

CHAPTER V

“From Me Is Thy Fruit Found”
(Hosea 14:8)



A Christian Science lecture is like a cornucopia, an open-end affair. The lecture is never over when the speaker stops talking. Lectures are delivered to provide correct information about Christian Science, to clear up misconceptions — and to heal. Reports of fruitage are sometimes years in coming, as the following letters show. Bliss Knapp’s effectiveness as a lecturer may be gauged from the selections in this chapter.



Coolgardie
Western Australia
March 23, 1913

Dear Mr. Knapp:

I am writing because I have a joyous item of news for you in connection with your lecture in Melbourne which was published in “The Reporter.”

When you met the students in Perth we were in Kimberley N.W.A. When we returned to Perth copies of “The Reporter” were given to me, and I had the precious privilege of passing them on. One I sent to Albany and I enclose (with the writer’s glad

permission) part of the letter which was sent to me when the lecture was returned. In the same letter she tells me she has sent for *Science and Health* and the Quarterly.

It [the lecture] helped me too more than I dreamed till today for "one honesty" made clear "one hearing" and a case of deafness was healed.

You will rejoice to know, if you have not already heard the good news that Perth has organized a Christian Science Society. . . .

Mary Jollife Badenach

(The letter mentioned contained a grateful acknowledgment that the reading of the lecture had made clear to the writer the fact that God does not make evil.)



Hotel Bender
Houston, Texas
April 15, 1913

Dear folks at home:

The most tantalizing fragrance bursts forth everywhere as spring shows us the flowers and trees and grass, all alive with interest and good cheer. Houston is in the full bloom of summer. The weather is balmy, the winter rains are dried up, and I have been out for a long walk and just drew in long breaths of fragrance and the charm of spring. This makes a school boy feel like playing hookey. I have packed my overcoat in the bottom of my suit case. No more winter for me this year.

Oh, what a joyful time I am having! Nothing to do but talk the truth and help others to see it. And let me tell you, they certainly did see it here last night, as they did in Fort Worth Sunday afternoon. Why the thing was so clear and self-evident that a non-Scientist, who had never heard a lecture before, got excited and said that the lecture was flawless. It was so clear as to seem simple, so that it was the easiest thing in the world to tell it. And nobody so much as wiggled, and the house was packed. I say lecturing is easy. And the day is so beautiful, too, that I have decided to stay over here for the Wednesday evening meeting. When a fellow hasn't a

single care, and everything is going just to suit him, and he keeps his ear to the ground and is alert for the next move, what more does he want? Why then he is absent from the body and present with the Lord. Well, you may presume that I am enjoying myself. In fact, everything looks pretty good to me. . . .

Lovingly,
Bliss



Glen Tavern
Santa Paula, Cal.
April 24, 1913

Dear folks:

Everything here is freighted with fragrance, and I am enjoying myself hugely. When I reached Los Angeles last Saturday, I got all your letters and papers, but haven't yet had time to read the papers. . . .

I dined with the Maburys, and they brought me over here in their auto.

There were 4500 people at the lecture Sunday afternoon, and Monday the Third Church building was packed. . . . My phone was ringing all the time, so that it was a relief to get away in the auto for Santa Paula. Jeanie and her husband, Eloise and Paul came along. Bella is with Carlotta in San Francisco.

Well I shall write more when I get more time.

So long,
Bliss



Claypool Hotel
Indianapolis
May 28, 1913

My dear Daphne:

. . . I am glad that you are taking a real interest in how birds look and peas grow. It is a real relaxation just to fill yourself with the sweet atmosphere of the day, and get a real interest in how other things grow and develop, until you get out of yourself, out of doors with the birds and peas and the beauties all about us. And we begin to love these little ideas when we take an interest in them. We love to watch their development in their own way. We can look up through the gentleness of this fascinating growth and development to causes. This inspires original thought and investigation as to the myriad ways that interlock in harmony, like the countless combinations of mathematical notation.

Yes, and when we have looked on in silent admiration like one peering through a rent in the curtain to behold the wonder of unfoldment of these dainty ideas, then we awake to the wonder of our own unfoldment in the same plan: that we are not a distant spectator, but a necessary part to complete the harmony of God's plan: that others may observe us in our unfoldment as we watch the raiment of the lilies. So I am glad for you that you are getting into a serene atmosphere.

I just do my work and let things grow, — that's all. Then I simply adjust myself to the outgrowth of the work accomplished. That is why I can be happy wherever I am. And if I am not, then I can sit down in a corner and realize the peace and power of divine guidance until I feel its presence. Then I am happy, because this power is mental and everywhere.

Lovingly,
Bliss



8 Stratford Road
Schenectady, N.Y.
Oct. 6, 1913

Mr. Bliss Knapp

Dear Sir:

Am a member of the Schenectady Science church — also The Mother Church — yet the death of my mother this fall has been a sore trial and the Sunday the lecture was held I felt so blue I should not have gone out of the house, had I not invited a friend to go with me who is a member of a Reformed church and she consenting, I was ashamed to back down.

I never felt the healing power so strongly at a lecture. The spiritual uplift was so strong. I just wish you would have that lecture printed in pamphlet form in *full*. The way the Truth was presented was new and especially helpful. It arrested your attention and instructed you; you received just what you needed. The church people seem all to have had similar experiences.

Hoping you will decide to print this lecture for the good of the work.

(Miss) Lilian Van Guysling



The Baltimore
Kansas City, Mo.
Oct. 15, 1913

Dear Daphne:

I am inclosing a letter to let you know how things started off with this trip. At Janesville, Wisconsin, last Sunday, I met a Mr. Phoenix from Delevan, Wisconsin. He said I lectured there a year or two ago, and after the lecture, at the Wednesday meeting following, there were six people who gave testimony to their healing received at the lecture.

Since I wrote you last, everything has been coming my way. Mrs. McCord was at the Oskaloosa lecture, and next morning I went back to Des Moines with her and took the noon train there for Kansas City. . . .

She told me of a case she had a while ago. A young married couple were in the Canal Zone. They were not Scientists, but attended the services there. The wife was ill, and as she was growing gradually worse, they started for home in Omaha. They got as far as Des Moines, and a bad turn overtaking the wife, they got off and went to the Methodist Hospital there. Science treatment was requested, and refused by the hospital authorities. Her case was diagnosed as syphilitic blood poison. Their treatment didn't benefit her. She got worse. They were injecting once a week something into her arm at \$25.00 a treatment. When the doctors saw that she couldn't get well, they yielded to the request for Science, on condition that the hospital authorities select the practitioner. They sent for Mrs. McCord. It was a hot day, but she went.

