning and accomplish something definite is for me to place in parallel columns before you some of the principles enunciated by the modernists and that class of individuals called fundamentalists.

Some men brag about their broad-mindedness. They are so broad, so broad! But I have noticed most of the broad things are flat, too. A pancake is broad. These broad-minded people, liberal people, so insanely liberal with the things of God! They are so liberal, it is all right to steal, to break any of the other commandments of God's law, and they forgive any one else who breaks the law, unless it involves them. Then they go to court. They are liberal with other people's things, with God's things.

They have accepted the inventions of the devil in order to get into the kingdom of God and destroy it if possible, and at least destroy it in the hearts of men. The only real kingdom Jesus Christ has here just now is his abiding place in the hearts of mankind. If He can get into a man's heart, that man is His kingdom, and if the devil can get that man away from Christ, he is destroying that much of Christ's kingdom.

There is being taught a system of theology that is getting people to repudiate the very thing that Jesus Christ wanted to get into the world.

One of the very first principles on the fundamentalists' side is that the Bible is the Word of God.

The modernists say, "The Bible contains the Word of God." Somewhere between the lids you'll find the word of God. Not that God's book is the word of God, but it contains the word. Who is going to decide which part is the word of God? "Why I am, of course."

When he reads something concerning his actions that he doesn't want to do, he says,

"I don't believe God ever said that," so he takes it out. He finds something else he doesn't like,—he doesn't believe God said that, and out it comes. And so on until only the lids of the Bible are left.

The fundamentalist says, "Jesus Christ is the Son of God in a sense which no other man can be." The modernist says, "Jesus Christ is a son of God in the sense that all men are."

I listened to a noted divine in the city of Grand Rapids talking on this topic. Some one

The Two Ways

ROBERT HARE

TWO ways lie before you and one you must choose.

Take care the great trust you do not abuse;

One points up to heaven where love had its birth,
The other leads down through the trifles of earth.

Two ways, both before, one narrow, one wide—

You may struggle for life, or drift with the tide!

The broad way is easy, and silver shooned feet

Pass merrily on, both thoughtless and fleet;

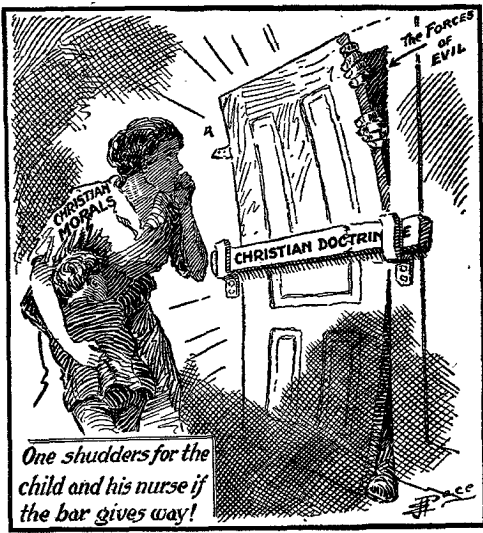
The other is narrow and rough to the sight,
But its ending is found in mansions of light!

Take care how you choose, since choosing is thine,

A trust loaned to man by Wisdom Divine,

For over that trust breathes eternity's breath,—

The choice is with you—for Life or for Death.



asked him if he believed Jesus Christ was the divine Son of God. "No more than I am. In no other sense than that I am His son."

He might have gone on "I am just as much the divine son of God as He is." Yet those people stand in the pulpits of the great churches of today and talk like that.

The fundamentalist says, "The birth of Jesus was supernatural." The modernists say, "The birth of Jesus was natural." That little fiction that was told in the book of Luke of the Holy Spirit overshadowing Mary, saying that He who would be born would be Jesus, was written to cover up the exact facts of the case. Jesus Christ was born the natural birth with all that it involves. There were plenty of people back there in Jesus' day saying the same thing, and some pointed the finger at Jesus, "Illegitimate son," and today we are doing the same thing and in the holy churches. And these men are religionists,—but not according to the Word.

Fourth point. The death of Jesus was exemplary. The modernists say it was exemplary. Jesus no more died *instead* of mankind than Abraham Lincoln died instead of mankind, and Abraham Lincoln's death was just as truly divine as the death of Jesus Christ. Or Garfield's was just as divine. They were exemplary. The modernists say Jesus Christ's death was exemplary,—a good example of how to die.

Fundamentalists believe that Jesus Christ

died that man should escape the death that man was to die through sin—that through belief in Christ he might escape the eternal death.

Fifth point. Man is the product of spiritual creation. Modernists say, "Man is the product of evolution. There's no need of a Creator. Man didn't come by Christ." I remember when I was a student in the sixth grade in a class of geography. The teacher said something about man coming from evolution. I rushed home to my little mother and said, "Mother, do you believe in evolution?" She said, "Yes, my son, I do. I believe that man amounted to something once." From that day on, Mother's little bit of sarcasm about evolution fixed me, and I have never been much interested to go on and study it. Of course I know what is being taught today, I know what the arguments are, I know what is being taught in the great universities of our land today, and however much I may differ with William Jennings Bryan in politics, I thank God there is a champion who dares stand for his conviction. And yet he is called a fool. I would rather be called a fool in the sight of those men and stand on the side that God's Word teaches than to have their approbation and to know of a certainty that I was denying the Lord. Their whole theory goes by evolution. Everything in it is evolution.

Sixth: Man is a sinner, fallen from original righteousness and apart from God's redeeming grace is hopelessly lost.

Modernists say man is the unfortunate victim of circumstances, of environment, and by proper environment and training, he can make good, and so their theory is that mankind shall make good. We have a society for this, and guilds for that and plans and associations for the next, so man somehow or other can get back to God's original idea as to what man is and should be. They try by a process of breed-

(Continued on page 52.)



Brown, Chicago Daily News.

"Don't Cry, Mother"

Maud Wilson Cobb

ABOUT six years ago in a little town in Canada there lived a widow and her two children, a young boy and girl, both under twenty years of age. The mother and brother were very proud of the sister because of her pretty face and lovable disposition. One day a young man came into the neighborhood and met this young girl. Being a talented musician, with a well trained voice and attractive personality, he gained her attention and was invited to her mother's humble home. The young man called quite often, and at last told them he would have to go to war and expected to be taken in the next call for soldiers. He begged the young girl to marry him before he went away.

They were married, and he soon went into some camp preparatory to going to France, but for some reason he was never sent away. He returned to his wife, and during that year a baby boy was born and the young wife was happy. Many evenings the husband would be away at nights singing or playing to entertain some club or party.

One day about three years ago, the young father and mother went to California because of the longer warm seasons and the more opportunities to entertain. In their new location the young mother was so proud of her husband and baby boy, that life seemed bright.

One day a little cloud appeared on their horizon. This cloud grew larger each day, until finally the shadows were so dark that all hope and light in the little mother's heart was gone. For days she kept close to her home trusting that her husband would return. Finally he did and asked her to forgive him for his absence, but gave no excuse.

In a few days he left their home to take a walk with the baby boy and said he would return shortly, but the day passed, and when night came on, the mother's heart was fearful, and she realized that both baby and husband were gone. She had the picture of her little Bobbie placed in one of the daily papers, and within twenty-four hours, a woman called her by phone and told her the child had been placed in her home by a young man who said the child was an orphan and had to be boarded until

the grandmother could come from the east and take care of it. Baby was returned to his own mother, but the young husband never returned. He said that it was very inconvenient to be married and that if she wanted him at all, she would have to allow him to appear as though he were not a married man. She would not do this and accepted the alternative of supporting herself and child.

