

marked features of the wonderful community at Battle Creek.

It may be as well to state at starting that all qualms about being with invalids vanished into thin air in a very few hours after arrival! A kindlier, cheerier, more hopeful lot of sick, or tired folk, were never seen; and it seemed as though the well people in the outside world might learn a lesson of patience, and cheerful graciousness from them.

Two meals a day; no flesh, fish, or fowl; no tea, coffee, or alcoholic stimulants; and yet the writer was never so well fed, or felt so physically happy in her life.

The most generous allowance for English taste, was provided for in the event of the guest feeling hungry, or desiring to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

"We do not for a moment want you to suffer in any way. If you wish for steak, or fowl, tea or coffee, you have only to ask for it."

It was quite exciting to sit down to breakfast after Breathing Exercises in the Gymnasium, at 7.30 a.m., and Prayers at 7.45 a.m., with some five or six hundred others, in the beautiful dining room, and study the menu which was bewildering in its scope and variety. Out of seventy different items, it was not at first easy to select the particular six or seven, that offered the best combination. The chaplain who sat next was extremely kind in advising the new comer, and those meals which were a joy at the time, are a joy to look back upon, for at least one great reason,—nothing had groaned in fear and pain, or been tortured or killed to make our feast.

Dinner was at three p.m., and similar to breakfast, with the addition of soups, and sweets.

Here is the list of items consumed by the writer at one meal:—Cream of Corn Soup (the most delicious I ever tasted), Roast of Protose, Baked Macaroni, Mashed Potatoes, Green Corn, and Kidney Beans, Granola Porridge and Almond Cream, Rice and Raisin Pudding, Granose Biscuits and Malted Honey, Grapes, and Peaches, and a small glass of Grape Juice.

It was such happiness not to be conscious of having eaten a meal, and yet to be so satisfied that the time for afternoon tea came and went day after day without awakening any yearnings for it; while late dinner, and coffee at 9.30 p.m. were remembered only with a smile at the thought of so much unnecessary and unintentional gourmandizing.

It was also a very novel sensation not to dream in sleep, but to spring out of bed refreshed and light-hearted at 5.30 a.m., and it is small wonder that London feels very heavy, and wakeful at the

wrong end, after the peace and satisfaction of Battle Creek.

But it was not alone the diet that conduced to radiant health and good spirits; for there were splendid aids to health in the Breathing Exercises, the Outdoor Gymnastics, and all the various Baths and Treatments of which the writer zealously availed herself during the all too brief fortnight. Hot and Cold, Electric, and Electric Light, Russian Baths; Friction, Massage, etc.; a delightful Out-door as well as In-door Swimming Pool; Sand Baths in the golden dreamy sunshine; a race-track along which to race after the trainer, bare-footed in one's bathing clothes; and the profound satisfaction of seeing not only young, but middle-aged and elderly women enjoying the sweets of freedom in the water, and filling the sunshine of a warm September morning with their shouts and laughter, as though wrinkles and grey hairs are not a sufficient reason after all for ceasing to be young of heart, and participating in innocent healthful pleasure.

But it was not alone in the Diet, Treatment, and Training that the secret of the Sanitarium lay; for it is on record that people can possess perfect health of body, and yet be ugly enough mentally and spiritually.

One of the very striking features of that memorable fortnight was that never once did the writer hear an unkind, hasty, or rude word from any one member of the community to another. Not in the Office, where sometimes the patience of the men who conducted its business must have been sorely tried, nor in the Bath or Treatment rooms, the spacious kitchens, and store-rooms, nor in the ordinary daily life of over one thousand people under one roof.

The secret is to be found in the genuine and profound piety that pervades the institution from the head to the humblest helper; a piety that fairly environs one in its wonderfully unique atmosphere. Somehow it never seemed that anything was being forced on one either at Prayers in the Reception rooms, or the tender little morning service in the Hospital, or in the strange sacred hush of Saturday which these "Seventh-Day Adventists" observe as Sunday; and yet there was an irresistible compulsion of a lovely kind in the very demand that was constantly made on one from all quarters for the best that is in one, to be given out at a moment's notice, now at the Helper's meeting at 1.30, during the daily Rest Hour, and now at the Mission Hall in a poor part of the town, which is supported and carried on by the Sanitarium, or at the Haskell Home for orphans and lonely children, also an off-shoot of the Sanitarium, where black and white children grow in

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