The husband saw Mrs. McCord first and told her he was a pure man and his wife was a pure woman, and when the physicians said his wife was suffering from syphilitic poison, he knew they lied. Then Mrs. McCord saw the wife, and instantly recognized her as a little Catholic girl. Inquiry confirmed her recognition. The girl was a Catholic, and they had been married by a Protestant. After a little work on the subject, it all came to Mrs. McCord. The Catholic Church does not recognize a Protestant marriage, and dooms all such as illegitimate, with the consequences of venereal diseases and so forth. Mrs. McCord went to work on that belief of doom, and in eight days the woman was well and they started back to the Canal Zone. It was all due to a correct diagnosis, made possible by spiritual discernment.

Lovingly,
Bliss



The Connor
Joplin, Mo.
Oct. 19, 1913

Dear Daphne:

I wouldn't have written today, but I had so many interesting things happen, I just wanted you to hear the news. The first thing of interest occurred on the way from here to Miami for today's lecture. A man lost his hat off the train, and what do you think! They stopped the train and reversed the engine and went back after it! How is that for western railroads being accommodating?

When I reached Miami I was taken to the hotel. There was a man there who had come over from a neighboring town to hear the lecture. He was the big chief of the Cherokee nation, and we dined together. A while ago, he met with an accident and broke his hip. He is having treatment for it from Mr. Simpson of Oklahoma City. Well, the big chief is six feet six inches tall and weighs 287 pounds. He is an interesting talker and we visited for some time after dinner. That was interesting experience number two.

Number three has to do with the lecture. There is a murder trial going on in Miami. The arguments were all closed, and the case had been given to the jury. The jury had been out two days and nights without having reached a decision. Sunday would be a vacation for them. They were, however, to be under guard just the same, and the judge told them they must all go to church somewhere. The jury voted on it and decided to attend the Christian Science lecture. Now the prosecuting attorney introduced me, so we had the prosecuting attorney and jury at the lecture. And they all said afterwards that they were very much pleased with the lecture. Now what do you think of those three experiences all in one day? The lecture was a good one, too.

Lovingly,
Bliss



The Selkirk
308 West Eighty-second St.
New York City

Dear Mr. Knapp:

I am grateful beyond words for the little visit with you; for the warmth and spirit of good fellowship with which you received me. You not only reduced the petty personal problem to its native nothingness, but you answered many vital questions which have perplexed me, such as attending the lectures, etc.

Then, the little history of the revealing of our "Pastor," after years of patient waiting, means more and more to me. Thank you for giving it to me. Instead of worrying, I am now trying to "wait," and rest in the consciousness that that which God requires of me is already supplied. It is plain that we cannot be made whole merely by having God love me. God, being Love, we can only be made whole by being that love, being good.

When I reached home after our talk, I found with Mr. Weeks a friend from Detroit, the treasurer of the Detroit Screw Works, who with the president of the works attended your recent lecture there. Mr. Weighell, our friend, who is an old schoolmate of Williard Mattox, knows much of Science, but it was the first lecture his president had ever attended. Soon after they were seated, a man came in on crutches and sat near them. When the lecture was over, he was no longer lame but walked out, *without* his crutches, healed. The President, whose name I do not recall, was so deeply impressed that he turned to Christian Science for help. I felt that you would be glad to know of this case of healing, which was witnessed and brought so directly to us.

Can you imagine what became of impatience and smallness when I heard of that healing? I am sure you can; I am bigger now, dear friend, and when you see my sister, just love her as you did me. Knowing that I am at least one step nearer home, with an earnest hope that I may some time have another talk with you. Believe me most cordially,

December 8, 1913

Eva Stephens Weeks



226 Central Park West
New York City
Dec. 10, 1913

Mr. Bliss Knapp, C.S.B.
11 Hawes Street
Brookline, Mass.

My dear Mr. Knapp:

Believing that the members of our Board of Lectureship who are doing such a noble impersonal work in the destruction of error hear of only a very small proportion of the specific fruits of their clear understanding and expression of Christian Science, I am led to trespass a little upon your time to tell you of one case of healing during a lecture recently delivered by you and to express my profound gratitude for it.

Before my restoration to health through the ministry of Christian Science some years ago, my family and physicians (and I, too) feared that tuberculosis might be contracted in my weakened condition. After my healing I thought no more of this fear, believing it to be destroyed with many others at the time when the revelation of Truth to my darkened consciousness instantaneously dispelled the false beliefs which had held me in seeming bondage.

This summer just past I decided to remain in the city at the conclusion of my teaching season hoping that active work in the church might take the place of a less active summer in the country. A larger opportunity for service than I had before enjoyed was offered to me and I entered upon the work with enthusiasm, giving practically all my time to it.

Toward the end of the summer I realized suddenly that I had not "watched" as I should have done, for I found myself tired, dull, and somewhat confused mentally. A cold was followed by a cough which remained many weeks assuming phases which seemed very alarming. Most serious of all was a paralyzing fear which I could not shake off nor dispel with my own study and work and which seemed to communicate itself to others, so I turned to a practitioner for assistance.

This was the situation with me when you lectured in this city last Friday evening. During the day the difficulty seemed so great with attendant fear and discouragement that I repeatedly found myself wishing that I might hear the lecture in the evening. I was very grateful when the way opened for me to do so. My husband and I went, both earnestly hoping that our thought might be open to hear and understand the truth declared.

You will remember your lecture so you will know no better audible treatment could have been given this case if the condition had been known to the speaker. When you made the statement that "consumption was a consuming fear" the light broke and I realized the foolishness of being afraid of a fear. Healing followed great mental freedom and I knew that this ghost had been "laid." My husband, too, experienced instantaneous relief from the fear and gratefully acknowledged it at the close of the lecture. I have permitted myself these details that you may understand something of the profound gratitude I feel for this freedom. With grateful appreciation, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
Marguerite D. Kitchen
(Mrs. James D.)