Piece by piece she sold her household goods; she placed her little boy in a day nursery and earned her living doing house work. Under the nervous strain her health soon became very poor, and she had to go to a hospital. It



"Bobby"

was at that time the matron of the day nursery advised the sick mother to find some woman returning to the east and have her take the little boy to his widowed grandmother. A nurse from a large hospital offered to bring the boy as far as Chicago. A telegram was sent to her brother in Pennsylvania, asking him to meet the train in Chicago and take the boy to his grandmother.

The mother saw the nurse start east with the boy, and with a heavy heart returned to her own room. The absence of the child

whom she had worshiped and lived for was more than she could stand, and in a few days she was taken to a hospital where she tossed on a bed of sickness for about four months.

Bobbie was having an experience also. When the nurse reached Chicago there was no one to meet her, as the uncle of the child had failed to receive the telegram. So the nurse went on to Washington, D. C., and for nearly a year the child was cared for there by the nurse and kind friends.

At the end of that time the superintendent of our Home was attending to some business in Washington and taking special interest in

made up a collection among his patients which enabled her to come for her child. We who are workers in the Home have never witnessed such a meeting as there was between the little fellow and his mother. The few days he had been in the wealthy home, he had learned to love the family very much, and when the real mother arrived he did not know her. It would have melted anyone's heart to hear that frail little mother with outstretched arms begging and pleading for her little one to come. She had brought pictures and little remembrances but Bobbie failed to recognize them and clung to his new friends. The mother was invited



A Few of Our Nursery Babies Enjoying a Romp in Our Parlor

the boy, had him brought to our Home. After being with us a few weeks, Bobbie, the sunshine of our Home, was invited to visit a very wealthy family where two lovely daughters begged their parents to let them keep the boy as their own brother.

The child had been with the family about three or four days when the mother learned that he had been sent to Chicago. Her grief was so great that the doctor who attended her

to remain all night. The following evening she left with Bobbie somewhat reconciled.

This all happened about nine months ago. All these months, the mother has struggled along and tried to work and keep her child with her, but on account of poor health, she could only keep her position a few days. She could not depend on her brother or mother to help her. Recently after the mother had lost

(Continued on page 53)

Blotter People

[A few thoughts on those who absorb most of their impressions from the minds of others, written by Margaret E. Sangster, and published in the *Christian Herald*, October 13, 1923.]

I WROTE a poem today—a short poem it was—on a broad white sheet of letter paper. I wrote with a blunt-pointed pen, and the white paper was thick and highly finished. And so, when I had written down the last line of the poem, I discovered that the first line was still wet from the black ink. And that it would be wet for some time. And so I reached for a blotter—a nice, clean, blue blotter—and pressed it down sharply across the broad white sheet. And when I lifted it I saw that my poem had, amusingly, transferred itself—almost entirely—to the blotter. Blurred a bit, it was—but, had I held it in front of a mirror, I am sure that I could have read it, word for word; despite places where the letters had spread; despite little minor splatterings of ink.

Sitting in front of my desk, I smiled down at the two copies of the short, little poem. One written neatly and evenly across the smooth white paper. One blurred of line, and backwards, upon the blue blotter. And as I looked I couldn't help thinking how like two types of people those two copies were. As I looked I almost laughed at the strange similarity. For some people are written on, by life. And the writing comes out evenly and clearly, as the poem appeared upon the sheet of paper. But some people get all of their impressions second-hand. Just as a blotter gets its impression. And often those impressions, obtained in a more or less roundabout way, are blurred. And often they are reversed—and have to be read with the aid of a mirror.

Just to pass the time, I took up the pen again. And, upon a second sheet of paper, wrote words. Stray words without any special connection. And each word I blotted as soon as it was written. And though the words were sharply outlined, as I had put them down, they always reproduced in an indefinite way. And some of them—when I hadn't been careful in choosing a fresh place upon the blotter—spread out and covered other words. And when I had finished

writing upon the second sheet of paper, the blotter was just a mass of scars and meaningless hieroglyphics. And though I had two sheets of paper—one scribbled over and one with a poem written upon it, and both sheets of paper were quite legible and easy to read—the blotter was finished. It had outlived its usefulness! I could scarcely decipher any one word upon it. And I consigned it to the scrap basket, feeling that I had learned a lesson, perhaps gained a moral, from it. And not being quite sure of what the lesson might stand for—or of what the moral might be!

It happens that two young women live near me. Both of them are married—both of them are mothers. Each one has a dainty little apartment, and a nice maid, and pretty furniture, and a handsome husband. But there the resemblance ends. For one of the young women is like a sheet of white paper that has been written upon. And the other is like a sheet of blotting paper that has absorbed indiscriminately from many sheets of paper. That has become a jumble of indistinct outlines.

To look at the two women, standing together, you might fancy that they were very much alike. For they are both attractive, they both dress well and neatly. But after fifteen minutes' conversation with them they could never, by any possible chance, seem the least bit alike. For their mental processes are entirely different. Their thoughts are a whole world apart. One is clear, concise, expresses herself with ability and poise. And the other rambles off into a veritable labyrinth of mental wanderings. And never seems to find herself.

The first woman tells you what she is thinking. What she believes. What she hopes. But the second woman's conversation is just a smattering of "Mrs. Smith says," and "Mrs. Brown told me," and "Mrs. Jones feels . . ." Never a word about her own conclusions. Just a conglomeration of gossip, and a fragment of hearsay and a

broken bit of repeated scandal. Just a report of what somebody wore or did or said. And that is all!

One woman is a sheet-of-paper lady, who has been written upon by life. Sometimes the writings are in verse form, sometimes they are in prose, sometimes they are just chance sentences and stray words. But they have always been written clearly and neatly. They have always the advantage of being legible.

The other woman is a blotter person, who has not been written upon by life. Her impressions have not come to her directly—she has received even her emotions in a vicarious way. And, because she has come by her thoughts and her experiences second-hand, her impressions are blurred and irregular. And even when—by holding them up to the mirror of Truth—they can be read, they are not often clear. For sometimes one impression has crept into another or scarred the surface of it or covered it entirely. Often only the latest impression will show—and sometimes even the latest

impression can not be read, because the space is already filled!

Look around you, friends of mine, and see how many of your acquaintances are like sheets of paper. Broad, white sheets that are capable of taking impressions, and of holding them—for all time. Sheets upon which the meanings of life—from the lyric joys to the bits of broken tragedy—may be written. And then look about and wonder how many of the people you know are blotter folk. Who, like the blue sheets that I used up so quickly, absorb one impression after another. One impression on top of another!

Of course some individuals can not help being blotter people—can not exactly help it! Environment and training have a lot to do with the mental condition and the mental attitude. But every one can try to be a definite, clear cut being—who, like a neat, white sheet of paper—can be written upon in a satisfactory, understandable way. Every one can try to overcome the handicap—for it is a handicap—of possessing a blotter mind!

Surprising Revelations

Mrs. M. E. Steward

MRS. Freyer had listened to the sermons on selfishness, till she became silent and dejected.

"Well, dear," she said to her husband, looking up from his paper, "I wish I had not gone to those meetings, indeed I do!"

"So?" questioned her husband.

"President Marvin said I'm selfish; if there's anything I detest it's a selfish, lazy person. To think I'm both!"

"You are certainly mistaken, dearie. I'm sure he said nothing that could mean you."

"Yes; and he proved it; that's the worst of it!"

"I've often said 'there's not a lazy hair on my wife's head.' As to your being selfish, your unselfishness is in everybody's mouth. The poor especially call you 'that dear, unselfish lady.' I've heard them."

"They're all wrong. I'll tell you what I've

hardly admitted to myself; if I give of my means it quiets my conscience, so I feel I need not give myself."

"You are not strong enough to go out and nurse the sick, do their washings and clean their houses."

"I know; but I know it is not right that I should feel as I do about it when any work is to be done. I'm ashamed to say it,—my first impulse is to find some excuse for not doing it. I ought to be eager to have a part in it, and I would if I weren't so lazy."

