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THE LIGHT BEYOND  
THE SHADOWS







# THE LIGHT BEYOND THE SHADOWS

By *Amelia G. Schwarz*

HOPE LAWRENCE

Author of "*A letter of Hope*"

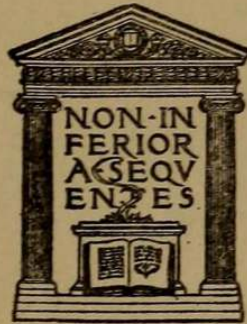
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WITH A FOREWORD

BY THE

RIGHT REV. A. C. A. HALL, D.D., LL.D.

*Bishop of Vermont*



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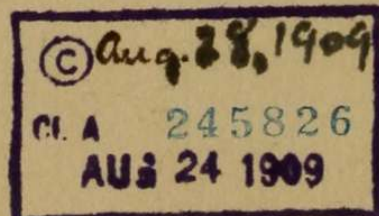
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THIS BOOK  
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED  
TO  
"THE SOCIETY OF COMPANIONS OF THE  
HOLY CROSS"  
AND  
"TO ALL WHO SUFFER"





## FOREWORD

The following paper was written, without the least idea of publication, to be read at the annual conference of a society of devout women, several of whose members are invalids. It is printed in deference to the wish of many, who desire to circulate it more widely.

I am glad to commend its message to all into whose hands the little book may come, and more particularly to any who are called to walk — that they may be encouraged to walk, and neither to stand still nor sit down — in the way of the cross.

Just now attention is specially called to various modes of relief from suffering. It is good to have, as in this paper, the value of suffering, when it is clearly God's will, emphasized. We hear much of our Lord's beneficent works of



healing; but there is danger lest we should forget that the redemption of the world from the power of evil was wrought by our Lord's voluntary endurance of suffering. His sufferings came upon Him by God's permission, while they were due to the wrong-doing of men. We are bidden to arm ourselves with the same mind. (1 Pet. iv. 1).

Two resolutions adopted at the Lambeth Conference of 1908 set forth the two sides of the truth, both of which we need to keep in mind.

In resolution 33, the Bishops

“Urge upon the clergy of the Church so to set forth to the people Christ, the incarnate Son of God, and the truth of His abiding presence in the Church and in Christian souls by the Holy Spirit, that all may realize and lay hold of the power of the indwelling Spirit to sanctify both soul and body, and thus, through a harmony of man's will with God's will, to gain a fuller control over temptation, pain, and disease, whether for themselves or others, with a firmer serenity and a more confident hope.”

Resolution 34 says:—



“With a view to resisting dangerous tendencies in contemporary thought, the Conference urges the clergy in their dealings with the sick to teach as clearly as possible the privilege of those who are called, through sickness and pain, to enter especially into the fellowship of Christ’s sufferings and to follow the example of His patience.”

The sentence from the exhortation in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick is not as familiar as it should be, nor the collect that has been framed upon it.

“There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He entered not into glory before He was crucified. So truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ; and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ; that we may rise again from death, and dwell with Him in everlasting life.”



O God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain, and entered not into glory before He was crucified; mercifully grant that we, and all thy suffering servants, walking in the way of the cross, may find it none other than the path of life and peace; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Signed) ARTHUR C. A. HALL,

*Bishop of Vermont.*

BURLINGTON, VT.,

*February, 1909.*

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THE SHADOWS





## THE LIGHT BEYOND THE SHADOWS

What a large company the Companionship of Suffering includes! I do not mean simply those who are sick or in physical pain. There are so many different ways of suffering. The greatest suffering is not by any means always physical pain; often mental pain, sorrow, loneliness, and spiritual suffering are far more intense. Surely the sorrow or pain that can be seen is the lightest form, however apparently heavy. Then, there is that suffering which cannot be seen; there are those secret sorrows which can hardly be put into words, and can be told only to God and to very near and dear friends; but beyond these, there are sorrows and sufferings such as are never told and cannot be put into words, and may be only "wordlessly" laid before God; these are deeper, and yet there is an inner hidden "Companion-



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ship of Suffering" in all these three forms, and for these I should like to give a few helpful joyous thoughts which have come to me out of experience. For each of these three forms of suffering our Father has given us an assurance and a promise: "I have seen thy affliction"; "I have heard," and "I have known thy sorrows." This last goes down into the very depth, to those sorrows which we cannot utter, and which no eye has ever seen, nor ear has ever heard. "He knows." Christ our Saviour knows, for He "bore our sorrows and carried our griefs."