January 21st [1914]

Dear Friend:

Knowing that good is always joyous to tell and joyous to hear I am writing you of something that has recently come to me about your lecture in Milton. One of my friends told me of a young girl who was healed of partial deafness by your lecture. This girl has talked with my friend since the lecture and says that every noise seems so loud to her now that she is having to ask people to speak more quietly. A man was there who had never before attended a lecture. He came from out of town to Milton on business. As he passed the hall he went in. He stood through it with greatest interest and after the lecture said to one of my friends "I must have this written" so he took the man's address and sent him a copy of your lecture. I was very sorry that we could not stay. We

went up that day but finding every corner taken and every inch of standing room even we came away. What joy your work must bring to you for certainly there is nothing so sweet as service! You are rendering the world the greatest service in telling the glad tale of health and holiness and heaven here. These beautiful demonstrations of healing taking place in your lectures must keep your thought inspired and expectant of the manifestation of divine power at each lecture.

We all enjoyed seeing you and your dear sister the other day.

May the light of divine Love illumine every step of your glad journey.

Ever your friend,
Ethel Whitcomb

Miss

Hotel Atkin
Knoxville, Tenn.
Jan. 27, 1914

Dear Daphne:

I got here last evening just in time for the evening meeting. It was one of the very best I ever attended.

A Miss Patten told how she had been a consumptive, had tried Science a little, but was relying mostly on climate, and consequently traveled from one climate to another. At Reno, Nevada, she said she met me and asked me why she didn't get her healing. I asked her if she was seeking physical healing or the kingdom of God for Truth's sake. If the latter, then her healing would be incidental. The result was that her healing began right there, and she has been well ever since. Her testimony immediately followed mine last evening. A Mrs. Young, a local practitioner, who looks like a live wire, told of a remarkable case of healing of cancer. All the testimonies were good, and the meeting was lively. It foretells a good lecture tonight.

On leaving Geneva, New York, my train for Philadelphia was held up by a freight wreck, which delayed me several hours. I reached Asheville on time and was lodged in a beautiful resort hotel, where some style was flung about. The lecture and all the

arrangements seemed to be more harmonious than had been usual there, and the audience was one of the largest they have ever had.

Lovingly,
Bliss

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Sept. 1, 1919

Mr. Bliss Knapp:

Dear Sir:

The 8th of March 1914, I attended your lecture in Dreamland, San Francisco. When I came home I was reading in a Sentinel a few words when the thought came to take off the glasses which I had worn for over fifteen years. A specialist told me in St. Louis, Mo. I had to wear them all my life and my eyes were so bad I could not go across the street without them. I have not had any glasses on since and my eyes are perfect ever since that day. And I have always been so grateful for that lecture. . . .

(Miss) Edith Schulte
1414½ Courtland Ave.
Los Angeles
Cal.

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Hotel La Salle
Chicago
Apr. 14, 1914

Dear Daphne:

At Virden, Manitoba, a funny thing occurred. Mr. Fraser, the clerk, is a Scotchman with a burr as broad as Harry Lauder's. He introduced me. After we were seated on the platform, the platform plant arrived and had to be placed, of course. Mr. Fraser had to assist, and during his introduction in came an affectionate cat and deliberately jumped into my lap. Of course the young people began to titter, and the lecture was begun with the audience in a frolicsome mood.

At Winnipeg we had about two thousand people in attendance. I was introduced by a clergyman who recently preached a sermon on the question, "Is Christian Science a Religion?" He tried to be broad about it; but after I read his sermon, I rather wished they hadn't asked him. He explained to me in advance of the lecture that because of a pressure of work, he couldn't possibly remain to hear the lecture. His introduction was exceedingly indifferent and utterly unprepared. But, as soon as he gave me the floor, I began on some points I got from his sermon. I got his attention in that way before he left the platform; so he sat down and listened, getting more interested all the while, until finally he settled down in his chair, and didn't take his eyes off of me until the close of the lecture. Then he offered his compliments.

Mr. and Mrs. David Robb called Saturday evening. Mr. Robb told me of a young woman who recently came to Science. She had finished a course in the medical school in Des Moines, passed her examinations with highest honors, and I believe it was only a few days after, that her attention was called to my lecture, to be delivered there. She was interested to go, and was so thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christian Science she decided on her course that night. She offered her medical library for sale, rid herself of all its accouterments, and went to Minneapolis seeking a position as nurse or companion to some Scientist. She secured employment as companion to a Scientist, and is now working into the Christian Science practice, having an office with Miss Brookins. What a case of healing!

The mayor who introduced me at Brandon was healed of indigestion at the lecture; for he came there suffering and he had forgotten all about it as he made a glowing speech complimenting the lecture at the close.

Thursday night the University lecture here will be in a big hall seating two thousand.

With best wishes for a continued happy time.

Gratefully yours,
Bliss



Because his name had just appeared in *Who's Who in America* Bliss Knapp was invited to become an active member of the New Hampshire Historical Society (January 28, 1915). As he was not a joiner, it is significant that he allowed his name to stand and that he mentioned this membership when he reported his activities to the Harvard Alumni Society, as he did periodically, in response to questionnaires at anniversary times.

His lecture in 1915, delivered in The Mother Church, was entitled "Christian Science: The Revelation of Divine Power," and it included an autobiographical reference to his healing of the school problem earlier referred to. He also included, for the first time, an example from his world tour, the result of careful observation:

If one were to stand at the base of the great pyramid and gaze in wonder at its vast dimensions, he could not see its whole structure from that single viewpoint. He must see it from the north and the south, the east and the west. He must explore its passages and chambers within. Not until he has seen it from every angle, and learned the meaning of its structure and design, could it be said that he has actually seen the pyramid. In like manner the various Scriptural names which are employed to define the nature of God are all essential to a complete understanding "of Him whom to know aright is Life eternal."

His itinerary this year took him into the deep South.

Hotel Monette,
Tallulah, Louisiana
February 14, 1915

Dear Daphne:

This hotel is certainly unique. I just had breakfast. It is the real south . . . I have to spend about three hours and a half here, waiting for my next train to arrive. . . .

This town is a mixture of yellow mud, pigs, and shacks, — with a few white people. The hotel itself is a shack, but it keeps the sun out so that it doesn't get too warm. There is a piano in the parlor, and one of the young lady boarders has been trying to entertain us since breakfast.

