

From Despair to Hope and Joy

I have often had a desire to make public what Christian Science has done for me, but I never could tell of all my blessings, they are so many. From childhood I was always sick, never knew one hour of rest, and was under the doctor's care most of the time. I was living in the East at that time, and was advised to try change of climate, which I did. I came West with my family in the spring of the year, but instead of growing better I grew steadily worse, until at last I was obliged to keep my bed for nearly three years, a great sufferer. My ailments were, it seemed, all that flesh is heir to, and were called incurable by the doctors; viz., Bright's disease, and many others, in the last stages. My case was known among physicians, many of whom were prominent specialists, as a most extreme one.

Many, upon looking at me, would turn away with a wise shake of the head and say, "What keeps her alive?" My physicians, who were exceedingly kind and did all that lay within their power for me, gave me up and the death sentence was pronounced on me by all who attended me. It was then I realized that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." The "little book" was handed me at this hour of great need. I read it, not thinking it would heal me, but, like a drowning man, I grasped at it. I read it, read it again, and soon found myself growing stronger; then I kept on reading and was perfectly healed of all the supposedly incurable diseases.

- L. B., Austin, Minn.