I am quite unable to do justice to the height, depth, and breadth of this subject. "Companionship of Suffering" — I have purposely written "of" suffering, not "in" sufferings, for I do not wish in any sense that any of the thoughts I may suggest should leave us sunk in our suffering, but that they should lead us out into its privileges, yes, even its joy. As Shelley says of the poets:



“ They learn in suffering, what they teach in song.”

While thinking over this subject I read many times the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, which gives that beautiful list of those who in their suffering, through faith, inherited the promises. I wish some one would add to this list the history of those men and women who, since Bible times, in spite of ill health or great suffering, did a great powerful work. Would it not be a companionship no man could number, of every kindred and tribe—“ These are they which have come out of great tribulation ”? As I thought of the history of suffering, and as I studied the lives of those spoken of in this eleventh chapter in Hebrews, one day my eyes fell on the story of David and his six hundred followers, two hundred of whom were too faint to cross the Brook Besor, when they went out from Ziklag to rescue their wives, brothers and sisters from the hands of the Amalekites, and it seemed to me this also was one of the oldest and



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most instructive stories of the "Companionship of Suffering," and that there were many points of resemblance between that little band of earnest men and the world to-day. Of course we all know this story, but perhaps if I emphasize certain passages in it I may bring out the salient points in that Old Testament time, and they are the same now, only different warfare and different surroundings; as St. Paul says:

"Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning."

In English History one has read of the famous "six hundred at Balaclava," but here are six hundred more famous than they, and their spiritual history has many features to help us to-day. At first, only four hundred gathered around David at the cave Adullam (1 Sam. xxii. 2); this cave was their "retreat," hither came persons in distress, in sorrow, and "bitterness of soul," "weariness of mind and body." No question was asked them, but: "Will you take David for your leader"? and these very



weak and exhausted men became a "wall of power" (1 Sam. xxv. 16). Later two hundred more joined them, and then the famous six hundred became such a power in the land that when many years afterwards the Temple was built, their spears and shields were hung in the "House of the Lord" as a testimony to their valor and their work (2 Kings xi. 10).

But among this six hundred, it is a curious fact, there were "two hundred" not fit for active service — only fit for "watching." As the story reads:

"So David and his six hundred men came to the city (Ziklag), and behold it was burned with fire and their wives and their sons and their daughters were taken captive (even David's two wives); then David and his people with him lifted up their voices and wept; until there was no more power in them to weep." (Can anything be more vividly expressed than this?) "Then David encouraged himself in the Lord and inquired of Abiathar, the priest, . . . so



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David and the six hundred who were with him went and came to the Brook Besor where those who were left behind remained, but David pursued, he and four hundred men, but two hundred abode behind which were too faint, they could not go over the Brook Besor . . . and David recovered all the Amalekites had carried away, and David rescued his two wives and there was 'nothing lacking.' And David came to the two hundred who were so faint they could not follow, whom they made to stay by the Brook Besor, and these went forth to meet David. Then some of the men who went forth with David said:

“‘ Because these went not with us we will give them naught of the spoils save every man his wife and his children.’ But David answered:

“‘ Ye shall not do so, my brethren, with that which the Lord has given us, but as his part is that goeth down to the battle so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part



alike,' and he made it a statute and an ordinance from that day forward."

This whole story seemed to me a beautiful description of what the "Companionship of Suffering" should be. Are there not those of us who are going forth to the battle in mission work to rescue brothers, sisters, wives — then others of us who are "too faint," who have to "watch by the goods"? and should we not all "part alike"? "As is his part that goeth down to the battle, so is his part that tarrieth by the stuff."