At Wagoner, the lecture was given in the Court House. There was a jury case on trial and court had just adjourned in time for the lecture. A lawyer introduced me, and he took me into the judge's room to leave my coat and hat; so I was introduced to the judge, prosecuting attorney and counsel for the defense. They all seemed cordial enough.

The jury had to be locked up for the night, and they asked permission to stay and hear the lecture; so the judge said they might stay. Two bailiffs were in charge of them. The jury occupied their regular seats, with a bailiff on either side of them to watch their actions. I gave the lecture from the place where the lawyers do their talking. Everybody was interested. About five minutes before I finished, the judge ordered the jury off to bed. Some lingered and went rather reluctantly and seemed to want to hear the lecture finished. That makes the second jury I have talked to. But this was the first time I ever addressed a jury at a court house with the jury actually in the box. . . .

Lovingly,
Bliss



San Diego, Cal.,
Feb. 26, 1915

Dear Mr. Knapp:

Just a word to thank you for that most wonderful lecture that inspired such good attention from the audience. After you were here last year a woman told me she heard you lecture and was healed of curvature of the spine which had caused noticeable deformity; this . . . was healed at once so that on her return home her husband exclaimed, "Why you are straight and your shoulders are even." I think she will give it to the Sentinel later.

I am sorry error crept in to hinder the Committee from meeting you at the train, when so many hearts would have been happy for the privilege of meeting you with their own car.

Thank you again for the good words of cheer,
Sincerely,
Mrs. A. A. Paton

(Mrs. Morton B. Fowler, San Diego, Cal. Healed of curvature of spine at lecture in March 1914. B.K.)

Bliss

Riverside Hotel
Reno, Nevada
March 4, 1915

Dear Daphne:

It is now past midnight, and I am waiting for a 1:35 train. Please excuse my delay in writing. Doubtless you know that I have been employing all my spare time seeing the exposition in San Francisco.

There were 8000 people in the Civic Auditorium there Sunday afternoon, and the acoustics are very bad, so much so that after the lecture, which was the first time the hall had been used by a speaker, the board of architects condemned the building for the speaking voice. Under the dome nothing could be heard. Those way beyond that area could hear all right. The middle aisle is 180 feet long. Some seats in the galleries are 225 feet from the speaker. Now you just imagine a pole 225 feet long. Then put a man at the far end of that pole and try to convince him of the truth of Christian Science. . . .

It was a great demonstration, however, that although the people couldn't hear what was said, they remained quietly in their seats. Not over fifty in an audience of 8000 went out.

After the lecture I met by appointment the Science students of Stanford University, and then I went to lunch or supper with Miss Bradshaw. Miss Chapin and Olcott Haskell were also there. We stayed until quite late talking Science. They all wished to be remembered to you.

Monday and parts of Tuesday and Wednesday I spent at the fair. It is immense; so I feel I have only a bird's eye view of it so far.

Lovingly,
Bliss

Bliss

Palace Hotel
San Francisco
April 29, 1915

Dear Daphne:

You see I am out and you may rest easy. Really you will laugh to hear of my experiences on the way to Marshfield [now Coos Bay], Oregon.

After the lecture at Corvallis, I went over to supper at one of the college chapter houses. Three girls are Scientists, also the house mother, and I had a good lively time. Then I went to Eugene to stay overnight at the Osborne Hotel, so as to get the early morning train. And by the way, it is the only train during the day to Mayville. The railroad has been built that far, and it is to reach through to Marshfield.

During the trip to Mayville, which occupied all the forenoon, I did not see more than two or three houses. At one place, there was a village of three or four tents, and every station was a freight car. The railroad is built right through the wilds of Oregon's timber land. The road bed is still very rough, and the coaches are antiquated.

Finally we reached the terminus at Mayville, a village of a single street, set in between the river and the parallel high cliff that recedes from the river just enough to permit the railroad station, hotel, two or three stores, and a half a dozen houses to huddle together in one small group. The stores are the country sort that have everything to sell from sugar to plows. Mayville is at the head of the navigation of the Suislaw River. We all had dinner at the Suislaw Hotel. The dinner was nothing extra, however, — just filling matter.

The boat left Mayville at one o'clock and it was a pretty ride down the river with high mountains, all wooded, along the banks. As we got farther down the river, we saw occasional houses; the valley and the river widened. Then a cool breeze came up from the ocean and drove us into the cabin. Finally the village of Florence came into view. It is considerably larger than Mayville, with a population of perhaps three or four hundred. The town is built

on a sand dune, and they have hard work to keep the sand bound down. The rhododendron is native there and grows wild. The blooms are as profuse as dandelion blossoms at home, and they are so pretty.

I had my choice of Mrs. Hurd's lodging house or the hotel. I chose the hotel; for meals were to be had there and not at Mrs. Hurd's. After ten minutes walk I had covered every sidewalk in the town and had seen everything. Then, as it was too cold to stay out longer, I gathered, with the others, around the stove in the hotel office.

After a good supper, all the guests huddled about the stove. It was too cold to go to our rooms. The ocean breeze was responsible for the cold. A German got into a rather heated argument with me over the war, and we talked until half past ten. The only woman present was the proprietor's wife. Some one finally suggested that if he could be furnished with another blanket, he would go to bed. Thereupon I asked for another and went to bed. Altogether there were six thicknesses of blanket, and still it was not too much covering. I was just comfortable all night.

Between Marshfield and Florence, there would be no houses nor stops; so I had to eat enough for breakfast to last me till the end of my journey. Tuesday morning, we took a boat down nearer the mouth of the river to the opposite shore. There we met the stage coach. It was a regular prairie schooner that would accommodate a dozen people. There were fifteen to go; so we had two coaches. We deposited all our baggage in the coaches and helped the only woman into the forward coach. Then we men were informed that all the men had to walk over the dunes to the beach, a distance of a little over a mile. So off we started, with the coaches wallowing along behind, — four horses drawing the first and two the smaller one. The span got balky once or twice, the wagon drew so hard in the soft sand.

Finally we were on the beach, and we all got aboard and off we started. It was so windy and cold that the curtains were drawn tight and we couldn't see out at all. We forded three rivers along the route, always keeping close to the water because the sand was harder there. After a journey of three hours or more we reached the Umpqua River.

