

Golden Memories

by Clara Shannon, CSD

(By one who is grateful to be able to testify to the truth about our beloved and revered Leader. [Note to the reader: Clara Shannon was one of Mrs. Eddy's most trusted and loyal students who served our Leader at her precious "Pleasant View."]).

Part I

We read in the Bible of a man whose name was Melchisedec, who was "like unto the Son of God." In the seventh chapter of Hebrews, beginning at the first verse, we find that he was "King of righteousness, King of Salem," which means King of peace; that he was the "priest of the most high God." Where did this man come from? We read, "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually." "The Christ is without beginning of years or end of days." This man took tithes from Abraham and bestowed on him a blessing, thus showing his priority and superiority.

In the fifteenth verse of the same chapter we read, "...after the similitude of Melchisedec there ariseth another priest who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life." This King was Jesus the Christ, who was made "a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec."

Who was Melchisedec, who was like unto the Son of God? "He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." (Dan. 3:25) How did he appear on the earth? Whence came he? What shall we say, that he had no material origin? We read that Jesus' priesthood was after his order, and where is he now? How was he manifested here on earth? All that we know of him is from Abraham's evidence and conception of him.

Next to Melchisedec came Jesus the Christ, who called himself the Son of God. He had one earthly parent, a human mother. We read in Science and Health (482:19) these words, "Jesus was the highest human concept of the perfect man." He had one human parent, which was a mother. "He was appointed...to appear to mortals in such a form of humanity as they could understand as well as perceive," and "He expressed the highest type of divinity, which a fleshly form could express in that age." (S&H 332:23-26, 29-30)

Then we pass down the ages, until we come to our revered and much beloved Leader, the Reverend Mary Baker Eddy. We find her appearing in bodily existence; she had both father and mother, and was born in the usual mode of human generation, as accepted by the world today. This was "the second appearing in the flesh of the Christ, Truth, hidden in sacred secrecy from the visible world." (S&H 118:7)

This grand and glorious woman has been the means of revealing to the world God as Spirit, and the universe, including man, as wholly spiritual, -His spiritual ideas and reflection. Oh! what a wonderful revelation, what a mission! Being wholly material, that is to say, begotten of two parents in belief, think of the enormous work which she achieved; what she had to work out of, to rise above, to conquer, in order to give mankind this spiritual Truth of which the Master promised, "...the Truth shall make you free," -the revelation of God as Spirit, and the universe including man as spiritual. She was the revelator of heaven and earth and man as spiritual.

Some years ago our dear Leader explained to me why she struggled in coming out from the belief of life, substance, and intelligence in matter, and revealing life, substance and intelligence as wholly spiritual. The reason was prenatal. One day, about four and a half months before her birth, her mother, Mrs. Baker, went into the attic to get some wool in order to spin yarn for knitting. This wool, after it had been shorn

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from the sheep's backs and cleansed, was stored in a room in the attic until needed. Collecting her wool together, suddenly she was overwhelmed by the thought that she was filled with the Holy Ghost and had dominion over the whole earth. At that moment she felt the quickening of the babe, and then she thought, "What a sin I am guilty of,-the sin of presumption-in thinking that I could be filled with the Holy Ghost! That I could have dominion!" Indeed, she was very troubled.

A dear old friend came to see her, and finding her so sorrowful, asked her what was the trouble. Mrs. Baker told her that she felt she had been guilty of the sin of presumption, because of her conviction that she was filled with the Holy Ghost and had dominion over the whole earth. Her friend told her that this was the kind of man which God created, of which we read in the first chapter of Genesis; that this man was made in God's image and likeness and was given dominion. She stayed for some time and comforted Mrs. Baker.

This experience was the so-called foundation of the great and good Mary, who was to reveal to the world what the Holy Ghost is, the possession of which would teach mankind to have dominion over all sin, disease and death. Our Leader told me that this accounted for her struggles in teaching the world the difference between Truth and error, the flesh and Spirit.

When she was a tiny child, her sisters used to take her to school with them, because she always wanted to go. During the time allotted for their lunch, they would sit her on a table and would say, "Mary, what are you going to do when you are grown up?" To this she would reply, "I will 'ite a book." This shows us the avenue, or messenger, through which our textbook came; that it was in thought when she was yet so small.

When she was only a few years old, she used to sleep in a trundle bed. (Do you know what a trundle bed is? It pushes under the bed of the parents.) Sometimes her mother would go out in the evening after putting baby to bed, and her father would sit in the parlor reading. Mary would call out, "Father, I know what you are doing; you are reading the newspaper." To this he would reply, "Hush, child, and go to sleep." Then she would say, "I'll read it to you," and she would tell him what he was reading although she could not pronounce the long words.

My reason for saying this is because of what we read in *Retrospection*, first edition, page sixteen, "Voices Not Our Own," where she speaks of this time of her childhood and of the voices which she heard. There is also a letter to Judge Septimus J. Hanna, published in his pamphlet, *Christian Science History*, page sixteen, lines nine through twenty-two, where she writes, "I can discern in the human mind, thoughts, motives, and purpose; and neither mental arguments nor psychic power can affect this spiritual insight. It is as impossible to prevent this native perception as to open the door of a room and then prevent a man who is not blind from looking into the room and seeing all it contains. This mind-reading is first sight; it is the gift of God. And this phenomenon appeared in my childhood; it is associated with my earliest memories, and has increased with years. It has enabled me to heal in a marvelous manner, to be just in judgment, to learn the divine Mind,-and it cannot be abused; no evil can be done by reason of it. If the human mind communicates with me in sleep, when I awake, this communication is as palpable as words audibly spoken." (Found in Congressional Library, Washington, D.C.)

I can bear witness to the above as, numbers of times, our Leader has dictated letters to me during any of the hours between midnight and the morning, to persons who she knew were malpracticing on her. She would say, "Stop malpracticing on me immediately, or I will report you to the Church," and I would say, "Mother, now are you sure that the seeming error is coming from such thoughts?" Her answer would be, "You will know too in about an hour's time," and we did know.

She was certainly a very unusual child. She told me that when she was playing in the garden she would see another little Mary playing with her, another self; and they were so happy together.

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One day her brother George climbed a tree for some apples. He lost his balance and fell to the ground onto a broken bottle. The glass made a very deep gash in his thigh. His father picked him up, took him up, took him into the house, and sent for a surgeon to put in some stitches. It was a long, deep gash, and the boy was screaming with agony. Mr. Baker at once picked up little Mary and took her backwards into the room so that she could not see her brother. The father put her hand on the wound and the pain ceased. He held it there while the doctor put in the stitches. (Anaesthetics had not been heard of at that time.) The doctor thought there must be something very wonderful and very strange about her.

Another thing happened which showed what an extraordinary child she was. One Sunday, after church service, Mrs. Baker took little Mary with her to call on the pastor's wife who was very ill. She was thought to have a tumor. Although she and her husband had been married for fifteen years, they were childless, which was a grief to her because she loved children dearly. Mrs. Baker read the Bible and sang some hymns in which little Mary joined, and it cheered and comforted their Pastor's wife very much. After they left the house, Mary said, "Mother, I saw a dear little baby all cuddled up close and warm inside." So Mrs. Baker told her that there were no babies there. She said, "But Mother, I saw a dear little baby all cuddled up inside." Afterwards this seemed wonderful as, to the amazement of her friends, this lady gave birth to a son.

Certainly, from earliest childhood, Mary Baker was full of grace and truth, and her vision transcended the usual mortal limitations in more ways than one.

When she went to school, she had no difficulty in learning her lessons. If she put the books under her pillow in bed, she could still learn what was printed.

Here is an anecdote that she told me as a lesson in economy, which was to teach me not to be wasteful. When they were children, in the winter evenings, they used to shell corn for food for the chickens, etc. On one occasion little Mary was sitting by the fire, and as she shelled, a grain of corn fell off her lap. She pushed it with her foot toward the burning log. Her mother said, "Mary, get down and pick up that corn." She answered, "Oh, Mother, it is only a grain." "Never mind," said her mother, "it will help make a meal for a little chick." I have not forgotten that lesson.

She was very fond of her brother, Albert, and he taught her a great deal. One day he found that she had fainted, and she remained unconscious for a long time. Albert read to her from "Young's Night Thoughts," and he read on and on, calling her by name from time to time, till she opened her eyes and consciousness returned.

Our Leader told me that one day before she married her second husband, her sister's husband died suddenly as the result of a fall from his horse. The bereaved sister with her little girl came to live with her parents. Her eldest sister was already married and lived in Tilton, New Hampshire, and these two, Mark Baker and Mrs. P. became devoted friends. When, after some months, the widowed sister gave birth to a little daughter, she named her Mary.

This was another wonderful child, and she and her aunt were devoted to each other. She used to sit by the bedside of Aunt Mary (who was an invalid) chatting to her and feeling that she was making her happy.

When little Mamie, as she was called, grew to about three or four years old, she used to go into the garden every day, and asked for a piece of cake to take with her. For several days when she came in it was noticed that, after playing in the garden, this little girl had foam on her pinafore. It looked like the foam from a serpent's mouth; so they asked her, "Mamie, where did that come from? What is that?" and she said, "A pwetty wibbon!" Her grandfather said that he must find out, as he felt sure it was a serpent of some kind. The next day he went down to the garden and got behind the tree with his gun so that Mamie could not see him from the summer-house in which she sat. He saw a large snake come down the wall,

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which was covered with ivy, and wind itself around her. He could scarcely refrain from shooting then, but the child would have been killed as well. He saw the girl take the snake's head in her hand, talk to it, fondle it, and feed it with her cake. Then after having a happy little visit together, the serpent uncoiled itself from the child's body, climbed up the wall, and, just as it got to the top of the ivy away from the child, her grandfather fired and the snake fell. He continued firing until he knew that it was killed. The little girl ran up to the house without saying a word. She never again visited the summer-house, and always played on the opposite side of the garden. The serpent was never mentioned to her or by her. Our Leader said that she had no fear of the serpent, which accounted for her protection.

On her wedding day, in 1843, our Leader, after leaving home, stopped at Concord for the night to visit her old home at Bow on the next day. The young bride and groom were journeying to the South by a sailing ship, and before leaving home, her mother had given her a letter addressed to herself with the injunction that she read it with her husband when they were half-way through the sea voyage. Before this time, however, a severe storm arose and the captain said that he did not think there was any hope of saving the ship. It was a sailing ship, and therefore more at the mercy of wind and waves than the liners of today. So she and her husband knelt down in their cabin, praying to God to save them. She said, "I want to read my mother's letter. I know we are not half-way across yet, but this may be the opportunity." She read the letter which contained such good advice. It was treasured and was helpful to them then; she saw all its meaning and its love, and this helped her very much. They continued in their prayer to God. In a short time the captain came below to say, "The wind has suddenly subsided, and we are safe." Coming on deck they found a peaceful sea, and the journey was continued in calm and peace, without further misadventure.

When she reached South Carolina, she was moved with sympathy for the Negroes, and she commenced to write articles for the newspapers against slavery. Later she freed, without price, her husband's slaves, thus depriving herself of the greater part of her income. One opposition paper came out with an article wondering who "that damned Yankee was who wanted the abolition of slavery and that which should rob them."

The colored people's simplicity was refreshing to her, and she would ask Bill, her coachman, to drive her to the little chapel to which the Negroes went, and there, standing up in the carriage, from the outside she would look through the window and listen. The earnestness of these poor people touched her very much, also their trust in God and Jesus Christ as their only Savior from slavery.

The next important event in her life was the loss of her husband, and to her it seemed to be the loss of everything. She was very beautiful, with long curls which her husband used to admire. After his burial, she shut herself up in her room and gave orders to a maid to sit outside the door and not permit anyone to enter. She continued this for days, eating very little food.

One day a friend of her husband, a Free-Mason, went to the door and forced the maid to allow him to enter. Within he beheld that lovely tear-stained face, her hair dishevelled, her eyes red with weeping, saddened with grief, dimmed with sorrow. In vain he tried to console her and to waken her from her dream of loss and sorrow. Her grief was such that she refused to be comforted. At length he said, "What would your husband say to you if he looked at you now? What would he say to those curls? Are they as beautiful as you would like him to see? What would he say to this face? What would he say to you for this action, and yielding to your agony of grief?"

She said that wakened her; she got up saying that it was all right, he could go away, he had done his work. She arose, washed her face, recurled her hair and made herself natural. Oh, what a sad experience and deep grief such loss was to that dear one. Then the Masons and friends helped her get ready to return to her parents, and as she has written about that, I will not repeat anything as it can be read in *Retrospection*

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and Introspection (p.19). (See also *My*. p.312:18; 330:30-9; 351:14.)