David is always our type of Christ. He made these weak ones, by gentle compulsion, abide at the Brook. The Brook Besor was in the desert of "Shur," the word Besor coming from an Arabic word meaning "cold water." How refreshing it must have been in the desert to those "faint ones"! May not this incident have been referred to in Psalm cx. 7 — "He shall drink of the brook in the way: he shall lift up his head"? Have we not, many of us, had



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times in our lives when we have been obliged to go into the country to regain strength for life's work? and there we sat down by some brook and learned the lesson,

“ Rest is not quitting  
The busy career —  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere:  
'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife  
Fleeting to ocean —  
'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best,  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And this is true rest.”

David never says one word of upbraiding, he gave only sympathy, and so our leader, Christ, is ever tender and full of sympathy to us when faint and exhausted. How lonely and anxious they must have felt, left alone in that desert, not able to go and rescue their own wives and children; and, also, how useless; they could not show even their love for the leader, David, by active service; and yet we read they did some-



thing — they “ abode,” and they “ took care of the stuff ” — their calm submission and contentment were “ real service ”; “ abiding by the stuff ” implies faithfulness, watching, prayer, and following in thought those who had gone forward to battle. Refreshed by prayerful waiting and watching, Besor became to them “ the brook in the way,” they were able to lift up their heads and go forth to meet David and his followers on their return; unselfishly rejoicing with them. David immediately asks them “ how they are ” (marginal reading); and then the important last lesson, the “ parting alike ” of the results of the battle. “ As his part that goeth down to the battle, so is his part that tarrieth by the stuff.” Does not Christ also emphasize this in the parable of the laborers in the Vineyard and all receiving a penny a day? What a lesson for us! Is this not a beautiful description of what should be the attitude of all who suffer?

Does not this principle of David’s open up a very wide and extended plea and scope for the



true Christian Socialism which shall govern and control wealth? But emphasis must be also laid on the work of those "abiding by the stuff";—the faithfulness of those who are incapacitated, and lack the energy and the strength of those who go forth to the battle. "Christian Socialism" is too wide and too much a question of the future for me to enter into it in this little book, except to say that the fear of want and the endurance of poverty must, also, be one of the hardest forms of suffering, and that "Companionship" should be shown in bravely facing the problem.

I would take the word "Reciprocity" from this story — the giving and taking in the "Companionship of Suffering." The greatest giving in life is not the gift which has tangible form; "The gift without the giver is bare" — and so the greatest gift we can give to God, and to each other, is ourselves; first, our love; secondly, our wills. How often our gifts, when apparently unselfish, are tainted either with self-will or self-



love; we give in order either to be praised by others, or to please ourselves by giving (self-satisfaction); not for pure love of our Heavenly Father!

There is a legend of the middle ages which I think most beautiful. It runs thus: There was a king of Castile who would build a cathedral, rich and magnificent. He said it was for the Lord, but he wished to have all the credit for building it; so he forbade all the people of the city, except members of his household, to help in the work. In due time the cathedral was finished, and a tablet at the door proclaimed who was the generous builder. On the eve of the very day it was to be opened the king had a dream. He thought he saw his beautiful cathedral rearing its proud head bathed in sunshine, but on coming to read his name on the tablet, as its founder, he could not find it — it had been erased, and instead, he read the name of an aged widow whose house was in the poorest street of the city. He awoke, and, falling



asleep again, dreamed it a second time, and a third time. He at last became vexed and astonished; so in the early morning he sent for his counselor, bidding him send for the lonely widow whose name he had read on the tablet in his sleep. When she came before the king, confused and alarmed at being summoned, he asked her if she did not know all were forbidden, but the king and his household, to aid in building the cathedral, and how she had interfered. Her reply was very simple: she had heard that that building was for the Lord, and she loved the Lord whose house it was to be. On a warm day one of the horses, that were drawing the stones to their place, halted at the door of her poor abode, upon which she brought out a wisp of hay and put it to his mouth, just because it was helping the work which was for the glory of the Lord. The king's face fell; he knew he had not labored simply for the glory of God, whereas the widow had done what she could, and from pure love to



the Lord. It was she whose name should be written on that tablet.