We had to get out there to take another boat, for the Umpqua River is broad and deep. Our boat was a rear wheel river boat, big enough to take an automobile on the forward deck. Because of the peculiar nature of the bank on the opposite side, we had to get off of the ferry into a row boat, as we got to the farther side. But even the row boat couldn't get very close to the bank. So the boys who drove the automobiles on the other side were prepared with high legged boots, and we rode ashore pick-a-back, ladies and all.

By the way, I had left one suit case at Eugene; so I had less baggage to bother with, and it proved to be a blessing, especially in such places. Once over, I met Mr. Cook who had come from Marshfield to meet me. Here, we were to take automobiles for another beach ride. All were Fords, because a heavier car would sink into the sand too much. If a Ford got in too deep, it could be lifted out easily. There were four cars and a baggage car. All had to keep together to be ready to help each other in case of emergency. One car couldn't be cranked; so my chauffeur, who proved to be the mechanic, hauled it with a rope attached to our car, until the thing got warmed up and would work itself. Then the baggage car began to act badly. Finally a tire went flat, and so things seesawed back and forth, holding us back more or less. My! but when those cars did go, they could go.

Finally late in the afternoon we reached the end of the beach, and had to ride over another sand dune. Planks were laid on the sand, and the driver had to maneuver carefully to keep on the planks. Frequently the wheels would slip off of the planks, and then all would get out and push and lift to get them back. In some places the sand would blow in so deep that it had to be shoveled off. In other places we would get out and push the cars through the drifts. Thus we worked for a mile and a half to the boat landing. There I found two more Scientists to meet me. The boat was waiting, and it would be an hour and a half before we reached Marshfield, across Coos Bay.

We finally arrived in Marshfield at 6:45, — just an hour and a half before the lecture! I had just time to get supper, change my clothes, and go to the hall. There were four hundred people there, and they gave me excellent attention.

After a visit with the Scientists, I went to my hotel, where I

had a room and bath and retired for a restful slumber. At two o'clock in the morning I was called, had my bath, dressed, and went up the street a block or two for breakfast; for I would get nothing to eat until I got back to Florence. The boat left at 3:00 A.M. When we reached the landing, it was still dark. But the chauffeurs were just out and didn't reach the garage until we arrived. There the same effort had to be made all over again to get cranked up and started. Then there was the ride over the sand dunes to the beach. Before we reached the beach, it was daylight.

Finally the last auto was on the beach. I chose the mechanic again for my chauffeur. After we got on the beach, he let his throttle out, and the old Ford began to snort. Gee, we just flew! The explosion in the exhaust sounded like a Fourth of July celebration. He opened up the exhaust and we covered twenty miles in forty minutes. That included the fording of a river that was deep enough to come to the hubs.

When we got back to the Umpqua River, we found there was an auto on the stage side that was going over the route. In fact there were two and a baggage car. They were to supplant the stage Saturday. I asked the man in charge if I couldn't go in the auto instead of in the stage. Permission was granted to me and to one other to go in the autos. I took my suit case with me in my machine. It was a trial trip for autos; so we had to stop at each of three fords, and a chauffeur with long legged boots went through first to find a suitable place. When finally we reached the sand dune where we had to walk, I didn't want to leave my suit case there on the beach for the stage to pick up, and the autos were not going to stay there; so I carried it the mile or more to the landing. There we would have to await the stage, for the boat connects with the stage. However, we saw a fisherman and got him to carry us across to the opposite side. Then we walked the beach to Florence, and got breakfast at 8:30.

The river boat left at ten, and we reached Mayville for dinner, and there I nearly lost my suit case. While I wasn't looking, the hotel man took it down to the boat for Florence, but it was left on the wharf, and there I discovered it, — after the boat left. Going up on the train to Eugene I met some Scientists. I saw the woman take out a *Science and Health*. So we talked Science all the way to Eugene, and they came on the same train to San Francisco. The

Shasta Limited was in great contrast to the Mayville train. After a good night's rest, I was up at seven and had breakfast at eight.

Well, I have had a great experience and I enjoyed it.

Lovingly,
Bliss



The next letter, from Bliss Knapp to a friend, is an early indication of trouble brewing in the movement:

Fairfield, Iowa
Nov. 11, 1915

Dear Miss Stephens:

. . . For the present there seems more need than usual to realize complete loyalty to our Board of Directors and to The Mother Church. Individual defections and some groups even becoming defected, indicate that the error that started in New York [probably with Augusta Stetson] has been converted into a general belief like old theology and materia medica laws. They cannot be ignored, but must be met and mastered metaphysically in Science. Of course the one percent of trouble usually makes more noise than the ninety-nine percent of loyalty. It may be well that it does, so that we may be aware of what to handle. . . .

My lecture work will keep me away until the middle of December.

Another letter, written on December 23 from his home, indicates that he is preparing for the opening of his class one week hence, "a welcome change after the constant moving hither and yon for so long a stretch. The refreshing of such periods of study means a great deal to me." But even this preparation was interrupted. At Christmas time he spoke to a student audience at Harvard, in Emerson Hall, under the auspices of the Christian Science Society at the University. He was introduced by C. A. Woodward, third year law student, president of the group, who emphasized the need for each one to decide for himself, on the basis of its fruits, whether Christian Science was the truth.¹ Mr. Knapp left the audience no room for doubt about that!

The New Year brought continuing reports of fruitage — and a lecture appointment at Sing Sing (New York). This was not, however, the first time Bliss Knapp had lectured to prisoners.

Portsmouth, N. H.
February 28, 1916

Mr. Bliss Knapp
11 Hawes St.
Brookline, Mass.

Dear Friend:

In the Sentinel of February 26, I saw, through the column of "Lectures to be Delivered," of your going to deliver one to the "boys" of Sing Sing Prison.

Well, the lecture delivered by you to the boys on the Prison ship *Santluy* last August was fine, in which the boys were given a good understanding of what Christian Science is and this was of much profit to us in carrying on the work.

I received a great deal from it. . . . The morning of the lecture I was in town with an automobile and on starting home, while cranking the auto it "back-fired" on me, the crank hit me in the left arm and numbed it. I realized the Truth: that there was no pain and swelling, and I managed to get home with one arm and slow driving. Well, error had to have something to say and the thought came to me how was I to play the organ that evening at the service at the Naval Prison. I did have seeming difficulty making my change in clothes, but all was managed and I found the arm swollen very much. I arrived at the Government boat for the Navy Yard and then at the lecture or talk; the bringing out of "belief" impressed me so much that I don't doubt my healing of the arm was brought about through that good point. I got every word of the lecture and was overflowing with right thinking.