Some months after her return to the North, her son was born. The babe seemed unhappy, crying, and sometimes screaming piteously-yet none could comfort him. Her mother asked her whether there was anything that she longed for when she was in the South. She said the only thing she wanted was some of the home Boston baked beans. Some of the thin part was given to the little one, who seemed to like it very much. Then one day, when he could not be comforted and was screaming, a young man, a friend of her childhood, called to see her and the family. The babe was in her arms screaming. He asked if she would allow him to hold the babe for a while, and this she was very glad for him to do. He took the babe out of the room, and she heard him talking to the child: "I know what you want; you want a father, you want your Papa. I am going to be your father, little man, I'll be your Papa." Thus he talked to the babe for some time and the screams stopped. The babe went to sleep and never screamed again in such a manner. This seemed a very curious coincidence and his mother was most grateful. This young man was a dear friend whom the family had known from boyhood.

When George was a tiny child in Tilton, New Hampshire, she used to take him to church on Sundays, and they had to cross a bridge over a stream. One day in spring, when the water was high, she was taking him across it and he seemed to be afraid, not wanting to go farther. To her horror, she saw that the bridge was giving way, and she must arouse him in order that they both might be saved from falling into the water. She said, "If George doesn't go on at once, Mama will throw him in the water." At this the little fellow went on one step after the other, she behind him. Hardly had they crossed the bridge when it collapsed into the stream beneath. She sat on the grass, the child in her arms, and thanked God in tears for their delivery.

While George was still small, Mrs. Tilton's little son Albert, who loved Mrs. Eddy dearly, used often to visit them. When the pastor called to see them Sunday afternoons, he would say, "Come here, little boy. What is your name? Where do you live? Where do you come from? What do you do? Do you go to school? And do you know how to read?" The children were perturbed not knowing how to reply, so Mrs. Eddy taught both little boys the answers to all those questions. Next time the pastor came, instead of waiting for him to complete his questions, the moment he began, the little boy, Albert, chimed in, "My name is Albert Tilton and I live with my mother," and so on and on. Then, to the intense amusement of the onlookers, George interrupted solemnly, "Too fast, Albert, too fast."

On the day of her mother's funeral, little George saw them take his grandmother away, and that evening it rained heavily. He came to his mother and said, "Mama, aren't you going to bring Grandma in?" He thought of her being out-of-doors in the rain.

About here I would like to tell of an occurrence which happened after this. Our Leader speaks of the Rev. Richard S. Rust, D.D., who resided in Tilton and helped her when she was young. One day at Pleasant View, she received a letter from Dr. Rust asking her if she would see him, as he was passing through Concord on his way to reside at some other place far away and did not expect to be near Concord again. So she answered saying how glad she would be to see him. Accordingly she prepared for that visit, and it was a great joy to me to see these two dear friends, and how they greeted each other so affectionately, not having met for so many years. Each knew, or expected, that it would be the last visit on this side that they would have together. I can still hear his words, "Sister, shall we sing a hymn together?" And her reply, with such a sound of joy, "Yes, let us sing 'The Sweet By and By.'" In the back parlor (where Mother told me to sit, so that if she needed anything, such as a book, check-book, paper or message to be given, she could call to me knowing that I was near at hand), I listened to those two voices praising God. I never forgot that song, sung by those two saints. Then they sang, "He Leadeth Me" and "Tell the Old, Old Story." It made me weep to hear and to see that communion; it was a communion of Saints, and I was very grateful for that great privilege.

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These are only memories of happiness, but they are very sacred to me, and very precious. They tell their own story of purified hearts and consecrated lives. When she was a young widow, she had a great influence for good in the small village school which she owned, and also in the village itself.

Of what she felt over the loss of her mother, she mentions in *Miscellaneous Writings*, so I will draw the curtain over such grief. She used to talk to me often about her mother, who was colossal in goodness and a Christian example to her children and to everyone, and whom she loved tenderly and devotedly. One late afternoon, while talking to me about her mother, as I was sitting on the carpet at her feet, she was describing to me a sad experience of her mother's. She spoke so pathetically that it made it seem very real to me, and without knowing it the tears were rolling down my cheeks. Suddenly she put her two hands on my shoulders and said, "I am so glad to see those tears; you did not know that you were weeping, but you were weeping for another's sorrow. Never let me see any other kind of tears." I used so often to cry because I was sorry for myself. Then I learned better and thank God for her for that lesson.

She was devoted to her grandmother, and had great admiration and awe for her grandfather, and has told me many anecdotes of that time when there was war with the Indians. One Indian chief was shot by her grandfather in self-defense, to save his own life. Thinking that the man was dead, he moved away, but turning his head he saw the man move and was thus able to complete the execution of the enemy. She has written of her grandmother showing her old newspapers and the sword. (See *Retrospection and Introspection*.)

Mother told me how she first met her son after he had grown up. He had enlisted as a volunteer in the war for the Union. He was on his way to join the troops, and he had a great desire to go to his mother's grave. He remembered that her name was Baker and that she came from Tilton. He went to Tilton, New Hampshire, and on inquiry, learned that his mother was still alive and living in Lynn, Massachusetts. He went to her home in Lynn and was told that she had been summoned to a patient believed to be dying. He went there and asked for her, but was told by the clerk in the office that she had given orders not to allow anyone to go to her room, as she wished to be quiet. He then told the clerk his story—that she was his mother, etc., and was allowed to go up to her room. When he arrived there, he knocked on the door and heard the answer, "Come in." Before entering, he turned up the collar of his uniform and put on his fur cap, but as soon as she saw him she said, "Georgie!" as though he were still a little boy. The scene which followed is private. She never lost sight of him after that. Years later, he brought his family to Boston to see her, and she christened his children with others at one of the Christian Science services in Chickering Hall.

In the *Christian Science Journal*, May 1883, (p. 93), we read of an Easter service at which Mrs. Eddy was present and spoke to the teachers and children. The Sunday School presented their pastor with a basket of imported immortelles, and she catechized the teachers and others as to the meaning of the story of the resurrection of Jesus as contained in the last chapters of Matthew. The music was appropriate to the occasion. Another floral remembrance came from her grandchildren, one of whom carried this gift to the platform. A children's concert was given in which three of our Leader's grandchildren took part. They were Edward G., Mary B., and Evelyn Glover.

It was also at Chickering Hall, at the time she had the custom of answering from the platform questions which were passed up in writing, that she found this inquiry: "How can a Christian Scientist afford to wear diamonds and be clad in purple velvet?" She stepped forward and answered, "This ring that I wear was given to me several years ago as a thank-offering from one I had brought from death back to life. For a long time I could not wear it, but my husband induced me to accustom myself to putting it on in the night, and finally I came to see it only as a symbol of recognition of gratitude to my Master and to love it as such. This 'purple velvet' is velveteen that I paid one dollar and fifty cents a yard for, and I have worn it for several years, and it seems to be perpetually renewed, like the widow's cruse."

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During the years she spent in bed, she got up a petition for the abolition of slavery which she sent to President Lincoln, signed by thousands of people. Her husband, a surgeon dentist, Dr. Patterson, was sent with two senators to pay the soldiers of the North. On arrival near the boundary, he was enticed into conversation by Southerners in disguise, who induced their enemies to cross the boundary about three feet. They then suddenly pronounced them prisoners and took them to Libby prison. The senators never were heard from again, but Dr. Patterson escaped in a marvelous manner, returning home some weeks later. This was the result of his wife's prayers for his protection. During this time our Leader had been removed to her husband's brother's house and her bed was placed near the window. One day she saw approaching what appeared to be a tramp in tattered clothing. He knocked at the door and told his brother that he was starving, after weeks of exposure in finding his way home. His brother did not recognize him and sent him away. Our Leader, however, called out that it was Dr. Patterson and told them to take him in and give him food. After this, he lectured in many places, telling of his many experiences and wearing part of the same clothing in which he had returned home.

Living near our Leader's home was a woman who was very kind to her and who had an only son who was going to join the forces of the North. He had been disobedient and wild. The night before leaving home our Leader asked his mother to bring him to her room. She had bought, with almost her last dollar, a Bible and inscribed in it his name and a verse of Scripture which she desired him to repeat morning and evening. She told him that that book would save him. She wished him to promise to read a portion every day. He was much impressed with all she told him. They did not hear from him until the end of the war. Then, on his return home, he called to see Mrs. Patterson and from his pocket took a Bible-the same one she had given him. He told her that it had literally saved his life, as a bullet had been prevented from piercing his body by this book.

The history of her healing from a severe accident when she slipped on the ice has been recorded, so I will not go into particulars about that. Mother told me that when she was lying unconscious on the bed, her old friend and pastor of the church of which she was a member called to ask of her condition. Seeing her unconscious, he spoke to her and that seemed to reach her thought and roused her to consciousness. It was Sunday morning and he was on his way to church. He told her this, and she said, "Come back." He said he would come back, but that she would not be there. It seemed as though she would have passed away before his return. Then to his amazement she met him at the door.

It was at that time that she turned to her Bible and read the texts that are mentioned in her writings. She rose from her bed, dressed herself and went downstairs. When the dear grandmother, the one she called "Grandma," saw her, she said, "Oh, has Christ come again to earth?" And our Leader said, "Grandma, he never left." Years afterward I asked the grandson of this old lady about the experience, and he said he often heard his grandmother speak of it. These are memories of things Mother told me about quite independent of her writings.

While she was visiting Quimby, she cured a number of his patients, and in the hotel in which she was staying, a gentleman was brought off the train, and he was dying. His wife was taking him to his home in Canada. A doctor, who was in the train, advised moving him immediately the train reached the next station and taking him to the hotel which was close by. Very soon after he reached it, he passed away. Our Leader, who was in the hotel, heard about it and went to the bereaved wife's door and knocked. The lady opened the door, and our Leader tried to comfort her. She said, "Let us go and waken him." She went and stood beside him for a few minutes and told his wife that he was waking and that she must be close by so that he could see her when he opened his eyes-which he shortly did. He said to his wife, "Oh, Martha, it was so strange to be at home and you not there." And he spoke about meeting his parents and others of the family who had died before. Our Leader remained there for three days and during that time he continued to live. Another man, who had been severely injured and had broken limbs, was also cured.

When she was publishing the first edition of Science and Health, it was badly spoiled, and as she could not afford to have new plates made, she had to go over the whole book again, using the letters that were on those plates, making sense of it and interpreting her meaning, which was a great labor, but which she succeeded in doing.

I asked her why she wrote Science and Health. She told me that one day she was called to a lady who was dying of consumption, and that there were three or four doctors there—fine men who had expended all their medical knowledge in trying to save this lady from death. "When they found that there was no hope for her recovery, they decided to test 'that woman,' as they had heard of someone who had been cured by her. The husband of this lady sent for her, and when she entered the room the patient was propped up with many pillows and could not speak. Our Leader saw that what she needed was an arousal and quickly pulled all the pillows away from behind her. As she fell backwards, the patient said, "Oh, you have killed me." Mrs. Eddy told her that she could get up and that she would help her to dress. She was instantaneously healed and well. Mrs. Eddy asked the doctors to leave the room while she helped her to put on her clothing, after which they rejoined the doctors and her husband in the sitting room.

One of the doctors, an old experienced physician, witnessed this, and he said, "How did you do it? What did you do?" She said, "I can't tell you—it was God," and he said, "Why don't you write a book, publish it, and give it to the world?" When she returned home, she opened her Bible, and her eyes fell on the words, "Thus speaketh the Lord God of Israel, saying, Write thee all the words that I have spoken unto thee in a book"! (Jer. 30:2) which showed her God's direction.

On January first, 1903, (I am copying from my diary), Mother told us that, when she first published Science and Health, she went to her publisher for her manuscript, as he had spoiled her book, and he said that he could not give it to her. As she could not get her manuscript from him, she told the circumstances to Mr. Charles Winslow and his wife, who were her friends. Mr. Winslow went with her to the publisher and demanded that he give it up, which he did.

After the publication of Science and Health, a clergyman came to her one day and advised her to withdraw the book from publication as it would be a failure and nobody would buy it. If it were true, it was much in advance of its time. Her answer was to get a bucket, and if he could dip the ocean dry, he could expect Christian Science to fail. Oh, what a faith! What an example for us, was that mind and life of hers.

It was while she was passing through these experiences that Bronson Alcott called, and he told her, "I have come to comfort you." In these early days, Whittier, the poet, was ill and dying of a supposed incurable disease. The spiritualists had tried to cure him and had failed. Mrs. Eddy was called to help him, and he was healed at once.

There were two ladies (both spiritualists and mediums) who were interested in the spiritualist paper called "The Banner of Light." These two ladies expressed their desire to meet Mrs. Eddy, as they said she was a greater medium and spiritualist than they. She agreed to meet them at Whittier's house. One of them said to her, "I can see you as a child with your mother in the house of a woman who was ill. I can hear you singing." Mrs. Eddy said, "Yes, that was right. What was the hymn?" The medium answered correctly. To test them, she immediately thought of someone who was the reverse in appearance of her mother. "Can you describe her to me?" This lady answered, "Oh, yes," and she began to describe the lady of whom Mrs. Eddy was thinking. In her description of this lady, she said she was tall, with dark hair and eyes and very slender. "Now," said Mrs. Eddy, "I have proved that it is not spiritual; it is simply in our mortal mind reading. For my mother, whom you are describing, you were only describing my mental picture of someone I know who is tall, with dark hair and eyes. Now I will describe my mother. She was short and stout; she had golden hair and beautiful blue eyes. She was a blonde."