Deacon Freyer was surprised at these revelations; but it occurred to him that the Lord might be working for his wife; so he said no more to comfort her.

"I'm spiritually lazy too. I'm terribly ashamed of it, but I'm going to confess it all."

"Wouldn't it be better to confess to God?" tenderly suggested her husband.

"I feel like telling you first. I don't want you to think any longer that I am better than I am. I shirk religious duties such as studying the Bible to find the pith of meaning. I don't pray in secret a great deal. I don't visit the sick and discouraged enough nor talk to the unconverted about his soul, and all because it costs an effort. Oh! Oh! I'll certainly be lost! for He said not a particle of selfishness can enter heaven."

The troubled woman burst into tears and wild sobs. Her husband was astounded but said nothing. When his wife became more calm, he murmured, "Poor soul! weary and heavy laden, sure." He continued cheerily, "I have a message for you direct from Jesus Christ himself. Says He: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,' All! and 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Cast out one for whom He

suffered for the sole purpose of saving him? Never! 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'

"This is the word of our divine Lord to you. That word that created the world and can do everything. Jesus says of it 'heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away,' come then to Him."

"How?"

"If we confess our sins,—that you have done,—He is faithful to forgive us our sins, forgiveness puts them out of His sight, behind his back, we are then as free from them as though we had never sinned. Not only does the Saviour forgive; He 'cleanses' us from the effects of them all."

"I'll take His word! for He did say it!" The before agonized face became remarkably serene, for the "rest" promised was hers. "How I do thank and praise Him!"

"Amen!" concluded the hitherto bewildered husband.

"The Lord is My Shepherd; I Shall Not Want"

Mrs. Lillian McQueen

[Mrs. McQueen is a helpless invalid on whom our visiting nurses frequently call. In her affliction, she has learned to trust fully in Jesus, the Shepherd of all. She writes: Ed.]

SO MANY things in the life of the people of David's time have been woven into the words of the Bible. We of the western world, not knowing how things were then, often get the wrong understanding or at least fail to get the full meaning. It was from the life of the sheep that David wrote the twenty-third Psalm there alone on the mountain slope so long ago. It is simply a shepherd Psalm throughout, for it runs through the shepherd life from the first line to the last.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." That is the opening strain of its music; the keynote which is never lost until the plaintive melody dies away at the Psalm's end.

"He maketh me to lie down in the green pastures." This means nourishment and rest.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." The sheep would, indeed, have a hard time finding water to drink were it not that the shepherd sees to that. Sheep are timid and fear a current of water because they are easily carried down stream. So they must have still water. In the region where David was a shepherd, living streams were scarce, indeed, for Judea borders on the south country called Negeb, and that means "the dry." Even in other parts, the shepherd finds the streams in gullies between broken hills, and often the banks are too dangerous for the sheep, and the flow too rough. It is a lovely sight to see the shepherd bring his flock beside the still water at some well or fountain, while the whole silent country over which they have wandered spreads around them, and the far expanse of the sky arches above them. If it is a running

stream, the shepherd makes still water by banking up dirt and rocks until he has a quiet pool. He then makes a certain sound; all his sheep lie down and are quiet. When he has filled the trough he has made, he gives his call. They never mistake their shepherd's voice and never respond to the wrong shepherd if several flocks have come up together. The sheep come up by groups, for the shepherd makes them understand. He then leads them until they stand beside the still waters. It is a beautiful scene, so beautiful that St. John has used it to picture heaven,—“The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead

“He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.” How hard it must have been to always choose the right path for the sheep. One leads to a precipice, another to a place where the sheep can not find their way back; so the shepherd must always go ahead, for sometimes the right paths lead through places of deadly peril.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,” This phrase is the way the Psalm touches this fact of a shepherd's life.

“I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.” With the sheep it matters not what the sur-



“He leadeth me beside the still waters”

them unto living fountains of waters.” Rev. 7:17.

“He restoreth my soul.” Many of you know that soul means life or one's self, in the Hebrew writings. There are perilous places for the sheep on all sides, and they never learn to avoid them. The shepherd must ever be on the watch, for if his sheep should stray into gardens or vineyards and be caught, the shepherd must forfeit the stray sheep to the owner of the land. So, he restoreth them from wandering into fatal and forbidden places.

roundings are or the perils and hardship. If only the shepherd is with them they are content.

“Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.” This also is true to life, for the shepherds carry a crook for guiding the sheep and a weapon suitable for defending them. The shepherd's call, *Ta-a-a ho-oo*, and the answering patter of feet are fit sounds to be chosen out of the noisy world to show what comfort God gives to souls that heed his voice.

“Thou preparest a table before me in the

presence of mine enemies." There are poisonous plants to guard against, and around the feeding places are holes where snakes lie ready to bite the sheep's noses; and there too are caves and holes on the hillside where dwell wild beasts. Often the shepherd closes their dens, and often he must slay them with a long bladed knife.

"Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." The last of the Psalm I find the most comfort in. It closes with the last scene of the day. At the door of the sheepfold the shepherd stands, and the rodding of the sheep begins. The shepherd turns his body to let the sheep pass. He is the door, as Christ said of Himself. With his rod he holds back the sheep while he looks them over one by one as they go into the fold. He has a horn filled with olive oil, and he has cedar tar to anoint a knee bruised by the rocks or a side scratched by thorns. And here comes one that is not bruised, but simply worn and exhausted. He bathes its face and head with the oil and takes the large two-handled cup, dips it brimming full from the water brought for that purpose and lets the weary sheep drink. There is nothing finer in the Psalm than this. God's care is not for the wounded only. It is for the worn and weary as well.

And then when the day is done and the sheep are snug within the fold,—what contentment, what rest under the starry sky.

Then comes the thought of deepest repose and comfort as we come to the next sentence. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

As the song dies away, the heart that God has watched and tended breathes this thought of peace before the roaming of the day is forgotten in sleep.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." There is a hush; the sheep are at rest in the good shepherd's fold.

Some who read these lines are being companioned only by grief; some are poor; some for the time are misunderstood. Some are discouraged and feel they are loved very little. Some will be young and cannot find their way and some will be old and way worn. All have need of a shepherd's care. If we would only obey our shepherd

as the sheep do theirs; for has He not proven a wise and tender Shepherd? If we would only trust Him and obey His call, what comfort we would have, and at last rest within the sheepfold of our Lord.

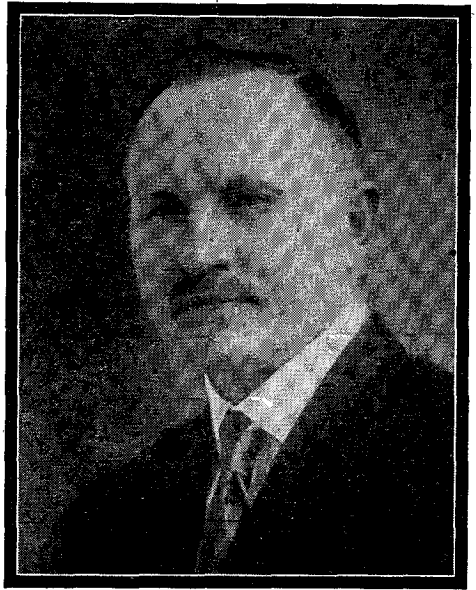
It is written, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

OPAL HOOVER

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us." Without the least hesitation the three Hebrew children gave this answer in the face of peril. They did not for a moment doubt His power. They said, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter." They knew their God, and they knew His power.

In the centuries that have passed since that



Charles Langsman, Superintendent of Bible Rescue Mission for Seventeen Years, Has Recently Passed Away.

time, men have lost sight of this God who is able to deliver. They measure His power by their own limitations. Has God's arm been shortened that He cannot save? Perhaps in the self-righteousness prevalent in this age, humans have ceased to realize their need of a Saviour, and are therefore skeptical about His power.

