

A Convincing Investigation

While I have testified to those around me and in many localities, of my healing in Christian Science, I feel that it is high time I put the candle in the candlestick where all who will may see. My earliest recollection was a day of suffering, a physical inheritance from my mother, which gave simple interest for a time until years advanced and compound interest was added. My father was a physician, and material remedies were used for my mother without avail, consequently his confidence in them for me was shaken, in fact he often told me it was better to suffer without medicine than become a chronic doser, without pain.

I began teaching in early life and continued for more than twenty years, and during that time not a day passed without pain, or fear of pain, and only for my innate love of life it would have become an intolerable burden. For five years oatmeal was my chief food and I became almost as attached to it as Kaspar Hauser to his crust. I was early taught to have faith in God, and many times was relieved of pain only to have it appear again in an aggravated form.

At last my heart cried out for the living God, and the answer came by one of His messengers, who told me of Christian Science. I replied that I believed God could heal, but that I had no faith in the healing of Christian Science, but would like to investigate its theology, as it might aid in giving me some clue to the meaning of life. For three years I had searched the works of the most scientific writers to find the origin of life; many times I would think I had traced it to the beginning, but it would elude my grasp every time. One day in talking with my friend, she said she would like to loan me the textbook, Science and Health, which I very willingly accepted. Not long afterward I felt a severe attack of suffering.

I opened the book for the first time and found a paragraph near the middle which attracted my attention. I read the same paragraph over and over for nearly two hours. When the tea bell rang I closed the book and I shall never forget my perception of the new heaven and the new earth, everything in nature that I could see seemed to have been washed and made clean. The flowers that I have always loved so much, and that from childhood had told me such sweet stories, now spoke to me of the All-in-all, the hearts of my friends seemed kinder, I had touched the hem of the garment of healing.

I ate my supper that evening forgetful of the preparations I had made for suffering, and when the next day began I was more zealous of good work than ever before. Since closing Science and Health at my first reading I have never been able to find the paragraph which I had read so many times over, the words seemed to have slipped away from me, but my joy knew no bounds at having found the pearl of great price. By the continued reading of the book I was entirely healed, and for fourteen years I have not seen a day of physical suffering.

- Miss L. M., Rome, N. Y.