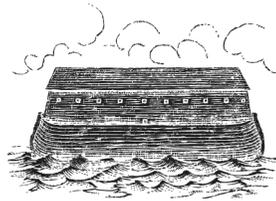


“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM”

— MATTHEW 7:20

*Testimonies of Healing
from the Christian Science Periodicals
1889 - 1922*



ARK PUBLICATIONS



Childhood home of Mary Baker Eddy, Bow, New Hampshire
Original oil on canvas painting by Max Bohm, 1920, Longyear Museum Collection

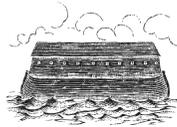
Courtesy of Longyear Museum, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

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A VERSE

Mother's New Year Gift to the Little Children

ATHER—Mother God,
Loving me, —
Guard me when I sleep;
Guide my little feet
Up to Thee.

To the Big Children

Father-Mother good, lovingly
Thee I seek, —
Patient, meek,
In the way Thou hast, —
Be it slow or fast,
Up to Thee.

— MARY BAKER EDDY (POEMS 69:1)

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CHAPTER I

“A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM”

“The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.” — ISAIAH 11:6



A LITTLE boy, between five and six years old, came to his father one day and said: “Father, I have something good to tell, and I want you to write just what I tell you.” Without a word his father took up a pencil and wrote as follows:—

THE SERMON OF THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

“All mortals ought to commence Christian Science, and take it up and keep it up. You must never get weary, no matter how long it takes you to make a demonstration.

“I tell you there is nothing like the Truth. No matter what it [the claim] is, you must demonstrate it over.

“No one but a pure person, like Jesus, could raise anyone from the dead, because anyone who is not pure would fear, and could not raise one from the dead. I heard a little girl say, ‘You crazy ape.’ Now that is just as bad as swearing, because that is a slang word. You cannot get me to say anything like that, if I know it’s bad.

“If we live the Truth, it will do lots of great things for us. Now, Truth is not just for fun, but we must live it and be harmonious.”—*W. B. D., Kansas City, Mo.*



I WISH to tell of a demonstration which I had on the sixth of October. I was struck by an electric car as I attempted to cross the street and was thrown right underneath the car. At first I thought I was in Sunday School and my teacher who first taught me holding my hand and repeat-

“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM”

ing the Scientific Statement of Being in my ear. Instantly I began to realize that God was All-in-all, and kept helping myself until they got me out. Everybody who saw what happened said it was a miracle that I was not killed, but I knew that it was Truth that saved me. I am a little girl seven years old. I read Science and Health, the *Journal*, and *Sentinel*.—*Margaret Lumley, Ottawa, Ont.*



I AM a little boy eight years old, and I want to tell you about my demonstration. I was thrown from our wagon, falling on my head and shoulders. We denied it, and in about an hour I was all right.

Arthur D. Monger, La Junta, Col.



I am a little girl eight years old, and I want to tell you what I have done for God. I was at grandma's house and I went out in the kitchen and Annie, the girl, had a headache, and she asked me to treat her, because I had treated her once before. I went into the dining-room and declared that God was Good, and didn't make headaches, therefore Annie did not have any headache, and mortal mind couldn't say she had any. After five or ten minutes' treatment I went out and asked her how she was; she said she was very much better but not all healed. Then I realized Truth a little more and went out to play, and after dinner I went again into the kitchen and she said she was all well.

One night while I was at grandma's I had a claim of sore throat, and grandma is not a Christian Scientist, and mamma was here in Boston, and so I began to cry. Just as soon as I began to cry I thought of God and stopped right off, and began to demonstrate. I thought God was all, for Life was all Good, and matter had no place, it didn't exist, and I said, "Get behind me, Satan," and then in a few minutes I felt all well and haven't had any sore throat since.

CHILDREN'S TESTIMONIES

While I was up in the mountains this summer I was walking up a hill bare-footed, there was some poison ivy around, and I stepped on some and the next day I had a claim of it on my hands and feet, and papa said it would last two weeks; but I said it wouldn't, and so mamma and I read Science and Health and demonstrated that the power of Good was all there is, much powerfuller than mortal mind, for there is no mortal mind. There is only God's Mind that is Love, and that is all there is, there is no other mind. We said God never made poison, and therefore it didn't exist, and a few days afterward it was all gone.

