

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRICE, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

SINGLE COPIES, 20 CENTS.

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1897.

NO. 1.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE



JOURNAL.

SEPTIMUS J. HANNA, Editor.

CAMILLA HANNA, Assistant Editor.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
NATIONAL CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

FOUNDED APRIL, 1883, by the Author of **SCIENCE AND HEALTH** with
KEY TO THE SCRIPTURES,
THE REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
JOSEPH ARMSTRONG, Publisher,
95 FALMOUTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Entered as second-class matter.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1897.

FRIENDLY WORDS. Joseph S. Eastaman.	1
FIRST FRUITS. J. C. H.	8
RETRO-EXPERIENCE. R. F. M.	12
PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE. Charles M. Howe.	19
INVITATION AND REPLY. G. A. B.	23
NOTICE. Rev. Mary Baker Eddy.	25
A LETTER FROM NEBRASKA. Mrs. S. J. G. Riddell.	26
INTERESTING AND PRACTICAL WORK. E. S. C.	29
THE HERMITS OF THE RIDGE. H. E. C.	31
FROM "GERMAN REFORMED" TO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. Elizabeth Slaker.	33
LETTERS TO MRS. EDDY.	35
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE STUDENTS.	41
HOMŒOPATHIC BROTH.	44
NOTES FROM THE FIELD.	46
EDITOR'S TABLE.	59
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.	

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL

IS PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH.

TERMS FOR SUBSCRIPTION, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE,

postage free, to any part of the United States and Canada are : Two Dollars per annum, One Dollar for six months. Foreign Subscriptions \$2.25 per annum, \$1.15 six months. No subscriptions for less period than six months received.

Postage stamps not acceptable. Remit by P. O. Money orders, Bank Drafts, or Express Orders.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. If no time is designated, the subscription will begin with the current number.

Journal discontinued at maturity of time for which subscription is paid.

The address can be changed at any time; though if not requested on or before the 20th of any month, the next JOURNAL will be sent to the address on our books at such a date.

RATES FOR PROFESSIONAL CARDS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

1-18 of a column, per annum	\$3.00
1-9 " " "	6.00
1-6 " " "	9.00

INSTITUTE CARDS.

1-4 of a column, per annum	\$13.50
1-3 " " "	18.00

For six months, one-half the above rates. Church and Dispensary cards one dollar *per line per annum.*

Letters relating to Subscriptions, or Advertisements, should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY, 95 FALMOUTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS. All contributions for the JOURNAL should be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY, same address.

NOTICE.

The Readers of the Quarterly Lessons will please paste in the Quarterly over the old Explanatory Note, the Note published on page 25 of this Journal, and read it in lieu of the former Note.

By order,

BIBLE LESSON COMMITTEE.

The Christian Scientists in the United States and Canada are hereby enjoined not to teach a student Christian Science for one year, commencing March 14th, 1897.

“Miscellaneous Writings” is calculated to prepare the minds of all true thinkers to understand the Christian Text-book more correctly than a student can.

The Bible, Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, and my other published works, are the only proper instructors for this hour. It shall be the duty of all Christian Scientists to circulate and to sell as many of these books as they can.

If a member of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, shall fail to obey the injunction relative to teaching, it will render him liable to lose his membership in this Church.

MARY BAKER EDDY.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

"For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds."

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 1.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

JOSEPH S. EASTAMAN.

IT is my desire to greet the brethren with loving thoughts and encouraging words; giving also thanks to God our Father for the revelation of Christian Science, and to our beloved Mother, the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, for the gift of its text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," penned by her.

Dear brethren, we have done well; but we might have done better. God demands more of us than we have manifested; but by his help, and by our striving, let us press forward to a better future.

To do better, means to strive to keep together,—all of One Mind,—and to have in us a desire to do only what is good, and to help and to love one another.

In order to keep together, it is necessary to follow the laws of God; to do as our dear Master commands in his teachings,—that is, to love God (Good) and our neighbor; also to be obedient to the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, and to follow her teachings given in its text-book.

Copyrighted, 1897, by National Christian Scientist Association.

Let us look into ourselves daily, each one individually, and see if we are fulfilling its promise to obey. Let us manifest more love one toward another,—also more confidence. Let us be more watchful to do good to all men, particularly to help our brother and sister Scientists. Let us strive to get the blessing of “Well done!” from our dear Mother, and especially let us try to make her happy—as we do always when we follow her teachings of obedience to God. There is no doubt in my mind that she is guided by divine Wisdom; and she knows when we do right or wrong, good or evil. To my sense, Mrs. Eddy is God’s prophet to this age; and all who truly respond to the roll-call of Christian Science become her children, and are loved by her. She loves *us* all; but she loves our good deeds better. She teaches the way to health, happiness, harmony, and God; and she is wise, and knows when we follow those teachings and when we do not. Yet, do not let the fear of detection of our wrongdoings be our motive for doing right; but rather let us do right for the sake of the good it has in itself.

Article VIII. of our Church Manual is an excellent guide, given by our wise mother for the benefit of us, her children, in Christian Science. It is advisable for us *all* to memorize this, and to strive to follow the heavenly counsel it contains. To do this, we have to know that God is All-in-all, and at the same time remember that in *belief* there are claims known as animal magnetism, hypnotism, mesmerism, etc.; also, that there are some different forms of these beliefs, such as malicious, sympathetic, and ignorant mesmerism; and we must master them. If we have truly learned the Allness of God and His Omnipresence, we shall have no trouble in handling these beliefs; for the assurance of the omnipresent protection of God, when Scientifically realized and demonstrated, will give us the supremacy over all these false claims,—which supremacy will make us as fearless as we should be. All these claims will then plainly have no power, because the fear of them will have been taken away by the *manifestation* of the dominion God has given man, which enables us to understand that evil has no power.

Again, beloved friends, we should always remember that a Christian Scientist is expected to be a good deal better morally than the ordinary man who is not in Christian Science; that as Christian Scientists we have so to deport ourselves as to command respect in the sight of the world. Is the man outside of Christian Science truthful? We should

be more so. Does he behave himself becomingly? So should we. Is he honest? So should we be. Does he pray daily? We should pray hourly.

This question of prayer is one which we need to look into more closely. I have heard some say that Christian Scientists have no need to pray, because they understand God better. If that is so, it is a reason why we should pray more than the man who is not a Christian Scientist. I know that if I neglect praying, I leave a loophole for the belief of error to enter in: I know, too, that my patients do not do as well when I neglect to pray as when I pray. Jesus, our blessed Master and Exemplar, prayed, as we have often read in the Bible; and I know that our dear Mother commits herself to God in prayer many times a day. But the Christian Scientist's prayer should be such as to give God all the glory, without vain repetition. To give thanks for blessings received, is proper; to give thanks for things that are not received and yet that we know are ours, is a better prayer. When treating a case of sickness or sin, we realize the Allness of God and deny the evidence of the sickness or the sin. And why? Because we understand sickness and sin to be false, and so will not give way to either, or permit it any say, but hold our ground on the side of God, Good, as the only reality. Just so it is with prayer. We know that all things are God's and that all are good, and that "God and man, being Principle and idea, are inseparable;" hence our prayers should be thanks for and acknowledgment of all good.

Progress is the law of God, and I hope we are all abiding in that law and progressing. But what is progress? Is it to get worldly riches, to make money, rich friends, to get flattery from friends, as well as from those who hate us and flatter us because they fear us or need something from us?

No! No! That is not progress. That will keep us back instead of helping to advance us on our way to harmony. To gain popularity and riches is the aim of almost everybody in mortal mind; but we are Christian Scientists, and should be above accepting such,—let alone seeking it.

The progress we need to seek, is to gain each day some little crumbs that will feed the spiritual hunger; and drink of the cup, even if it is bitter, that helps to advance us toward the point which manifests spiritual progression. There are many who are striving, and earnestly too, to reach

that point, yet who somehow are not permitted to get to it. And why?

First. Because of the *seeming* spiritual barrenness, which is kept somewhat in motion by the belief of sensitiveness,—being, in belief, more attracted to the things of this world than to the things that are not of this world,—that sensitiveness having the seeming control over them; so that even while they strive, they find themselves in the condition of mind St. Paul was in when he testified that what he would, he allowed not, but that which he would not, he did. The way out of this difficulty is not reached by prayer in the sense of mere supplication, nor yet by will power so-called; but by the *exercise* of that dominion and power which God has given to man, and by abiding in the will of God, as we say daily—"Thy will be done."

Second. Because of the lack of diligence and persistence in following up that Divine intuition which prompts us to strive after spiritual things. The inclination is good, but persistence is needed. Thus only can we prevent the pleasures of sense and of the world from defrauding us, in belief, of what we should most diligently seek after,—the things of Spirit.

Third. Because, though we may have known "The Way," *how* to seek these spiritual things, we have become servant to some of the millions of errors that the supposition of carnal mind constantly presents before our thought; so, in belief, we are retarded in our progression.

Fourth. Because of another evil belief that has not yet been eliminated by, and has too much to say among, Christian Scientists; that is, the false belief of gossip. This error is one of the worst, either the rankest or the most subtle, that we have to guard against. The Bible says, "The tongue . . . is an unruly evil." Gossip, my beloved fellow-workers, clogs the wheels of progress; hence hinders much the young as well as the older Christian Scientist, and is too often made a trap for their downfall. The worst of it is, that once the habit to gossip has been formed, it seems almost as bad as the habit of drinking, and is as hard for one to get healed of. Therefore, of all evil beliefs, guard against gossip. My experience, since I have been in Christian Science, is, I find one does much more for one's self, for his patients, and for the cause of Christian Science, who keeps his mouth closed.

Again, further in line with this thought: as we often meet together for mutual benefit to ourselves and the cause of

Christian Science, whether in family groups or other small social gatherings, these gatherings should be solely to seek after Wisdom, by diligently studying all our blessed Mother's works, but in particular the text-book, Science and Health, accepting no other version of them than that of the author, who is the Founder of Christian Science, and alone able to interpret her own works. I find that the young student advances much faster when he takes all that is written just as God has guided her to present it to us, even if he does not understand the meaning of it all yet,—and be sure that it is of no use to talk it to other students, for the other student may be as blind, and so, "both fall into the ditch." I have been twelve years in Christian Science, but, even as a teacher, do not dare undertake to explain any part of that inspired book except the chapter on "Recapitulation," and even there, am very careful not to take too much upon myself, but prefer to wait on God to give me the understanding, that I may in turn impart it to my students. For that reason, I always beg my students not to raise any question or gossip over the contents of that blessed book.

As Christian Scientists we are *now* laborers in the vineyard of our God, and our dear Master said, "The harvest is indeed plenteous, but the laborers are few." Each one of us is now obligated to do something to serve the "Lord of that vineyard." Most of us have been qualified by class instruction to work for this saviour of humanity, Christian Science, and we should all work. Why? Because we have to-day what millions of our brothers and sisters have not, but are either consciously or unconsciously longing and praying for: that is, the understanding of what man is to God and what God is to man, which is the only way out of their dire distresses of mind and body and circumstances. This understanding is now rendered demonstrable, as many of us can testify; and, having a demonstrable light, it is our duty and special privilege, as disciples of Christian Science and laborers in God's vineyard, to put that light where it can best be seen, that others also in due time may become fellow-rejoicers and fellow-workers in the same Cause with us.

Have we ever seriously thought what mighty blessings our beloved Mother has given to *us*, and to as many as will learn of her the way to harmony and obediently walk in it according to her teachings? The windows of Heaven are indeed opened to this and future generations if all will but heed her inspired writings, and follow her footsteps. I have had

the inestimable privilege of being for many months very near to our dear Mother, and can tell, perhaps more than many others, of her great love, her self-sacrificing disposition, her tenderness of heart, her readiness to help all in need of help, and her life of devotion and prayer. O my dear friends! pen and tongue both fail to give the faintest conception of the purity, goodness, and love daily demonstrated in her life; but our Father will in due time reveal her worth to us all, because we all love her; and all the falsities of evil beliefs *cannot* separate us from her if we are obedient and follow her footsteps and teachings, which is the essential outcome and expression of that love.

In this glorious new book which she has just given to us, "Miscellaneous Writings,"—another evidence of her noble toil and self-sacrifice for our good and advancement,—addressing "The March Primary Class," page 279, she again sets forth the real secret of successful living; and I am sure we all shall learn an immensely helpful lesson from those strong, true thoughts and utterances. The main thought there set forth, as it ever must be, is the necessity for being united,—having but *one* Mind, and to *know* no other mind than the Mind that is God, Good. To have loving confidence in good, one toward another, is the main thing needed in order to be of one Mind. To love one another fulfils the prominent command of our dear Master, which command is iterated and re-iterated to us by our "Mother in Israel" who is with us to-day. By scientifically having and giving confidence to our fellow-being, we avoid any cause for misunderstanding,—which is the first departure from harmony. In healing the sick, we find it easier to master the patient's beliefs when we have his confidence. Honesty in purpose, in word, and in deed, on both sides, is much needed to heal our patients. Of course it is not expected of a practitioner to seek the life history of his patients in order to heal their ills, which would be but the opposite extreme to distrust, and is not what I mean by "confidence;" neither is it good to try to penetrate too deeply into the physical beliefs of patients. Rather, we should be satisfied to take up and master the beliefs as patients give them, or give physical evidence of them. In my own experience I have found it best, if the patient complains of headache, for example, to treat him for that belief, and not to try to find cause and effect for the belief. There is only One Cause, and that does *not* express itself in a headache. The same

for sin. Thus, I manifest my confidence in Good toward the patient. Thus the healing is done by Truth; and the practitioner who is truth-full, obedient to God's laws and the teachings of Christian Science, and diligent to do his duty well, cannot help being a good healer. It is indispensable to keep in mind that animal magnetism in its *every* form and phase of falsity is only a belief just like any other, and, like all other beliefs, must be denied and denounced to deprive it of its self-assumed power,—and *don't be afraid of it*; for it cannot hurt us if we protect ourselves as Science and Health teaches us to do.