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Another time she went into the house of a medium, and when the lady came into the room and saw Mrs. Eddy, she screamed and told her that she made her suffer agony and that she must go out of her house at once.

In those days, she had to face and overcome poverty as well as other errors. She told me that her income was only \$8.00 a month. She was very fond of the delicious Bartlett pear, and with this she always ate brown bread unbuttered. When I asked her why she did not have butter, she told me that she was poor; if she wanted a pear, she had to do without butter, and that she had become accustomed to eat the bread without the butter, so that it tasted sweeter.

We have read about the persecutions which she surmounted and proved powerless to stop the growth of Christian Science. She told me that for a time, while living in Lynn in her own house, when she went to Boston to see her publishers, she had to return home in the early afternoon, for she was followed by different men. (This was to frighten her.) During the night the doorbell was rung many times by men who came one after the other, and the policemen in the street kept watch on the house. This went on so much that for a time no one would live in the house with her. Then Dr. Eddy said that the only thing he could see would be for her to marry him and thus give him the right to have a room in the house and to protect her. Later on God showed her the wisdom of taking such a step. (In the third edition of Science and Health we read of his trials and experiences during that time.)

In speaking to me of the troubles she had with her publishers, she told me how she met John Wilson. When in great anxiety about securing the right publisher, she and her husband, Dr. Eddy, were going into Boston one morning and were conversing about the publishing of Science and Health. On the way, they met a gentleman Dr. Eddy knew, and he said, "Here is someone who may be able to help us. He is a publisher and an honest man." He introduced Mr. Wilson to Mrs. Eddy and she told him of her trouble and of her desire to have her book published correctly. He said he would read the manuscript over and see what he could do to help her. The result was that Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures was published correctly.

I never saw a greater and more sincere gratitude than she expressed in later years, and if you will look at the book named, In Quest of the Perfect Book, there is a chapter entitled, "Mrs. Eddy," by William Dana Orcutt. I remember the day to which he refers when speaking about Mr. Wilson. When Mrs. Eddy heard of Mr. Wilson's difficulties, she gave Mr. Orcutt a check to hand to him. After Mr. Orcutt left and she was upstairs in her room, she said to Mr. Frye and me, "I want you to remember this, John Wilson must never want. We can see what has caused his financial trouble. We Christian Scientists owe him a debt of gratitude for what he has done with Science and Health, which cannot be overestimated, and he shall never want while I have a dollar." Such was her gratitude for his work with our beloved textbook. His need was met.

One day I wanted to have some proof of which I could speak concerning God's guidance of the Cause of Christian Science, and I had the following proof, which left no doubt whatever. I will give one instance. One night the Directors of The Mother Church wished to have guidance as to the wisdom of taking certain steps in something concerning The Mother Church which was of great importance. Late that night some letters were brought from them telling Mrs. Eddy about the circumstances and asking advice. At that hour, Mrs. Eddy had retired, and she was sleeping; so we thought it best to wait until the morning or till she wakened before bringing them to her. In a short time she wakened, rang her bell, asked if any letters had come from the Directors, and wanted to see them at once, as she said there was a great need of wisdom. After reading them, she told us what it was, and she said, "I don't know what is best to do, but Love will show me the way." She told me to get a block of paper and pencil and to write.

I sat on the carpet beside the hot-air register and wrote at her direction. She said, "God BIDS me to do SO

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AND SO but I don't see the reason why." Several times she corrected that manuscript saying, "That does not make the meaning clear enough. I must put better words to express what God meant," and she dictated for hours, and as I finished writing each sheet, I passed it on to Mr. Frye for him to copy on the typewriter. At about two or two-thirty a.m., I said, "Mother, why don't you wait to write this till tomorrow?" She said, "And what would become of our Cause if I waited? This will be on its way to Boston at five-thirty, ready for the Directors' meeting at eight o'clock." Then I requested that we read in the Bible that "The darkness and the light are both alike to thee, and there shall be no more night there," and we both laughed heartily. And in the morning, at five-thirty, it was on its way and arrived in time for the meeting.

Later in the morning, after she had been for her walk on the verandah, she said to us, as she came into her room, "Love has shown me the reason why," and she explained the reason to us. Then she said very seriously, "I want you always to remember that Mother had to obey God before she knew the reason why." After-wards, when the news of the result reached her, she had the proof that all was well and that she had acted rightly and God's directions were carried out. That was a heavenly lesson in obedience to spiritual direction, and times without number there were proofs that the Cause of Christian Science is governed by God, divine Mind.

In order to relate how God governed all by the by-laws in our Manual, and how they existed to meet the need of Christian Science, I will quote from my diary of the tenth of October, 1895, where I wrote as follows: "Today Mother made a by-law relating to the appointing of missionaries and sent it to Mr. W. B. Johnson, Clerk, to be voted for at the meeting of First Members, which would be held on Monday the fourteenth instant. After Mother had enclosed and sealed her letter and stamped it and given it to me to be posted, she received and read a letter from Mr. Johnson, the Clerk, with another letter enclosed for her from the Committee which had been appointed to act regarding the choosing and sending out missionaries (to fields where they are needed) saying that there was a misunderstanding concerning the election of the Committee of Missionaries."

Then on the thirty-first of March, 1900 I find and will copy from my diary: "Today Mother made a by-law about Branch Churches severed from The Mother Church without the consent of the Pastor Emeritus. After this was done she received a letter from Mr. McKenzie referring to Branch Churches being severed from The Mother Church, the by-law which meets and destroys that lie was made by her before the letter was received or read. Also, today Mother read of Mrs. S. refusing to sign applications for Journal cards and also for the Board of Education for some of her students, and days ago Mother made a by-law providing for the students of such teachers having their applications signed by three of Mother's loyal students. All this was done before Mother knew of the error."

At another time, years after, when making some by-laws which were needed, she said, "This Church Manual is God's law, as much so as the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. It is God's law and will be acknowledged as law by law." And she smiled and looked up from her writing and said, "I mean by the laws of our state, even if it has to go to the higher courts." I see written down, "I've forgotten while listening to her if the word was 'higher' or 'highest.'" She finished up, both at the beginning and the end of what she was saying, with the words, "Now remember what I say."

I was very much impressed by the attitude she took in connection with discipline of church members when charges were made against them. (See *Miscellaneous Writings*, 146:9-12.) Then in the *Church Manual* we find on pages fifty and fifty-one the following, Article XI, Sect. 2, about St. Matthew 18:15-17, and Sect. 4 of the same Article, that there is a preliminary requirement on the part of one bringing the charge against another, who must have implicitly obeyed Sect. 4 of Article XI before bringing the charge to her notice. I remember her sending these directions to complainers, and she said to Mr. Frye and me, "If that charge against so and so is not true, we shall not hear any more about it, because a witness knows

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both sides and will be cross-questioned." This seemed to me to be so just, -and in the way Jesus would have acted. (See also her statement in *Miscellaneous Writings*, 148:8 about the *Manual*.)

I will copy from my diary a lesson which Mother gave us on the sixth of April, 1896. She told us while reading Jesus' words, "Remember, evil has no power to harm good, or those who make good their refuge and are doing right as far as they know how. If we go into evil, we are not in the refuge. 'Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. He hath made God his refuge, there shall be no evil befall him,' etc. Evil has only power to destroy itself and evil doers; it can only hurt itself. It can't hurt those who do right; if it comes near where they are, it can't touch them or harm them or influence them, but it does destroy itself." (Lesson to Laura, Mr. Frye and myself.)

On going downstairs to breakfast one morning, I met Miss Morgan, the housekeeper, and she told me that the farmer (who served Mrs. Eddy with milk) when he came that morning seemed to be very solemn and said his well was frozen and the well from which he obtained water for his cattle was empty. On the day before, he was obliged to go to a brook or river, which was frozen and some distance away. He had taken barrels in his wagon which he filled with ice and snow from the river and took home to melt, so as to have water for his cows. This was very hard work. It took a long time and he was much distressed. During that day I mentioned his difficulties to Mother, telling her just what had happened. She smiled and said, "Oh, if he only knew;" then after a moment's silence, "Love fills that well." The next morning when the farmer brought the milk, he was overjoyed and told Miss Morgan what a wonderful thing had occurred. That morning early, when he had gone out to attend the cattle, he found the well full of water, and in spite of the bitter cold day, with all the ice and snow around, the well was full of water. He said it must have been Mrs. Eddy's prayers that had done it all. She must have had something to do with it for it was a miracle. He had a great reverence for Mrs. Eddy although he was not a Scientist. That day, when we were at dinner, I told Mother what had happened, and just what the man had said. Oh, the joy and sweetness, the illumination and love of her face is ever to be remembered; her expressions of praise and gratitude to God were glorious, and she said, "Oh, didn't I know." She gave us a lesson afterwards in Christian Science which has blessed us ever since.

In my diary of September twelfth, 1896, is a lesson. She said, "We stand face to face with God's law of Love, and bow before the Christ." Through struggles, overcomings, hope deferred, etc., lose self as matter, gain the true sense of Spirit and idea. Rejoice in tribulation.

Another lesson, in July, 1897: After Mother decided not to go to Church on Communion Sunday, she planned to invite the members present at the service to call on her at Pleasant View on Monday noon. The invitation was to be read to them in the Church after the service was over. Yesterday afternoon Mother was asked how many she thought would be there. She said three thousand. This morning she was told by Mr. Hatten (who came from Boston) that three thousand members would be there; telegrams had been sent with special invitations to some who lived at a distance, so that they might reach here in time. There were only a few students who knew anything of what was going to be done and all was kept quiet and private.

Another lesson from Mother dated April first, 1902: This morning when Mother came in from the swing, she called Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Frye and me into her room and told us that she had been thinking of the way she first used to heal, how she never used any arguments, for she did not know how to argue to heal disease. It was like the little girl who said, "Dod, Dod," and the sick were instantly healed; she never lost a case up to the time her husband was taken. She showed us how it is GOD who heals and not the student, and that we must have faith in God, in the omnipotence of Truth and know that God is ALL, and then we will see the healing done. Would Jesus (were he on earth today), go in the river and let the people baptize him? He would by this time have grown far higher than that, and so must we, for progress is the law of the Infinite.

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She spoke of those of our dear ones who have passed on and showed how the good which they realize and reflect mingles or meets with the good which we realize, but we cannot commune with each other. She showed the necessity for us to have more faith in God, not to keep to the letter and mere argument, but to rise to the consciousness of Love, "to flee as a bird to yon mountain"-that if a little bird was going up to the mountain, it would not step one step after another to reach the top, but it would fly upward and flee to the mountain. She had reached that place this morning.

Another lesson on April thirteenth, 1902: Mother showed us that our thoughts, our whole consciousness, must be single on the side of good, thrown on one scale, so that the whole weight, as to us now, God, Love must be All; that God demands this of us and the demand will not be withdrawn till it has been obeyed that "I and my Father are one"-one Mind and no separation, that there is no sin, sickness, nor death, because "the law of sin and death" we can now overcome, but "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." We have but one Mind and must make that one real. We are there now-I and the Father are one.

Another lesson on January thirty-first, 1902: Mother told us to study daily the Sermon on the Mount. Pour in Spirit first; then as we ascend the Mount, we are working out of the valley of darkness and doubt, of material belief, and blindness, up into the pure, bright atmosphere of Spirit, of the realization of Life, Truth and Love. This is the Mount of Transfiguration. Then we shall be like the blind man whom Jesus healed; some did not know him. It is the Christ life that is the result of the Christ love that brings peace.

Another lesson: If we are misjudged, persecuted, it is a sure sign that we are ascending the Mount. This must inspire us to go forward, a steep and rugged hill. "I am with you." To correct one error means the correction of the entire problem.

Aim at the mark, and hold there, till the result is gained; aiming at many different points leads to malpractice. Have faith in God knowing that the work is done. You have got to know a negative is not anything. You have got to proportionately know the allness of God.

Another lesson: If we stay and work among students (taught as we have been), listening to them and they to us, we are rotating round and round; they cannot teach us nor we them, for they know as much of the letter as we do; but for us to progress, we must go alone and work out our own salvation, and then if we meet one to teach Truth to, who has not learned before, we know more than that one and teach what we have learned of God through experience; this is progress. We have not got the momentum of long years to work out of which we would have had, had we stayed where we were and gone on working in the old lines.

I was very much impressed by listening to our Leader's audible communion with God (as we call prayer). I heard her address God as "Precious Mother Love, darling Mother, show me Thy way, oh, show me Thy way." There seemed to be such a perfect communion with divine Love as a child has with its mother. When referring to God, she nearly always called God Love, and would say, "Love will show me."