One day my brother Stuart and I were playing, and he took something of mine to look at and I began to whine, and mamma heard me and asked me not to do it—to try to demonstrate over it. She had asked me two or three times before, and I didn't seem to do it, but I did this time, because I thought it wasn't nice to fret and bother mamma, and I began treating myself. I said, "Error, you don't exist, and you can't make me whine and fret, for God governs me." And mamma says that she hasn't heard me whine and fret since. I am so glad that our dear Mother, Mrs. Eddy, is so good and kind to give us this beautiful Truth, that helps us to manifest God—Good.

Adelaide Chase, Boston, Mass.



A Girl's Appreciation of Science and Health.

I would like to add my testimony to the healing power of Truth. I am a schoolgirl fifteen years old. This afternoon in school a bad headache came upon me. After school, at my earliest opportunity, I went to my room and studied the lesson on "Unreality" for September 23, 1900. When I finished the lesson, I suddenly realized that not a trace of the trouble was left. None of my family are Christian Scientists, so I could not turn to them for aid. I am so thankful for this beautiful Truth, and my greatest desire is that I may become worthy of the name of a true, loyal Christian Scientist. Science and Health is the dearest book I own.—H. S., Chicago, Ill.

CHAPTER II

“FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK”

“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

— JESUS (LUKE 12:32)



HOW MAMIE CONVINCED THE DOCTOR.

LITTLE Mamie, who is only ten years old, is a splendid Christian Scientist. One day her brother was complaining of a sick headache. “Now brother, don’t fret, and I will treat you,” said Mamie. After she had finished, he said he felt much better. “You ought to help yourself, brother, though. You mustn’t ever think any sick thoughts. You must deny them and you will keep well then.”

That evening Mamie’s little friend, a doctor’s daughter, dined with them, and Fred was telling his mother how quickly his headache disappeared after the treatment in the afternoon. “Oh! *we’ve* all had dreadful headaches over to our house, too, to-day, and I’ve got an awful one yet,” said Alice; “and everything’s topsy-turvey anyway!” Mamie looked up amazed. “Why Alice! everything is *not* topsy-turvey; because all is harmony. Discord is a lie, and you mustn’t believe it to be the Truth.” “Well, Mamie, I always feel better when I’m with you, anyway,” said Alice. “I wish you’d cure papa!” Mamie did not make reply; but that she did not is no reason she did not give earnest heed to what Alice had said. She was a very thoughtful child, and nothing escaped her.

It was not many days after this, that she came with sparkling eyes bounding into the room where her mother was sewing. “Mamma, wouldn’t it be a great victory for Christian Science if I cured a mortal belief doctor—the kind that has faith in medicine?” “Yes, my darling, it would indeed,” said her mamma. “Well,” said Mamie, “I’ve just seen Alice and she says her headache was all gone when she went home the other night.

“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM”

She says she knows I cured it and so she told her mamma. But best of all, when she asked doctor how *his* was, he said it was all gone, had suddenly left him.” “Well, it was my little girl’s good work, I know, and I hope she won’t stop at this, but will continue and only be satisfied when the doctor has ceased to believe in medicines.”

The good seed planted in the child’s thought was not long in springing up and bearing fruit. Her mamma overheard her telling Alice that the reason her (Alice’s) papa had dyspepsia was because he was a “specialty mortal-belief” doctor for dyspepsia, and thought about it all the time, “And don’t you know, ‘as a man thinketh so he is’?” she added in a very impressive manner. She had an earnest way of speaking and a nice little manner of nodding her head that was very sweet and convincing.