Dear Journal:—How wonder at the wisdom of God and assurance that He is with us in very deed, grow upon us as the significance of the following measures taken by our Leader, becomes manifest!

(1) Closing her College, (2) giving the right of teaching to students' students, and (3) this last, and most important of the series—entire temporary suspension of students' teaching. As the weeding out of ecclesiasticism goes on, the Christian Science Church is more surely planted on the Christ foundation of healing.

I trembled at first, but now rejoice in the emancipation the order in the March *Journal* reveals, and in the more spiritual basis on which our feet are being planted. The promotion of love, with growth towards a true spiritual body, is an assured result. The most subtle claims of division are disposed of, and the Scientific basis of unity—the foundation the Discoverer of Christian Science has herself laid—is more distinctly brought into view.

The sweeping results involved in this last move find a worthy counterpart in the cohesion, ready recognition, and devotion of her followers. These circumstances afford the most signal evidence yet given, that Christian Science is indeed a permanent dispensation.—*J. F. B., Oneonta, N. Y.*

“Every time the thought of Christ puts from us one temptation, every time an impure thought is suppressed by the thought of His purity, . . . every time some self-indulgence is put aside by the thought of His self-denial, the very life of God gains depth and power in our souls.”

FIRST FRUITS.

J. C. H.

Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits.—Ex. 22 : 29.

ON securing, at five o'clock one night of the first week of its issue, my first copy of this wonderful new book now given to us to hasten our advance Harmony-ward—one more stupendous proof of the noble work and self-sacrifice of its author for humanity, one more evidence that God has given her to us not merely to enrich herself but because He “so loves the world!”—having weeded out every error from between me and the Truth therein revealed, I began at the Preface and read consecutively, never stopping until half-past two the next morning, two-thirds of the way through the marvellous five hundred pages.

Before finishing “The New Birth,” the last article in the first chapter only, I found that the “strong upward wing” so beautifully alluded to at close of the Preface, was no mere figure of speech, but a living reality plainly pervading the reader’s entire consciousness. And the further on flew wing and reader, the stronger waxed both. The power of the dovelikeness, and dovelikeness of the power, adequately interpreted more than one passage of Scripture that night, divinely attesting: “This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.”

“Well!” I exclaimed, when finally constrained to stop and retire, feeling myself fairly hovering over humanity with the blessing having “healing in its wings,” so deeply had I all unconsciously imbibed the author’s spirit, “what won’t that book do in this world!” And a great wave of thankfulness went out that it was ready for the world, and for a welcoming world. *This* book has not to face the ordeal of proving an unwelcome child in the very human family it has come to bless.

That morning, early, I received an imperative call for metaphysical help, from one who seemed very low, together with two dollars for the book, of which I had written her. It seemed rank selfishness to keep it to finish myself, after having had so much of it, when another plainly needed it; for, the first edition being about exhausted, it was liable to

be some days at least before I could procure another to send her; so I at once mailed the copy,—I rejoiced afterwards to remember,—gladly.

It seemed I knew what it would do, and that my part was simply to make sure she could realize strength enough to read it when it should reach her. This I did daily for a week, merely giving a general treatment for whatever presented itself to my mind as needing to be met, to make straight the highway of the Truth. I leave the following letter, received nearly at the close of the week's treatment, to testify whether I "prophesied erroneously." It being the very first such case that has come in my own practice, out of the flocks and herds of them that I know are to follow, it seems especially to belong to God and the beloved author of that book "by way of the *Journal*."

"*My Dear* ——:—I thank you for sending me the new book (*Miscellaneous Writings*, by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy), which I read Friday night, coming just when I was most in need of it. I was so pleased to get it. It is truly wonderful. Surely no mortal mind ever could write such a book. I read until late Friday night, and since then have read all I can every day. The poems are lovely. I have to read and re-read them every time I take it up. I wrote you to treat me on Friday. I do not know if you could or not. But Saturday towards night I felt so much better, and ate some beans (and I am no Yankee, either!) which did not pain me,—the first thing in ten days. Even milk hurt me. Mr. —— said, 'Well, if that new book has helped you so quickly and so wonderfully, you had better lay in a supply of her works.' He was so surprised, for I have been very ill. . . . When I read this book I forgot all else on earth. I know it can't help healing anyone. I know I am not half grateful enough for what has been done for me." . . .

When I say that this case is in a neighborhood where enmity to the Truth has claimed to pose as malice to personality, refusing even to allow this dear one the money to spend on Christian Science treatment for which alone she pleaded, the beneficent effect of the warm and living rays of Divine Love on the glaciers of mortal thought are even more apparent. Surely, God *is* Love, and "love made perfect through the cross," the only Healer on earth as in Heaven!

This tale of the controlling power of God's omnipresent

love would scarcely be complete under the circumstances, did I not add that within thirty-six hours from the mailing of my cherished book, another reached me—naturally even more highly prized by me as a gift from my life's truest friend—and from within twenty miles of the destination of my former copy! The fact that over fifty dollars' worth of cash orders, already my privilege to have sent in for others to the publisher, were patiently waiting to be "filled in rotation" from the second edition whenever that might appear, did not in the least detract from my joy at the unlooked-for speedy release from longer deprivation of the blessed volume.

I was once graphically told by the donor of a copy of "Ben Hur:" "Lock the door, with a card on the outside, 'Return next week,' then make yourself comfortable and go at it; for *you* won't want to stop from beginning to end,—especially when you get to the races." It proved true, too; but how grandly, solidly more true regarding these glorious, brave races heavenward of the greatest emancipator on the planet to-day!

The best of it all is, and what that dear, patient, toiling "Mother in Israel" will most appreciate, the whole end for which she has worked, that the contents of this book touch our own lives to such new issues; filling us not only with the longing for—many a book does that, and stops there—but the conception of our possibility to "go and do likewise." For, seeing the tangled underbrush of mortality's errors thus cleared away to mark unerringly the one narrow way out of the dismal damps, the rank, reeking forest of illimitable doubts, errors, and man-trapping subtleties, encourages and cures the heart grown sick unto death with hope deferred; and lo! the former snail-paces of our own feet, our own understanding of all that is and is not, is exchanged for God's understanding of it all; the Scripture is fulfilled within us, we lean not unto our own understanding of it all but unto God's, the omnipotent and infinite One, and before we know it we find that in the performance of every little duty we have literally gained feet with wings to them. This is a swift hour, as well as a mighty; and we need none of us marvel at soon finding ourselves accomplishing two days' work in one more easily and delightfully than we did the former one, or that the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Mary Baker G. Eddy, now accomplishes many of the former days' work in one; for "the former things have passed away!"

And when,—after honest, consecutive reading, which alone can interpret it, and particularly after having been eye-witness to the daily life out of which it is written,—one reaches the glorious summing up by the author of her own mighty life-work in the latter half of the nineteenth century, to show her cherished and still groping brethren, Joseph-like, what one solitary, trebly bereaved woman alone with God has done, demonstrated, for her whole human family, to “save much people alive,” we need the words she has permitted Dr. Asa Eddy, her “departed husband,” in which to express our own feeling, namely: “Mrs. Eddy’s works are the out-growths of her life: I never knew so unselfish an individual.” Even in theory, no selfishness on the face of the earth ever accomplished the stupendous results honestly portrayed by her in the chapter entitled “Inklings Historic.”

Without any wish to seem to be “deifying a human being,” but with all readiness to glorify God for the mighty and blessed works He proves able now to accomplish through one who knows how, and is willing to, and does, “get out of God’s way” and let Him work through and with her, I will say, that when the writer of this off-hand, and of heart, sketch, first gained some personal views of that wonderful life in Concord, it was even a greater revelation than had been all the writings and hearsay. Like the Queen of Sheba on her visit to Solomon, after she had been placed in the same position of eye-witness to his life-work in daily process, and saw for herself not only the fruits but—better still for her own future needs—the way of the daily ascent to God, Good, “there was no more spirit in her:” every “hard question” vanished; and the one overwhelming conviction was, is, “The half was never told me!”

After April 1, 1897, no discount will be made on less than one dozen copies of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

A discount of 25 cents per copy will be made on orders of one dozen or more to one address.

Orders for dozen lots may include any or all of the different styles of binding.

RETRO-EXPERIENCE.

R. F. M.

"But because of the people which stand by, I said it."—Jesus.

TO glorify God and to help some earnest seeker for Truth, and to banish prejudice and distrust from one who knows nothing of the power of God through Christian Science, I would fain turn the pages of my earthly history backward. It may be that this recapitulation, though unwillingly told, may unfold to even one human being God's highest plan for the redemption of the children of men back to their rightful heritage as sons and daughters of God.

Gladly would I begin with the period opening into the domain of Christian Science; for well do I now know the bitter dreams—the falsity, the hollowness of bygone times and terrible experiences. But, even as Jesus the Christ, who, when the Jews did not comprehend the spiritually scientific statement made concerning Lazarus, that he only *slept*, while to their sense of things he had already been in the grave several days, the Master was forced to say in mortal language, "Lazarus is dead." Therefore did he pray at the grave, as though in contrition or excuse: "Father I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me, and I knew that Thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent me." John 11 : 42. So would I, as his disciple, and follower of the teachings of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, for the sake of the people, make known plainly how I was led into an acceptance and understanding of Divine Science.

I was born of strictest orthodox Jewish parentage in Hungary, Austria. My father was a very learned Rabbi, and a noted graduate of Prague. He was a personal friend and admirer of the renowned Hungarian exile, Kossuth; and after the revolution fearlessly expressed his opinions in favor of liberty. Thus, for political reasons and for greater freedom, he with my mother and five children, including myself, in the year 1850, came across the stormy sea in a sailing vessel, and landed in Boston, Mass.—the new world!

Here, the birth-place of Christian Science, came also to us the English alphabet. The German and Hungarian languages known from infancy were discarded in order the better to master the English. My father, already conversant with nearly a dozen languages, easily attained a fair command of it in a few months, and soon received an invitation from the German and English-speaking Jews of Quebec, Canada, to become their Rabbi. Thither we moved, thus becoming subjects of Queen Victoria, and, for nearly four years he was considered the leading Rabbi and Hebrew scholar of Canada. In the midst of apparent luxury and ease, surrounded by hosts of friends, all seemed propitious.

Toward the last of the four years he lectured to his large congregations from the prophecy of Isaiah concerning the coming of the Messiah. Suddenly he became awakened to the fact that, perhaps, after all, the people calling themselves Christians or Protestants might be right and he wrong. He searched the Scriptures more closely than ever, knowing, according to Amos 3 : 7, that "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets." He reasoned within himself: How could this Jesus who was worshipped by millions of sensible people be an impostor, and the prophets not give warning?

Just at this juncture, a Jewish Rabbi from Jerusalem came to Quebec to gather money for the poor Jews in his own land. How well I remember his stay with us, for we were celebrating the "Feast of Tabernacles," and he was our guest! He and my father conversed freely together in Hebrew, and spent night after night until early morning dawn in the discussion of the question that now most absorbed my father's mind. But the stranger could give no satisfactory answer; while my father kept affirming that nearly all the Old Testament prophecies seemed to verify the fact, that the Saviour whom the Protestants worshipped was identical with the one called, "Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Isa. 9 : 6.

If this was correct, then his religion was all wrong! My mother's curiosity was aroused at my father's strange behavior, and even we children felt a peculiar something which we could not comprehend. Nothing happens by chance, and here is one of God's leadings. Just before leaving Hungary, a colporteur of the Presbyterian church came to my father and offered him a finely bound New

Testament for a very small sum. More to get rid of him than anything else, he purchased the little book. But read it he dared not, for what is more abhorrent to the Jewish mind than a belief of more Gods than one; and did not Christians worship Jesus as a God? It was, therefore, hidden away for fear of discovery, and among other books found its way into my father's library in Quebec. To this hitherto sealed book he was now led, and in sheer desperation looked for relief. His eye first fell on the text: "I and my Father are one;" which thoroughly aroused his antagonism. Yet he felt there must be a solution somewhere, and continued his reading. But the unfoldings are told in his own autobiography, and I need hardly refer to the following weeks and months, for they have left an impress upon my memory of dark, dreary days; when my mother could be seen standing at a window, with her face toward Jerusalem, weeping bitterly, and could only moan in answer to her children's inquiries. It seemed as though we had neither father nor mother any more.