After giving to our Heavenly Father out of pure love, our next duty is the offering up of our "Wills" absolutely to Him. A man may be thinking he is doing God's work when he is not doing God's will, and he may be doing His work as truly by patiently lying still and suffering as by working, preaching, and praying. A saint is not a man without faults, but the one who has given himself without reserve to God with most perfect union of his will with the will of the Father.

Besides this giving of our love and wills, what are some of the ways in which we give to each other? In what ways can those who are actively engaged in life help those who suffer? and how can those who suffer and are shut in help those who are bearing the heat and toil of the day? Just as David and his followers did; first, they rescued the wives and children of those who fainted by the way; second, they offered no



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reproof; and David taught them the active form of sympathy, the dividing of the spoils of the battle with the weak.

I think this word "sympathy" is much misunderstood. Many persons mean only pity when they use it. The German word "Mitgefühl" or "Mitleid," "suffering with," expresses more than the English word. Those who have suffered and have learned the peace and joy of Christ even in suffering, speak another language of the soul from those who have never suffered. They look into one another's face and know intuitively, without spoken words; this is true sympathy, and this intuitive sympathy, may it not be the A.B.C. we are learning here of the universal language of Heaven? As intuition may be the sixth sense which links our five physical senses to the corresponding spiritual senses of the future life, so the spiritual intuitive soul language may be learned through loving, true sympathy. As St. Paul says, near the close of his wonderful chapter on love: "For now we see through a



glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known" (1 Cor. xiii. 12). I can never read this verse without it bringing back to me one of the deepest lessons of my childhood, when I visited, with my father, a bell foundry.

My father was a clergyman, and it was his custom, when we were children, as often as possible on Saturday mornings (our holiday) to take us out into the country, or, if it proved a stormy day, to some factory. There we would learn how the articles we used every day were made. I remember on this Saturday, of which I would speak, we met on the way a friend of my father's, who accosted him thus: "I am returning to my study to finish to-morrow's sermon. How do you manage to be jaunting off with your children when to-morrow you must preach?" I remember well the gesture with which my father threw back his head and his shoulders and laughed, and, also, how his reply puzzled my childish brain: "You have blue Mondays, don't



you and have to waste part of that day to regain what you have given out on Sunday? I fill my brain so full of strength and my lungs so full of God's out-of-doors on Saturday, that I feel the strain of preaching much less, and seldom have blue Mondays. As I lie under a tree watching the children play, I find there many subjects for my sermons. You know, one can

'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

Such a day as to-day, when it is storming, I take the children to factories to learn what work means, how the other half lives, and I kill two birds with one stone. I can seldom find the men of my church at home when I call, so I go to the factories to find them. I time my visit so some of it falls in their noon hour, when they are sitting around eating their dinners, and I get into personal touch with them and have an opportunity I never should find in any other way. We theologians need to bring our theology down to every-day life and to the working men."



When we reached the bell foundry we found a set of chimes were to be cast that morning. I cannot forget the terror with which I looked at first into that dark, dirty foundry, with its roaring furnace, and how I drew back and cried: "Father, I never can go in there with you; the dirt, the noise, the heat, will make me sick;" and then the gentle way my father took my hand, saying: "Yes, you can, hold fast to me; there is the making of music in here," and my curiosity overcame my fears.

Each caldron of heaving, seething metal had its one head refiner standing over it directing his assistants, who with long-handled spoons skimmed off the surface of the metal every time a lump appeared. The refiner watched the process with greatest earnestness until the metal had the appearance of a highly polished mirror reflecting his own image, and he could see himself as in a looking-glass, and by this he partly judged the purity of the metal and future tone of the bell. When he was satisfied, the metal was



poured out into molds filled with sand and set away to cool.