I remember that the last lesson she gave to several of those who were there while I remained was when she was reading the Bible to us one morning in 1907. While reading some of the words of Jesus, she looked up and said, "Never let error escape you undetected; never see it as something, always see it as nothing." "What is your next step?" Not one of us could give her the correct answer. She then said, "Go and prove it nothing; evil will never be nothing until we can say there is no evil, or belief in it, and God is All. Evil will never seem as nothing to you until this has been accomplished." And when I was saying good-bye to her that morning, she spoke to me about teaching Christian Science in London, and she said, "You must teach the Truth so long as error is taught and called Christian Science. Who can do this better than one whom I have taught for so many years?"

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One very important and lasting lesson that taught me much, was one day when an article had to be sent to the newspaper for insertion on the same day, and our Leader told me to take charge of her work. It seemed too big a demonstration for my understanding, and I said, "Oh, Mother, I haven't enough of the Mind that was in Christ Jesus to make that demonstration." She had given me charge of what, to me, was a great work connected with something else that seemed to me more than I had understanding for. Her rebuke was one of the most blessed experiences of my life. She said, "Would a mother give a child a weight too heavy for it to carry? Would Love give you a task beyond your strength?" "No, Mother," and I went to my room; after some time, she called me and another, who had to see about some business outside, and she showed us the way quite clearly. I went back to my room and was there some time, realizing the Truth of God's spiritual idea. In a short time she rang her bell for me, and when I reached her, she said, "It is all right, you have struck the tone," and the result was Truth manifested. What other in this country has stood the test and proven her Leadership and Christian character as our Leader has, standing on Principle and manifesting the Christ?

I remember one morning our Leader called Mr. Frye and me and said, "I want you to listen to what Love has shown me." She said, "In Science and Health we have the sentence, 'The senses of Spirit abide in the understanding and they demonstrate Truth and Love.' Now listen to what God has taught me," and she repeated this, "The senses of Spirit abide in Love, and they demonstrate Truth and Life." She removed the word "understanding" and put "Love" in its place and removed "Love" from the end of the sentence and put "Life" in its place. You will find this in the present edition of Science and Health, which Scientists now study, on Page 274:12. In the eighty-fourth edition, published in 1894, we find the old sentence on Page 170:1, and find the former quotation, and in Science and Health published in 1902, we read on Page 274:12, "The senses of Spirit abide in God."

Another precious memory is that, one night long after midnight, our Leader rang for me to come to her. When I did so, she said, "I want you to open my door half-way and stand outside. I want to sing you something that my mother used to sing to me, and knowing that your profession was singing, I feel too shy to sing while you look at me." Then she sang so sweetly in a high soprano voice the old-fashioned song named, "Come to my Bower Sweet Bird." After she had sung this once, she said to me, "You may come in now. I'm not shy any more, and I will sing it to you again." And she repeated all the verses. I asked her if she would sing it a third time, which she did, and I took up a piece of writing block and wrote the staff of five lines and four spaces repeatedly down the whole page of a large sheet of paper, and while she sang, I wrote the tune which she was singing. Then she sang another old, old song called "Oft in the Stilly Night." She sang that most sweetly and wrote the words of all the verses in pencil and gave it to me. That was a wonderful experience in the quiet hours of the night, and, in memory, that voice still comes back.

Another time, while reading a newspaper article written against herself and Christian Science, she said to me, "How do we destroy a lie? Only by telling the truth." That showed her that, in connection with herself and Christian Science, she must do something to have the truth told about both. The result of this was the first Publication Committee, who would reply to the newspaper's news which was false. Later on, the Board of Lectureship would give to the public the interpretation of Christian Science and its Discoverer.

Another morning in February, 1902, while reading aloud from Jesus' words in the Gospel (she was reading the chapter in which we find the words, "Let thine eye be single, and thy whole body shall be full of light"), I stopped her with the following question, "Mother, what does it mean to keep your eye single?" She replied, "It means having only one reality, and that is Spirit." And then she looked up and said, "Never forget this." And I never have- so many times it has been a great blessing to me.

There is one lesson that I would like to mention here on overcoming evil with good. In the early days a gentleman whom I was helping with Christian Science treatment (who had been seriously ill) had

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received treatment for one week and was much better, but not completely well. I was alarmed at having a patient so long as a week, and wrote to ask my teacher to let me know of what sin I was guilty. She telegraphed for me to come to her and listened to the story of my experience and of how the seeming error was handled. She then told me that that man was already healed, and that what was preventing both of us from realizing this was malicious mental malpractice, and that I must stop treating for disease and just handle that. When I reached home next morning and met him, he was well. This taught me much.

There was a great need for the Church and our Leader. Both were attacked by error, and as our Leader and those with her were in the front rank of the battle, it meant watching and praying without ceasing.

At that time there were only two of us, Mr. Frye and myself; and what Scien-tists called working; our Leader called watching and praying. We had to take it in turns to watch alternate hours, day and night for months, so long as it was needed.

In order to do this myself and be punctual in beginning my watch at a certain hour, I bought a new alarm clock and held it under my face and would lie down on the outside of the bed fully dressed. It seemed to me to be so difficult to be wide awake, and thus capable of doing my duty. When the alarm rang a little before the time to commence my watch, I used to get up and walk about the room to be thoroughly aroused; then I would begin my turn watching. When the hour came to an end, I was so thoroughly awake that I could not go to sleep for a long time, but it was a comfort to know that the work was accomplished.

(signed) (Miss) Clara M. S. Shannon, C. S. D.

Part II

The Momentum of Evil

Mother explained to us what that was, and her explanation of evil indulged in was indeed terrifying. She showed us that, if we neglected to do our duty and did what was wrong without detecting, correcting, and overcoming error, but continued repeating the same mistakes and justifying ourselves, the suffering which would result would be simple interest, which we would have to pay; then if Christian Scientists refused to see the error when it was shown, and wilfully or maliciously continued to repeat it, allowing their thoughts to be governed by hate, malice, jealousy, or any of these subtle conspirators, this would result in moral idiocy and would bring compound interest. Then the experience of hell would ensue. After this she wrote that letter to the Church at Concord. (My. 160:19-161:29)

Another lesson that Mother gave us was on self-justification. She said, "At any time, if we make a mistake and do not detect it as a mistake, and we are shown that it is a mistake and rebuked for it, and we justify ourselves in what we have done, this is taking sides with error. But if, when the error is uncovered to us, we see our mistake, accept the rebuke, and condemn that error in ourselves or to some-one else, then we are governed by the Truth and rise and have overcome the error and become more spiritually minded. We have gained a step in Christian Science."

Another lesson she gave us from the Psalms, where we read, "Take away my stony heart and give me a heart of flesh," she showed us that a stony heart was a heart hardened by materialism and lack of sympathy, lack of love and compassion; that was a stony heart, and we must look to God for deliverance and pray that He take away that heart and give us a heart of flesh, which is a tender, loving heart, unselfish, full of sympathy, loving kindness and compassion; that is a heart of love, seeing one another's need and supplying it with love which is divine.

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Mrs. Eddy invited her Students' Association to visit her at Pleasant View. Her rooms were filled with students, and she gave them a glorious lesson. She saw how error was trying, subtly, through mental suggestion, to reach the thoughts of her students and other Scientists, and she saw how things that she wanted to impress on them necessitated studying Science and Health daily and thoroughly and abiding steadfastly in the truth in that book. She said that the enemies of Christian Science study Science and Health daily and take certain portions of it to try to reverse them in the thoughts of the students. One strange suggestion was that in Science and Health, we are taught that there is only one Mind and that man is governed by and reflects that Mind. This was studied by the malpractitioners, who argued to the Christian Scientists as follows: "Are you Mind?" Answer, "No!" "Are you matter?" "No!" "Then what are you?" "Nothing!-because you have no mind!" She told us that those arguments were intended to produce on the minds and characters of Christian Scientists insanity, dementia, imbecility, and moral idiocy; and we must guard our thoughts and constantly affirm, "I have a mind that is divine." So long as our thoughts are on a spiritual basis and we are thinking spiritually, our thoughts cannot be robbed or tampered with by error or mental suggestion. I expect that Mrs. Knott and Mr. Neal will remember the day and lesson referred to.

Our Leader's next visit to Boston was to speak at Tremont Temple at the Annual Meeting on June sixth, 1899. (My. 131:18) She travelled from Concord to Boston in a rail carriage which was especially ordered for her, and in Boston she was the guest of Judge and Mrs. Hanna. Judge Hanna was First Reader of The Mother Church and lived at 385 Commonwealth Avenue, where our Leader was most hospitably entertained, and Mrs. Hanna's loving attention was very much appreciated. Her remarks to me about Judge Hanna were, "What a fine man he is! He is morally statuesque!" She remained there that night, and next day went to speak in Tremont Temple at the Annual Meeting of The Mother Church; and I do not think anyone there will forget the words of her address. (See My. 131:18 already cited.)

In the carriage conveying our Leader were Judge Hanna, Mr. Frye, Mr. J. A. Neal, and myself; and waiting for her at the entrance to Tremont Temple were the faithful Directors of The Mother Church; and Mr. Neal can tell of the reception that was given to our Leader by those on the sidewalk and up the passage until she reached the auditorium. Tremont Temple was filled from the floor to the topmost gallery with members of The Mother Church, and on the platform with our Leader were the First Members.

After she spoke she retired for a short time to the Parker House, then to the railway station where there was a private car awaiting her. A very touching incident was her treatment of the Negro porter of that car. He had heard of her and smiled, with his white teeth showing, as though he knew something wonderful was happening in meeting the most beloved woman in the world who was the friend of all humanity. She smiled sweetly and asked him his name, and found it was the name of some aged Negroes of the South whom she had known. She told him she had been there, and it was where her home had been many years before. She then turned to me and said, "I want some money to give him. Go and ask Calvin if he has any?" I reminded her that she had a purse in her pocket; so she took it out but said that what it contained was not enough. She wanted more. I asked Mr. Frye for more, which he gave me to take to her. She then rang for the porter and told him to hold out his hands and place them together and to close his eyes, and she poured her money into those palms and spoke to him about God's love. One seldom sees such a happy, joyful and surprised face as his upon receiving such a harvest.

After this had happened in the train on the way from Boston to Concord, a gentleman on business entered the car. I was sitting next to Mother, and as I looked up, I saw them looking and recognizing each other. He hesitated as to whether he should speak to her. Then she put her two hands out and grasped his hands. She said, "I am so glad to see you, dear; it is many years since we met. Won't you sit down?" I saw his eyes fill with tears, and I arose immediately and left them together. Some time after he had left, I went back to my seat, and she told me that he and his wife were her students, but had been influenced against her and turned away from the Truth. She lost sight of them, and he had just told her that his wife had

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passed on some years ago, and he had married again. He had often thought of her and remembered the truth that she had taught him, and he saw things then very differently. She was very happy and free during the journey.

A basket of delicious food had been sent to the station ready for Mrs. Eddy's supper; so at six o'clock, our little table was set; and she appreciated the meal which had been prepared and lovingly provided by Judge and Mrs. Hanna. She requested to give the porter plenty of the hearty supper. We reached Concord and Pleasant View in good time.

Another interesting incident happened on our way to Boston. On that journey, she had to open a parcel which was held together by a rubber band, and as she took it off and put it by her side on the window sill, it became the shape of a heart and reminded her of the first time the same thing happened. If you will look in her book of poems, Page twenty-four, you will see a poem called "Signs of the Heart." At the end of the first verse, there were these words:

"O, little heart

To me thou art

A sign which never can depart."

The words "this heart" and "dear heart" are written in the next two verses of the same poem.

On one occasion previous to this, after having written for hours, our Leader went into her room to wash the pencil dust from her fingers and had in her hand a roll of manuscript which was held together by a thin rubber band. She took off the band and lightly threw it on the dressing table, when it became the shape of a heart. She was so impressed by it that she called Mr. Frye and told him to place under it a piece of paper, to let it remain the same shape as it was, and put some glue to fasten it to the sheet so that it might keep its shape. She wanted to show it to Judge Hanna, who was coming to see her that afternoon on very particular business connected with the periodicals, of which he was editor, and this sheet of paper was kept on her table for several weeks. The poem, "Signs of the Heart," was the result of this experience, and what it meant to our Leader will be recognized by the words of that poem.