A little later, she came in where her mamma was, and sat down on the window sill, with a far-away look in her eyes, and unconsciously twirling the curtain cord in her fingers. Her mamma did not interrupt her thoughts, but waited patiently for her to speak. At last Mamie said: “Mamma, I didn’t tell Alice why her papa looks so sallow and disagreeable; but I *know*. Of course it’s only a belief that he does look so,” she added apologetically, not liking to admit that the doctor was under such a *belief* even. “But I didn’t tell her why he had that belief.” “Why has he?” asked her mamma. “Well, mamma, I’m sorry to say it of the dear old doctor, but it’s because he don’t know anything about God,” she said. She sat quiet again for some little time. At last she said: “It’s a very *sorry* thing to believe in medicine, instead of in God, to heal you.”

That afternoon when she was coming home from school, who should she see in front of her but Alice’s papa, the doctor. She ran up to him to ask where Alice was. “Sick as usual,” was the doctor’s answer; “and unusually sick this time,” he added gloomily. “I wish she had your healthy complexion and color, little one”; looking at her and smiling as people always did when they looked at Mamie. She didn’t answer him for a moment, then said: “Doctor, I’ve got some good news for you, so I guess I’ll walk home with you.” “You have some good news for me?” said the doctor, looking surprised; “and what is it?” “Well, it’s just this,” said Mamie; slipping her hand into

CHILDREN'S TESTIMONIES

the doctor's and walking demurely by his side. "Alice can be as well as I am all the time, if you'll stop giving her medicine." "Humph!" said the doctor rather grumpily. "I had forgotten you were Christian Scientists at your house. How are you going to manage to make her well *without* the medicine?" Mamie was delighted at this question. "You mustn't be always afraid she will be sick, doctor," said she, "and — well, she mustn't think of herself at all!" She was a little perplexed as to how she should make it plain to him, though she understood perfectly that thought must be detached from self if we would be freed from erroneous beliefs.

"You see, doctor, we never *think* of sickness at home, and so we are always well." "Oh, yes, you Christian Scientists are a queer lot," said the doctor. He had meant to say it sneeringly, but Mamie's bright, innocent look changed his motive into a good one. "What you say isn't a bad idea, though," he added, and patted her hand. "*Mamma's* not queer, and I'm not," said Mamie, "and if you were one, *you* wouldn't be. I *wish* you would be, then Alice would get well, and it would change" (she started to say that "sour look" of yours, having heard Fred call the doctor's expression a "sour" one, but her natural consideration for others stopped her. Had she said it, though, it couldn't have sounded badly from her, so imbued with the spirit of Love was she) — she hesitated a moment, then continued: "change your sick thoughts into well ones without any medicine."

"Don't you ever take medicine?" asked the doctor. "No sir, I *never* do," Mamie answered. "And we never give it to our patients." The doctor looked at her, amazed. Her sweet, unconscious manner of saying this, however, was a power, and he merely smiled good naturedly. "Tell me about your patients," he said, kindly. "I should like to hear about them."

"Well, Jimmy Dougherty had the cramps in school the other day and he asked me if I couldn't 'help a feller.' I said yes, I could, and when he went to recitation about ten minutes later and passed my desk, he said he was all right."

The doctor had been looking at Mamie, with a new light dawning in his eyes, as she chatted on. There was beyond a doubt, something inexplicable about the child. What it was he did not know, but its aroma was Peace and Love. The dull

CHAPTER III

“LEAVE THE OLD FOR THE NEW”

“Willingness to become as a little child and to leave the old for the new, renders thought receptive of the advanced idea.”

— MARY BAKER EDDY (SCIENCE AND HEALTH 323:32-2)



THE beauty of the teachings of Christian Science lies in their practical usefulness. We have all our lives read the Bible, which is filled with protecting promises; yet they seldom appealed to us only as something that might have met the needs of humanity in ancient days.

An experience given in the Scriptures which particularly appeals to me, is the delivery of the three young men from the fiery furnace. Through our enlightened understanding of God which is brought out by the teachings of our Leader, we know why the flames had no power over them. I have had a clearer understanding of this Scripture since learning of Christian Science.