My father's earnest, honest thought led him at once to abandon his place as Rabbi, and, at his last Saturday service he openly announced and acknowledged that he felt that Jesus the Christ might be the fulfilment of prophecy and the Messiah of the world! Therefore, he considered that he could no longer serve them as Rabbi, or receive the salary.

My mother had not the least sympathy with his "notions," as she called them, and could only foresee herself and her children cut off from worldly emoluments and from her inheritance, for she was the eldest daughter of very wealthy parents. This breaking away from her forefathers' religion meant simply ruin to her. Then came scarcity of money, even food; and friends fled fast; while an attempt was made by some embittered members of the congregation to induce my mother to return to her rich father in Hungary, promising to cover all expenses, and they would see to it that my father was placed in a lunatic asylum! This, at last, overcame my mother's intense prejudices in part, and she said: "No, never shall I leave my husband, no matter what the consequences may be;" but also declared that she never would be anything but a Jewess, even if Dr. F. did turn a Goy (Protestant). Alas for human wisdom! alas for vain beliefs! In less than three months did that same mother stand in baptism and kneel at the communion table, believing that Jesus was the Christ, and the New Testament became her daily study.

Bitter indeed were the experiences of that heroic man who, against the tide of popular opinion, struggled on, hearing the cry of his hungry children, yet never doubting or losing faith in God's omnipotent power. Alone, on the Plains of Abraham, where so many sham-battles were fought, near Wolfe's monument, he fought his mental battle and made his peace with God through Jesus Christ. The Methodist Church of Canada, which my father joined, soon after appointed him as General Superintendent of Missions to the Germans of Canada. Like Saul of old, he began to preach and teach Jesus the Christ, "that he is the Son of God."

During the succeeding twenty years, often preaching in three or four different languages on the Sabbath day, he gathered large congregations, built many churches, and delivered lectures throughout Canada, and rendered important decisions on church government. He wrote several books, among which was an answer to Colenso, Bishop of Natal, refuting his statements that the Pentateuch was not inspired. Copies of all his books were sent to Queen Victoria, whose letters of thanks are now in our possession. Through his zealous efforts rich financial harvests were also gathered to the churches.

Yet how well I recollect, even then, that in visiting the sick with him, it seemed strange to me that my father could believe in the teachings of Jesus and not carry them all out! What did praying and preaching and human sympathy signify, if the sick were not healed as Jesus enjoined? Thus, as a child, I questioned. My father expressed the thought, that, doubtless, preaching the Gospel also meant healing the sick, but that God would again have to reveal Himself to mankind in some way, to enable us to better understand the Scriptures, and carry out the Christ-plan. Later on he declared often, that, if he did not, his children would certainly see great changes in the religious world. Was he a prophet, and did he not catch a gleam of the Allness of Spirit and nothingness of matter?

In the mean time the years sped rapidly by. At sixteen I passed through what was called conversion, and united with the Methodist Church. After graduating from the Wesleyan Female College of Hamilton, Canada I devoted all spare time to church work, and became my father's amanuensis. Such busy years! Later, I was happily married, and found my home in Cincinnati, Ohio. Two years

after, my father met with an accident that suddenly terminated his earth-life. He did not desire to die. He made an earnest plea for his life, but there seemed no help nigh. "Oh, where is God," cried I, "that my beloved father should be thus undeservedly smitten?" "Why hurl down so faithful a servant that loved Him better than country, home, family, and all else?" Yea, endured persecutions, trials, burnings in effigy, and what not, for Christ's sake. Was God a rewarder of the just? How could I love such a God that would smite without a cause?

Through the dark, deep waters we surged. The bells tolled throughout the gay city at mid-day, and hundreds paused and pondered over life's vicissitudes, but without solution. My father, so dear to me, was gone. Where? To Heaven? Where was Heaven? Could no one tell me? No. I returned to Cincinnati sick in mind and body. When the minister came to pray with me and tried to comfort me, I rebelled. All former interests in church work were laid aside. What cared I for life? God had permitted my best friend to die in this most unnatural manner, and I reasoned that probably God had no control over past, present, or future events. All my church-work from my ninth year upward had now to go for naught. In fact, I began to think that God knew nothing of church work, especially fairs, tableaux, socials, lectures, oyster suppers, and missionary meetings with ice cream and cake accompaniments, where so much money is raised to help His cause! Or else these things were an abomination to God, much as the sacrifices were in former times, and I became almost an agnostic in belief.

After weeks of severe illness the physician recommended change of climate. This remedy was tried, but proved valueless. It was not medicine or different surroundings I needed. My inner consciousness was awakening to its real need, but none knew how to satisfy the longing. I sought God again, and prayed if I could only live and be restored to health, I would, as never before, render Him service. Gradually, this conclusion buoyed me up, and soon I was again led into a round of duties which more than filled my time. No sacrifice seemed too great if only I could serve God and bring to myself peace. I secured large sums of money for the church treasury, and was entrusted with the most responsible positions. Thus years passed again amid hosts of friends and smiles of fortune. Yet, I was in

constant unrest and discontent, for the pertinent inquiry pressed itself upon me: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Isa. 55 : 2. The beliefs and practices of the church seemed like the shifting scenes of a panorama. A constant ebb and flow—first a huge revival, then apathy and indifference. God seemed a vague, indefinite Being, far away. How my heart longed for a comforter in those days, but I knew not where to turn. The more I read the Bible, the less I seemed to understand it. Again sickness and financial disaster came to us. In the long, weary nights that followed I reviewed the past. I had sought God in Judaism, I had sought Him in the Protestant churches, and amid scholarly minds, and yet all was bitter disappointment. My family physician, and many others in whom I had learned to trust, had all succumbed to disease, and were no more. Was there no balm in Gilead? These were the rods that led me out of a tangled web of human misconceptions, beliefs, and practices of men, into a joyous *understanding* so replete with Good, that, at last, I am satisfied. I now prove daily that God is All-in-all, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, whose spiritual laws understood bring peace that passeth all human understanding—I have found my Father!

My immediate coming into Christian Science was the illness of my daughter, that neither skilful physician, travel, nor money could heal. This was the last link that bound me to *materia medica*. I had indirectly heard of Christian Science as a healing method, and had received a copy of the text-book, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, cautiously (lest it might affect my church standing), and fearing that it might only be a new fad, I sought it and investigated. What was my surprise on finding that it was not only a curative for the body, and taught one how to prevent sickness from manifesting itself, but that it was a Religion. I found that the healing was but a sign of the absolute truth of Divine Principle understood and correctly applied.

Eagerly I sought it, for already I had noted its splendid effects physically as well as spiritually. After five years I have proved for myself that this is the true religion, having but one God—Divine Mind—and none beside Him; that He is all Life, Power, and Love; that man was made in God's image and likeness, and is to-day spiritually reflecting

Him in proportion as he reflects the character of the highest human concept of a perfect man, Jesus the Christ, the Son of God, our Way-shower; and, through the understanding of the "Little Book," the sons of men are to become the sons of God. The people of this earth are thus to rise out of their false sense of life in matter, into a full comprehension, of the living reality of Soul or Spirit, even to know God aright and receive their inheritance; for man, casting out errors of sense, can with Truth overcome sin, sickness, and death,—obtaining dominion over all things.

Thus have my father's words proved true. God has revealed himself to mankind again through His chosen one, our dear Mother in Israel, the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, and like Moses, Elijah, and Jesus, is to-day fulfilling Ezekiel's prophecy.

This is my sixth year in Science. Several members of my immediate family are with me in this blessed Truth. We have lived it practically to the best of our ability. Have we been tested? Again and again. Tried? Much, every way. But never in all these years have we touched a drop of medicine, nor for a single moment regretted leaving the church of my father's adoption.

Realizing that progress is God's law, to-day we behold signs of continued favor toward Christian Science everywhere. Prejudice and ignorance of its methods are fast fading away, and giving place to more earnest endeavor to *understand* its teachings. Jew and Gentile, aye, all people and tongues and nations, are at last comprehending that it is man's God-given prerogative not simply to take things for granted, and follow in the worn-out footsteps of our forefathers, but to discern, as individuals, the Reality of Divine Mind and its Infinite manifestation through the teaching of Christian Science.

A gentleman who not long since attended a testimonial meeting of Christian Scientists, hearing a Christian Scientist remark that most of the persons present were monuments of the healing Christian Science was accomplishing, laconically replied: "It is a good thing that you have your monuments here. Most healing systems have their monuments in the graveyard."

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

CHARLES M. HOWE.

AS it is now estimated, there are four hundred thousand Christian Scientists in the United States, with the number rapidly increasing, not only in this country but in Europe, and the question is asked by many: "What are the fundamental principles upon which this system of religion is based, and what are their views or position upon the leading questions,—civil, social, political, and religious, of the day?"

These questions arise from the fact that so much healing and good work is being done that it is attracting the earnest attention of all classes, independent of caste or nationality, and like all great discoveries, after passing through periods of ridicule, persecution, and denunciation, is coming into general acceptance as its utility and usefulness are recognized.

Galileo was made to retract his declaration that the world was round instead of flat and four-cornered, and was led away to prison. Copernicus was ostracized and denounced because of his discovery that all astronomical calculations should start from the sun instead of the earth. Nevertheless his discovery stood,—superseding the Ptolemaic theory,—and to-day the stellar system is mapped out from this standpoint, and is called the "Science of Sciences." Likewise, the discovery in 1866, by Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, that all was Mind instead of matter, setting aside the evidence of the material senses, and revealing the allness and supremacy of the One Mind—God and His Ideas—thus unfolding the Truth of being, was at once met with ridicule and derision. Thus it has been with the greatest discovery of all ages. History is but repeating itself. But every attempt to turn mortals aside from this great Truth has only resulted in the downfall of the error, for it is found by those who have investigated without prejudice or selfish motives, to be based upon absolute fact, demonstrated in healing the sick and casting out error.

While Christian Science may interfere with popular systems, and has nothing whatever to do with mind cure, faith

cure, hypnotism, theosophy, mediumship, or mesmerism,—these being the antipodes of Christian Science,—yet the fullness of time is at hand. Error must have its day and then be over, but the prophecies and promises of the Scriptures will be fulfilled, as in Isaiah 65 : 17—25, Dan. 12 : 1—3, also Rev. 21st and 22nd chapters.

From a civil standpoint, to the Christian Scientist, there is but one law—the law of Love—and he understands that fear and hatred cannot overcome Love, for it is omnipotent; but that, “Perfect love casteth out fear” (1 John 4 : 18); and that the foundation of all disease or suffering is fear. “Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law,” and, “He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love” (1 John 4 : 8). It is before the light of love that the dark shadows of fear, hatred, disease, and death disappear. Love for God and man is what characterizes the Christian Scientist. Therefore they are law-abiding,—“subject to the laws that be.”

Socially, true Christian Scientists are the happiest people, and they have reason to be, for almost without exception they are those who have been healed when nothing else could give any relief. Many of them were hopeless invalids, who realize that they would have been in their graves long since had it not been for Christian Science, and they are now looking forward to health and happiness, knowing that the Truth that has healed them, if understood, will keep them well.

They are a sociable people, kind and considerate to all, but refrain as much as possible from thinking or talking of that which would perpetuate and even create disease or inharmony, for in the universe of Mind—God—error is unknown. Paul says, “For our conversation is in heaven” (Phil. 3 : 20).

Before knowing anything of Christian Science they were almost continually thinking of or discussing sickness, disease, accident, storms, failure, and disaster. Job said, “The thing I greatly feared is come upon me” (Job 3 : 25).

Christian Scientists have no time for gossip or vain amusement, and no time to lose in working out the grandest problem ever given to mortals. Paul said, “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling” (Phil. 2 : 12). Jesus worked out his problem and showed us how to work out ours, through Mind and not through matter. Both said, “It is finished.” Thus the Christian Scientist, instead of preparing for sickness and death, is now preparing for health

and life, and like the mathematician or musician, he becomes expert in detecting the errors of material sense and destroying them, thus preventing their manifestation on the body, and his success depends upon his perseverance and obedience to the Principle involved.

Politically speaking, Christian Scientists realize that there is really but one government, viz.: the government of Divine Mind, and they are striving to live and demonstrate this, and wisely and patiently stem the tide of human hatred, selfishness, and greed, knowing that anything that is not based upon Principle, honesty, and justice, "is of few days and full of trouble," and is sure to come to naught. Injustice and selfishness have no life abiding in them. Paul says, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God" (Rom. 1 : 13). They know that the government of Science—God's law—brings harmony, health, and prosperity as nothing else can, and the law of loving the neighbor as themselves is thus exemplified, being proven to their own consciousness in better health and surroundings, and they are looking hopefully forward to the time when "The whole creation will be delivered from the bondage of corruption (material sense) into the glorious liberty of the sons of God" (Rom. 8 : 21).

The religion of Christian Science includes no creed, ecclesiastical or personal control, and is thoroughly practical, yet the Divine Principle involved is imperative, and demands our entire obedience, just in proportion as it is recognized. Jesus' theology could not be separated from His healing. Thus it is with the theology of Christian Science which heals the sick and sinful, and the highest demonstration is healing from sin,—sapping the foundation of disease.