When the Mother's Room in the original Mother Church was built by the Busy Bees, they sent Mrs. Eddy a model of a beehive made of onyx, with the name of each child on a card inside and a gold key to unlock it. Then a friend sent her a small beehive, an imitation of the large one. One day, some time afterwards, a lady brought to Pleasant View her little boy, who was very anxious to see Mrs. Eddy, and they had come a long distance. When I told Mother, she looked up at the clock and said, "I have just five minutes. Bring him to me." She talked to him for some time, and whatever the conversation was, it seemed to cheer her. When he was leaving her room with me, she suddenly rose from her chair, took the small beehive from the mantelpiece and gave it to the boy; and she remarked that it would be a blessing to him in after years. I wonder what has become of that child? I think that one of his names was Clauson, but I am not sure. (Mis. 144:2-7)

At Pleasant View, dominion over weather, storms, etc., was just the same as over other seeming material conditions. After a prolonged drought, the inharmonious condition was met by our Leader's watching and praying, the effect being rain when there was not a cloud visible in the sky. At other times heavy, dark clouds appeared when there was no rain. Also Truth was demonstrated to quell storms.

During part of the year, cyclones were sometimes experienced at Concord, and one day Miss Morgan came to see me and said that the clouds were gathering, and there was going to be a dreadful storm, and she called me to look through the windows of her room, which was at the end of the house, looking

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towards the stables. Above, I saw dark clouds which seemed to be coming towards us very rapidly, and as Mother had told me whenever I saw a cyclone or storm coming I must let her know, I went to her room immediately and told her. She rose and went to the verandah at the back of the house; by that time, the clouds had reached overhead. She then went into the front vestibule and looked on that side of the house. Then she returned to the verandah, and I heard her say, "The children in Boston!" I ran downstairs to the front door, opened it and went outside, looked up and saw the clouds hanging over the house-very heavy black clouds, and in the middle, right over the house was a rift; they were dividing-part were going one way and the other part in the opposite direction. This seemed to be such a strange phenomenon that I went in, closed the door, and went upstairs to Mother, on the verandah, and told her what I saw. I said, "The clouds are dividing just overhead!" She said, "Clouds-what do you mean? Are there any clouds?" I said, "No, Mother!" She was looking up, and I could see by the expression on her face that she was not seeing clouds, but was realizing the Truth. I saw the black clouds turn indigo, to light grey, to white, fleecy clouds, which dissolved, and there were no more, and she said to me, "There are no clouds to hide God's face, and there is nothing that can come between the light and us. It is divine Love's weather." That was early in the evening; the wind had been blowing terrifically, and Mr. Frye and another gentleman were in the attic trying to pull down a large American flag. It was a "Fete" day, and a gentleman had sent his flag to Mrs. Eddy; it was very large. She had it hoisted, and Mr. Frye and his friend were trying to pull it down, and the strength of the two men was not sufficient to pull down the flag, but suddenly the wind subsided and the flag yielded. Next morning early, when the mail was delivered, the postman was amazed to see that nothing had been disturbed in the garden as, from a short distance down the road and in the town, there was a great deal of damage. The lesson I learned then, through that experience, has since helped me through many storms by sea and on land.

Blizzard: Sometime, during the winter, just before the hour at which Mrs. Eddy took her daily drive, there would be a heavy snow storm which would develop into a blizzard and snow drifts, so that one could scarcely see the opposite side of the road. One day, when it seemed very severe, and this error had to be overcome, from blinding snowstorm, in a short time, a beautiful afternoon was experienced; it stopped snowing and drifting, the sun came out, and everything was covered with new white snow-it was perfect; and we had every proof that error was trying to interfere and deprive our Leader of the little recreation that her drive afforded. Thank God for that victory.

About the *Church Manual*: The first time that Mrs. Eddy saw the need of a Manual for The Mother Church was in connection with teaching, and she told me to write Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Webster of Chicago, whom she used to call "the twins." She wanted to see them to explain to them the need that she saw to preserve the teaching of Christian Science pure and unadulterated for the future generations, and the wisest way she could see at that time was to have a Manual on teaching Christian Science. They came, and she showed them the right thing to do was to have a committee of her old loyal students, with themselves, and for them to compile a set of by-laws in connection with teaching. This was done. God showed Mother that it was wise to make by-laws to govern all church members as well as teachers, which ultimately developed into the present Manual of The Mother Church, which includes articles and by-laws for teachers and teaching, as well as for church discipline.

In *Miscellany* (230:1) we read, "Notwithstanding the sacrilegious moth of time, eternity awaits our *Church Manual*, which will maintain its rank as in the past, amid ministries aggressive and active, and will stand when those have passed to rest."

Our Leader's statement about The Mother Church we read in *Miscellaneous Writings* (140:28), "Built on the rock, our church will stand the storms of ages."

Part III

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In *Retrospection and Introspection* (the author's book published in 1892) on Page thirteen, she gives an account of her admission into the Congregational Church, in childhood, of which her parents were members.

In the early days of the great Discovery, her sister, Mrs. Tilton, asked her to give up her ideas on religion, which she said she could not do, and told her sister what Christian Science meant to her. Mrs. Tilton told her that she was a disgrace to their family, and that she must think the matter over; if she decided to give up Christian Science and stop talking about it, she would give her a brick house. She received our Leader's answer that she could not promise that. When out driving, she passed Mrs. Eddy, who was walking, weak and weary, and completely ignored her.

Years after, in the early period of her work in Christian Science, in the house where our Leader was boarding, there was a little boy, only a few years old, and it was during the winter. He was in her room one day, and while she was talking to him, he looked out of the window and saw the snow in the trees in their garden amongst which were some apple trees; the subject of their conversation was "apple trees not having any leaves in winter," so she told him to go outside in three days and tell her if he saw any difference. He did not forget that, and three days after, he came to her and asked her to come and look, and there was an apple blossom on one of the branches.

Another day when there was a snow storm, and the snow was falling heavily, she went into the garden in the same clothing which she was wearing indoors-without coat or hat. She asked someone to tell her when the snow had reached a pile above her head. She stood there until this friend told her that it had gone as high above her as it could, when she came in and brushed the snow off wherever it had accumulated, and thus proved that cold and inclement weather could not do her any harm.

Mother told me that one day she was called to help a family where several members were ill and she had to remain for some days. Before going to them she left a pot containing a plant with a beautiful flower on the window-sill of her sitting room. On returning home, when she went into the room, there was the plant all withered, and the earth cracked; the sun had been pouring in through the glass of the closed window and had dried up the earth. A friend who was with her saw it. She then went to the next room to open windows, and in a short time she heard the friend exclaim. When she went to see the reason for this exclamation, she found the plant had revived without being watered, and the leaves and flower were just as beautiful as when she left them. This was the result of the truth she had been realizing.

She also told me about a child, a few years old, whose mother brought him to her, believing him to be dead. He was stretched out stiff in her arms, and she laid him in our Leader's lap. Mrs. Eddy saw the mother was very much agitated and asked her to leave the little boy with her for a time and to return later. When the mother left them, Mrs. Eddy sat realizing the truth, and after a while she found the child sitting up on her lap, looking into her face. The first thing he said was, "Me is tick" (meaning sick), and Mrs. Eddy said, "No, you are not sick, you are well!" But he repeated several times, "Me is tick," and he seemed to get very angry and tried to strike her, until she rose and put him down, to stand, while she talked of truth, life and love to him. After a time, when he was submissive, he began to cry and sob bitterly. When she saw that he was yielding to truth, she put him on her lap again and talked lovingly and tenderly to him and comforted him. Soon a knock on the door was heard and she said, "That's Mama; go and meet her." He ran towards the door, and as his mother came in, she collapsed, and needed help. What astonished her so much, even more than the fact that he was alive, was that he was walking, as he had never done so before. He had been paralyzed from birth.

A lady brought her daughter to Mrs. Eddy one day and asked her to leave her with her as she could not speak. After doing all she could to help the girl, with apparently little effect, it occurred to her to test her in another way, and she said to her, "Well, I suppose the reason you do not talk is because you cannot

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talk!" At once the girl answered, "I can talk and I do talk, and I will talk! as much as I like and you can't stop me." So Mrs. Eddy was able to send her home to her parents cured of the devil of dumbness.

Then there was a man who was deaf and dumb, whom Mrs. Eddy healed of these false beliefs. That man talked to me many times, and his speech and hearing were perfect.

Mrs. Eddy spoke or lectured in New York on February fifteenth, 1889 in Steinway Hall. This lecture is mentioned in the *Christian Science Journal* for March, 1889 (Vol. 6, Page 633). There were over one thousand persons present to hear her. She was introduced by the Rev. J. C. Ager, Pastor of the New Jerusalem Church of Brooklyn, New York; and Mr. Ager said that, while he could not pretend to be a student of Christian Science, he had been struck by its wide diffusion, and by the fact that it took hold of and brought to the acknowledgment of Christ so many individuals that other forms of religious thought had failed to interest, that the stream that had its origin from Mrs. Eddy had, he believed, divided into many branches, some of which, he had been told flowed through very muddy channels, but that in all its force it commanded the serious attention of thoughtful observers, as the most important religious movement.

The lecturer, at the conclusion of Mr. Ager's remarks, discussed the questions: Is God the divine Principle or a person? Is man personal and individual? Is matter substance? Is materia medica a science? Does Christian Science tend to destroy the efficacy of the atonement? And in conclusion, Christian Science is the stranger within our gates.

She was listened to with deepest attention, and in the most absolute silence to the end, when a round of hearty applause showed the appreciation of her listeners.

Mrs. Eddy then withdrew to the dressing room, where the throng so pressed upon her that she was obliged to come out on the stage, and nearly an hour was passed in receiving the congratulations, thanks, and blessings of those who passed in succession to receive a grasp of the hand and a kindly word.

From the summer of 1888, after I studied Christian Science at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College with our revered Leader, I visited Boston every month to attend the meeting of her Students' Association, and from that time until 1894, I often stayed with Mrs. Eddy two or three days, and sometimes longer. When her furniture, etc. was being removed from Roslindale to Concord, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore (Mrs. Eddy's cousins), Mrs. Otis, who also lived in Concord, Mr. Charlie Howe, Dr. Foster Eddy, Mrs. Laura B. Sargent and I went to Pleasant View daily and helped to put the house in order, ready for Mrs. Eddy's reception. Workmen were laying carpets, putting up the curtains and furnishing the house; and each of us did all in every way possible to carry out our Leader's instruction. Mrs. Sargent and I slept there alone for several weeks. Mrs. Maria Ludcombe, who lived with Mrs. Eddy then, came and cooked for us, and almost every day our Leader came to the house to see about our progress and instructed us how she wished things arranged.

One day we received a letter from our Leader, addressed "To the Home Folk," and sent to those at Pleasant View. It was dated June twenty-third, 1892, and began:

Mother's Darlings,

Which one of these will rip off the border that is patchwork, from the carpet in the library, and its border on the opposite side of the room, and have Mr. Chesley reverse them and sew it and lay it down at once. May the smile of the 'Big Spirit' lighten your labor and heighten your steps each day towards our heavenly home where we shall reunite in songs of perpetual joy for our earthly lives- for your help to me and mine,

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To thee, lovingly, Mother

At the top of the letter was a sentence, "I am going out some day to hear you sing," and she sent us an order of exercises. (The original of that, and of this letter, are among those letters which I gave to The Mother Church.) There was only one book there, which had come from her house in Roslindale and which contained songs and quartettes. When she came to hear us, we sang to her two of those quartettes. We looked through the book, and the solo which seemed most suitable to sing to her, and in connection with her new home, was the hymn, "There is a Green Hill Far Away," which had been set to music as a song, by Sir Arthur Sullivan, an English composer, but this hymn speaks of death and crucifixion, so I saw that the words must be changed. These are the substituted words which were sung to suit the occasion.

"There is a green hill far away, That we might know the way to Heaven,

Without a city wall, Saved by her precious love.

Where the dear Lord is glorified There was no other good enough

Who lives to save us all. To show the ways of sin,

We may not know, we cannot tell She only could unlock the gate

What joys she has to share Of Heaven and let us in.

But we do know it is for us Oh, dearly, dearly does she love,

She works and watches here. And we do love her too,

She lives that we may be forgiven, And trust in her redeeming love,

She loves to make us good, And try her works to do."

As soon as that song was finished she said, "The words! Where did you get them?" And she asked me to read them to her. When I reached "There was no other good enough to show the ways of sin," she was so moved, she bowed her head and put her little sunshade to her face as it lay folded in her hand. At the end, she rose from the sofa, put her arm around my neck, and we went in silence down the walk to her carriage. It was a touching scene. I put the carriage blanket over her knees, and neither of us spoke. Then she drove away.

While we were attending to the inside of the house, preparations were being made outside in the grounds for the making of a pond at the bottom of the hill at the back of the house. Mr. Chesley had superintended the staging out, in the shape of a heart, and the laying of the bed for the pond, which afterwards was supplied from springs, and the flow altered its shape.

From this pond in winter, blocks of ice were cut, which supplied all that was needed at Pleasant View for a year, and it was quite a picture to see the horse and sleigh waiting on the frozen pond until laden with a sufficient number of blocks to take up to the ice house in the grounds, to be stored there.