But some of the men who visit the Bible

Rescue Mission in Chicago know of a surety that God is able to deliver. They have realized their need of a Saviour.

A testimony from one who has been in the depths of sin and lifted up by Christ, is indeed interesting, and it inspires one to get into closer touch with the wonderful Saviour.

One man said in a recent meeting there, "If my memory were to fail me and I would forget everything else, I would remember September 25, 1917 when I came into this mission. My home was broken up. Sin had gotten the better of me, and I had been defeated time and time again. Many of my friends had given up hopes that I would ever reach a place where I could stay right. I will never forget that Sunday morning when I came here and kneeled and asked God to save me for Jesus' sake."

"I thank the Lord tonight for his wonderful plan of salvation," said another man. "I'm thankful that he ever sought me out and lifted me up. I thank the Lord this evening for the way He is leading and keeping me. I am encouraged to press on and be what God wants me to be. I want to praise God that His is a full and a free salvation. The Lord picked me up. I had many bad habits and no will power to say, 'No.' Christ came into my life and broke all the power of sin and set me free. When one gets the peace and joy of the Lord, the first thing he wants to do is to go and find someone else and tell him the story. I praise God and will praise Him until I meet

Him yonder. I stand tonight a free man. My wife used to pass me on the street and be ashamed to own me, but now we have a home together, and every night our little family thanks God for the power of salvation."

Such testimonies must cause great rejoicing in heaven, for it was for the lost that Jesus Christ left His Father to come to this sin-crushed earth to be a Saviour.

Another who knows that Christ's salvation is full and free, said, "God is no respecter of persons. There is peace in Christ, and there is joy and there is happiness. The world can't give it, and neither can the world take it away. I rejoice tonight. I am staid by God's mighty power, and I am looking forward to the time when I can see Him. The day is coming, and I firmly believe is not very far distant."

A man who has learned that the Lord hears His people when they call on Him, said, "I believe in prayer. If it weren't for the prayers of God's people, I don't know where I would be tonight. I was no good. If Jesus Christ hadn't picked me up and saved me, I would be in a worse condition than some of you fellows are here tonight. His grace is sufficient. A little talk with Jesus makes it right. I take the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour,—'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Yes, the God who was able to deliver in centuries past is still on His throne, and the gift of salvation which He gave to us on the cross is still extended to every one who feels the need of His saving grace.



An Evening at the Bible Rescue Mission



A TRIBUTE TO CHARLIE LANGSMAN

MRS. LILLIAN McQUEEN

Who was Charlie Langsman? This question could be answered by many that hang around the corners near 626 West Madison Street, for it is the men of this district that knew him best. Many a fallen brother he helped to his feet in more ways than one. Although he never gave money, he knew of a better way. Instead, he gave a job, a bed, a meal, and, best of all, he had an understanding heart and gave a word of encouragement to all.

He had known the rough side of life, for twenty-one years ago, he too was a bum, a drunken sailor and an outcast upon the world. One day while lurching along West Madison Street, he stumbled into the Bible Mission. The superintendent took care of him, talked earnestly to him and pleaded with him to do better. Finally he became converted. He and the superintendent always remained friends, and when the superintendent knew he must die, he asked Charlie Langsman to take his place.

That was seventeen years ago. He did his best as many good citizens of Chicago who owe their good fortune to him, can testify. Many families have been re-united and are now happy and prosperous. Leaders of industry and business gave him their support, for his Bible Mission was un-denominational. His was a helping hand for all. January seventh he died at the Hinsdale Sanitarium after an illness of a few months. He will not be forgotten, and many shall miss him, for he made not only a place in the City's history, but in many hearts as well.

A DIARY—LET'S READ IT

EDNA STUREMAN

November 17, Saturday. This has been a pleasant day for me. Spent the afternoon at the Rescue Home with the babies. Dear little helpless bodies! How I love to take care of them!"

And oh, I am so happy tonight! Tomorrow I begin city work. I know I shall enjoy every hour of these next four weeks.

November 18, Sunday. Out to the old Clark Street Jail to hold services with the prisoners this morning. When we told them that nurses

from Hinsdale had been coming there for the past twenty-six years every Sunday morning, they opened their eyes in surprise a bit. So glad if we can carry a message of hope to these unfortunate folks.

Mr. Dickenson spoke to the men, and his words touched a responsive chord in the heart of every listener, for, without exception, every hand was raised for prayer. We had a good service with the girls, too. One poor girl wept nearly all the time we were there. Other hearts alike were touched.

November 19, Monday. Miss Ladd and I went to look up some families today to let them know we would bring them Thanksgiving baskets. We succeeded in locating all the names given us. Such dark, dirty rooms as we found! Seems they should scarcely be called "homes". This was my first day among Chicago's poor. Miss Ladd even tells me there are worse looking places than where we have been today.

When we have a number to find that says "rear entrance" I'd begin to wonder how much farther to the rear we need go. We would walk and walk, back and back on a narrow path, then at last find a door. The tiny spot of ground near the door I don't think could ever be persuaded to grow even a spear of grass. Yet children must grow up in those places.

November 20, Tuesday. We didn't go into the city today, but worked in the basement with the clothing that friends have sent in. We have it all arranged in good order now. Will soon be taking some in to our needy families in Chicago.

November 21, Wednesday. Miss Doering and I had such a pleasant trip today out to a home way out north. This woman is badly crippled with arthritis and not able to do much for herself. As I saw her push about the house in her chair, I wondered if she *always* smiled so. We never find her otherwise, anyway. Really she is just like a ray of sunshine. We stayed and did what we could for her, only leaving in time to get a train back to the sanitarium in time for class.

November 22, Thursday. Went out in the south part of the city today to look up some families. Enjoyed the morning so much. Seems as if this is *real* missionary work. And, if possible, the afternoon was even more interesting. Went out to State and Thirty-

second street with Mrs. Cobb. When we found the number we were looking for, our hearts almost sank within us, but, as we walked in, the crowd suddenly grew quiet as a church. Guess Daniel's God still lives. I know He does! He protected us there, and we had no fear. But if I hadn't felt confident of this protection, I shouldn't have trusted myself out there five minutes.

November 23, Friday. Another interesting day in the city with Mrs. Cobb! After we had called on lawyers, state's attorneys and other dignitaries, we went to the criminal court. The bailiffs got our little brown-skinned Stella for us, and we sat and talked with her an hour or more. Poor little soul! She has a good face. I like her. Too bad that in a moment of anger, the blow she dealt proved a fatal one. I believe she tells the truth when she says she fought in self defense. Well, we shall be able to at least save her life, and will do as much more for her as we can.

It surely was providential that Miss Fernandes and Mrs. Cobb came in that day, just a few minutes before her case was called. Poor Stella! She likely would have been six feet under the sod if they hadn't arrived in time to save her. The judge seemed quite willing to dismiss the case until evidence could be looked up for her defense.

We gave a program in Chapel tonight. Must have been good, at least the results show it. Hearts were touched until there was scarcely a dry eye in the room and a basket collection of about eighty dollars was taken up to help these needy people. Count on Hinsdale folks to lift wherever they find a lead!

(To be Continued)

A MISSIONARY VISIT AND A FAMILY SAVED

STEMPLE WHITE

The great evangelist Dwight Moody often emphasized the fact that this world was like a sinking vessel, swiftly going down to perdition, and that while we could not hope to save the world, we should man the life boats and save as many from the wreck as possible. There are many ways of approach.

Years ago over in a Minnesota city lay a sick mother in her home. Two strange ladies called to visit her one day, and as their visit was appreciated and they were asked to return, they often dropped in, bringing flowers, or

fruit, with always a smile, and modestly made themselves useful in a practical way. As seemed opportune, they read a few verses to her from the Bible, and offered a short prayer. She, with her two grown sons, were so impressed by a simple demonstration of practical Christianity, that after a prayerful study of the Bible, they all accepted the truth of God's Word and joined the church.