Christian Science students understand that they are Christians only in proportion to their ability to heal or demonstrate this Christ-principle. They understand that Jesus was the Way-shower, and that His and the Apostles' injunctions have the same weight, and remain in force the same as when spoken, as in Mark 16 : 15—18; also in Matt. 10th chapter. They also understand that they must live and demonstrate the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5th chapter), not merely in the letter but in the spirit; and to profess what they have not demonstrated is to be avoided, and to mix medicine with Mind, or to talk one thing and do another, or the opposite, is only the folly of

hypocrisy, and injures themselves and the cause they profess to represent; and that without honesty, purity, and unselfishness their work must be in vain. They also understand that they are not to interfere with others' rights or trespass mentally in any way, helping only those who ask their aid. They know that thinking, talking, or describing sin, sickness, or poverty only tends to build up and perpetuate these conditions. But one asks, "Are not these conditions real?" the Scientific answer is: "They are real if we persist in making them so." In God's universe, which is unseen to the material senses, there are no such conditions. John the Revelator, saw the "new heavens and the new earth" while yet upon our own plane of thought, wherein "there was no more sea,"—mortal thought, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away" (Rev. 21 : 1—4). Thus having "cast their net on the right side,"—the side of Truth,—and cultivating the Spiritual intuitions with which every one is endowed, they come into unison with a perfect Principle, becoming Christ-like, and are continually increasing their power to heal and save.

The work in this city (St. Joseph, Mo.) was begun in the spring of 1887.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, in this city,—a branch of the "Mother Church,"—holds its services every Sunday morning in the Tootle Opera House. The service is uniform with all Churches of Christ, Scientist.

In connection with the Church is an Association of students who are busily engaged in securing and distributing Christian Science literature, desiring to open the way to all who will interest themselves in gaining the understanding which brings health, peace, and rest. Their rooms are pleasantly situated in the Commercial Bank Building, Corner of Sixth and Edmond streets.

There are students also at Osborne, Cameron, Darlington, Savannah, Maryville, Clearmont, Parnell, Bolckow; at Waverly, Grand Island, and Hastings, Neb.; at Washington, Centralia, and Atchison, Kan., having their membership in the Association referred to, where excellent work is being done in distributing literature and demonstrating this grand Truth.

INVITATION AND REPLY.

THE following Invitation and Reply, in verse, were recently published in the *West Roxbury (Mass) News*, and are herewith republished by permission, as we believe they, together, ask and answer, in part, a vital inquiry relative to the Science of Being.

HUMAN WEAKNESS AND PERVERSITY.

The following lines are chiefly interrogatory, and cordially invite answer in rhyme on the subject they broach, from any "whom it may concern."

What is it that leads us so astray?
We know the right, but do the wrong:
Shunning the "strait and narrow way,"
In devious paths behold earth's throng!

We are not deaf, nor are we blind:
We know how fatal is the way;
But something base in mortal mind
Makes virtuous purpose easy prey.

Is it the brute that in us lies
Crouching like hungry tiger there,
Ready to bound with fiery eyes
On what we would that's good and fair?

All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Such are the white-souled Whittier's words;
And howsoe'er we goodness seek,
Unholy promptings come in herds.

Temptation runs us wholly down,
And vice and evil mock our will;
On wrongs and sins we stoutly frown,
But wrongs and sins subdue us still.

In our despair we cry aloud:
Must man *forever* yield to guile—
His days in degradation shroud,
And ne'er wipe out the serpent's trail?
—*Prone Pessimistic.*

STRENGTH AND PERSISTENCY.

The following has been written in reply to the lines which appeared in the "News," entitled, "Weakness and Perversity."

God, the Eternal Mind, far-reaching, unconfined,
Whose love no thought can comprehend, or goodness has
divined;

He who pervades all space, in whom all life exists,
To whom all powers, all heights, all depths, are less than
summer mists;

He hath created us, in image like His own—
As from the lofty forest tree a thistle ne'er has grown,
So from the Mind of God nothing unlike Him springs,
For like yields like; God has made us, then are we worthless
things?

Are we by nature weak, when He is mighty, strong?
Must we, while knowing well the right, in weakness do the
wrong?

Is mind indeed so base?—its source is pure and high;
Must we to brutal instincts fall and every virtue die?

If this indeed were true, then were our birthright fled,
His likeness would be torn away, and all that's vital, dead;
Then sin could conquer us, but victors now are we,
Knowing that all things shall be ours through Him that made
us—free!

Why did you do the wrong, desiring much the right?
Because you understood not God, thought darkness to be
light,

Deemed sin a mightier power than was Omnipotence,
Yourself a frail, uncertain thing, helpless, without defence!

The flesh indeed is weak, but 'tis not flesh that lives,
It is not flesh that to the soul thought and emotion gives,
'Tis Spirit, boundless, strong, that gives us life and breath;
The flesh may crumble and decay, but Spirit has no death!

Then act, act with thy might! scorn failure and despair,
Remembering he who conquers all, a crown of life shall wear!
No sacrifice is vain that in His Name is done;
Then forward press with steadfast hope until thy goal is won!

And all thy future days one mighty song shall be,
 A song wrought by a Master-hand in matchless harmony!
 Swelling in sweet refrain, soaring beyond confine,
 Until thy life is lost in His,—Eternal and Divine!

BY ONE "CONCERNED."

—G. A. B.

NOTICE.

Note. All the churches of our denomination are respectfully requested to have the first Reader, read the following, at the opening of the Bible Lesson on Sunday.

MARY BAKER EDDY.

The Bible, and the Christian Science text-book, are our only preachers. We shall now read scriptural texts, and their correlative passages from our text-book,—these comprise our sermon.

The canonical writings, together with the word of our text-book corroborating and explaining the Bible texts in their denominational, spiritual import and application to all ages, past, present, and future, constitute a sermon undivorced from truth, uncontaminated or fettered by human hypotheses, and *authorized* by Christ.

The number of our Sunday lessons and the Scripture they contain follow the International Series.

Note.—The Quarterly for the next quarter having been mailed before the receipt of the above from our Leader, we will add that the above is to be read in lieu of the note printed in the Quarterly,—omitting, however, the preliminary note by Mrs. Eddy.—*Editor*.

In our last February number we said erroneously that the *Journal* had been placed in the National Military Home at Greenville, Ohio. We should have said at Dayton. This is where the Military Home is located.

NOTICE.

All per capita tax and contributions to The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., should be sent to Stephen A. Chase, Treasurer, Box 136, Fall River, Mass.

A LETTER FROM NEBRASKA.

THE following interesting and helpful letter was published in a recent issue of the *Floyd County Advocate*, of Charles City, Iowa:—

“Waverly, Neb., December 13, 1896.

“Miss O. O. Cheney,

“*Dear Friend:*—You will doubtless remember a little woman who came to you many months ago and asked your advice about a certain surgical operation, and whom you told to ‘go home and go to *studying*.’ Well, I am that woman, and I have often and often thought of you and have asked myself: Does she think of me and wonder how I came out? And so to-night I felt like writing to you and telling you something about myself. Your advice and your thought were helpful to me, and I went back to my brother’s (A. S. Griffith, of Floyd) feeling better, but could not rise above the depression that the opinions of doctor and friends had thrown around me; but as soon as possible I went to Nora Springs to attend to some business, intending to go home as soon as that could be disposed of. There I fell sick, and lay for three weeks with the doctor visiting me daily, and I reading Science and Health, but without sufficient strength or understanding to help myself. When I was able to sit up all day and walk a little, I started for home, and as soon as I got away from there I was well, and felt no more bad effects from my illness; came home and worked very hard, putting an addition on my house, and boarding the workmen, and feeling well all the time, and my health has been good ever since.

“Of course I have many battles to fight, and sometimes they seem too much for me, but very rarely have I asked a thought from a sister Scientist. I thought you would be glad to know that I did not ‘return to the wallowing in the mire,’ (the filth of the carnal thought), and as I troubled you and trespassed upon the good nature of an entire stranger, it was but right, if she desired to know how I came out, that she should know; hence this line to-night.

“We have no organization here, but we meet, and have met regularly ever since for our Sunday service and Friday

evening experience meetings. Fifteen of us have taken class instructions, and our attendance is thirty and upwards. We have severe opposition here, but we think the thought is getting better—though at times it seemingly would destroy us all if it were possible. . . .

“I became a member of the Christian Church in Ohio when but thirteen years of age, and after so many years it was very hard to break the bonds. It was done with fear and trembling lest I should go astray; but to-day I cannot be thankful enough that I was so fortunate as to be led into this clearer light, and that I clung to it, fearing to let go, even when my understanding was as but a mustard seed; and though it seems that I assimilate the truth very slowly, I am not discouraged. I know that forty-five years of church membership in the old thought, and thirty-five years the wife of an M. D.—often doing his reading for him, filling his prescriptions and entering into his work with my whole soul—gives me something to cast out as a Scientist, and I am trying to be patient in the undoing as well as in the doing.

“I have written much to my brother in Floyd in regard to Science, and really he has great faith, but he wants it only to heal the ills of the flesh. He wants to enjoy the pleasures of the world, and has no idea of nor hunger for the great spiritual uplifting that would come with Science. If they could just know and realize how the letting go of this world’s pleasures brings us so much higher, and we take hold of that so infinitely better and more satisfying, it seems to me they would gladly turn away from all this glamour and vanity, this chasing of pleasure as a ‘will-o’-the-wisp,’ and lay hold of something real and eternal. But this lesson I have already learned—we cannot force Christian Science upon any one; they must hunger and thirst for something higher and better; then when its truths are presented to them they will at once recognize its superiority.

“I am entirely alone in my family; even my children are not with me—but that is nothing. How much worse it would be for me if I were not in Science myself, and so I thank God and take courage, and hope some day to see them all come into the blessed light.

“I live alone, as one of my sons is married and living in Lincoln; the other is there in school. But I have none too much time to myself to read and study this wonderful truth. I take the *Journal* and find it so helpful. It seems to

get better all the time, and the December number seemed to me to surpass even the *Journal*. 'Harvest Gleanings' was just what I needed. In fact, I need it all, and all the help I can get, and the more I get the more I want. I think we Scientists are a wee bit piggish about this Truth and Love, but as our getting robs no one else, I guess we are excusable.

"Of course you have seen *The Granite Monthly* mentioned in last month's *Journal*. The sketch of Mrs. Eddy's life and the picture of her is invaluable. How beautiful and grand and earnest and helpful is everything that comes from her pen. I believe that truly she is the most beloved of any woman of the nineteenth century. Can we ever be thankful enough for such a devoted Leader? I would be thankful to hear of the work in Charles City, and if agreeable, would be glad for you to write me—but as Scientists we know that each and every one, if faithful, is doing their best, and whether we hear from them or not, we are content. But I am thrilled with pleasure on hearing or reading of anyone embracing this Truth, even though it be a stranger in the flesh.

"Please excuse this lengthy letter. You do not seem to be a stranger to me, and I write as to an old friend. Perhaps that is because I know you have the same Life, Truth, and Love that I have, and are following the same star in the east, and that the same loving Father furnishes you 'a table in the wilderness' sometimes, as well as me, and you rejoice and are made glad and happy that His promises are ever sure, and that you are a partaker in His great blessings.

"Believe me ever your friend and sister in Truth.

"Mrs. S. J. G. Riddell."

In the same issue appeared the following editorial relating to Mrs. Riddell's letter:—

"The letter in this paper, signed Mrs. S. J. G. Riddell, was written by the woman who taught the first school in Floyd County. Her maiden name was Sarah Griffith, a sister of A. S. Griffith, of Floyd, and the school was taught in the first schoolhouse built in Floyd County. It was built of logs in Rock Grove township, and stood on section seven, about a half mile from Nora Springs, near the residence of Edson Gaylord. We understand that Mr. Gaylord still exhibits the stump from which was cut the first log for its construction in 1854. The records say she was a very good

teacher, and pupils came from all parts of the township to her school, which numbered about twenty. The building was burned the spring after it was built and a new house was built about eighty rods west of the first one. Miss Griffith married Doctor Riddell, and they resided here in early days, where he practised medicine for a time. Miss Cheney tells us that he built the old saw-mill that stood near the present site of S. G. Pickett's fine residence, and that he lived on a tract of land near the cemetery. They moved from here to Nora Springs, and a few years later to Nebraska, where Mr. Riddell died a number of years ago. Mrs. Riddell is a very intelligent lady, and her testimony for Christian Science is another valuable evidence for the truths they proclaim."

INTERESTING AND PRACTICAL WORK.

E. S. C.

AFTER fifteen years of invalidism I was healed of all serious troubles; not one of them remaining. The doctors had said I could not even be helped without an operation. And they could not promise that I would be well and strong after the operation, because I did not have the constitution, but said with the very best of care I might be comfortable. Christian Science saved me both from the knife, and the physicians' idea of "constitution."

I would like to give some demonstrations that have occurred within the last seven months.