Our Leader refers in *Miscellaneous Writings* (Page 142) to the boat, which was sent to her as a gift from the Christian Scientists of Toronto, Ontario. This boat was very beautiful and gave pleasure to many people, who enjoyed rowing in it on the little pond. It had a sunshade at each end and was kept in a pretty boat house at the end of the walk down to the pond. (*Mis.* 203:1)

After that, I very often stayed with her, and in the summer of 1894, she sent for me to come for a few

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weeks. I did not then return home for more than two years, when I went for one day, traveling two nights in order to do so, returning to Mother again. From that time, I remained with her for many years, and the last time that I was with her was in 1907, and I left just before she moved to Chestnut Hill.

Frank E. Mason lived in the Massachusetts Metaphysical College at 671 Columbus Avenue, Boston, and was Assistant Pastor of The Mother Church with our Leader, and at that time was loyal to her. He used to write the International Sunday School Lessons, and they were published every month in the Christian Science Journal. He went to Brooklyn, New York, as Pastor of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, there. The Rev. D. A. Easton was succeeded by the Rev. Lanson P. Norcross, as Pastor of The Mother Church in Boston.

When I was living with her, she asked me one day if I knew how to make a bonnet or to cut and fit a dress, how to cook, wash, iron, and do other domestic work. I answered, "No, Mother." She then said, "What can you do?" I answered, "Had I learned to wash, iron, cook, etc. and spent my time doing those things, I would not have had a house to live in or stove to cook on, as what I could earn in one day in my profession of singing was enough to pay someone to do these things for months."

She told me to ask Martha (Miss Morgan) to tell me the recipes of the things which she cooked and to write them in a book. This book was so useful years after, when Martha Morgan was no longer here and no one knew how to cook the food which Mrs. Eddy liked.

At this time Mrs. Mary E. Armstrong, the wife of Joseph Armstrong, one of the Directors, came to see if she could help our Leader until someone was found. Just beforehand, arrangements had been made for Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's home at Roslindale to be sold and the furniture as well as her personal belongings packed and removed to Boston, but her devotion to our Leader was such that she left the whole of this work to the care of others-while she remained at Pleasant View to help Mother. It was during the hottest time of the summer, and while a housekeeper and cook were being searched for, Mrs. Armstrong did much in providing food for our Leader. Such love and faithfulness we cannot forget, and our Leader appreciated it much.

Then Mrs. Weygandt came to be housekeeper, and with her her sister, dear Mary, to help. These sisters had been helpers of Mrs. E. P. Bates, who was willing to sacrifice herself and part with their loyal service, and sent them to our Leader, and this was the time when all the recipes which I had received from Miss Morgan were given to them. In carrying them out, Miss Weygandt made a success of cooking things as Mrs. Eddy liked them at that time. She was a member of the household in 1910 and after.

One great lesson which Mrs. Eddy taught me was of "the mammon of unrighteousness," such as sweeping, dusting and doing necessary things. (Luke 16:9-11) Mothers having charge of homes and all the responsibilities of their houses, which rest on those who had to do their own work and provide for their children's clothing and educations and to accomplish little things about the houses to make them homes-that is what we would call the mammon of unrighteousness, or material duties. If we would make good use of the discipline that fulfilling these duties brings to us, they would furnish us with experience which would ultimate in spiritual gain, because being faithful in that which was least, we would be faithful in much and receive heavenly riches, stores of truth in spiritual understanding which would be expressed in exactness, correctness, faithfulness, and perfection. "The maximum of good is the infinite God and His idea, the All-in-all." (S&H 103:15)

Then she said that God had taught her how to make a bonnet, and told me this story, which happened before the time she taught Christian Science. She had promised to give a temperance lecture, and she did not have a dress or bonnet which she thought suitable to wear there, so she walked down Tremont Street, and looking at the shop windows, saw two bonnets which she liked and felt would suit her. She could afford to spend \$2.00 on a bonnet and these were Paris models. So she went into the store and spoke to

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two young ladies who were attendants there, and asked them to show her some frames of the same shape as those in the window and to sell her some inexpensive material which she would use for making a bonnet as nearly like the models as possible. They entered into the spirit of the occasion and sold her a frame, tulle and ribbon and a pretty flower which she paid for and took away with her and made her bonnet herself. A friend who met her afterwards admired her bonnet and told her so, and said it looked like a \$25.00 model bonnet; and Mother told her that the materials cost her just \$2.00 and God taught her how to make it.

It was the same with her dress. She took her old dress (which was too shabby), unpacked it, washed, ironed, turned and remade it and put some narrow velvet on the outside of the bodice; you will see it on her in the picture with that little baby. God taught her to make that dress also, and she was well dressed for the occasion.

Mother told me how she happened to have that little baby in her arms. She went into a photographer's studio to ask about the price of photographs, and when she entered his reception room, she found a lady there holding a baby which she was trying to pacify. The child was screaming, which made it impossible for him to be photographed, and our Leader noticed that every little while the baby looked at her, and then screamed again, so she said to his mother, "Won't you let me hold your baby for a little while? Perhaps I can quiet him." And the baby put his arms up to meet hers. As soon as she took him, he put his thumb in his mouth as you will see, and there is a picture of contentment. Then the photographer, unknown to Mrs. Eddy, took a photograph of her and the child, and afterwards sent her a copy, asking her to accept it and said that it was such a beautiful picture, he could not help taking it.

I must relate another sacred experience of our Leader's healings. One day when she had finished her lesson in the class of which I was a member, she asked me to wait after the other members had gone, and as she was standing in the classroom at 571 Columbus, a gentleman called to see her, bringing with him his sister, who greatly needed healing. Mrs. Eddy met them at the door of the room, and asked him to wait downstairs, while she talked with his sister. The belief was insanity, and she looked terrified. Our Leader told me that her delusion was that a serpent was coiled around her body and was crushing her. I stood in amazement, watching Mrs. Eddy's face as she turned and looked at the woman who fell on the floor screaming, "It's crushing me; it's killing me." Our Leader looked upwards, as if she had seen the face of an angel in her communion with God. In a moment she said to the woman, "Has it gone?" And the poor woman looked up and her whole body was shaking and quivering as she answered, "Yes!" I watched the changes of expression that came over her face, from fear to peace and joy. And O, the love that was expressed in our Leader's face as she looked down on her, stretched out both arms and lifted her up saying, "Get up darling." Then our dear teacher took that needy one's head on her shoulder and patted her face, as she lovingly talked the truth to her. Mrs. Eddy then went out of the room and talked to the brother who took her home, and asked me to come and have supper with her, and to sing to her. During the evening she turned to me and said, "You saw what happened to that lady today? Well, she will never be insane in this world again." And she has not.

One day our Leader illustrated how it takes moral courage to do one's duty. She told of a gentleman who was in a street car in Boston and had his little daughter with him. The child wanted to sit on his knee and put her head on his shoulder and go to sleep, and he would not allow her to do that, insisting that she should stand and move about. His treatment of the child seemed so cruel that a Scientist who was sitting in the seat behind him spoke to him and asked what was the trouble. He explained that the child had unknowingly taken some poison and he was on the way to a physician to give her an antidote, and if he allowed her to lie down and go to sleep, she might never waken again. Our Leader wanted to show me how we needed such arousals if our eyes were not open to detect the error which must be overcome, or it would put us to sleep.

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Mother told me that when she was first at Chickering Hall, holding services and preaching, the caretaker one Sunday brought his daughter, who was ill with consumption, and who had a distressing cough. After the congregation left the building, she was sitting in one of the end seats, waiting for her father. As Mrs. Eddy went down the aisles to go out to the front door, she saw the little girl and noticed how ill she looked. She stopped and spoke to the child and said to her, "Don't you know, dear, that you haven't any lungs to cough with or be consumed? You are God's child," and she talked the truth with her and told her that she was God's idea, and to know that she was well, and the child stopped coughing and was instantly healed. When her father came to take her home, he was amazed to find that she was well.

One day Mrs. Eddy received a letter from a gentleman who was the husband of a very dear and loyal student who had passed on, and her little boy had been sobbing ever since. He asked Mrs. Eddy if she would allow him to bring the child to see her; would she talk to him, hoping it would heal him of his grief; she consented to see them, and when he came, the dear little boy looked emaciated, and he could not stop sobbing. Our Leader took him into the library with her alone and asked his father to wait in another room while she talked to the child. Before I left the room, she put him on her lap and I could hear her talking to him about his mother. I went upstairs, so I did not hear more. The child received a benediction from her talk with him. He loved Christian Science, and it had been a shock to him to think he had lost his mother. I have forgotten his name but have often wondered where he is.

One day, a man whom she had seen jump from a great height called to see her. He had on dark goggles. She asked him if he were not afraid when he took that leap. He explained to her that if he were to become afraid that the jump was so high, he would have been killed. After talking to him in a most heavenly way for some time, one could see by the expression of his face how enlightened he was mentally. Then she began again, and talked to him about his lack of fear, he still asserting that he had no fear when jumping- he knew he could do it. She said to him, "Why not apply the same rule to your eyes?" One, he told her, had been destroyed through an accident, the other was all right, but he wore the dark goggles to hide the bad eye. They were sitting in the library, and as she talked to him, I could see and feel that his fear was removed, and his thought was full of hope and joy, although he did not then realize the blessing he had received. A day or two afterwards the cabman who drove him to the station reported that he had two perfect eyes when he reached the station.

About this time Mrs. Eddy sent an order to Mr. Thompson, who had a shoe store in Concord, to give boots and rubbers to all the poor who needed them and came for them, and hundreds were given who had no other means of getting them, that they might be dry-shod for the winter. If Mr. Thompson is still alive and still has that shoe store in Concord, he can be asked regarding this matter and could give information which I cannot give.

Mrs. Eddy had some full-grown trees brought from the woods and planted in her front garden (on each side of the gate near the street) at Pleasant View. Large holes were dug to receive the roots, and after they were planted, piles of stones were placed around each tree on the ground to keep the roots in position. For days and weeks people came and looked over the front fence at them to see if they were still alive, expecting to see the leaves wither. But no, the trees grew and flourished, and they may still be there; I do not know. One other tree, an elm, which was growing on the lawn in front, Mother had removed to the back of the house. This also flourished.

Christian Science is best learned from our Leader's works. (S&H 147:14; 456:25) When Mrs. Eddy was revising the fiftieth edition of Science and Health in 1891, she was living in a furnished house, 62 North State Street, Concord, New Hampshire, while Pleasant View was being built. She was passing through deep waters at that time and wrote to ask me to call and see her on my way to Boston to her Students' Association of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. I went and was so grateful for the great privilege of the visit. In her letter, she wrote that her hair had turned white and I must not be surprised when I saw

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her. When she greeted me in the drawing room, I was very much moved, as I could see by her face what deep waters she was passing through. She said to me, "The cup is bitter, bitter!" The tears came to my eyes. She looked up and said, "But the Father makes it sweet!" and she talked to me in a way that I have never forgotten. Note: I have a copy of that fiftieth edition, and it has a morocco cover; it is larger in size than those now used, although not so large as the cloth edition.

The book *Unity of Good* was written during the night hours. On Page 49, Line 8, is a passage which is very important for Christian Scientists and is as follows: "The more I understand true humanhood, the more I see it to be sinless,-as ignorant of sin as is the perfect Maker."

Mrs. Eddy's healing and discovery of Christian Science are described in *Miscellaneous Writings* (24:4), and at the bottom of the same page, we are taught how to handle serpents. I have seen our Leader overcome all obstacles which envy and malice threw in her path, and she told me of the time of her attending at Tremont Temple, an account of which begins on Page 95 of *Miscellaneous Writings*.

We learn much from and are grateful for the progress and growth of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston and our Leader's words concerning this monument, of which she writes in *Miscellaneous Writings* (140:28), "Built on the rock, our church will stand the storms of ages;" and the wisdom she displayed in dealing with the land and church building. We find on Pages 139 through 140:12 of the same book where the land with the church standing on it was conveyed to her faithful disciple and friend, Mr. Ira O. Knapp, to whom she referred (*Mis.* 140:5) as a type morally and spiritually inalienable, and in *Retrospection and Introspection* (51:1), she mentions his name as the one to whom the conveyance was made.

In *Miscellaneous Writings* (147:14 to 148:5) we read:

☉ "The man of integrity is one who makes it his constant rule to follow the road of duty, according as Truth and the voice of his conscience point it out to him. He is not guided merely by affections which may some time give the color of virtue to a loose and unstable character.

"The upright man is guided by a fixed Principle, which destines him to do nothing but what is honorable, and to abhor whatever is base or unworthy; hence we find him ever the same,-at all times the trusty friend, the affectionate relative, the conscientious man of business, the pious worker, the public-spirited citizen.

"He assumes no borrowed appearance. He seeks no mask to cover him, for he acts no studied part; but he is indeed what he appears to be,-full of truth, candor, and humanity. In all his pursuits, he knows no path but the fair, open, and direct one, and would much rather fail of success than attain it by reproachable means. He never shows us a smiling countenance while he meditates evil against us in his heart. We shall never find one part of his character at variance with another.