O, for more of the spirit of Christian ministry! Men and women are really dying for a little bit of love. Let us have and see more of the personal touch. Let every one who names the name of Jesus begin at once and *learn* how to do well. It is in the water that we learn to swim. Though we may not *feel* like visiting the sick, selling magazines, giving out papers and tracts, writing a missionary letter, or other acts of kindness, let us remember, "the just shall live by *faith*." The "salt of the earth" must be mixers for good.

THE JUSTICE OF GOD

CHAS. H. SPURGEON

Once when I was in the vestry, an Irishman came to see me. Pat began by making a low bow, and saying, "Now, your Riverance, I have come to ax you a question."

"Oh," said I, "Pat, I am not a Riverance; it is not a title that I care for; but what is your question? and how is it you have not been to your priest about it?"

He said, "I have been to him, but I don't like his answer."

"Well, what is your question?"

Said he, "God is just, and if God be just He must punish my sins. I deserve to be punished. If He is a just God, He ought to punish me; yet you say God is merciful, and will forgive sins. I cannot see how that is right; He has no right to do that. He ought to be just, and punish those who deserve it. Tell me how God can be just, and yet be merciful."

"That is through the blood of Christ."

"Yes," said he, "That is what my priest said, you are very much alike there. But he said a good deal besides, that I did not understand; and that short answer does not satisfy me. I want to know how it is that the blood of Jesus Christ enables God to be just, and yet to be merciful."

Then I saw what he wanted to know, and explained the plan of salvation thus:

"Now, Pat, suppose you had been killing a man and the judge had said, 'That Irishman must be hanged!'"

He said quickly, "And I should have richly deserved to be hanged."

"But, Pat, suppose I was very fond of you, can you see any way by which I could save you from being hanged?"

"No, sir, I cannot."

"Then suppose I went to the Queen, and said, 'Please your Majesty, I am very fond of this Irishman. I think the judge was quite right saying that he must be hanged, but let me be hanged instead and you will then carry out the law. Now the Queen could not agree to my proposal; but suppose she could—and God can, for He has power greater than all kings and queens—and suppose the Queen should have me hanged instead of you, do you think the policeman would take you up afterwards?'"

He at once said, "No, I should think not; they would not meddle with me; but if they did, I should say, 'What are you doing? did not that gentleman condescend to be hung for me! Let me alone; Shure, you don't want to hang two people for the same thing, do ye?'"

I replied to the Irishman, "Ah, my friend, you have hit it; that is the way whereby we are saved! God must punish sin. Christ said, My Father, punish Me instead of the sinner, and the Father did. God laid on His beloved Son, Jesus Christ, the whole burden of our sins, and all their punishment and chastisement, and now that Christ is punished instead of us God would not be just if He were to punish any sinner who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ. If thou believest in Jesus Christ the well-beloved and only begotten Son of God, thou art saved, and thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing."

"Faith," said the man, clapping his hands, "That's the Gospel. Pat is safe now; with all his sins about him, he'll trust in the Man who died for him, and so he shall be saved."

Your lot in life is bounded only by God's will and your obedience.

LIFE'S MISSION

ROBERT HARE

Meet the cloud, but meet it bravely,
There may be an angel face
Hidden somewhere in its blackness,
Though you cannot trace
In its deeply shaded visage,
Aught of grace!

Meet the task, but meet it firmly;
Will is ever more than might,
Lend your spirit's best endeavour,
Wrong need not affright—
God is watching, watching ever,
To defend the right!

Meet the wrong, but meet it kindly,
For the heart that wrongs may be
Acting honestly in blindness—
Could it once but clearly see,
It might stand a loyal helper,
In the ranks with thee!

Meet the scorn, but keep thy spirit
Calm as heaven's rainbow-light,
Let no bitterness degrade it,
Neither thought of fear or spite—
Heaven and earth will lend thee judgment,
To defend the right!

NATURE'S TWIN RESTORERS

(Continued from page 35)

eternal. They need to be patiently and kindly yet earnestly taught how to throw open the windows of the soul and let the sunlight of God's love come in to illuminate the darkened chambers of the mind. The most exalted spiritual truths may be brought home to the heart by the things of nature.

Christ sharply reproved the men of His time, because they had not learned from nature the spiritual lessons which they might have learned. All things, animate and inanimate, express to man the knowledge of God. The same divine mind that is working upon the things of nature is speaking to the minds and hearts of men, and creating an inexpressible craving for something they have not. The things of the world cannot satisfy their longing.

(Counsels on Health, pp. 170-202.)

MODERNISTS VS. FUNDAMENTALISTS

(Continued from page 41)

ing to get a man back to God. Men seriously teach that and say it is religion and that is the only way we have of getting back to God,—that man is a victim of circumstances, that he is good or bad according to where he is born. I would not belittle the effect of environment on human nature, however.

Seventh. Man is justified by faith in the atoning blood of Christ. The result is supernatural liberation from above.

Modernists: Man is justified by works, in following Christ's example. Result is a natural

development from within. And along with all that, we have talked about an imminent god—not eminent (I believe in an eminent God) but imminent. He is so imminent that he is inside of you. You have your imminent god that you worship and pray to. The God within us is the thing which keeps us going straight. There is no great far off God, no great Judge to which we are to account by and by. The one inside lays down the law. The present inside god says not to do something. We say we don't like that law. He charges us as having transgressed the law. We say, "That's all right, old fellow. I am the one who supports you. What right have you to say what I shall do and what I shall not do." It is not difficult to get at peace with the inside god which we ourselves create. The man today gets the god inside of him, gets the kind that his own mind contemplates as being the kind of god he wants to worship. Men and women decide the thing which is right is the thing which they want to do. "My God would not condemn me for it. If I go farther I'll get him educated so he will not place the restrictions quite so close." It is such a farce that it seems impossible that sane men and women with brain-thinking power could possibly accept this form of religion.

Men and women, think seriously before you deny the blood of Jesus Christ who bought you.

"DON'T CRY, MOTHER"

(Continued from page 43)

a few weeks work and could not find another position where she might have the boy with her, she had to give up her one little rented room. She then answered an advertisement in a paper for demonstrator for some evaporated milk company. She left the boy with a neighbor woman and worked one day from house to house during the most severe weather we had this winter. She told the party who hired her that she was penniless and homeless. A room was secured for her, and in the same house there was someone to care for the child during the day. Then another sick spell came over the mother, and for four days not a mouthful of food passed her lips. She was so anxious to save every cent that there might be a bed and room for her child, and when the mother was almost starved she wrote to the wealthy family and said, "I have struggled

for almost a year. Now I am convinced that I am selfish not to give my boy a good home. I am willing to give him to you because you can train him and do more for him than I can. It nearly kills me to give him up, but if you still want my boy, you may have him to adopt, for my health will never permit me to take care of him right."

Inside of twenty-four hours I had the privilege of going for the child. I found Bobbie in a well-kept room furnished for light house-keeping. When I entered the home, although he had forgotten my name, he started singing in a clear sweet voice, "Peace be still, peace be still." He had learned the words in our morning worship, and at once connected me with the song. After all this time with the mother he had not forgotten the days he had spent with us.

In a few hours we left the home to take a train back to Chicago. The most pathetic thing I have ever seen took place. Little Robert looked into his mother's face and said, "Mother, dear, promise me you will not cry. I can not leave you even if I only see one tiny tear, so please don't cry, mother dear."