As we came out from the foundry, on our homeward walk, my father quoted to us lines from Schiller's "Song of the Bell," and then finished up with these words: "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face" (or as the Revised Version reads instead of glass, a mirror), and talked to us how Christ was looking down into our hearts (just as the refiner did), to see if our hearts reflected Him; and how, also, the music of our lives was made often in the furnace of suffering and hard things to bear.

What are some of the special privileges of an invalid's life? From what storehouse can we bring our gifts for one another? The storehouse of the "chamber of pain"; and what is with us in that chamber — what privileges are in an invalid's life? It seems to me that there is more time and opportunity for the following things, and, therefore, these are our privileges. There is more time to become acquainted with and to



learn to know our Heavenly Father; more time for praise, also more time for intercessory prayer; more opportunities for using the real power of life, and, also, many opportunities for unselfishness and the doing of little things, which others in the hurry and activity of life overlook. Are you surprised at this list?

How much these words mean, to have the special opportunity to learn to know our Heavenly Father! The way to think of God so as to know Him is to think of Christ. Then we see Him and understand how tender and good He is; we see if He sends us difficulties He sends them only because they are true blessings, and things which are truly good. He would like to have us like Himself, with a happiness like His own, and nothing less; and so as His happiness was in taking sorrow and ever living for others, giving to others and sacrificing Himself, He gives us sorrows too, and weaknesses, which are not really the evils we think them, but what we would be happy in if we could only know all



as He knows it. So there is a use and service in all we bear, which we do not yet fully understand, and which He knows, and which in Christ He shows us. It is a use for others, a hidden use, but one which makes life rich, and the life is richest which is most like Christ's. "O that we may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His suffering, being made conformable unto His death." "Inasmuch as ye are made partakers of His suffering, rejoice." "I fill up, on my part, that which is lacking in the afflictions of Christ" (Col. i. 24). What a mystery there is in that verse! There is a hidden mystery in everything. Life would not be worth living if there were not.

But the mystery of suffering we shrink back from, as it is deeper than any other mystery, and carries us into our inner being; as expressed in this beautiful prayer:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst command every one who would come after Thee to take



up his Cross and follow Thee, mercifully grant that I may have grace to bear patiently whatever Thou seest is needful for my soul. Forgive me all my murmuring in the past, and enable me henceforth to accept with joy the opportunity of sacrifice which Thou givest me, gladly following in Thy footsteps, Who, as the Author of my Salvation, wast made perfect through suffering. Grant that I may be made a partaker of those sufferings, bearing cheerfully that which Thou couldest not bear for me, but which I must bear for myself, knowing that in Thy love Thou sendest it to me to work out my salvation. Hear me for Thy loving mercies' sake. Amen."

Many of us shrink back, instinctively, when we read this prayer, feeling, perhaps, we cannot use it sincerely, the "joy" of the "opportunity of sacrifice," and rejoicing to be made partakers of the suffering of Christ. But we all know the joy we experienced in childhood which came with the difficult task or work faithfully performed; cannot we learn in our maturer years the



more difficult lesson, and to know the same joy which comes with suffering patiently and cheerfully, borne for His sake? The key to the mystery of pain is only found as we study the life and suffering of Christ, and we only know fully what we experience, when we suffer with Christ. As we walk in the way of the Cross we walk with Him, praising Him.

Praise is higher than prayer, and as a remedy for depression nothing is more helpful. I know some will say, "How can I praise when I am sad?"

Joy is one of the shortest words in the English language, yet one really the least understood. We seem to think it is something that we will enjoy at some future day in Heaven. The joy of the cross, "Gaudium Crucis," seems to us nearly a paradox, but as we learn our lessons we taste this joy, and learn to praise with a heart full of peaceful joy. Our sorrows are turned into the highest form of joy and praise.

As Harmony, in music, is the science of the



combination of tones, and as every minor key has its relative major key, so we, in the music of our lives, must learn to transpose our sorrows and to give them to the world in joyful song and praise.