Lovingly yours, Mary Baker Eddy"

→ of my husband

When our Leader wrote that, she said to me, "That is a portrait of Ira O. Knapp."

On account of having the land conveyed to him, and the fears of others lest it should revert to him and his heirs, as well as his steadfastness in obeying our Leader, he and Mrs. Knapp experienced persecution and much suffering. (See book entitled "*Ira O. Knapp and Flavia S. Knapp*" by Bliss Knapp, p. 94:25 to next page and 95:8-13.)

Surely their children have before them something to be grateful for and proud of in the example of their parents. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp were most loving, helpful, and hospitable friends to me and to many others.

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Mrs. Flavia S. Knapp did a great deal to help our Leader in providing clothing and in many other ways, and when our Leader reopened her College in Boston, she appointed Mrs. Knapp as teacher, with another student,-a gentleman.

During this time the lawyers in Concord and Boston, whom our Leader consulted, said it would be impossible to have the Church chartered in the way that she saw possible. She told them to search in "Blackstone," as there never had been a human need that had not already been supplied. After a long and careful search, it was found that only once in the history of law had anything occurred with church governments which would make possible the legal manifestation of Mrs. Eddy's high spiritual ideal. She also consulted her cousin, General Henry Baker, a lawyer in Washington. So the need was met, and the church established on God's law. (*Mis. 140*) *Miscellaneous Writings* (141:27) will give you all the information as to securing money for the donors in order that it might be possible to build The Mother Church.

When the World's Parliament of Religions took place at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, the National Christian Scientist Association met there and agreed to dissolve, in obedience to a letter from our Leader to that association. (*Mis. 137:19*) On the day that the Christian Scientists held their meeting at the Parliament of Religions, Judge Septimus J. Hanna read an article which had been written by our dear Leader, and on the platform were clergymen of other denominations. Several times during the reading, the Rev. Joseph Cook (who attacked Mrs. Eddy in Tremont Temple) tried to stop Judge Hanna, saying that he was overstaying his time, but Judge Hanna continued reading until the end of what our Leader had written. While listening to him, I thought, "God bless him." His Christianity and dignity were impressive. Judge Hanna mentioned that they would find this teaching in Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy. At that moment Mr. Cook stood up and held up the Bible, saying that he hoped the Bible would be his dying pillow.

Thousands of Scientists were there listening eagerly, not wishing to lose one of the words of our Leader. The hall which held many thousands was filled, and people were standing. It was a joyful and successful meeting, in spite of all Mr. Cook's interruptions. Perhaps some of the present Board of Directors may have attended that meeting of which I wrote an account the same evening.

Mrs. Eddy had a great desire to go to the dedication of The Mother Church, and the problem was to have a dress that would fit her. How was this to be accomplished? For a long time past, no dresses that were made for her by dressmakers would fit; everything was spoiled. The seeming error was from malicious malpractice-so I decided that I must demonstrate and provide a dress which she could wear and which would be a perfect fit. God opened the way for me to do this, and the opportunity arose when Mother sent me to Boston to attend to the provision of music for the dedication service. I had some money in the bank at Montreal, and asked my sister to withdraw the whole amount and send it to me so that I could use it for this purpose; it was more than \$100.00 and all that I possessed. I was then able to buy the material and arrange for the making of the dress. I expected to stay in Boston for two or three weeks, so I took my trunk with me.

Mother told me to stay with Mrs. Weller and I went there at once. Mrs. Weller went with me to buy the satin for the dress. Before this, when talking to Mother about what dress she would like to have and knowing that she had some satin in the house (grey with pinkish tinge), I asked her if she would like to have that made up. She told me to send it to Boston to a dressmaker whom she knew. A few days later Mother sent for it to be returned. I knew also that Mother would have preferred a grey satin that looked like silver with pearl trimming. Mrs. Weller and I went from shop to shop until we found just what we wanted. (Mother knew nothing of all this.)

Mrs. Weller had heard of a dressmaker-an Englishwoman-who had a short time before begun to attend the

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services at The Mother Church, and we went to her late that afternoon. She asked me who the dress was for. I told her that it was for Mother, and she asked me if I could send her a dress that was a good fit, as the lady was not in Boston. Then she asked me what measurements I could give her. I told her that I only knew three-the waist, the bust, and the length of the skirt, and I asked her to make the sleeves extra long in proportion, as she had the longest arms I had ever seen in a woman.

I wanted the dress for Christmas, but she had so much work on hand that she said she could not possibly get it done so soon. I asked her if she could get two extra hands and I would pay them. She said she had been trying, but it was impossible as everyone was so busy. I then asked her if she would let me come and help her, as I could do the shopping and matching patterns for her, though I couldn't help with the dressmaking.

The next morning I was at the dressmaker's early, and she sent me to do the shopping, and I also bought the pearl trimming and the grey velvet we had chosen for the dress. I was to return to her early, after lunching with Mrs. Weller.

When I reached Mrs. Weller's, she gave me a telegram from Mother which read, "Take the next train and bring your trunk." I arranged with Mrs. Weller to take all the patterns to the dressmaker and explain to her all I had done and tell her I had been called away unexpectedly, but if she would find someone to do the work that I had undertaken, I would pay extra for it. Mrs. Weller explained all the circumstances to the dressmaker, who was able to get extra hands, and Mrs. Weller arranged with her to call for the dress the day before Christmas, and said that I should be very grateful if she would have it ready by then.

In the meantime, I watched and prayed for a harmonious result and to break the so-called law of malicious malpractice, which argued that Mrs. Eddy could not get anything to wear, and that no one could do things for her in the right way. I asked the dressmaker to leave the underarm seams tacked but not stitched and to tack on the trimming of pearls and grey velvet.

In the afternoon of the day before Christmas, while Mother was out driving, Mrs. Weller came with the parcel, which also contained a silk petticoat with quilted lining,-a Christmas present for Mother from Mr. Frye, Martha and me. When Mrs. Eddy returned from her drive, Mrs. Weller waited to go until she had entered the house. Mother went upstairs to her room, took off her coat and bonnet, and, contrary to her custom, instead of settling down to write letters, she deliberately walked downstairs to the library. She looked through the windows and saw someone going down the path towards the gate and asked, "Who is that?" I said, "It is Mrs. Weller." "What did she come for?" I replied, "To bring a parcel for us." She then said, "Run to the front door and call to her to come back." (Mrs. Weller was very dear to her, and numbers of times came to Pleasant View to help us out, when we were having tough experiences.)

Mrs. Weller's face beamed when I told her that Mother wanted to see her. She intended to remain the night at Concord in a friend's house and to come up the next afternoon for instructions for the dressmaker about the finishing of the dress.

Mother said she wanted to see what was in the parcel and asked me to bring it to her. I took the petticoat out of the parcel and brought it to her in the library as she sat talking to Mrs. Weller. It was a beautiful grey, shot with blue and pink, and when I opened it and put it over her knees, she exclaimed, "Oh, isn't it pretty! It's like a sunset!" Then she asked Mrs. Weller to spend the night and stay for Christmas dinner the next day.

Both Mrs. Weller and I were very much excited, and smilingly looked at each other in anticipation of the surprise for the next morning. But we were grateful to think that the dress was practically finished and was in the house and that it was exquisitely made.

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The next morning-Christmas day-about six-thirty, when I went into Mother's room while she was still in bed, I took in the bodice on a hanger, and she sat up and looked at it in amazement. I said, "Mother, dear, this is a Christmas gift for you and there is a skirt for it which I will bring in."

I ran to Mrs. Weller's room and asked her to help me to know that all was well and that I could do what was right. Then I took the skirt into Mother's room, and she told me to stand off by the door and hold the bodice over the skirt, so that she could look at it from a distance. She said, "Where did that dress come from? Where did you get it? Who sent it?" and I replied, "It is from Divine Love." She said, "Clara, did you get that dress for me?" "Yes, Mother." She told me to leave it so that she could try it on while she was dressing.

After a time, she rang for me, and when I went to her she already had the dress on. She said, "Go and ask Mrs. Weller to come to me," which I did immediately.

When Mrs. Weller entered the room, she told her it was a perfect fit and it was the first time such a thing had happened to her. The only alteration that it needed was to take in the middle seam of the back of the bodice a quarter of an inch, as she held herself very erect, and she didn't want the bodice to wrinkle at the back. I explained to her that Mrs. Weller was going to take the dress back to the dressmaker to have any alterations made and to have it stitched where it was only tacked. Mrs. Eddy also asked Martha (Miss Morgan) to make the front width of the skirt half an inch shorter. (This was Christmas day, 1894.)

Mother felt that Love had provided her with a dress in which to go to the dedication service of The Mother Church on January sixth, 1895; so a few days after, she sent me to Boston to Wether's store, to ask them to make her a bonnet of the same grey velvet with pearl trimming and two small grey feathers.

When the bonnet came home, she was very much pleased with it, and one evening, when Dr. Foster Eddy was at supper with her, she sent for me to fetch the dress and bonnet and to hold it up where she could see it. She told him where the dress came from, and when I think of it, it is not easy to forget the expression on his face as he looked at her, at the dress, and at me. He was not pleased.

On the next Sunday, when the Church was dedicated, our Leader did not attend the service, and it is not necessary to explain the reasons. I did all that I could to make it possible for her to go, but she suffered so much that she thought it wisest to remain home and send me to Boston in the afternoon of the previous day in charge of her message, which is published in *Pulpit and Press*.

Dedication, January sixth, 1895: Our Leader had written a message for the dedication of the Church (which she afterwards published in the book *Pulpit and Press*) and desired to have it well read. As she felt she must choose the one who could read it best, she wrote to the Directors asking them to find the best reader and elocutionist in the United States, and she would like to hear that one read the message. At that time the best reader was a gentleman, but he was engaged and too far from Boston to come there for one day. The next best reader was Mrs. Henrietta Clark Bemis, whom Mrs. Eddy invited to come and see her.

Our Leader was in her sitting room and saw this lady there and read her message to her and asked her to go into another room and read it to herself and study it and when she was acquainted with it, to return, and she would like to hear her read it.

When she returned, Mother asked her to go on the other side of the room, and she was standing near the door opposite the sofa where Mother and I were sitting. While she was reading the message, I could see by the expression on our Leader's face, when she smiled, just what she thought of it. There were several places where she felt she wanted to explain her meaning. One was about Bronson Alcott's visit to her when she was passing through many deep waters, and he said to her, "I have come to comfort you." She told this lady about the circumstances connected with that visit, which enabled her to read it more

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intelligently. Later in the afternoon Mrs. Bemis read it to her a second time, and then she allowed her to leave. She was a native of Concord, and went home to spend the night with her mother. (*Pul.* 43:10)

On Saturday afternoon, the fifth of January, 1895, Mother sent me to Boston, giving me a copy of the message for the Dedication Service for the next day with instructions not to allow it to leave my hand until it was read in The Mother Church. This was a precaution taken so that, in case the message which the reader had should be misplaced, lost or forgotten, there would still be one from which she could read at the several services held at different hours during that day in order to accommodate the hundreds of people who had come to attend the Dedication Service.

On the platform was a chair for our Leader, a gift from my sisters and myself, and which I asked Mr. E. P. Bates to have made to match the other furniture. I expect it is still there. There was also a large and beautiful jardiniere to hold a plant for The Mother's Room, a gift from the children of the Sunday School of the Christian Science Churches in Montreal.

On my journey to Boston, I kept the message bound to my hand by a rubber band and kept my hand in my muff, and when I retired to sleep that night I kept the message in my hand and pushed my arm up into the pillowcase so that it should not fall out of it.

The next morning I went to Church with instructions that if the reader was not early, I was to engage a carriage and go for her. Just as I was going to start for her home, she arrived at the Church. She read that message at each of the services, and when the last service was nearly over, I left for the station and returned to Concord. That day was memorable to all who were there and was a glorious demonstration of the power of divine Love to overcome the belief in error and fear. Subsequently, it was revealed how wise and necessary it was for our Leader to provide a second copy.

The day preceding our Leader's first address in The Mother Church (May twenty-sixth, 1895), Mother went from Concord to Boston, and remained in The Mother's Room at the Church all night. The next morning, Sunday, during the singing of the second hymn, she was conducted up the aisle of the church to the reader's platform by Mr. E. P. Bates, and she stood at the reader's desk and addressed the congregation. You will find that wonderful and inspiring address on Page 106 of *Miscellaneous Writings*. Her words were a great arousal and I learned that thirteen people were healed while she was speaking—there may have been others of whom I did not know.

That day Mrs. E. P. Bates and Mrs. Armstrong were very kind in providing lunch for our Leader. In the afternoon, we returned to Pleasant View.