We had to wait for about twenty-five minutes, and during that time the child continually plead with the mother not to cry. She tried to be brave and smile, while the little fellow turned his beautiful face up to hers and said, "Mother, now don't you cry!" When he was lifted up into the train, the last words that mother heard were, "Now, mother, be sure you don't ever cry for me." He ran the length of the car trying to find an empty seat so he could look out of the window. At last he cried out, "Auntie Cobb, do please lift me high up so I see my dear mother just once more so she will see I kept my promise." Although the tears were on his fair cheeks, he was brave. Little did he know that outside of the train a little mother was being carried away because she had collapsed under the strain. A lady came to me who entered the train after we did, and the tears were streaming down her face, and she said, "Oh, how sad. I heard that little lad begging his mother not to cry, but it seemed to me her heart was breaking."

Bobbie did not see his mother again, and in a while he said, "Auntie Cobb, may I sing, 'Peace Be Still?' It makes me feel better." I told him to sing if he wanted to, and in a

short time many heads were turned listening to his sweet childish voice keeping perfect tune, singing his favorite song. Little did the passengers know he was singing to keep from crying.

We have now been away one night. Last night in his sleep he cried out the one sweet name, "Mother," but when I spoke to him, he said, "Oh, I forgot I wasn't by her."

Tonight he begged to call his new father and mother by phone from Ohio to Chicago to tell them he was on the way home to them, and these were his words: "Hello, Daddie, I am on my way home to you and Mamma. How are the girls? Tell them I am coming to stay with them."

Friends, this little fellow is now just past his fifth birthday. Let us pray that the sun may shine brightly on his path for many days, and that he will be able to forget his little heart aches and that Jesus will hear his favorite song, and that Robert will realize that if the winds and waves obey God's will that he ought to learn to obey His will that peace may follow him.

We know the little mother well realizes what the flushed cheek means to her and what the daily weakness means. She knows now that she must seek some county institution for care and that she will soon forget, too, for when she thanked me for the interest our Home had taken in her and her boy, she said, "I pray God that he will keep us both until we meet again. God has a wonderful plan, and if we but follow Him it will be all right some day."

TO OUR MANY FRIENDS

Friends of the Life Boat Home, your love and kindness reached us during the holiday season in time to make a very merry Christmas for our large family. We have never had such a wonderful Christmas time. We were remembered bountifully, and we wish to thank every one who sent us such lovely and practical gifts. So many have been so kind to us that we pray the Lord will reward them. We are trying to teach the children to prepare themselves for right living, and your kindness and help has been a great encouragement to us who carry the responsibility. The Home children and every member of the Home wishes each and every one of our friends a happy and blessed new year.

THE HOME FOLKS.

MOTHER

VERA BOOTH

Do you know I love you, Mother?

You have sweet and gentle ways;

I thank you now for watchful care

Over me since childhood days.

You were always patient with me

When it seemed that all went wrong;

If the days were dark and dreary

You would cheer it with a song.

Softly singing, "Rock of Ages"

Or the hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer,"

It has helped me over places

That are rough and full of care.

I left the fold to wander far

In the world so full of sin;

I've repented now, dear Mother,

And I'm bound that I shall win.

Keep on praying for your children,

As your prayers are not in vain;

Though some left the fold to wander,

They will all return again.

GOOD RULES

Say nothing that you would not like God to hear.

Do nothing that you would not like God to see.

Write nothing you would not like God to read.

Go to no place where you would not like God to find you.

Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it to Me."

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, "What are you doing?"—Morning Light.

Have you tried to procure subscriptions for The Life Boat? If not, why not try to win one of the beautiful and useful premiums shown on page 62. Ask your friends and neighbors to subscribe.



From Prisoners The Life Boat Has Reached

WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

From an inmate in an Illinois Penitentiary.

"At such times as these when our beliefs and faith are under fire, our doctrines assailed, disputed and questioned; when fundamental Christianity is at a crisis and depends upon the loyalty, stability and force of Christians themselves,—it is then the strong belief and sincere faith will assert themselves through the power of a staunch and true people who will not doubt, neither forsake their professed faith, but will remain true and loyal under the fire of a persecuted righteousness.

"To those who have avowed themselves as Christians, but who now lend a listening ear and skeptical mind to the foolish quarrels of bigoted men concerning Jesus Christ and the Bible, I feel sure Christ would say to them, 'O, ye of little faith.'

"After all, what greater proof have these supposedly 'intelligent minds' to offer us other than their own mundane deductions or reasoning which they parade under the name of 'common sense' and 'science'? Nothing, absolutely nothing at all! I for my part shall continue in my belief and faith in one whom

I know to be my Friend and that of all mankind. I consider all these controversies of the ultra-modern minds as sinful, outrageous and blasphemous.

"I should enjoy hearing from some of my LIFE BOAT friends if they would condescend to write to me. I have not seen a copy of THE LIFE BOAT for over a year, sorry to say, but would certainly appreciate being remembered by the good friends of THE LIFE BOAT, for only the friends of sterling qualities are found through THE LIFE BOAT."

PRAYS FOR HIS MOTHER

A Prisoner in Ionia, Mich.

"I just want to write a few lines to you to let you know that I have received THE LIFE BOAT for this month, and I want to say that I have enjoyed reading of the good work that you are doing. I'm sorry that I can't be there with you to help someone and show him the way to heaven.

"I want to thank the Lighthouse Crew for sending the magazine to me, for it is a magazine that all should read,—not one, but all.

"And I want to thank Mary Paulson for putting that little piece in the magazine about

two years ago,—‘If you are in need of a friend, write to me.’ And now I have a mother who is kind to me and writes nearly every week. But she is far away from me, and she’s not well. But I pray each day to God that he may give Mother the strength and good health that she used to have. Mother is so good to me and sends me a book once in a while. The last book I have received is ‘The Life That Wins’. It’s a wonderful book. I also have the Morning Watch Calendar to help me in the Bible study. Let us all give our hearts and souls to Jesus, for He has suffered much for our sins, and He died upon the cross to save us from sin. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be among you all.”

IN WHICH CLASS DO YOU BELONG— THE WISE OR THE FOOLISH?

By a prisoner in New York.

Christ, our Lord, said He would come again. “Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” John 14: 1-3. God has warned us of the last days. Have you heeded these warnings or rejected them?

He is coming, but the motor cars dash on. Most drivers have rejected God’s warning, “The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings.” Nah. 2: 4.

Yes, He is coming, but the millionaires horde and increase their gold despite God’s warning, “Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.” James 5: 3.

Jesus is coming. Has He not said that knowledge will be increased in the last days? The scientist and inventor still place new discoveries before the eyes of the world, “But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.”

Indeed, He is coming. The times are perilous with wars, famines, earthquakes and

pestilence. God has warned us, but have we listened? “For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilences.” Luke 21:10, 11.

Men and women of today, as of old, have a false view of their all-powerfulness—that they can invent and make that which can not be destroyed, but think of the Titanic and Lusitania disasters. Were those floating palaces indestructible? No! Men thought they were because of their great size and style of construction, but they were destroyed at a moment’s notice.

Again I say, He is coming. Missionaries are hastening to the four corners of the world to preach the Gospel of Christ. “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.” Matt 24:14.

“Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.” Matt. 25:1-13.

No man or woman knows when the end shall be. It will come without further warnings than those we have in the Bible and which we reject. Won’t you, my brothers and sisters, who have not accepted Christ as your Saviour, do so now and be ready to meet the Lord, when time shall be no more? Do not hold back, God will freely forgive all sins that have been

committed. He has promised to do so, and His promises are steadfast and true. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

DO YOU WANT TO BRING CHEER TO A LONELY HEART?

From a Prisoner in Marquette, Mich.