I was assisting my mother in moving a gasoline stove which had been lighted. We had often moved it without turning out the blaze, but on this occasion I had just filled the tank and it was too full. I took hold of the stove at the end where the tank was, and in lifting it the gasoline was spilled over on me, falling upon my chest and upper right arm, as well as upon the burning stove. In an instant my clothing was in a blaze. As I wore a cotton garment, the fire made rapid headway. Starting as it did on my chest, it will readily be seen that I soon began inhaling the flames, and my face was burned up to my eyes, my eyebrows were entirely burned off, and I lost a great deal of my hair. My ears were burned almost to a crisp, while, as I discovered later, my face, neck, and chest presented the appearance of a mass of partially cooked flesh,—the skin being entirely burned off. My arms and hands were also badly burned. My left wrist was burned so deep that the cords in it seemed to have been severed; at least my hand, which had been burned black, fell back upon my arm so that one could

“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM”

not get a finger between the knuckles of my hand and the back of my arm. My right hand was not so badly burned, but it, too, was drawn out of shape, so that I could not use it.

Perhaps some can imagine what it meant for a mother to see her daughter in such a condition. Her cries soon brought a great many people into the house, and in her fright she began to throw water on me, and to fight the flames with her hands. I never in my life realized God's presence as I did at that time. Even while standing in the flames, my thought was undisturbed. When I saw my mother about to throw the second pail of water on me I said, "Mother, don't do that; let us know that God is all, that His child cannot be harmed, and I shall be all right." Not knowing anything of Christian Science this seemed very strange to her. I stood firmly by the truth, and declared unceasingly that I was under the protection of divine Love, and the demonstration over the pain was a complete one. I did not suffer even for one moment,—God's allness *was all* to me. Material conditions could not overthrow the government of omnipotent Love, and I was entirely free from suffering.

The horror of the situation seemed to have rendered everybody helpless excepting myself. I was sustained by the Infinite. I discovered a strip of carpet lying upon the floor near me, and picking it up, wrapped it about me, thus extinguishing the flames myself. My mother's hands were burned in her attempt to help me, and it was days before I was able to erase the mental picture that her look of agony had left upon my thought. Her suffering was intense.

After the fire was over, kind friends were ready to help, with, it seemed to me, every known material remedy, all of which I refused, knowing that in Truth I was safe. Seeing that I was entirely free from pain, their attention was directed to my mother, who was nearly crazed with pain. After all the remedies which they brought had failed, they called for flour, molasses, and even soap. I informed them where these articles could be found, but none of them brought relief to my mother.

When my brother arrived upon the scene, he asked me what physician I wanted. I told him that I wanted a Chris-

ADULT TESTIMONIES

tian Science practitioner, and directed him to where he could find one who lived in another city. A lady came to me and said I had better leave the room before my mother recovered from her pain sufficiently to realize in what a condition I was. This startled me; I had been so busy trying to make my mother comfortable, that I had not thought of myself. A friend accompanied me to my room, and cut off what clothing there was left on me. After she had made me ready to meet the practitioner, I stepped in front of a mirror and saw for the first time that my face was burned. There was no skin from my eyes down below my chest. The first thought that came to me was, "Well, is this really I?" "No," I said, "a child of God could not look like that, and I know I am His child, made in His image and likeness."

About this time the water began to pour out of the burns, which evidenced to me that word had reached the practitioner. To those who witnessed this, it was indeed wonderful. There were large blisters where the skin had not been burned off, and the water came out of these, without their being opened.

When the practitioner arrived, about two hours after it had happened, I was sitting in a rocking-chair, and was indeed glad to turn the case over to her. She gave me, as well as my mother, who had asked for help, a treatment at once. All the confusion in the household ceased. My mother's pain stopped almost instantly, and harmony reigned. That night all the family retired as usual, and slept as though nothing had happened.

The work of healing in this case was remarkable. In a few days the burns were covered with a thick crust, and as they healed and the new skin formed under the crust, it would loosen and raise of itself, and could then easily be taken off, leaving a clean, new skin. A thick crust formed over my face, making it impossible for me to get my teeth apart, only just enough to insert a tube, through which I took nourishment. I was burned internally to the extent that nothing solid could pass my throat for three weeks. When the black crust came off my face, it was healed without a mark or scar. My eyebrows were as perfect as before, and though my jaws had been rigidly set, I could again eat freely. When the black crust came off my ears,

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