

# Selected Articles.

## THE FAITH THAT HEALS.

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Nothing in life is more wonderful than faith—the one great moving force which we can neither weigh in the balance nor test in the crucible. Intangible as the ether, ineluctable as gravitation, the radium of the moral and mental spheres, mysterious, indefinable, known only by its effects, faith pours out an unfailing stream of energy while abating not jot nor tittle of its potency. Well indeed did St. Paul break out into the well-known glorious panegyric, but even this scarcely does justice to the Hertha of the psychical world, distributing force as from a great storage battery, without money and without price, to the children of men.

Three of its relations concern us here. The most active manifestations are in the countless affiliations which man in his evolution has worked out with the unseen, with the invisible powers, whether of light or of darkness, to which from time immemorial he has crected altars and shrines. To each one of the religions, past or present, faith has been the Jacob's ladder. Creeds pass; an inexhaustible supply of faith remains, with which man proceeds to rebuild temples, churches, chapels and shrines. As Swinburne says in that wonderful poem. "The Altar of Righteousness":

God by God flits past in thunder, till His glories turn to shades:  
God to God bears wondering witness how His gospel flames and fades.  
More was each of these, while yet they were, than man their servant  
seemed:  
Dead are all of these, and man survives who made them while he  
dreamed.

And all this has been done by faith, and faith alone. Christendom lives on it, and countless thousands are happy in the possession of that most touching of all confessions, "Lord! I believe; help Thou my unbelief." But, with its Greek infection, the Western mind is a poor transmitter of faith, the apotheosis of which must be sought in the religions of the East. The Nemesis