If we would read and study the history of the contributing, building, dedication and continued activities of The Mother Church, it would enlighten and bless us greatly. (*Mis.* 139 to 142)

Our Leader refers to the laying of the cornerstone of The Mother Church building on Page 143 of *Miscellaneous Writings*, that on the twenty-first day of May, 1894, the cornerstone of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, was laid in Boston, and on the next page, 144, line 8 to the end of the chapter, you will read what she mentions about us, and there we find our Leader's prayer for church and children.

Another experience I would like to mention was with little Ruth Clarke. Mr. Clarke had charge of Pleasant View Estate, and lived in Pleasant View Cottage, and the infant was the daughter of his adopted son. She was too young to talk, being less than a year old. As she had no mother living, she had never been taught the word, "mother;" and her grandmother, Mrs. Clarke, she was taught to call "grandma" although indistinctly. She had been shown Mrs. Eddy's picture and told to call her "best Auntie." She had never seen our Leader, but one morning she was brought into her sitting room and told that it was "best Auntie." Our Leader, who was sitting in her rocking chair, raised her arms to take the child from the one

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who was holding her and who repeatedly said to her, "Say best Auntie." Little Ruth looked at Mother and tried to go to her, and as she did so, she said, "No, no, Mama." It was the first time she had ever said that word and did it of her own accord. Mrs. Eddy was so pleased and grateful, and she became very much attached to that little girl. It was so sweet that she recognized the Motherhood that was expressed to her in such love.

As time went on, Ruth grew; she began to talk and to learn the hymns, and sometimes she would come to see Mother, and she would say, "Can I speak my piece?" Then she would repeat one of Mother's hymns, or a little poem that her grandmother had taught her. One day, when she was about three years old, Mother bought as a present for her, a little tricycle, and took great joy in seeing her learn to ride it. After that, Mr. Clarke moved away to another town between Concord and Boston, and so I lost sight of Ruth.

Experiences with *Miscellaneous Writings*: When it was being printed: In collecting the articles and placing them in the desired order, it took Mother three days before the index was compiled. I wrote to her dictation and each day she changed the position of the articles until she was satisfied that they were in the right places. Then the book went to Boston for printing, and each time it was returned for proof-reading, she found corrections to be made. It was being printed at The Christian Science Publishing House, the second house from the original Mother Church. At that time the Christian Science Publishing Society, the second, third and fourth houses, and the other houses were bought and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Munroe, and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bates. These occupied the site on which the extension of The Mother Church now stands. The house next to the Church was later purchased.

In the Publishing House where *Miscellaneous Writings* was being printed, they had new linotype machines for the purpose, and several times during the days and nights, one of the machines broke down, so that someone was kept there all the time to repair each one as it was required. There seemed to be continuous obstruction of one kind or another to hinder the work; so great was the need that constant watching was necessary, and on this account, several of Mrs. Eddy's students remained all night at the Publishing House praying for direction and guidance to accomplish the great work.

Our Leader said that this book would be a teacher next to Science and Health, as people would understand it better and more quickly at first than Science and Health. (See "Dedication" in *Miscellaneous Writings*.)

One thing that our Leader taught me was always to give God the glory and whatever I undertook to do, I was to say, "With God's help I will do so and so," and to know that the good that I would do, I do, and the evil I would not do, I could not be made to do. She also said that in years to come, the loyal Christian Scientist would have to make it clear to people that it was not Mrs. Eddy who did the healing, but Truth and Love- ("God will heal the sick through man, whenever man is governed by God." S&H 495:1), and that she would be more worshipped than Jesus had been. Our duty would be to overcome the belief in mortal mind of worshipping her personality.

I must not forget the goldfish in the fountain basin. There was a large number of them. The dogs from the street used to come and drink water from the basin to quench their thirst in the severe heat, and they would snap at the little goldfish. Our Leader designed a cover for the basin of the fountain, which was of copper wire, with diamond-shaped holes through which the dogs could reach the water to drink, but the holes were not big enough to let them reach the goldfish.

The food for the goldfish sent from Boston periodically in small boxes looked like oblong sheets of white blotting paper or rice paper, about six inches wide. Daily when Mother reached home after her drive, my duty was to have the little box of food ready for her. She would take a few sheets and we would go to the fountain together, and she would break them in pieces and feed the fish, which, on hearing her voice, would swim to the top of the water with wide open mouths.

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One day, when she put her hand in the water, her diamond marquise ring which was on the underside of her finger sparkled as the sun shone on it, and the fish were frightened and darted away. She did not move her hand but called out, "Come, little fish, come to Mother-you are not afraid," and they all returned and swam in and out between her fingers, regardless of the sparkling ring.

Another day when I handed her the food, she said, "You stay here. Don't come with me. I will go on tip-toe, very quietly, and see if they will feel my thought and come for the food." She walked over the grass to the fountain very quietly and did not speak. Immediately the fish rose to the surface. Then she beckoned me to join her, signing to me not to speak, and I saw the fish waiting for their food, which she gave them.

Often on Sunday afternoon, Mother, Mr. Frye and I would sing hymns together, which seemed to comfort her. Some of those were from Moody and Sankey's book, and she would sometimes make alterations that gave the words a more spiritual meaning. "When the Mists Have Rolled Away" is one of them. I often sang songs to her; and in 1907, while the suit for the "next Friends" was being tried, she asked me to send for the tuner to tune the piano, and she wanted me to sing "Angels, Ever Bright and Fair," a song she liked very much, and which I had often sung to her.

I feel it only right that I should relate one very wonderful and sacred experience about Mr. Frye.

One day, while I was taking Mrs. Eddy's dictation, she sent me with a message to Mr. Frye, who was in his room. When I reached the door, which was open, I saw him lying on his back on the carpet, apparently lifeless. I returned to our Leader and told her about it saying, "It seems as though he has fainted." She immediately rose and we both went to his room. She kneeled beside him and lifted his arm, which fell inert. Then she began to talk to him. I had been praying for him, but what she said to him was a revelation, to which I listened in wonder. Such heavenly words, and tenderness, such expression of love I had never heard, telling him the truth of man's relationship to God. After a while he opened his eyes, and as soon as Mother saw that he was becoming conscious, her voice changed, and most severely she rebuked the error that seemed to be attacking him. Her voice and manner were so different, according to the need, that I was deeply impressed.

Presently she told him to rise on his feet, and gave him her hand to help him up. Then she turned round and went out of the room down the passage where she had been sitting. Then she called out, "Calvin, come here!" And he followed her. She spoke to him for several minutes, striving to wake him up-at times, thundering against the error. Then she said, "Now you can go back to your room." He went from the passage towards his room, but before he entered, she called him again and talked to him, and this was repeated several times.

I said, "Oh, Mother, couldn't you let him sit down a few minutes?" She said, "No, if he sits down, he may not waken again-he must be aroused-we mustn't let him die-he is not quite awakened yet!" She began to talk to him again and reminded him of the time when Martha and Mrs. Frye together drove out and spent the day there, and she began to remind him of the experiences of that day. That reached him, and she said, "You haven't forgotten, Calvin?" and he said, "No, Mother!" and laughed heartily. Then she talked more of the Truth to him and told him he could go back to his room and this time "watch."

She explained to me that when you speak the truth to anyone, if the truth you speak causes him to laugh, cry, or get angry, you have reached the thought that needed correction.

Mr. Frye was a changed man after that experience, to which he never referred. To me, such a demonstration was a glorious inspiration and lesson.

One day Mrs. Eddy was choosing a pair of horses at Pleasant View. When she returned from her

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afternoon drive, and the carriage had been taken to the stables, she told Louis, the man who had charge of the horses, to bring the new one up to the verandah so she could see it well. She said to me, "Stand beside me, and I will teach you how to choose a good horse!" Then one of them was brought for her to look at, and she told me to notice the horse's eyes, that the whites of them showed, and that was a vicious horse; so she told the man to take it away. The next one she refused for the same reason. The third she decided to keep; there was no white visible, and as she spoke to the horse, he seemed to feel her kind thought, and bowed his head up and down, showing every sign of pleasure; they were friends at once.

In writing on the subject of horses, I must mention Jerry and Jean, who were very much attached to her, and seemed to know her well. When she returned from her drive and got out of her carriage, she would often go to the end of the verandah nearest to the horses' heads, and speak to each one. Jerry was nearer to the verandah than Jean, and she would pat his neck or face and speak to him, and then Jean would put his head over Jerry's back as if he did not wish to be left out, and then she would speak to him. It was very beautiful to see her tenderness and love to those horses, and when she came out to get into the carriage, they seemed to recognize her each time. This happened years ago.

In speaking of the hymn tunes in the *Christian Science Hymnal*, Mother said she wanted to have a tune written for "Shepherd Show Me How to Go," which would fit the words just as the tune of "Swanee River" went perfectly with the words. The words and the music were so at one that they could not be separated. She also asked me if I knew someone who could compose a tune to the Mother's Evening Prayer, and requested me to write to Mr. Joseph Gould of Montreal, who had composed the tune to "Laus Deo," written by Mrs. Eddy for the laying of the cornerstone, and which was sung at the dedication service at The Mother Church. When on a visit to Montreal, I saw him and asked him to do this. Mr. Gould wrote me that he found difficulty in expressing all that he felt the words needed, so I wrote him that a tune that would go with "Abide With Me" would suit "The Mother's Evening Prayer," and he realized the truth in connection with that hymn. In a short time he wrote to me saying that, after he received my letter, the tune came to him like an inspiration, and he sent it to me at Pleasant View. I sang it to Mother several times, in which she joined me, and she accepted that tune for that hymn, and told me to thank him, and to keep it until some time it would be included in the *Christian Science Hymnal*.

One day our Leader said to me, "Why is it that you treat me so differently from the way the others do? There is some difference which I do not see!" I told her that I treated her as I treated my own mother—the way I had been taught to. The next day she said, "I have found out what is the difference between your demeanor and that of the others towards me. You have a queen—you love and respect her and that is why you treat me as you do." (It was while Queen Victoria was reigning and Mrs. Eddy had for her the highest esteem.) I said, "Yes! Before I could talk, my mother taught us each evening when saying our prayers before we were tucked in bed, 'God bless our dear Queen Victoria and her family,' which gave us a very loyal and reverent sense of that good queen."

When she heard of Queen Victoria's death, Mother was talking of her life reign in England, and I said, "Is she still alive?" "Yes!" was the reply, "and is still a queen in belief." (See *My*. 289:6 to 290:10.)

When I read the Chapter in *Miscellaneous Writings* on "Love Your Enemies," a particular experience which our Leader had in 1899, and which I recorded, is recalled by which I saw the carrying out of her teaching in that chapter, exemplified in her life. One of her former students who had manifested great enmity against her and was persecuting her and falsifying her character was dealt with in the following manner. One morning as our dear Teacher was writing letters, she called me and said, "To whom do you think I have just written?" From the look on her face I said, "I suppose someone to whom no one else would write!" And then she said, "It is so and so, and I have invited her to come to see me. I have given her two days from which to select the time most convenient to her, and have asked her to telegraph and let me know the day." She read the letter through to me and told me to enclose a stamped telegraph form. I

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said, "Oh, Mother, how could you write to her, when you know she is doing all she can to harm you, and not hiding it, but talking about it?" She said to me, "You must learn to love that woman." I said, "Do you love her?" "Yes, and I am trying to bless her! If you and I do not love her, who can or will?"

To that letter Mrs. Eddy received no reply. When the second day named came, before going out for her drive she put on her special best dress and ordered the carriage to be at the door to take her for her drive an hour earlier than usual, in order to be home early before her guest arrived. Before leaving, our Leader ordered another carriage to be sent to the station to meet her. Just as she was putting on her gloves before entering her carriage, she called me from my writing and said, "Will you promise something?" I said, "Of course, I will if it is something I can do." She said, "If Mrs. --- comes before I return I want you to greet her kindly." I said, "Yes, Mother, I will." Then she said, "Lovingly?" with a note of interrogation in her voice. My answer was, "I will try." Then she said, "Just heavenly?" I answered, "I will go upstairs and ask God to help me to do that and to show me how." Lastly she repeated, "Now remember what I say—kindly, lovingly, just heavenly!"

I went to my room and prayed earnestly to divine Love to help me, for, as it was right for her to feel that, it was right for me to manifest it. In a short time I felt such a desire that she should come, and willing to welcome her in the most heavenly way that I knew, because I knew what a blessing there was awaiting her through an interview with our Leader and great good would result.

Our Leader returned from her drive an hour earlier than usual, and when she got out of her carriage, she said, "Has she come yet?" I said, "No, Mother." "Never mind," she said, "I will wait in the drawing room for her." In the meantime the carriage had been sent a second and a third time to meet three trains in succession. The last time it was late and too dark for her to have come, and our Leader sat in the parlor waiting till then; after which, she rose to return to her sitting room, and said, "Oh, what a benediction of love she would have received! It would have saved and comforted her!" I too felt sorry for her to have lost such an opportunity and a great blessing. I learned a lesson of love such as I have never forgotten.