I never had any thought of the arm that afternoon, until the next morning about ten o'clock, after completing a piece of work which required a great deal of lifting and then I realized my healing. There was no sign of an accident of the previous day, and then I had to stop my work and reflect, . . . and the conclusion reached was that my grasping the lecture was the sole thing that healed me.

Mr. Frank Bell lectured at the Naval Prison about two weeks ago and was impressed with the attention that the boys gave him; there were ninety-six of them. The one thing that they did not like about it was — it was not long enough. . . .

Yours in Truth,
John V. Mog
1392 Islington St.

The Sing Sing assignment was reported in *The New York Evening Telegram* for March 14, 1916:

Ossining, N.Y. Monday — More than two hundred and fifty convicts listened to the annual lecture on Christian Science which has been a feature of the prison routine for the last three years, delivered in the prison chapel by Bliss Knapp, of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston. He was introduced by Warden Kirchwey.

Christian Science was introduced into Sing Sing life by chance. A prisoner's wife took some Christian Science literature to him and it was subsequently passed around to other prisoners. They became interested and asked for further literature, which was obtained for them by the prison officials.

Some of the prisoners have acquired such understanding of the Christian Science practice that they have devoted themselves to healing others, and the prison officials stated that those who attend the services each Sunday are among the best poised and most orderly prisoners of the institution.



The next letters record classic examples of healing, the kind which every lecturer hopes and prays will be achieved at every lecture:

Cassopolis, Mich.
June 3, 1916

Mr. Bliss Knapp
11 Hawes St.
Brookline, Mass.

My dear sir:

In response to your request that I write you of the blessings we realized when you lectured in Texarkana, Nov. 5, 1915, it is a pleasure to do so.

In Marshall, Mich. May 26, I was among the first to arrive and had a front seat (third back from front) and heard every word except a statement towards the close when I stopped to deny a claim of weak eyes, or a nervous twitching. My eyes have been much improved since attending the lecture.

From August 1, 1915 till Nov. 5, my mother had various claims. I went home the first of August, but even before then she was helpless: heart trouble, dropsy and hemorrhoids. She could only drag along and could not walk even a block without great effort and exhaustion. I had carried her to Dallas to be among Scientists and there with great effort she had walked three or four blocks at a time. This was when she firmly resolved to let all material remedies go. She was in the home of a Scientist — there were no persons there to talk disease.

We returned home and on the train I saw in the Sentinel you were to lecture in Texarkana. Two weeks and three days from the time she resolved to take no more medicine but to look to God alone, your lecture took place. To mortal sense, she was worse that evening than usual. But she was so willing to be helped. We helped her on the little express wagon, helped her down and an usher helped me get her up the steps. Quite a number, probably a dozen of our people, sat in the rear of the church. She seemed in such distress — scarcely could breathe and was getting her breath with great difficulty.

Our friends (colored) seemed to look at her with such compassion, but I followed the thought of the lecture and was so gloriously uplifted. How I thank God for this wonderful knowledge given to the world through Mrs. Eddy, and I kept rejoicing in Truth while

the lecture continued. Sitting so far back I could not hear all, but knew that Truth was not dependent upon any material sense. And even if we had been permitted to sit on the floor to get this great blessing, I would gladly have done so. I caught all of that part where the liar in the garden deceived and people had been believing that lie ever since. Much more I understood. O, there was such joy of consciousness as we went home. We helped her down the steps and upon the wagon; before she reached home, the glorious truth had been made manifest: she was healed. She jumped off the wagon, walked into the house and the next morning she said, "I am healed." Within a few days the skirt bands, which had been from eight to ten inches apart, were fastening. We got the practitioner to help her for a cough and hemorrhoids, which yielded within a week. But no more sign of the dropsy and heart trouble.

She walked to her church the following Sunday and told all the friends how God had healed her and she was so thankful for Christian Science. Her pastor, her former doctor, and the members were so surprised and thankful that if any have ever doubted Christian Science relative to her healing, I have not heard it. The doctor and neighbors had given her up and thought only a little while and she would pass on. The church where she walked to is about a half a mile from our house. This was the first time she had walked to church since I had been home August 1. She was helpless when I went home then. The neighbors knew she was not taking medicine and none so far as I knew ever expressed a doubt about her healing through Christian Science.

A white man was healed of the tobacco habit, so the practitioner Mrs. Mims told me.

We are daily realizing great blessings through this truth. Only once since 1909 have any material remedies been used by myself. It was when I had ceased to read Science and Health with the daily Bible lessons. But the full healing came when again I took up the study of the daily lesson sermons.

With thankful heart to God for Christian Science, to the practitioner who helped us (and her healing would have come sooner but in her testing time she went to material remedies) and to you,
I am

Yours sincerely,
Eliza E. Peterson



“Arboretum,”
 38 Motherwell Street,
 Hawksburn,
 Melbourne, Victoria
 Australia
 Sept. 8, 1916

Bliss Knapp

Dear Sir:

I have been intending for some time to write to you and tell you how divine Love used you for a channel to bring Truth into our home.

Little over four years ago, we were in great darkness. My mother was to undergo a second operation, from which the Dr. said only relief from pain was expected, no cure, she could only digest milk food, and that was causing skin trouble; through the worry of a business problem, a stepfather had lost his sight; through an error of the Dr. and my brother's illness, I too was taken ill.

Oh! how I prayed for light and wished I had lived in Jesus' time, when healing was accomplished, and tried so hard to think that it was God's will and that I should bear it. Just at the darkest hour, the story of "Jewel" was lent to me by a friend who was afraid to read it, and she wanted my opinion of it, as she said the "Scientists" had a Bible of their own written by a Mrs. Eddy. I enjoyed the book and said that if the Scientists were like the child in the book, it must be very good, but I was a little doubtful that it was all quite true; the following week, the lecture was advertised, and mother and myself attended it. We did not understand it quite, but we felt so peaceful, happy and convinced that there was something in it, that we went to the church meeting and have attended ever since. The first healing was the skin trouble; in reading the textbook, "Science and Health," my mother was immediately healed. Her skin in two minutes was as pure as a child's, all irritation was gone. Then the indigestion, and so on; one by one we were all healed and have depended on Science for the four

years. We have not had any medicine in that time. I have been healed instantaneously of ptomaine poisoning, where the Dr. had told my friend, who was suffering from the same belief, that it would be six weeks to recovery. We experience the ever present healing of all troubles, every day, mental, physical, or business problems. I can never express sufficiently the gratitude we feel for the Truth, Life, Love, and understanding of God, that we have received through Christian Science.