I was called to treat a young student. The claim was cramps in the stomach and pain in the head. When I went into the room he thought he could not sit up. In a few minutes he sat erect, and before I left he stood and talked Christian Science for half an hour, and to all appearance was entirely relieved from all suffering.

I received a telegram from my son in the East asking for treatment. The claim was a swelling on the neck, and very painful. He was relieved in a short time, and in little over a week there was no trace of the trouble left.

I was called to treat a case of chronic dysentery. In less than a week the patient washed, starched, and ironed nine shirts and a lot of collars and cuffs. The daughter told

me a few days ago, that her mother told every one she met about her wonderful healing. I treated a lady for inflammation of the bowels. The patient said she felt as if a red-hot poker were being run in her sides, and her back ached. In a few minutes she said it was all gone, and it did not return. The daughter asked if I could heal her of stuttering. I told her that God could, and talked to her a little while. She has never stuttered since.

A man was healed of delirium tremens in one night, and in less than a week he went back to his work. A few weeks ago I heard he had said he felt much better in every way—different from what he had in many a year.

I treated a case of rupture of the navel in a young child. The doctor said they should send to New York City and get an expensive truss and the child must wear it for a year and a half. They told me the rupture would get black and as large as a walnut. This baby was healed in three weeks, and when the doctor met the mother on the street and inquired about the baby, she told him that it was healed, and he said, "What do you mean? Did you do just as I told you, use tight bandage and hard compress?" She said, "No; he could not stand it; he suffered so much that we took them all off, and had a Christian Scientist treat him, and he is perfectly healed." The doctor asked the name of the Scientist, and she gave my name.

I treated a boy for rheumatism. He would get so weak at times that he would fall. He is now perfectly healed. Also a claim of blood poison, which was relieved at once and finally disappeared. Another where the lungs appeared to be filled with coal dust. The doctor had operated on him, piercing the lungs to produce hemorrhage, and after the operation he had palpitation of the heart. But the operation did not relieve the lungs. He has had no palpitation of the heart since my first visit. He wrote once to be treated for dizziness and constipation. He has had no return of these claims. The last time I saw him, he told me he had said to his wife the night previous that he felt so good, and slept the whole night through. He also said he could go to work, if it were not so cold and he could get a light job. He had sat in his chair one year. He realized enough of the truth to heal his youngest child. The claim was convulsions. The child was healed in one evening, and slept peacefully all night.

I treated a patient where the whole body seemed in a

state of congestion, nervous prostration, bordering on insanity. She said she was obliged to leave her home, and go to her daughter for protection, she had such a desire to destroy herself. When she first came to me for treatment, they were obliged to give her stimulants, that she might be able to come for help. Her son brought her within a block of my home. She said she had such a sense of confusion that she could hardly find the place. She was relieved at once, and in less than two weeks said she had not a complaint to offer. Every claim had gone. "Whose God is so great a God as our God?"

THE HERMITS OF THE RIDGE.

H. E. C.

THE sight-seer driving through the magnificent park system around Philadelphia, in passing through the beautiful Wissahickon Park, usually has his attention called to the "Monastery," a massive stone building erected in 1738, now occupied as a farm house. Its historical interest arises from the fact that it served as the place of worship of a peculiar sect which came from Germany in the early history of the Province of Pennsylvania, known as German Pietists, but more especially designated by the denizens of the neighborhood as the "Hermits of the Ridge." These men were forty in number, and were under the leadership of Johannes Kelpius, a young scholar and mystic, of great piety and spirituality, who was drawn to the New World by his religious faith. The "Monastery" was not, however, the original place of worship, nor was it erected until after Kelpius' death. The original structure was of logs, forty feet square and true to the cardinal points of the compass, called the "Tabernacle," and stood near where the "Monastery" now stands.

Kelpius and his followers were earnest and enthusiastic students of the Bible, but more particularly of the Gospels and the Apocalypse. They were rigid moralists, having turned their backs upon the world and its allurements, pursuing in their wilderness retreat a systematic study of the sacred Word. They seem to have had some mystical rites, and to have made somewhat of a study of the "celestial signs,"

but throughout it all, they were manifestly governed only by a deep and serious purpose to learn and live the spiritual teachings of the Bible. By their piety, meekness, and simplicity, they made a deep impression upon the religious life of Pennsylvania, many traces of which are yet seen.

Kelpius taught that death should be overcome, and until a short time before his own death, he firmly believed that he would be translated as were Enoch and Elijah. The following account of his last days appears in a history of these German Pietists written by Mr. Julius Fredrich Sachse, of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania:—

“As his last hours drew near, . . . the Magister spent three long days and nights in praying to God, struggling and supplicating that, in his case, the Lord Sabaoth would receive him bodily, as he did Enoch and Elias of old, and that there might be no actual dissolution. . . . At last, on the third day, after a long silence he ceased his pleadings, and, addressing himself to his faithful *famulus*, said: ‘My beloved Daniel, I am not to attain that which I aspired unto. I have received my answer. It is ordained that I shall die, like unto all the children of Adam.

“Kelpius thereupon handed Geissler a box or casket, which was well-secured and sealed, and told him to carry it to the Schuylkill, where the water was deep, and cast it into the river. Geissler took the casket as far as the river bank, and being of somewhat an inquisitive nature, concluded to hide the casket until after his master’s death, and then possess himself of the secret of its contents.

“Upon his return, Kelpius raised himself up and, with outstretched hand, pointing to his *famulus*, looked him sharply in the eyes, and said: ‘Daniel, thou hast not done as I bid thee, nor hast thou cast the casket into the river, but hast hidden it near the shore.’ Geissler, without even stammering an excuse, hurried to the river bank, and threw the casket into the water as he was bidden.”

The primary purpose of this sect in coming to the “wilderness” of Pennsylvania was that they expected there to find or have revealed to them the Woman of the Apocalypse,—the “Woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and twelve stars on her forehead. She who had fled to the wilderness.” It is said that their reasons for coming to Pennsylvania were that from many events and signs,—in which the Thirty-years’ War, the newness of the country, its peculiar situation, etc., cut an important figure,

it was believed America was the place for the coming of the "promised one," the "Deliverer."

While their hopes and expectations were not realized within the time and in the manner looked for, we who observe the present signs of the times can readily see that they had caught fore-glimpses of coming events that may well be said to have been prophetic. Truly in the "wilderness" of America has appeared the "promised one," the "Deliverer," and rejoiced should we be who are privileged to see that "glad day so long foretold," and for the coming of which so many devout hearts have longed and prayed.

FROM "GERMAN REFORMED" TO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

ELIZABETH SLAKER.

BEFORE I became a convert to Christian Science, I was a member of the German Reformed Church for nineteen years; my husband was a religious man and we had one child taught from infancy to love and serve God. At this time I was, to mortal sense, rich, but my husband had business losses, and through anxiety he became sick and died.

In time I married again, and my second husband was not a God-fearing man. The trials that I passed through were severe. My husband was prostrated with a long sickness and was sent to the hospital. There he became so discouraged that he threatened to take his own life. He was finally discharged as incurable and came home. I prayed to God all one night, and in the morning sent for our minister to come and speak some words of comfort to my despondent husband, to see if it would not put some strength into him; but the minister was ill and could not come. So I went to God again and prayed, and then the thought came to me of the sick man who had had an infirmity thirty-eight years, and who cried out to Jesus that no man would help him; my heart grew lighter and I said, "Surely Christ will help him," and I prayed and waited.

The next day a health officer that I had known years before, passed through our yard, and told me of some people called Christian Scientists, and that while he did not under-

stand it, he knew sick people got well from it, and if my husband would believe, he could get well. We sent for a lady practitioner, Mrs. S——; she came and took my husband's case.

I did not notice much improvement at first, and was unbelieving. My husband had not been able to eat for two years anything but milk and such light food as one feeds to a baby. After three weeks' treatment, Mrs. S—— told him that he must come the next day to her house. He did so, and on his return said, "Give me to eat whatever you have for dinner." He ate that day corned beef and cabbage.

I went with him next day to the Scientist's, and she explained so lovingly the teachings of Jesus, as revealed in our text-book, *Science and Health*! Truth has done such wonderful things for me, that I can never express my thanks. My dear husband had many trials of his strength after he was healed and went to work again. One I will mention.

A few months since he had a claim of weakness, which held him in his bed for three weeks, took him down "into the valley of the shadow," but he rose again, and has since been well, going to work every day.

Word was brought to me that an old neighbor, a deacon in my former church, was given up to die. I wished to take the Truth to him, but feared to go,—I feared the persecution. The message was brought to me three times before I obeyed. As I prayed for guidance, the words of the hymn, "Soldiers of Christ, *arise*, and put your armor on!" came to me. I arose and went at once to his home. The physicians had pronounced him beyond all human aid and had left the house. I went to his bedside, took his hand, and said, "Wilt thou be made whole, John?" He said feebly, "Ah! you have something that I have not." I said, "Yes; God is your life; only *believe* and you shall live." To make the story short, he believed and lived, and he and his household are now earnest Scientists. He has gone to his work every day for two years. I have had many wonderful demonstrations over accidents, burns, contagion,—so wonderful that I know it is *true* that "God is All-in-all." I was rich and became poor, that I might be rich indeed.

I have been a believer in this wonderful Truth since 1892; have taken a course of lectures.

I cannot tell the half or the tenth of all that it has been to me.

LETTERS TO MRS. EDDY.

March 1, 1897.

Beloved Mother and Teacher:—I am in receipt of your last beautiful and instructive letter. Words fail to express the joy with which I receive your announcement that personal teaching is to be suspended for the period of a year, and that your illuminated book, "Miscellaneous Writings," is to do the work heretofore so imperfectly done by us all as field-workers and teachers. It is a source of great comfort and satisfaction to me in this hour to say with the sincerity of conviction that no step that you have ever advised delights me as much as this. To me it is the most conspicuous evidence, next to your establishment of the impersonal pastor in our Text-books, that "divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need" that cries aloud for salvation from the popular misconceptions of Christian Science existing in the minds of teachers.

The mental unfolding that the study of your last book has brought to me has been truly startling. It has taken me back to the spiritual import of the Text-book, and all your other writings, with wonderful force and power. From what I know of the field and the misconceptions that have worked their way into teaching, and the general menace that personality, love of leadership, and too much explanation of Christian Science through human argument and mentalities which reflect moods and mental colors that hide, rather than illuminate, the Spirit and letter of Christian Science, the more I see the wonderful wisdom reflected through you at this great hour in the history of our movement. The book uncovers with great force and Scientific analysis the subtle workings of the human mind, and will undoubtedly do as great a work for us all as field-workers, and former teachers, as for inquirers and students in general. The ethics of Jesus' parable of the laborers who entered the vineyard during the late hours of the day and received the same payment as those who had toiled from morning, are becoming more clearly understood, and consistent and spiritually-minded Christian Scientists must see that worth, scientific standing, and value to our Cause are not so much dependent upon the date of the students studying with you as upon the present standing of the individual Scientifically, spiritually, and mentally. Per-

sonally I rejoice that I can say I feel sympathetically and intelligently in touch with this step, and I am glad I can say this just at the close of my first independent class, the personnel of which, from both the human and Scientific standpoint, is a rich reward for labor. It is a class made up of choice hearts and talented character. One is a regular writer on the *New York Sun*. There are two former Hebrews, a Mr. B. and a Miss M., the latter one of the finest Hebrew scholars I have ever seen, and in character a most valuable acquisition to the movement. Another most chaste character, a former Unitarian and disciple of Herbert Spencer; another a lawyer, formerly an agnostic; another one of our leading musicians and organist of the Church of the Messiah of this city. They are all spiritually-minded, and promise almost without exception to be active workers in our Cause, and some of them expect soon to devote their entire time to the work. From the depths of my heart I thank God I was enabled to say to them to-night I considered that the subtlest claim of mesmerism of this hour was that your writings, including the Text-book, were not self-interpreting, and needed the elucidation and explanation of personal teachers to make the spiritual meaning clear. Individually I feel that your new book will do more to break this general claim than anything that we have, and I think the sooner this claim is destroyed the better for the race morally, physically, and spiritually. While I have been sitting in classes and teaching for a number of years past to a greater or less degree, and while I have heard class after class taught, the more clearly I have come to see that the greatest work of Christian Science was yet to come, and I now see how. Personality, personal leadership, envy, rivalry, competition, and the false claims of me and mine will be forced to the wall as the spirituality that is resident in this new book is received by the body in general, and the lines that have heretofore existed between students of students and Christian Scientists who have become such through the perusal of your works, will no longer exist.

I write, dear Teacher, thus fully because my heart is very happy over this step about to be taken. I think it is the salvation of us all, and certainly it is the salvation of each church in our body.

With deep gratitude for all that your years of toil are bringing forth, with renewed affirmations of loving, and,

I hope, intelligent loyalty to your teachings, and thus to you as Teacher and Leader, and with thanks from the depths of my heart for this last means of safe conduct through the perilous road that we were all travelling, I am,

Affectionately, faithfully, and sincerely your student,
Carol Norton.

Minneapolis, Minn., 1112 Harmon Place.