A number of copies of your LIFE BOAT magazine have come to my hand, and I read them with great interest, even the letters from prisoners in various penal institutions throughout the country. I saw one letter from a man in prison asking for a mother, or at least someone to write to him regularly. I must state that I am in about the same fix. I have a mother living, but she is neglectful in writing to her son in prison. I also have one living sister, and she also is neglectful in writing. It seems I am the black sheep of the family. I have one brother. He was over sea in the late war, and Mother used to write him every week and sometimes twice a week, but if I get a letter a month, I am exceedingly lucky. My brother never writes to me, and it almost breaks my heart to think that my own people care so little about me. I have often wished

that Maud Ballington Booth, "the little mother," was alive. I know I'd have someone to write to then.

I am asking you people to try to get someone that wants to cheer up a lonely heart in prison to write to me. I have a medium sentence and have been here two years already. I really do believe that you are interested in the human family. It does me lots of good to meet people in this world with a human heart of flesh instead of a heart of stone.

I do love to receive letters from someone on the outside. It seems to bring more cheer to a lonely heart.

HAD A HARD STRUGGLE

From a Prisoner in Wisconsin

"I want you to know that THE LIFE BOAT is good. We are on the enemy's grounds, and it is easier to follow his leadership than it is to follow the Spirit of Christ. For over four years I have been trying to get right with our Lord and follow the enemy's leadership, too. That didn't pay. It is a mighty hard struggle to give up, but at the end I shall be well paid.

"I received the January LIFE BOAT and the Morning Watch Calendar. Thanks."

EDITORIAL

Caroline Louise Clough
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Mary Paulson Neall, M. D.
Associate Editor

Contributors: D. H. Kress, M. D., J. F. Morse, M. D.,
J. W. Hopkins, M. D., A. J. Claff

"ALL SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL!"

The January LIFE BOAT had the largest circulation of any January in three years. Despite the weather, our many workers are putting the magazine across to its readers. The LIFE BOAT can weather the gale; it knows the seas, and even now it is tossing from side to side by the lap of the waves, impatient to go forth to rescue.

Daily letters are coming in, stating:

"The LIFE BOAT means much to me."

"That LIFE BOAT saved me from going wrong."

"I love that little magazine more than any periodical that comes to my home."

Will you put your shoulder to the task of floating thousands more LIFE BOATS this year than ever before? Let us hear from you with some suggestion as to how you can put this campaign across in your own community. The LIFE BOAT *needs* your help this year.

GET ABOVE THE WATER LINE

A man fell overboard. Some one rescued him as he was going down for the last time. He was lifted to the water's surface. His head was above the water; he could breathe the life-giving air; he could not possibly drown as long as his head remained above the water line. He is comfortable, yes; but how many of his fellows can he pull out of the stream so long as he remains in that situation? Not a one. He must go further; he must get out entirely.

Two years ago a poor drunkard wandered into a rescue mission. His heart was touched and he confessed his sins and accepted of Christ as his Saviour. His head was above the water line and he was comfortable, so he settled back satisfied with that one experience with God. The experience was not renewed day by day, and his precious treasure soon slipped from him and he slipped down into the depths once more.

There is always a new experience for every Christian. Every day brings fresh joys into the man's life who is reaching up for help from above. Christ, when He entered the garden of Gethsemane, told His disciples to remain there while He went a little further on. Those few steps brought Him to the place of His supreme trial and greatest victory.

Paul, after his conversion, had to walk right up to the house of the man who knew he was his greatest enemy before Paul ever received his eyesight. It took faith to go forward. Daniel went forward in his Christian experience until he had to face the hungry lions, but the Lord preserved him. The three Hebrews went forward when they had the courage to obey God rather than man, even though they advanced by way of the red-hot furnace. Caleb and Joshua took an advanced step when they stood up before that vast army of murmuring and complaining people and said, "We be well able to go up and possess the land," and they saw all those people fall out by the way and they only went into the promised land. Abraham entered into an advanced experience when he was willing to leave his father's house and go forth to live in tents. One experience prepared him for the next

until we see him bending over his son, his only son, Isaac, with his hand drawn ready to slay his promised son. He stood the supreme test. God spared him the worst.

We hear of antique furniture being sold at fabulous prices, but an antique Christian experience is of no value either in this world or the next. Some things seem to increase in value with age, such as antique furniture; other things decrease in value, such as fresh eggs. The Christian life must be renewed every day, fresh from the Giver of all good gifts.

HOW ABOUT YOUR RELATIVES?

Often when we contemplate working for the Lord we think first of the heathen at the far corner of the earth as needing our help most. That, however, is not the Lord's plan of working. The disciples at Jerusalem were told to go first to Jerusalem, then Judea, then Samaria, and then to the uttermost part of the earth.

A dear little girl who is greatly concerned for the conversion of all her family, writes:

"I ordered some LIFE BOATS last summer, intending to sell them, but instead, I gave away all that I had to my relatives and friends. After coming home, I was in a home where THE LIFE BOAT has been visiting and they look forward to its visits with joy. I have so many brothers and sisters with children that I have made it my duty to win each one for Christ if possible. Next comes uncles and aunts, cousins and then friends, and others perhaps I have never seen in foreign lands. I am finding cousins I never knew I had."

"I found a nephew in jail on coming home. His mother stood helpless and knew not what to say. The training I had in Chicago gave me just what I needed in dealing with him. I had a personal visit with him that subdued him. His attitude changed and tears came into his eyes. I have found much sorrow right in my own family, so it will keep me busy right here."

If your foot slip, you may recover your balance, but if your tongue slip, you cannot recall your words.—*Tehuqu.*

OUR LIGHTHOUSE CREW MAP

To save expense, we have decided not to change our map until the April number. Shall we not as Lighthouse workers send *THE LIFE BOAT* out to all of these centers, so they may arrive early in the year and thereby be a greater blessing. Ask your friends and neighbors to join the Crew with you. The reports of conversions in prison which appear in *THE LIFE BOAT*, prove the splendid work of rescue done by the Lighthouse Crew. Are you a member? Read about it on page 60.

AN EXPERIENCE

Dwight L. Moody once said, "All that one man can be for God, I will be." He proved that statement many times over. It was said of him that once on a train he sat beside a strange man, and having only a few moments for conversation, he remembered to be about his Father's business, so he asked the man the question, "Are you a Christian?" His companion answered, "No." "Then," replied Moody, "I leave at the next station. I must ask God now to make you a Christian," and the great man fell upon his knees, oblivious of the train full of passengers. When he rose, the conductor called out the name of the station where Moody got off. The stranger recovered from his astonishment just in time to rush after Moody and ask the question, "Who are you?" "I am Moody," was the matter of fact reply.

SENDS HER THANKS

"While sitting here thinking of the young ladies who came to my darkened house of sadness during the holidays, I thought I would write a few words of thanks. You may be sure the kindness each one of you showed toward my five little children and myself was very much accepted and highly appreciated. Kindly remember me most kindly to each of the ladies who came on all three of the different times.

"Don't forget my family in each one of your prayers, if you please. I certainly do wish each one a very prosperous new year. My little boy has asked for the lady and Santa,—when are they coming back to see us?

"All send their very best wishes and

love to the workers and up-builders of Hinsdale Sanitarium.

"Let us hear from you when you aren't so very busy.

"I enjoy reading *THE LIFE BOAT* very much."

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rice of St. Helena, California, have come to Hinsdale, and Mr. Rice has taken up his duties as business manager in the sanitarium.

J. D. Nichol of Mountain View, California, Associate Editor of *The Signs of The Times* magazine spent some time at the sanitarium recently.

Elder F. C. Gilbert of South Lancaster, Massachusetts, called at the sanitarium last week.

Miss Rose Andre, matron of the sanitarium, has just returned from a visit with her sister in Indiana.

Elders Wm. Guthrie, Berrien Springs, Michigan; J. F. Piper, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and I. J. Woodman, Madison, Wisconsin, were among the recent visitors at the sanitarium.