We have just enjoyed a lecture by Clarence W. Chadwick, with a splendid attendance at both lectures.

In June last, I became a member of First Church of Christ, Scientist, Melbourne, branch of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass. which I esteem a great privilege, and I am "studying to show myself approved of God, a workman who needeth not to be ashamed" that I may be a channel for good to others in need.

My stepfather passed on a few months ago. He had received many benefits from Christian Science and was certain that his sight would be restored. He had always feared death, until I read the book to him of Science, and the night he passed on, he did not think he was going, and he just went to sleep. He was a good age according to mortal law, but I know that with the thoughts he had that when he awoke to the Truth, he would have his sight (understanding). Our neighbors were puzzled at the peacefulness of our home, and it proved a great help to one whom I had tried to comfort over the loss of a dear one, for, when she saw that I was able to demonstrate what I had told her, she also realized that it was possible to know that Life was eternal and there was no death.

I hope I have not written too long a letter. Please accept my best wishes and thanks,

I remain
Yours sincerely,
Rhoda Withers (Miss)

From Billings, Montana, on October 19, 1916, Mr. Knapp wrote a friend who was apparently troubled with drowsiness at the services and lectures:

In May of this last spring I attended a Sunday morning service in southern New Hampshire, and before the first hymn even, I was troubled with drowsiness. Immediately I recognized the same argument that would keep one from understanding the service, and proceeded to destroy it. The result was wonderful. People afterwards remarked that it was the clearest lesson they had heard, and they spoke of the wonderful sense of peace and restfulness there that morning. Because that argument was destroyed, the largest audience gathered for the lecture that afternoon they had ever had, and it was the most attentive and appreciative one, too.



During all these years Mr. Knapp was carrying on an immense correspondence with applicants for his classes, with students who had been through his classes, with patients and friends all over the globe, as well as with churches which sought to engage him as a lecturer. The seriousness and care with which he considered each applicant for class instruction are indicated by the following letter:

11 Hawes Street,
Brookline, Mass.
May 25, 1917.

Dear Mr. _____ :

My Secretary has handed your correspondence to me concerning the matter of class instruction, and I have been reading it over very carefully. I am pleased that you have such excellent recommendations, and I like your answers to my questions.

One thing I observed long ago concerning class-taught students was that more mistakes have been made by taking class instruction prematurely than by delaying it. If for example a celebrated mathematician were to give a series of a dozen lectures on the subject of mathematics, who could profit most from those lectures? Naturally those students of mathematics who already knew the most about the subject. It would be to each hearer a primary, intermediate or college course according to the preparation of each.

Doubtless you have learned by your study of The Mother Church Manual that one may study but once in class. Then do

you wish to make of that a primary, intermediate or college grade? That is a point worth considering very seriously.

Again, how do you know I may be the right one to give you instruction? Some public school teachers encourage, and others discourage a liking for certain subjects taught in school. It would seem a wise thing for a prospective student to investigate sufficiently his teacher, before taking the final step, so that no regret could ever arise thereafter for having made that selection.

Many questions like the above lead me to believe that you may be moving somewhat prematurely toward class instruction. It is but fair to you that I should remind you that there are some such questions to consider, and that you have plenty of time to get the right answers. Whenever you observe by the "Sentinel" that I am to be in your vicinity I would like to have you seek me out for an interview, at which many of these questions may be discussed. Meanwhile I would like to have your comment on the point of delaying the instruction until you have more time and consequent opportunity for preparation.

Sincerely yours,
Bliss Knapp

On September 23, 1916, Mr. Knapp's fourth article for the periodicals, and the first in ten years² appeared in the *Sentinel*. The gist of the article called "Scientific Selection" was the operation of divine law in the selection of patients and workers in the Master's vineyard, workers "confirming the word" as true witnesses.

One of Mr. Knapp's students in the class of 1916 was Mr. Israel Pickens, with whom he was to carry on a correspondence for 41 years. The correspondence records an unusual and maturing relationship, that of teacher to eager student finding his way as practitioner, Reader, camp welfare worker, church builder and state Committee on Publication; later as seasoned teacher to younger teacher needing encouragement and advice; finally as colleague to colleague. Mr. Pickens made a present of this correspondence to Bliss Knapp's Students' Association on July 31, 1964, "with no strings tied — but would be glad to have the Association use this correspondence in whatever way it sees fit to do."³

A letter written to Mr. Pickens by Mr. Knapp early in 1917 has to do with protecting oneself:

11 Hawes Street,
Brookline, Mass.
February 17, 1917

Dear Mr. Pickens:

I have observed in your letter a saving grace which reminds me very much of a little story attributed to our Leader. Though not in these words, the story is very much as follows:

Don't be as the stubble which would resist the pressure of the heel, only to be broken thereby; but rather be like the blade of grass which bends under the pressure, only to rise again when that pressure is removed. Such is the lesson of humility.

When the crowd would cast Jesus over the precipice and destroy him, he passed through the crowd and escaped. He would have been broken by resistance, but wisdom and humility caused him to escape and preserve his usefulness. He was willing to measure the degree of the resistance and the degree of his understanding. The wisdom bade him depart to save himself.

In another letter Mr. Knapp was advising Mr. Pickens on the subject of supply:

July 9, 1917

Dear Mr. Pickens:

. . . In the early days of our movement, a church meeting was called here in Boston for the purpose of making certain advances which would call for more money. Different members had already pledged themselves — some for all they could. Mr. William B. Johnson, a Director, was one such. But he had five dollars in his pocket — all the money he had — and he was impelled to give that last five dollars.