THE REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

Dear Mother in Truth:—For many weeks and months the desire to speak to you has been with me, and Love has now opened the way and has made me the messenger to convey to you the heartfelt love and gratitude of a little band of followers here in this "land of Hiawatha." But first I must tell who we are.

On the evening of January 28th, 1897, in joyful obedience to the call to form a church, nine faithful students of Truth were assembled "with one accord in one place," and there organized a church to be known as "Second Church of Christ, Scientist." "The object and purpose of this Church to be the furtherance of the understanding and demonstration of Christian Science as taught by the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy." Thirty-eight members were received into the church, making, with the original nine, forty-seven members.

Our beloved friend, Mrs. E. A. Thompson, was unanimously chosen president. Sunday, February 7th, the first service was held in a small church owned by the Swedenborgian Society, and seating, with extra chairs, about two hundred and fifty; every seat was filled, people stood in the aisles and clear back to the door, and even in the vestibule, and many went away unable to obtain entrance. "Oh, well;" it was said, "this is the first Sunday; there will be plenty of room next Sunday." The next Sunday (yesterday) came, and the church was filled to the door again; but what seemed the greatest surprise to many was last Friday evening at the first experience meeting. About six o'clock a very heavy snowstorm set in, but again every seat was filled (no extra chairs), and there must have been one hundred and sixty to seventy present, coming from all parts of the city; and such a meeting! full of Love and harmony. Mrs. E. A. Merrill, who I understand is known to you, was the

first to speak, and she suddenly stopped, then said, "Mr. Smith" (addressing the first reader), "may I make a motion? I move that a vote of thanks and blessing be sent to the dear Mother, whom we all love, and who has made it possible for us to enjoy the blessings and privileges of this church." The motion was put and brought a hearty response from everyone present; and to me, as clerk of the church, was given the privilege of conveying this message of love and gratitude to you. May I add my individual thanks and blessing? and I would like to tell you something of what Science has done for me physically, though in doing that the greater work is left untold. Not yet three years have passed since I was told by three of the leading M. D.'s of our city I had a disease that neither medicine nor surgery could reach, there being no case on record of that disease ever having been healed; that I might, with great care, live a few weeks, but must be prepared to go at any instant, and that the most intense suffering must ensue before death if I lived the few weeks. I thereupon put my house in order, made my will, laid out my grave-clothes, and felt that I was ready, but not willing. Just at that time relatives came from Chicago to see me, and they told me of a gentleman they knew who had been most miraculously healed by Christian Science. I had read the books some ten years previously, and had been very much taken with them, but had not thought of it in this instance; however, following the advice of friends, I went to see Mrs. Thompson, told her what the doctors had said, and received the reply, very calmly spoken: "It is not true, Mrs. Loudon, you do *not* need to die." I said, "Can you prove that to me?" and again the quiet answer, "Truth can, for God is Truth, and He alone governs man." I began at once to take the treatments, and also to read Science and Health.

In the arrogance of my so-called wisdom, I challenged many of its statements as inconsistent; but kept on until I learned that "the wisdom of man" is indeed "foolishness in the sight of God;" until I found myself looking at all things from a changed point of view. And so it went on, and though I gained steadily in health and strength, it was nine months before I felt that I was perfectly healed, for until I learned the why and how, the old fear would seem to return; but not one of the family (husband, self, and son) has taken a drop of medicine since I took my first treatment,

and we are all members of "Second Church of Christ, Scientist." I acknowledge my debt of love and gratitude, first, to Him who is the giver of all good, next, to you for this blessed "Science" that is proclaiming Liberty throughout the land, then, to the loyal friend who has been so faithful in pointing the way.

God's blessing is upon you and upon the work, and we feel that our Church founded *on* Love and dedicated *to* Love, *can* bring only the fruits of Love. Thanking you for the privilege of writing, hoping one day to see you face to face, and meaning to prove my worthiness, I remain,

Yours in Love,

Florence Swaine Loudon.

February 15, 1897.

Dearest Mother:—I do want to tell you what a blessing the new book is to me. It is so vitally interesting, applying to my special need. I cannot bear to put it down. One thing I almost envied "your students" for was their having the Series, and all the old *Journals*. I had much, but, longed for easier access to more. Again you have regarded the desire of your "students' students," and made us glad and thankful. Nothing can exceed its value to me; it is just what I wanted so much. I wonder how I ever got on without it. It fills a place in my love and affection already, as of some longed-for treasure just acquired, and I look forward to its being my friend through my travail from sense to Soul,—my companion, my help and strength, with my other dear books,—lamps to light me on my way. For some time I have been thinking specially of some such compilation, and wondering if it would come about, and here I have my heart's desire. There is something in this book for every need; it touches all phases of experience,—good in sunshine or in shadow, giving an upward tendency to every good desire, and speaking with authority to all that is unlike Good. It breathes the voice of springtime, a song sweeter than words. I love it, and respond to its thrill of life—a life bursting bonds into spiritual rhythm and harmony. From grave to gay—from stern command to loving entreaty and sweet tenderness—this book comes full of health-giving lessons and loving admonition; while, underneath and back of all, as one reads between the lines, is the history of a mighty problem wrought out through the

meekness and power of Life, Truth, and Love as revealed to us to-day.

With a heart full of love and gratitude, dearest Mother,
Yours in Love,
Effie Andrews.

February 17, 1897.

4037 Drexel Building, February 16, 1897.

Beloved Mother:—Words will never be able to express the good your new book will do. As I pored over it intently all yesterday the realization kept coming, and I felt, at times, its inspiration. It has been a long-cherished hope to see those much-loved and studied articles grouped together. It is so artistically done, and each one touching on every particular thing that all of us so needed. I find in each article such new thoughts that they all seemed fresh and rare. The book is an inspiration, and certainly you have given a course of lessons in "The Theology of Christian Science," that will suit the need of every student. I thank you for this labor of Love, and shall prove my gratitude by studying it faithfully day by day, and striving to obey its wonderful requirements.

May the dear Shepherd help us all, and me especially, to so live the true life of a Christian Scientist that I may be clothed with this living word, and thus express and reflect the divine likeness.

Affectionately your student,
M. Bettie Bell.

My Precious Mother:—I must express my individual gratitude to you for "Miscellaneous Writings." It is so grand and full of Love and instruction!

"Love your Enemies," impresses me as never before. I see we can never rise above materiality until we have no enemies. The personal recognition of enemies is a constant hindrance to our progress in Truth. I have resolved to have no more enemies, and Love will sustain my resolution, for perfect Love casteth out all fear. "Questions and Answers" seems to cover all human need, and I can see somewhat the wisdom in stopping the teaching for a while. The new book covers so much ground, and any one can comprehend its meaning that really desires to. I feel so uplifted from

reading its pages, and feel it is a message of Love from divine Good.

Many, many thanks for all your uplifting teachings.
We know they are all from God.

Your loving student,

Hannah A. Larminie.

March 6, 1897.

Beloved Mother:—Your “Miscellaneous Writings” are wonderful. They supply the wants that come to every one on the upward road. My gratitude cannot express itself in words. Your loving student,

Alice S. Brown.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE STUDENTS.

THE testimony meeting of the “students,” or “Scientists,” at the Christian Science Temple last evening included 250 persons. It may be that the genial light which radiates from this building is partly responsible for the large number that attends this mid-week service. Like the Hebrew congregations in this particular, this company of worshippers is fond of much light, and the church at night is always brilliant with circles and chandeliers of hundreds of incandescent lights. From the wide front doors this light streams out into Locust Street, making the whole corner bright, and at the sides of the church the amber-tinted windows shine like opals in their illumination. Nor is there any “best room” to this church, to be used only on Sundays. The auditorium, with its softly carpeted floor and its artistic frescoing, is open for any day in the week; and from the interest shown in the meetings, it is probable that a smaller room would generally prove insufficient. A few strangers were in the congregation last evening, but the majority were persons who believed that they had tested Christian Science. The devout, thoughtful spirit of the congregation was the most striking element of the service. This was especially manifest in the “silent prayer” of about six minutes, which preceded the testimony. There was not a whisper or a footfall, or even a cough, to break the silence.

The First Reader, Mr. A. P. DeCamp, who is one of

the two leaders of the congregation, conducted the meeting. The other leader is a woman, for in this body of Christians there is no question as to whether "women shall speak in the churches." Rev. Mary Baker Eddy is given a place beside St. Paul in placing of inscriptions on the church.

Mr. DeCamp read the eighth chapter of St. Matthew and a passage from Rev. Mary Baker Eddy's book, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*. In this passage Mrs. Eddy claimed that the nerves of the body are not the source of pain or pleasure, giving as proof instances of teeth which have ached, seemingly, after their extraction, and fingers which had itched or burned when the whole arm had already been amputated. This, she said, proved that sensation was in the human mind, not in matter; and the great mistake of mortals hitherto had been to suppose that man is made both of matter and Spirit, whereas he is only Spirit.

The testimony given was broader than that of physical healing. Instances of relieved mental disorders were cited, and of higher moral life. One gentleman, who by his appearance might have been selected from a crowd as a practical business man, said that Christian Science had relieved him from "the fear of the people." He explained this "fear," and many persons nodded approvingly that they, too, had possessed the same weakness. The speaker is a man in a public position,—from his conversation it seemed that his office is a political one,—and he said he had once been a victim to the desire to please, lest he should lose his position. He said he was continually thinking, "How can I please so and so? How can I satisfy this other man? How can I keep from offending that one?" He confessed, quite naïvely, that now since Christian Science had taught him to be free from "fear of persons" he himself has had more of "what people call influence" than ever before. "I am more often consulted, and my advice is more often followed," he said, "and I think it is because those persons know now that when I speak I am giving my honest convictions, and not talking simply to please."

This gentleman's wife testified that she had been cured by Christian Science of a case of chronic catarrh, which a specialist had failed to relieve in a whole winter's treatment. She was a victim also of a claim of neuralgia. A prominent physician told her that her illness was beyond his reach, and added that his own daughter had similar attacks, and he could only tell her to go to bed and sleep them off. Finally she

"handled her case" by Christian Science alone. The attacks became less and less violent, and now when she feels that one is coming she begins a treatment and obtains immediate relief.

An opportunity to show the difference between Christian Science and "faith cure" was given in an unexpected way. A man who spoke with an imperfect foreign accent, and who did not appear so thoughtful or self-composed as the others, arose, his face wreathed in smiles, and told how his foot had been "half cut off," and how he "always ask the Lord," and was healed in a day. His speech was broken by frequent ejaculations of "Glory to God!" and "Praise the Lord!" the manner of which was in sharp contrast with the decorum of the Scientists. When he finished Mr. DeCamp asked him if his cure was wrought "through Christian Science." He said, "No; I never knew Christian Science. I just saw 'bout you in the *Globe-Democrat*. That's why I come here."

The leader immediately explained that there was a wide difference between Christian Science and faith cure. He did not question that this man had been cured, for he said that "in many cases trust in what men conceive to be God does relieve physical conditions." But he said that Christian Science was by no means "blind faith." It was capable of definite proof—an exact science, which consists in the overcoming of material law by an understanding of spiritual law.

A young lady who formerly lived in Atlanta, Ga., spoke of the blame frequently accorded Christian Scientists because they do not remain in the existing churches, but must form a denomination of their own. She said she had remained in her church, the Congregational, as long as she could, teaching in a mission school, taking part in Christian Endeavor services, and attending church regularly, but that such a spirit of antagonism was shown her in her new faith that reluctantly she was forced to leave each old association. Others she knew of who had undergone the same trials.

A gentleman who had been an Episcopalian said, though he had once valiantly defended the Church of England as "the only church," he had always felt a want which that church did not supply. Christian Science explained this want to him, and showed him his ignorance of the true attributes of God. It satisfied him that "God is love," and brought him peace.

The question of healing at a distance was discussed by Mr. Lockwood. He told of a woman that had been ill with many diseases for seven years. He treated her by letter, never seeing her. He found her recovery a little slower than the ordinary, because the distance made it difficult to "reach a clear understanding." But the woman was at length perfectly healed. The leader had also successfully treated a woman patient at a distance. This woman could not read or write, but her brother-in-law sent her request for her. She was cured of several ailments, this being an illustration of the efficacy of Science for the ignorant as well as for the learned.

A gray-headed man from the Merchant's Exchange asserted that he, trusting only in Christian Science, had brought about the healing of a "claim of diphtheria" in his little grandson. He spoke of this diphtheria as "of course, only a hallucination." It was cured, he said, in a night. A case equally remarkable of the healing of violent burns on his own face and body was narrated by another man.

A hymn is sung in closing the Friday night meeting. A verse of the hymn of last night shows the honest temper of the Scientists.

Imposture shrinks from light,
And dreads the piercing eye;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

HOMOEOPATHIC BROTH.

TAKE a robin's leg,
(Mind) the drumstick merely;
Put it in a tub
Filled with water nearly;

Set it out of doors,
In a place that's shady;
Let it stand a week,
(Three days for a lady);

Dip a spoonful in-
to a five-pail kettle;
It should be of tin,
Or, perhaps, bell-metal;

Fill the kettle up,
 Put it in a boiling;
 Skim the liquor well,
 To prevent its oiling;

For thickening and for salt,
 Take of rice one kernel;
 Use, to light the fire,
 Any but our journal.