What a great privilege may we find in the weary hours of enforced quiet for intercessory prayer! also for short ejaculatory prayer and "the prayer of silence"; three forms. What a power we have at hand! We pray so much that this or that gift, power, or blessing should be ours, or be given to some dear friend; there is a higher form of prayer than this — the sinking of our wills into the Father's will: drawing waves of will force or powers of thought for these friends or for ourselves from Him who hath all will, all power, projecting His will for our friends toward our friends; just as we know that if we throw a stone into a lake, it makes a circle, and this circle widens and widens until it reaches the farther shore. We do not doubt the law of gravitation and movement; no more should we doubt, though



we cannot understand them, the power of the wave thoughts of prayer. Prayer uttered under the law of His will for the person or object we pray for must reach the goal. I think we invalids can cultivate more this oneness with the One perfect will, and this projecting of thoughts and also receiving them, for this needs quietness and silence. We cannot explain it, but gradually I think this will be known more fully as psychology and the action of the mind and spirit are better understood. As in the nineteenth century great progress was made in the knowledge of natural science and in conquering physical ills, may we not, on the threshold of the twentieth century, be opening a new book of knowledge, and be learning, as we turn each new leaf, how closely the mind and soul are united, controlling and influencing each other, and, also, how one mind acts on another; and then become conscious of a new spiritual awakening and a revival of the power of prayer?



How often we say in our pain and weariness, "If only I could pray," or, "I have not strength even to pray!" Is not this our very opportunity for the quiet resting in God's will which is far more acceptable to Him than our petitions? Is it the child who comes to the Father with the most requests whom He loves the best? or the one who simply clings in love, saying: "Father, give me what Thou seest best for me"? — the ejaculatory prayer which is like a short cord, uniting us to the Father.

"And so the whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chains around the feet of God."

Then there is the "prayer of silence," where there is even less of self. It is not a state of dreaminess, ecstasy, or meditation. It is the very essence of the spirit of prayer without words. In this mode of prayer there is absolute surrender, self-abandonment to His will — literally "resting in the Lord," waiting for Him to renew our strength. Surely there will be a fulfilment of



the promise, and we "shall be given our heart's desire," and "we shall renew our strength." It is the quiet gazing into His face, listening to His voice; silencing our every thought, not even trying to think of the Presence of God, sunk in, or lifted up into His presence. We forget thus our pain, our weariness, our loneliness, for

"Those who walk with Him from day to day  
Can never have a solitary way."

Our Heavenly Father gives us these very times when we cannot pray in order to teach us this deeper truth, as Ruskin says in his description of the music of our lives:

"God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with varying count and catch up the next note true



and steady, as if no breaking place had come between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not to be dismayed at the 'rests.' They are not to be slurred over, nor to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the key-note. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say to ourselves, 'There is no music in a rest,' let us not forget there is the making of music in it. The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!"

And Browning, in "Abt Vogler," has the same beautiful thought:

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's  
evidence  
For the fulness of the days? Have we  
withered, or agonized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged but that  
singing might issue thence?"



Why rushed the discords in but that harmony  
 should be prized?  
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear;  
 Each sufferer has his say; his scheme of the  
 weal and woe,  
 But God has a few of us whom He whispers  
 in the ear,  
 The rest may reason, and welcome, 'tis we  
 musicians know."

Then again there is more opportunity for unselfishness. When in active work, we more or less work out our own ideas and ideals in our work; in suffering we work out Christ's ideal for us. "Here, only here, is it given us to suffer for Him," and as Ugo Bassi says in his sermon in the Hospital:

"But if impatient thou let slip thy cross  
 Thou wilt not find it in this world again  
 Nor in another; here and here alone  
 Is it given thee to suffer for God's sake.  
 In other worlds we shall more perfectly  
 Serve Him and love Him, praise Him and  
 work for Him."