Now that money could be surrendered by a mere impulse, and invite the commendation of others; but it would not be demonstration of understanding. So Mr. Johnson reasoned with himself. Did he have sufficient understanding to trust God to the extent of

giving the last he had? If his understanding did not measure up to that degree, then it would surely be unwise to do it. It would be as unwise as to take a contagious patient with insufficient understanding to heal him.

The question came naturally, "What is it that heals?" Surely it is not the human mind nor the human understanding! Even a sure faith in the divine Mind will heal. Faith in two times two are four produces the same result that the understanding of it does. The reason for the hope that is in us must be the understanding that heals. If that understanding is sufficient to heal a disease, it is just as sufficient to meet the false sense of supply and know what the true sense of supply is.

So Mr. Johnson finally concluded that he could trust God with his health. Indeed he could trust it with nothing else but God. Then he resolved from the basis of absolute conviction, which is realization, that he could trust God with the problem of supply as surely as that He could heal his diseases. The last five dollars was given up, not through impulse, pride or self; but through the realization of God's presence and power to meet every need.

When Mr. Johnson reached home he found awaiting him two patients. Each paid him five dollars for a week's treatment. While he had been struggling within himself to know whether he could trust God to the extent of a five dollar supply, these two people were struggling within themselves to know whether they could trust him. When he proved that he could trust God with that problem, that understanding was immediately sought after by those in need of it. The way was opened, and the law of attraction became immediately operative.



An article in the *Sentinel* of September 1, 1917, "Mortal Mind and Human Mind," by Frederic W. Dixon elicited from Mr. Knapp a letter to the Board of Directors, a letter which illustrates about as well as anything can the care with which he carried on his own researches in Christian Science. The text of his letter is worth quoting in full as it discusses an aspect which was fundamental to his teaching:

September 10, 1917

The Christian Science Board of Directors
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Friends:

From my study of Mrs. Eddy's teachings, I have reached the conclusion that she employs the word human in two opposite and distinct meanings, both of which may be noted as the human is seen to be influenced or swayed by the mortal mind or by the divine Mind. That is made particularly clear in *Science and Health*, page 190:21-31, and also 573:5-9. In the latter reference, Mrs. Eddy specifically declares that "one human consciousness" is "that consciousness which God bestows." It must therefore be as imperishable as God from whom it proceeds. Whereas the "unilluminated human mind" expresses a material vision, and must be mortal mind.

In Mr. Dixon's article entitled "Mortal Mind and Human Mind," as published in the *Sentinel* of September 1, 1917, he considers one phase of the problem very ably, but ignores completely the other phase, and a half truth leaves the problem in the worst kind of an error. The confusion that results from such a one-sided view is directly referred to in *Miscellany* page 235:1 entitled "Inconsistency," and again on page 217:16 entitled "A Correction."

If for example honesty, which Mrs. Eddy names on page 115:26 of *Science and Health* as one of the transitional qualities, is interpreted by one "swayed by mortal thoughts" (190:21), it may lead one to believe that his honesty is a personal possession, humanly circumscribed, — a condition of the flesh. The mortal thought about it fortunately does not change the fact of honesty from Principle. So "When hope rose higher in the human heart" (190:27), and one sees honesty from Principle, the human quality has been illumined, and in the illumined sense of it we see the true humanhood to which Mrs. Eddy refers in *Unity of Good* page 49:8. That must be what Christ came to save. Christ could not save anything mortal; but by illumining the true humanhood, he

could save it from the darkness of mortal thoughts, just as light always dispels darkness.

Mrs. Eddy has defined the word “Moral” on page 115:26–27 of *Science and Health*, by naming what she terms the “transitional qualities.” They are qualities of the moral law of Moses which Christ Jesus came, not to destroy but to fulfil (Matt. 5:17–18), as explained in the definition of Moses on page 592:11–15 of *Science and Health*. The Beatitudes, moreover, explain the exact process of that transition by qualities of true humanhood. (John 1:17)

The effect of Mr. Dixon’s article is to confuse thought concerning the position of the Mosaic law, the Beatitudes, and the office of the Christ — in other words the human footsteps so essential to the Science of Christian Science. (*Science and Health* page 253:32 and 254:19)

In amplification of my thought about Mrs. Eddy’s use of the word “human,” I submit herewith some references touching on that phase of the subject which Mr. Dixon so completely overlooked. It is of great importance to me to have a reply within the next day or two, as I am scheduled to leave the city within a very few days, and I wish to have it settled before that time.

Following are the references:

| | | |
|--------------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Miscellany | 235:1 | “Inconsistency” |
| | 217:16 | “A Correction” |
| Science and Health | 190:21–31 | |
| | 253:32–23 | |
| | 572:23–12 | |
| | 115:26–27 | |
| | 592:11–15 | |
| John | 1:17 | |
| Matt. | 5:3–9, 17–18 | |
| Luke | 2:22 | |
| Science and Health | 54:1–7 | |
| | 147:29 | |
| | 327:29–3 | |
| Job | 32:8 | |

I learned that when the First Reader failed to get the man out, he went right out after the man's brother, who was the editor of the local paper, a young unmarried man well liked in the community. The First Reader told him of the affair and said that either he must get his brother out or a policeman must do it. The editor said he would do it, but when he reached the hall and saw so many of his social acquaintances in the audience, he hesitated for a moment through fear. Then he declared, "It must be done," and went down the aisle and got his brother out, as I have related. The editor, by the way, was not in the least interested in Christian Science at that time.

This morning when I reached Porterville seven years later, there was the same man who had been First Reader to meet me at the station. He introduced me to a friend on the rear seat, and on the way up to the hotel, I remarked to this friend, "I was here seven years ago, and something occurred then which I shall probably never forget." "Yes," he said, "I remember it, too, and I shall probably never forget it, because I was the man that took out the one who interrupted you. He was my brother, but," he said, "the way that thing was handled so impressed me that it gave me my first interest in Christian Science, and today (seven years later) I am the First Reader in the Christian Science church here, and they have asked me to introduce you tonight."

Then I asked the editor how he got his brother out. He said that when he went down to speak to his brother, he whispered, "Bill, you are ruining me," whereupon Bill replied, "Well, it's ruining me, too." The brother had been drinking a bit, and he stood up there just long enough to get sobered, and today he, too, is reading Science and Health.

It was well worth while going back there to get the rest of that story; for it shows so clearly how God works out problems when human will is kept out of the way.

Lovingly yours,
Bliss