Let the liquor boil
 Half an hour—no longer:
 (If it's for a man,
 You can make it stronger).

Should you now desire
 That the soup be flavory,
 Stir it once around
 With a stick of savory.

If of thyme you choose,
 Just to put a snatch in;
 'Twill be flavored fine
 If you dip your watch in.

When the broth is done,
 Set it out and jell it;
 Then, three times a day
 Let the patient smell it.

—*American Grocer.*

Never yet in darkest mood
 Doubted I that Thou wast good,
 Nor mistook my will for fate,
 Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—
 Never dreamed the gates of pearl
 Rise from out the burning marl,
 Or that good can only live
 Of the bad conservative,
 And through counterpoise of hell
 Heaven alone be possible.—*Whittier.*

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

IN the latter part of 1894 I was taken with heart trouble, the doctors called it. With hard struggling I kept at work through the winter, under medical treatment all the time. In the spring, I think April, I broke down completely; had a number of doctors who sent me to the hospital where I had the care of nuns as nurses. At different times I had twelve of our best physicians. Six examined me at one time as a final test, but only to say it was impossible for me to live; that I was liable to go at any moment. All that medical skill could do had been done. Then I turned to the church, only to be told if the doctors had given me up, and it was God's will, I would have to go; but I insisted on their doing something; so I then received the united prayers of two large congregations, together with a society of forty priests, but received no help as far as I know; I was then anointed for death and told I was ready to go. Then as a last resort I tried Christian Science. Christmas Day, 1895, I could not raise my head, and was being fed with a spoon. When the Christian Science healer came in, to my great astonishment I found relief at once. In three days I walked to the healer's house, about half a mile.

After many trials, that is, up and down, I found myself, in the month of May, with pick and shovel in the water works' drain, and continued to improve all summer. Now I am as well as I ever was and very much happier, for where I once saw death, hell, witches, evil spirits, and many other objects to fear, I now see, in a slight degree at least, that God is everywhere, and there is no place for fear nor the terrible objects I once thought were all around me. I owe all this to the blessed Truth as revealed and taught in Christian Science.

In the winter of 1895 my food was bread and water, six of a family living on one dollar per week from the church society; even that they cut off when I declared for Truth. But now our debts are paid, our children clothed, and plenty to eat,—thank God! I can scarcely keep from exclaiming aloud, Praise to God, and hope to be of some use in leading others to this light of Truth and Love, which is still growing brighter and more beautiful as I hear it read,

and read it myself from the "little book." My only advice to those I meet who say they are sick is, Try Christian Science! you see *me*,—one snatched from the jaws of death.—*Albert Dunn, Ottawa, Can.*

I have felt for some time I would like to send an experience to the *Journal*, which to me was like a revelation. I had never before seen Christian Science in its beauty and grandeur as I did at that time; to me it was wonderful.

I had a belief of *lupus*,—so-called by physicians,—which is said to be incurable; the supposition being heredity. It was on my face where every one could see it,—which was a terrible blow to my pride in more ways than one; first, because I was a Christian Scientist, having known of it for about six years. I had also had some very good demonstrations, but pride was an old belief which had never been uprooted. I carried the burden for nine months, trying to keep my head above the waves, never doubting that I would be healed. I was finally led to a healer who took my case, and I was healed.

One morning, during a treatment, it seemed as if a great weed had been uprooted from my consciousness. I can think of nothing better with which to compare it, for I have pulled up great weeds and know how the roots give way; and it seemed as if something gave way,—let go; it could not have been more real if a tooth had been extracted. In its place came peace such as I had never known,—a great love for humanity, and desire that all might know this Truth as I knew it. I turned to the healer when the treatment was finished, and said: "It is all gone, I know I am healed;" and I was.

Some months before this trial of my faith these words were my constant companions: "Love is divine, not human." I could not at that time understand their meaning, but now I see it as "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;" and to-day my whole desire is that all may eat at this table, for I can assure them I am "abundantly satisfied," and know beyond doubt that God is divine Love, for it has been proven to me many times, this experience being the highest proof.

As an expression of my gratitude to Mrs. Eddy, our dear Mother, I can only say that I try to depend on this Truth

more and more each day, and feel, sometime, I shall give up all for it.—*L. Y. F., Kansas City, Mo.*

I wish to send a few lines to the *Journal*, to express something of the gratitude I feel to Christian Science, and to Mrs. Eddy for making it known to the world. I have not much to tell, but I thought it might be of interest to some to hear that the Truth is becoming known here in Scotland.

In November, 1895, I first gained my knowledge of Christian Science. For more than a year I had suffered from over-strained eyes; I had consulted an oculist, had worn glasses, and had tried to follow out his instructions, but at the end of a year I found myself again obliged to give up reading and all work which required attention. After three weeks' absent treatment by a healer, during part of which time I had been reading Science and Health for a considerable period each day, I found all pain had gone, and reading was once more a delight. Since that time, I have been studying Christian Science, and trying to practise it as far as I can. The understanding of it does grow in a wonderful way, and I can honestly say that during the past year I have enjoyed better health than I have ever known since I was a child. But I little thought, when first I sought relief for the pain in my eyes, that Christian Science was a power which would change my whole life—indeed I feel it *is* my very life. As I read, and study, and try to practise, the conviction grows upon me that the teaching of Christian Science is altogether more sublime than that of any church or system of which I have had any experience. It is indeed the fulfilment of the law of Christ; it brings His words home to us as nothing else has ever done, and holds out to us the possibility of realizing, to some extent, here and now, the "Mind which was also in Christ Jesus."

We are doing what we can to spread the good news, but living in a thinly populated rural district, communication is not very easy, and we feel we can at present only advance gradually as the way becomes plain before us. Still, there are several houses in the neighborhood where the Truth has gained a footing, and we cannot doubt that the work will grow and prosper. We find the *Journal* such a help and encouragement; we look forward to its coming every month,

and lend it around to several families who are interested in Christian Science.—*C. S. R., Alyth, Perthshire, N. B.*

In a runaway, something over two years ago, I sustained a fractured ankle, a sprained arm, a bruised face, and a cut across the forehead that caused the flesh to close over one eye. Every means for relief was offered me at the drug store where I was taken in, all of which I refused, feeling confident that Christian Science would meet every need. The physician at the store pleaded with me to have stitches taken in the wound, telling me unless I did, my face would be scarred and disfigured, as the wound would not come together; that in an hour my face would be so swollen and inflamed nothing could be done; that it was liable to start to bleeding in the night and prove fatal. The second night I awoke to find the warm current running down my face. The doctor's words came to me, and I said these words: "You would make me believe you are something and I know you are *nothing*." I fell asleep, and that was the end of it.

I missed one meal, but was present at every meal after that, walking to and from the dining room, a distance of two long halls. The fifth day I walked to Mrs. F.'s office and to my husband's office, a mile, and returned. The sprained arm assumed its normal condition, and the face did not swell, discolor, or become inflamed. The wound came together and healed at once, leaving no scar.

This experience, to me, was a lesson fitting me for the moral healing which so absorbs my thought that the physical is fading from consciousness. It is my desire to uproot every plant my heavenly Father hath not planted. Since this experience I have, through the understanding that came to me, been able to meet and demonstrate over every claim that has presented itself to me. Of myself I can do nothing. It is the Word in the Bible, and Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, that healeth me.—*Mrs. Florence Cobb, 444 Rosedale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.*

Last winter, a Christian Scientist gave me treatment twice in twenty-four hours. I was suffering intensely, and judging from previous similar attacks, felt certain that a long siege was before me, even with the help that Christian Science

might give. After the second treatment the Scientist opened my "little book" to the conclusion of the chapter: "Science of Being," and asked me to read audibly, when alone, the three last lines. After reading these words a few times, a heavenly sense of peace overshadowed me, and restful sleep followed. When the waking came, the seeming burden of suffering did not return. The joy, awe, and gratitude that came to my consciousness cannot be expressed. I realized that Truth, the "Rock of Ages," was my sure foundation; that "Perfect Love casteth out fear." The words of a little friend seemed so true: "There is nothing to be afraid of, for God is Love, and God is all." Previous to this healing, Christian Science had enabled me to give up both distance and near spectacles that I had been wearing for several years. I also discarded an ear-trumpet, and on my return here (after four years' absence), friends told me I was hearing much better than when I left.

Dyspepsia is now a past belief. For some years I had tried to follow the diet-teachings of a noted water-cure, to keep myself more comfortable, and to set a good example to those dyspeptics *to be* among my friends, who seemed so unwilling to listen to my exhortations, and apply the "ounce of prevention."

My endurance now, compared with the past, is a daily reminder to be grateful. I can walk, and work, and if there is ever a sense of seeming fatigue and discord, Christian Science is the sure restorer of rest and harmony. In every belief of trial and perplexity it is the "one thing needful." It is proving every day that:

Love is the only Power that can
Establish here the brotherhood of man.

—A. E. H., *White Bear Lake, Minn.*

Our little church held its first Sunday service, as an organized church, on the same day the Mother Church was dedicated, January 6th, 1895. We have now a membership of forty-one.

Public sentiment has greatly changed here since this organized and systematic work has been carried on, thus proving the wisdom of our Leader in directing her students to follow where she has led, in the line of material organization, until, through the divine guidance, she sees this to be

no longer needful. Our Sunday School immediately following our morning service, is full of interest and inspiration. Many of our children attend the first service and some of them are so attentive that they are ready to follow the lesson from beginning to end, and see much of the spiritual meaning. We have named our school, "The Little Christian Science Missionary Workers;" and they have already placed, with their penny contributions, the latest edition of *Science and Health* in our fine Public Library, and sent the *Journal* for six months to the city jail.

Many of the little ones have a very beautiful understanding of Truth, and are able to demonstrate what they know. They are very happy in the thought that their names are locked in the Mother's heart with the golden key of Love, and that there is room enough in this great heart for each one of her "little ones."

Some of the older ones are already members of the church, and we know we are raising a brave army of earnest and tireless workers for the cause of Truth.—*Laura C. Nourse, Eau Claire, Wis.*

Dear Journal:—I met a student recently suffering with severe beliefs, who for some time past had been trying to heal herself. For a few days, when in her company, I talked with her and encouraged her in her work, but seeing this had not the desired effect, I asked,—

"Why don't you apply to a Christian Science healer for help?" Her reply,—

"I have been helped many times, and I have made up my mind this *must* be my own demonstration, even if I pass through the belief of death," caused me to turn to *Science and Health*, page 439, last paragraph. When I finished reading she said: "This has saved my life. The Mother love always feeds the hungry child."

New Year's, at our regular Friday night meeting, nearly every speaker referred to *Science and Health* as a book unlike any other ever read, and that in it was found relief from discords of every kind. I listened to each testimony of healing, and the great good received from attending these meetings. My thought turned back for a moment to one year ago, when Truth demanded a great sacrifice of me,—the leaving of friends, relatives, my home, and, as I obeyed,

my cup was filled to overflowing; and to-day I rejoice that suffering brought me to Christian Science; not so much for the physical healing, as for the understanding of Truth which has enabled me to realize more of heaven, and made this the happiest year I have ever known.—*Mrs. May E. Wheeler, Kansas City, Kansas.*

The accompanying letter is from a little girl, who at the age of seven was forsaken by her father, and as her mother had younger children, she was compelled to live from one place to another until she was ten years old (she is now thirteen), when a young lady Scientist took her into her home and gave her instruction in Christian Science. The young lady came here to spend the winter, and this letter was written to First Church of Christ, Scientist, in this city, of which she is a member.—*L. C. B., Binghampton, N. Y.*

My Dear Brother and Sister:—As we are, in Truth, all joined together in the house of God, I feel that I must express as plainly as I can what Christian Science has done for me. It seems like a beam of sunlight breaking through the black clouds, after it has been hidden for a long time,—breaking through the clouds of darkness to light up this world, which has been so long hidden in sorrow and sin.

I cannot express my feelings in any other way, but can say that I thank our dear Mother, Mrs. Eddy, for this Truth which she has spread over this dark world—in belief, but may more see with clearer eyes this blessing which stands free for all who are ready to see it and receive it gladly.

Affectionately Yours in Truth,

ANNICE BENDLE.

I was a sufferer from night sweats, for which the doctors ordered me to be clothed from head to foot in flannel; also to wear a chamois vest back and front, and other material accompaniments. But even then the cold sweats would pour from me. I had worn glasses for ten years, and suffered from other claims which the doctors, at my home and elsewhere, could do nothing for. But I had not read Science and Health a week before I was helped, and these false claims began to disappear. "Love was the liberator."

The Bible says: "Be ye holy, as I am holy." I tried to

live a good life, and I feel that God's hand was guiding me; for in many difficulties He provided the means of escape. The Bible was a sealed book to me until I learned to interpret it from the understanding gained in the study of Science and Health.