Professor and Mrs. G. R. Fattic and son were at the sanitarium for a few days the past week.

Brother Verah MacPherson, who has been manager of the New England Sanitarium for sometime, called at Hinsdale on his way to Milton, Wisconsin.

Elder C. K. Meyers spent a few days visiting at the sanitarium, and he gave an illustrated talk on his work among the cannibals.

Dr. J. W. Hopkins recently spent a few days at Battle Creek, accompanied by his sister, Caroline Hopkins of Hutchinson, Minnesota.

Elder A. J. Clark, formerly closely associated with the work at Hinsdale and who is now located at Washington, D. C., spent a few days at the sanitarium visiting friends.

Mr. H. E. Ford, director of our laboratories at the sanitarium returned from a short vacation at Vincennes, Indiana.

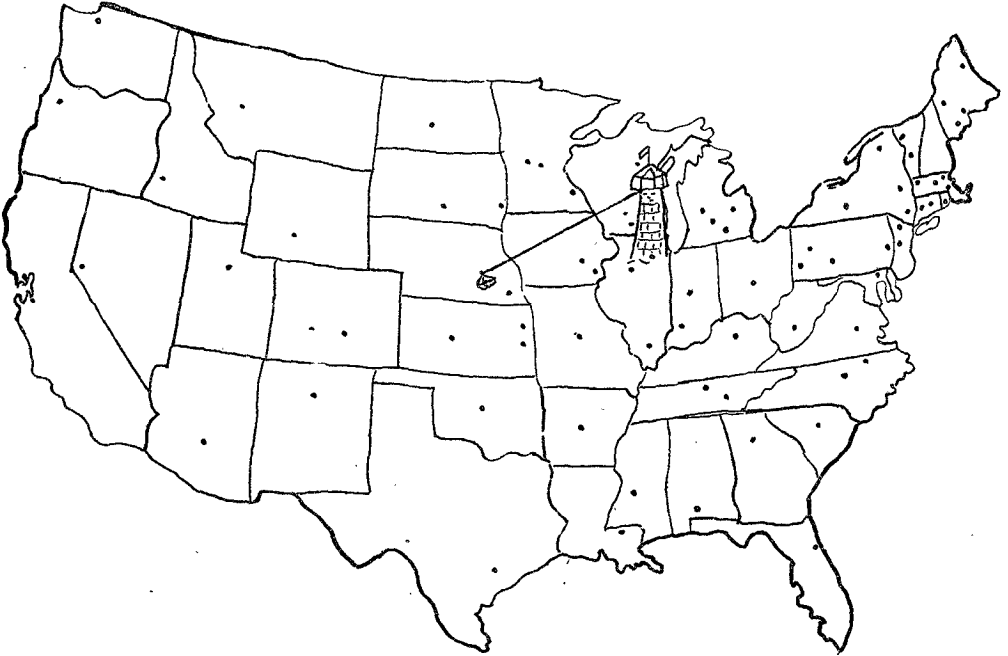
Miss Kathryn Jensen spent a day at the sanitarium recently. Her talk to our nurses on public denominational health work was appreciated by all.

Miss Ethel Carey, one of our former graduates, has returned to the institution for six months' post work.

Brother F. E. Corson, Comptroller of College of Medical Evangelists of Loma Linda, Calif., was a recent caller at the sanitarium.

LIGHTHOUSE CREW MEMBERS!

Here is our field for 1924. Every dot on this map represents a prison to which must be sent one or more copies of The Life Boat every month during 1924. For two years you have supplied these prisons with Life Boats. Prisoners have found Christ. Their lives have been transformed, and some of them are now on the outside working for the Master. Others are preparing to go out. Every one of these men and women appreciate your efforts to give them gospel literature.



The Lighthouse Crew headquarters is at Hinsdale. That you may see what we propose to do this year, we have drawn a line to one of the prisons and left a Life Boat there. Will you help us leave a Life Boat at everyone of these prison ports that those who are struggling in the sea of life may be rescued? You can help this good work by sending a dollar which makes you a member for 1924. You will receive a neat little button which you can wear and in that way interest others in joining.

One of the best ways to work for prisoners is to get memberships for the Lighthouse Crew. Read the wonderful letters of appreciation from the prisoners themselves in the prison department of this magazine. Fill out the coupon below and send it to us with your dollar, and we will send you a button. This means that a Life Boat will be started on its way towards some prison library. Why not interest your friends in supplying your home institution? Write us about the prison nearest your home that you want to supply.

Help us put this task across early in the year so that no prison will be left without a Life Boat. Fill out coupon below.

The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Date.....

I hereby enclose my remittance of \$1.00 to join the Lighthouse Crew for the year of 1924, as I desire to assist in sending The Life Boat to prisoners and other shut-ins.
Sincerely yours,

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

The Life Boat

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

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Change of Address

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

Mistakes

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

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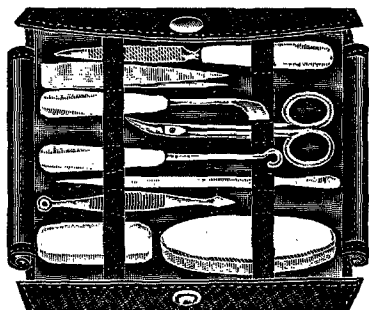
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Our LIFE BOAT workers are making remarkable records with the magazine. Some are traveling from coast to coast, others are working their own state. THE LIFE BOAT affords the worker an unparalleled opportunity for real soul-winning work, at the same time, those who give the work their undivided time are able to earn splendid commissions. Why not order a hundred LIFE BOATS and learn to do this work in your home community? Experienced workers are wanted everywhere.

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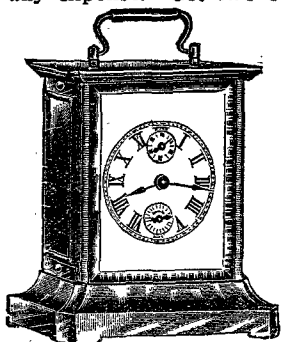
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"I think it is a very good book. I have passed it along to several people for reading and they also enjoyed it," says H. M. Bigelow, Superintendent of Bullock's Department Store, Los Angeles, California.

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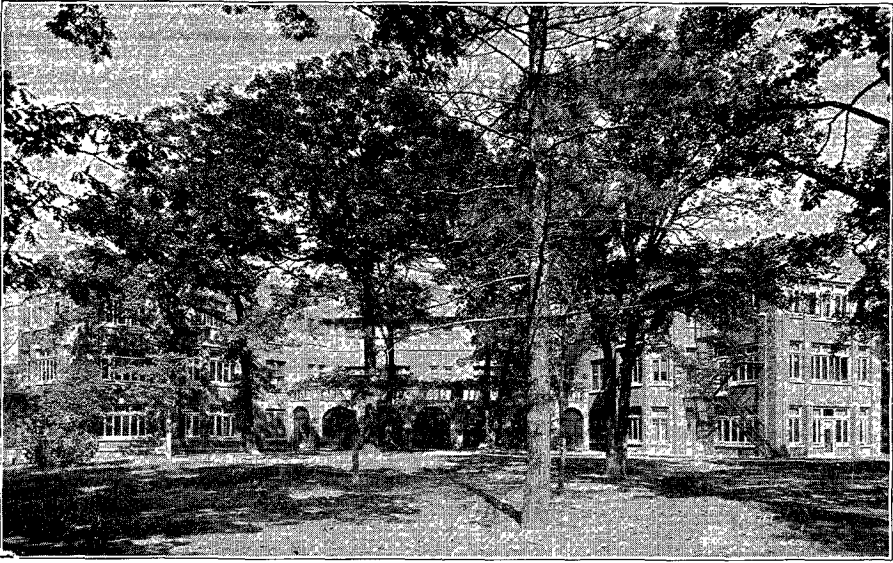
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