

**WAR IN HEAVEN. SIXTEEN
YEARS'
EXPERIENCE IN CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE MIND-HEALING**

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War in Heaven. Sixteen Years' Experience in Christian Science Mind-Healing by Josephine Curtis Woodbury

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JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY

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WAR IN HEAVEN.


SIXTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE MIND-HEALING.

BY
JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY.

THIRD EDITION.



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THERE was war in heaven :

REVELATIONS XII. 7.

WHERE there is no vision, the people perish.

PROVERBS XXIX. 18.

THE only faith that wears well, and holds its color in all weathers, is that which is woven of conviction, and set with the sharp mordant of experience. — LOWELL.



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WAR IN HEAVEN.

FIRST GLIMPSES.

IN 1879 came to me the first knowledge of a method of healing, called at that time Mind Cure; and the next year I received my earliest mental treatment, at the same time becoming acquainted with the book written by Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, called Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures. At once I found myself spiritually enrolled as an active soldier—I trust, on the right side—in a warfare between mental forces whose very existence had heretofore been to me a sealed book.

HEREDITY.

MY parents were numbered among progressive Unitarians and prominent Abolitionists, and I was also akin to other advanced educational and moral thinkers; so that I heard



religious and philanthropic topics constantly discussed, not infrequently by men and women, bearing names now household words in New England, who were leading reformers in the middle of the nineteenth century, and were frequent guests in my childhood's home. Though often beyond her comprehension, their ideas exerted a marked influence on the future of one juvenile listener.

Edwin Battles was my father, and Joséphine Curtis my mother; and we lived in Milford, a large manufacturing town in the heart of Massachusetts, where party feeling ran high in proslavery sympathy with the rebellious Southern States; yet the harboring of a contraband beneath the parental roof did not intimidate me, and I remember asking the privilege of a ride, in the same carriage with my father and a negro, to a political meeting. "Shots may be fired at us in the dark," was the paternal warning; but the little daughter had her way.

Thus learning to love justice, right, harmony, and to practice self-sacrifice, there was fostered within me an ambition to be of some use in the world.

Through the family instrumentality a Unitarian Society was started, meetings being held in a small and barren hall, devoid of the custom-

ary worshipful paraphernalia ; and this brought upon my devoted head the jeers of schoolmates, and the distrust of the master, whose sincere though severe views were of a conservative type which forbade his feeling any sympathy with what is called Liberal Christianity.

When my father also initiated a town library, and asked us children to aid its formative nucleus with contributions of our favorite books, the offering was cheerfully made, though I could not bear to give up my Uncle Tom's Cabin.

EDUCATION.

THOUGH the youngest member of a large high-school class, at the early age of sixteen I was graduated as poet and valedictorian, with the added honor of being the only scholar who had ever maintained one hundred percent of attendance for the entire four years, never being once absent, tardy, or even dismissed before the close of a session.

In 1866 no boarding-school in the country could boast a more famous group of instructors than the seminary established at old Lexington, by Dr. Dio Lewis, where I passed a most valuable year. Among them were Torricelli,