FOLDER 7

THE PAPERS OF MYRTLE FILLMORE

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST AMONG REFORMERS

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(handwritten)

6 PAGES
A Christian Scientist Among Reformers

I called upon Mrs. A., the moral leader of the Temperance movement. She received me with a cordial hand shake, remarking that she had heard of this new case of O.S. but thought it rather too singular for practical reform. She wanted to know how it could possibly interest or benefit the class she was labouring to save.

The men who were sacrificing their families, their honor, their very being, that man holds dear. And this terrible spectacle for begin how it could cease. Committed from the same cause, "for the one great Devil we are now fighting, you know, is whiskey."

"Yes, and how are you coming out in the conflict?"
We are working hard and training every point, to gain the ballot for the next Presidential election. That gained, we shall bend heaven and earth to get rid of the strong chains of prohibition and coak hein into the bottomless pit.

"But in the mean time what of the suffering families, the increase of crime, and the poor wretches themselves, have you no immediate remedy?..."

Then are the Temperance Societies and the Pledge, but the poor drinker seems to have lost all power of will. So that his word, tho' he binds it with an oath, falls before his appetite.

"And can you trust on power but the ballot?" "None, the Temperance must be annihilated... God, He dully cannot reach a poor wretch's full of bad whiskey."

"Would you willingly work for the individual reformation of these men if you could be assured of infallible
place for carrying on such work?"

"Tunk! Does know, that not only I but the whole earth would never stop till

every man was redeemed. Have you any

knowledge of a system that could accomplish

such wonderful results?" He can but smile

at her eagerness.

"Indeed, I have," is my answer. "A

knowledge that is the mighty Angel, with

the chain and the key, that shall cast you

old Dragon of Intemperance, into the

demolishing pits. But to gain this knowledge

you must be able to break the seals of the

little Book. You must read from the

inside instead of the out as you are

now doing. You are working with the letter

number of the Spirit. You remember who we

are; open the little Book. None was found

worthy, but the Spirit of Truth. I seem to

catch a dimly a hope—but it all seems so new to me.

I will ponder these things—and I should like to meet you.
I next called Mrs L, the representation of the Labour Reform. She is a ground
woman, one whose whole soul is wrapped up in the people's welfare. I have looked
a little into your science, she says, it promises some glorious possibilities, but
which could it do for me? The doctors have signed my death warrant already. I have
been given at least one year more to live.

One lung gone, the other diseased. Mind and
will go a great way; I thank, I outrageous
the doctors' idea of a consumptive. Everything
I appear before an audience. But I cannot stop
for that. It is my life. I never cough while
speaking — my voice yields any talk; they
day it's only gone the throat, but it answers
my purpose. I am quite well under the
stimulus of strong thoughts while at work
but O the pain and coughing when I relax
into the common life.
How do you account for the difference in your strengths when you are thinking for the people and when you are down in common thoughts?

I don't have much theory for it, only I forget my ills then. I feel so powerful when I am full of thought. I could move the world, but when I come down to the gland of small things I am forced to realize my condition and know that I must suffer and at last give up my work and die of this dreadeful disease.

Is it any forced effort to keep up when you are at work?

Strength seems furnished from some unfailing source.

True, did you never suspect it might be furnished at all times?

Such a look as she gives me, as is as if a soul were catching a glimpse of its immortality.

Do you mean—

Yes, I mean you have set limits upon yourself, you...
great moments have brought you freedom
and unflowing life. Your hampered
moments—disease. Remember, the Source
of that unflowing life is Omnipotence,
Omniscience, and Omnibenevolence. Is there
any reason outside of your own making
why you should receive it disproportionally?
Realize that, for a moment, that the condition
the doctors are forcing upon you is merely
of their ignorant way of believing in the
flesh. Now, you have the testimony of your
own experience that when Thought asserts
directly the body is nothing. Decide now,
which is master—body or mind. Give the
body mastery, believe in the hereditary conditions
and it will hand you where your family
are, in the grave. Restore your spirit to
its firsts right and you are healed.

'Yes, yes, brother, as I was blind, now I see
clearly.' Thank God I'm free. Your way is the
way of life—our people must be led there in.