Yet not even in our suffering may we allow ourselves to become selfish. There is a selfish



suffering. Sometimes we are so busy suffering that we cannot listen to anything else but our own pain. Often, too, this is a direct result of unselfish doing and giving to others, so that in thinking of our unselfishness in the past, we dwell on it so much that we become absorbed in our present suffering, and in our self-pity we lose potential energy which we should be using in trying to get well. Much added suffering comes from wanting our own way in our suffering.

We also gain Spiritual Strength, Power, Force. A friend of mine was intensely surprised when I said to her I thought "power a special gift to invalids." Physical strength is not the highest form of strength, but spiritual strength, and from this spiritual strength comes endurance, force, and power.

"Power is only pain stranded through discipline till weights will hang."

I know many delicate, sickly women who are stronger and better able to bear a sudden strain, or even a prolonged one, than many physically



strong women and men. They have learned to husband their strength and renew their forces. I would like to mention here, as an example, the experience of a friend of mine. This friend had had incipient tuberculosis, and was in a very run-down, weak condition, when the news came to her that her sister, after having one operation for a tumor, had now a recurrence of the disease, and was considered incurable. When she learned this, my friend immediately went to her sister and promised she would never leave her until the end, saying to her, "We will bear it together; His will be done," and they did bear it together. The family remarked, and the doctors marveled, whenever the sisters were together how much less the dying sister suffered, and the last three weeks very little, compared with most cases of this disease. Whenever my friend entered her sister's room she sunk her will and her sister's will in the Will of their Heavenly Father for them. Drawing power and strength constantly to her sister, she



wrote: "Sometimes I have to leave her for a short time to refill my own reservoir of strength," but, she adds, "Surely His strength is sufficient"; "then I constantly hear these words when my strength seems nearly to fail: 'Could ye not watch with me one hour?'" The most intense suffering is often seeing those we love, suffer.

There are many opportunities which are given us in the "Companionship of Suffering," to live the simple life—doing for each other the things which those who are in more active life do not have the time to do, or overlook! It takes the best artist to paint the fine miniatures; so in doing little things well, we may be carrying out the most beautiful designs.

Often because we cannot work an hour when we are sick, or not strong, we will not make the effort to begin to do something five minutes; we say, "It is not worth while." Our perspective needs to be readjusted. I like so much the story of the "Saint with Holy Shadow." This saint



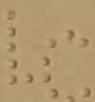
had lived many years just doing little things for every one with whom he came in contact, and had never realized he did anything. One day the Lord sent an angel to him in a dream, who said to him, "Ask anything of the Lord thou desirest and it shall be given thee." The angel thought, "Now, after so many years of such ordinary life, full of small duties and cares, he will ask some special gift, such as the power to work miracles, gift of oratory, or great wisdom." But no, — The saint, after thinking a few moments, said: "I would like to do in little ways everything according to His will, and so do a great deal of good, but I would like never to know about the good I do." Then, when his request was repeated in Heaven, God said: "He shall be the Saint with the Holy Shadow — wheresoever his shadow shall fall, good will spring up, but as his shadow is behind him (as he walks in the sunlight of My love), he will never see the good he does" — so he became the Saint of the Holy Shadow.



I have written more than I intended on the one side of this truth: the power which comes from suffering. There is another side: as in Christ's life, though He endured the Cross, He, also, in every way possible, mitigated and relieved suffering; so as we study His life we feel sure that our Heavenly Father's face is set, always, towards the happiness and health of the minds, bodies, and souls of His children.

The spiritually healthy man should not be constantly thinking about his own soul, any more than the healthy man about his body: for too much self-analysis and introspection are bad for us.

A healthy soul lives in such perfect accord with the Father's will, and is so full of the gladsome joy of the opportunities of work and study, also the joy of living and giving to his fellow men, that, as an ever-flowing stream, the channels of his soul are pure and healthy; as Keble expressed it in his "Christian Year":





“There are in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of the everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”

The privileges which I have enumerated in these pages are some of the opportunities we have in sickness and in health of reciprocity; our ways of giving in the “Companionship of Suffering.” They may seem small, but they are the gold, frankincense, and myrrh which we take on our heavenly journey, and in giving them to each other, may we give them to Him.









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