Two years ago I went through a class of instruction; was led up into the Mount, and felt that I would like to have remained in that pure atmosphere of thought, but I had to come down, and demonstrate my own way up, step by step. We must honestly and faithfully strive to work out our salvation. We may at times have crosses to bear, and hills to climb, but we need not fear, for God will sustain us. He has sustained and blessed me and my family.—*Mrs. E. H. R., Galt, Canada.*

Dear Journal:—For the benefit of those who, like myself perhaps, believe they have not the means to take the *Journal* for themselves, I will give a bit of my experience.

For some years after coming into Christian Science I did not take the *Journal*, and Scientist friends used to kindly lend me theirs to read. I wanted it very much, yet felt I had not the means to take it. I thought I could not afford to take it. Finally there came a time when I felt I must do so and pay for it for myself. Then the way seemed clearer; so I sent my subscription, and I cannot tell you the blessing I received when the first copy came. I wondered how I had gone so long without it as my own.

I am learning by experience we cannot get any good without sacrificing, and the demonstrations which to us seem the hardest to make are the ones which bring us the greatest blessings.

We who are striving to be Christian Scientists realize that Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures is the greatest blessing ever given to a world lost in the belief of Life, Substance, and Intelligence in matter; and the one who has given us this great and glorious revelation gave us also the Christian Science *Journal*. So should we not make every effort to avail ourselves of these great blessings?—*M. E. C., Boston, Mass.*

At a time when actively studying and working to acquire the material knowledge which would enable me to "heal the

sick," the spiritual interpretation of this great command was revealed to me.

The end of my senior year in a medical college found me a very brilliant example of what a medical course can and does sometimes accomplish for one; or in other words, a brilliant subject for Christian Science treatment.

The claim of nervous prostration was so excessive that I had been for eight weeks confined to the bed, absolutely powerless to make so much as a voluntary movement of the hand. To be sure I had rallied somewhat from this condition, but the case was none the less critical when I yielded to this seeming strange and new method of therapeutics.

The result was physical and mental regeneration, followed by an investigation and study of the great principle of Christianity as it is given to the world to-day, for the second time, and in its fulfilment, through the "little book," Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, whose divine mission is the redemption of the world from sickness, sorrow, and death. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—*F. M. P., New York, N. Y.*

The following letter was recently written to Mr. Johnson, Clerk of the Mother Church:—

Crawford, Neb., February 20th, 1897.

Mr. Wm. B. Johnson:—I will tell you how I came to make application for membership in the Mother Church. Our child, two years old, had a claim of continually coughing, —most during the night. I treated the child for nearly one month without any permanent improvement. I could always before relieve the child with one or two treatments; but this time I could only relieve it for a few minutes, and the same thing would occur again. I wondered why the child was not healed. I thought I must be disobedient in some way; then the thought came: Why don't you make application for membership in the Mother Church, as you have been told many times for two years you should? This was the 30th day of January, I think, the same day I wrote to you. I sat down and wrote a letter for membership, and when it was finished, the child was healed of the cough. I thought to myself: "I will not treat the child any more and await

the result." The cough has never returned. This may be a lesson for others; if the *Journal* wishes to publish it, it can do so.

A. A. CARLSON.

The father of little Gertie sends us the following letter:—

Green Island, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1897.

My Darling Papa:—I know you will be pleased to get a few words from your little daughter Gertie, who in mortal belief, has had an awful claim of fever, but I thank God, who is All-in-all, that I am gaining the victory through Him and the blessed truth of Christian Science teaching, which is Life, Truth, and Love. Mamma talks about it so lovely all the time, and it helps me demonstrate over the evil. I said many times last night, "Go way from me, evil, and let the Lord come and dwell in me;" and God did come, and I felt much better. I am only a thin, pale-faced, little girl now, in belief, but some day God will restore my flesh and color as a reward for winning the battle, and being healed through divine power. Mamma brought home some ice cream to me from Troy yesterday, and tries so hard every way to tempt my appetite, but as yet I eat little, but it will all come out right and God shall be glorified. Perhaps later, papa, I will have some fun with comic valentines. Now I have got to say good-bye so I can take my letter down to the lower box. With kisses from all your little children,

Your affectionate daughter,

Gertie.

For twenty-eight years I was bound with the fetters of darkness, looking for help in every way but the right. My Bible says it is God that healeth all our diseases. I was looking to man, and no wonder that the fetters seemed real. Three years ago the crisis came, life hung on a thread. My husband brought in our old physician, who shook his head and looked very grave, and said if help came at all, it must come quickly, and that a surgical operation would have to be resorted to.

In my distress I exclaimed that I had had enough, and that I was ready to turn to the Great Physician. I then asked permission of my husband to send for a Christian Scientist. He did not think at that time one could be healed

without material means, but he said, "Why, certainly;" feeling that any opposition from him might prove fatal.

I sent for Miss E. In one week I was able to go to her home for treatment; in another week, I went with my husband to church, and from that time on, I have been an earnest seeker. God has rewarded me abundantly.

My heart overflows to God for the Mother, and for this Science, which leads into all righteousness.—*Mrs. O. W. Smith, Covington, Ky.*

I first became interested in Christian Science about two years ago, and soon afterward felt that some day I would give up smoking. This habit, according to sense testimony, was most strongly fixed upon me. I had smoked cigarettes for twenty-four years (and cigars as well), and had inhaled the smoke into my lungs in order to get the greatest possible sensation. Only a regular cigarette smoker can fully understand the constant desire for this self indulgence.

Finally realization came that I must "cast my net on the right side;" that having been slave all these years I must become master. After two or three days' struggle with this false sense of pleasure, the appetite was completely destroyed.

I am a business man, and this one demonstration has enabled me to master many conditions which previously seemed to be beyond control. I am most grateful for this proof of the practicality of Christian Science, and make this statement hoping it may help some one suffering from a similar dis-ease.—*F. R. B., Milwaukee, Wis.*

A number of years ago I lost my husband and son. Sorrow and the shock together caused insomnia. Through advice of those who knew no better, first one narcotic and then another was tried, until chloroform was resorted to, and the terrible habit established. As well as I now remember I continued this for two or three years, praying to God—a then unknown God—to help me and to release me from this awful bondage of sin.

About this time a sister living in Chicago went through a class in Christian Science, becoming an earnest, honest follower of Christ-Truth. I wrote her telling of this habit and asked if Christian Science could help me. She, of

course, replied in the affirmative. I wrote again for help and was healed in one treatment.—*Mrs. Martha Randolph, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The following extract from a letter received a week ago has given me fresh joy in knowing that Mind—God—is not in houses made with hands, but an ever-present consciousness of that Good which destroys evil. The writer says: “I want to thank you from my heart for the help I have received, and to acknowledge Truth as the great and only healer. I left school before noon on Friday, came home, went to bed, and stayed there till yesterday afternoon. I felt much better when I arose, and this evening the throat belief has gone entirely. I went to church this morning and sang my solo all right. All the rest of the numerous ills that go with a cold have vanished, so I am very jubilant that Truth did it, and not quinine.”

Her first letter asking for help was received at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon.—*M., Buffalo, N. Y.*

I have a little nephew aged four years, who while playing with some grains of corn pushed a grain up his nose. When his parents noticed it the grain had swollen and so had his nose.

They tried to pick it out, but could not. As they lived some twenty miles in the country, it was three days from the time this occurred until they came with him to my house.

It was late in the evening when they came with him. I gave him a treatment that night, and the next morning the father of the child arose early and looked for the corn, and it had gone.

“So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.” (Luke 21 : 31.)—*Mary E. Watson, Aspen, Colo.*

Dear Mother:—I have been reading Notes from the Field and have always wanted to tell a demonstration I have had.

I was in my yard with another little girl, and had something in my hand, and was squeezing it, and it began to hurt

my little finger. I let it drop, it was a wasp; it had stung me. At first I cried, but I thought, "If God is All-in-all and God is all good, and a wasp bite isn't good, it is nothing," and I said, "I will go and play," and I did, and soon I didn't know which little finger it was on. I am eight and one-half years old.—*Mary E. Cameron, Chicago, Ill.*

I have been a sufferer for twenty years; was treated by several physicians, finding only temporary relief. One claim being paralysis of the bowels, and pronounced incurable by the M. D.'s.

A neighbor advised me to employ a Christian Science healer, which I did. In less than an hour after the first treatment I was able to walk from one room to another, I ate a hearty supper, rested well that night, and improved rapidly in strength, as well as in the understanding of God as Life. To-day I can say I am stronger and healthier than I have been for twenty years.—*William W. Herbert, Lawrence, Kan.*

A few days ago, a little three or four year old son of one of Mrs. H.'s patients failed to join his playmates in the neighborhood games. This was so unusual that the little folks were quite disturbed, and one of them suggested that he must be sick.

With the utmost assurance one of the little fellows declared that could not be, for his mother has got *Christian Sense*, and he is never sick any more. "Out of the mouths of babes," etc.—*J. H., Toledo, Ohio.*

About six years ago I was healed of a disease which would be pronounced incurable by the physicians. My mother sent me to a Scientist, a friend in Iowa, to be treated. In less than two weeks I returned home healed, and entered school.

I had stopped going to school, believing I was not able to attend. My mother and husband were also healed in Christian Science.—*Mrs. Faith Dockstader, Mankato, Minn.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THOSE who are at all observant of the signs of the times are aware that there is a general and rapid drift away from the use of drugs and medicines as means of curing sickness. The origin of this tendency is not of as recent date as the non-observant might suppose. For more than a quarter of a century the search for other than the drugging methods of healing or benefiting health has been in active progress; but within the past few years it has taken such rapid head that it may not inaptly be termed a stampede. And not strangely perhaps, in view of the origin and history of *materia medica*, the medical profession itself has taken, and is now taking, an active part in the onward march. Many of the more learned and liberal of the profession are much in advance of the average layman. The latter class yet think the good old (or young) family physician more than a luxury,—an indispensable family adjunct. Not only so, but if that personage happen to be of the “old school,” his visits must be accompanied with the customary prescriptions of the craft, and the orthodox potions must be duly compounded by the apothecary, and conscientiously administered. It is an admitted fact in the profession that were it not for the demands of the patient, and their belief that they must have “something to take,” the prescriptions would be much less frequent.

If the trusted physician be a disciple of Hahnemann instead of Aesculapius, the sugar-coated pellets will take the place of the nauseating drugs of the old school, and be taken with the same religious care.

The leading characteristic of the latter is that they are more pleasant to the taste and “less dangerous” than the former. An “improved belief” surely, but strangely enough this “belief” improves in inverse ratio to the quantity of “medicine” accompanying the sugar coats. The less drug the more “virtuous” the potion. So much is this the fact that the very high attenuations which have migrated entirely away from even a suggestion of medicinal base, perform the best cures. This is an open secret in homœopathic circles, and has driven its disciples, as well as other thinking persons, to the conclusion that the “virtue” exists, not in the pellets,

but in the faith of the physician and the patient; and of late years it is leaking out that, after all, the "healing faith" is not so much in the little pills as in the particular personage who professionally administers them.

In view of this, and the further open secrets of the profession, such as bread pills, and other professional devices, it is not strange that a stampede should be setting in which prophesies hopefully of a final disenthralment from this particular phase of mortal bondage.

On page 56 of our text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," is set forth the opinions of several distinguished physicians, agreeing that drugs as curative agents are altogether unreliable, and descanting in anything but complimentary terms upon their use as such. These are of themselves enough to startle thought and shake confidence in the system; but we are constantly met with similar expressions from physicians of every school and sort.

From a recent issue of the *U. S. Health Reports* we make the following extract:—

"It cannot be denied that there exists a widespread dissatisfaction with what is called regular medical practice, if, indeed, a series of vague and uncertain incongruities deserve to be called by that name. Multitudes of people express an utter want of confidence in physicians and their physic. How rarely do their nauseous medicines do good. How often do they make their patients really worse. How many would have lived had they never touched bolus, granule, or tincture, or powder. How many publicly declare that Dr. So-and-So killed their relative or child. Even the regular allopathic and homœopathic practitioners express an utter want of confidence in their remedies. Dr. A. H. Stephenson says: 'The older physicians grow, the more skeptical they become in the virtue of their own medicines.' And Dr. Bostwick, author of 'The History of Medicine,' adds: 'Every dose of medicine is a blind experiment.' We might fill a volume with a list of physicians who condemn the medical science as not only not beneficial, but absolutely injurious and killing in its effects. Is it any wonder, then, that the public demands a system of cure without these murderous drugs, when the physicians themselves condemn them as hurtful?"

The undeniable truth of this arraignment is sufficient to arrest attention and set the devotees of drugs seriously a-thinking.

The following opinions of physicians are worthy of serious consideration in this connection:—

Dr. Hall, of *Hall's Journal of Health*, says: "Medicine, even the mildest, is a poison, and effects a result in proportion to its poisonous qualities. It cures by setting up a disease greater than the original."

Professor Frederick R. Marvin says: "Men who are really sick die, and we cannot save them."

Professor E. R. Peaslee, M. D., says: "The administration of our powerful medicines is the most fruitful source of deranged digestion."

Dr. Wood, in his "Practice of Medicine," says: "We have not yet learned the essential nature of the healthy actions, and cannot, therefore, understand their derangements." The question is a pertinent one, "How can they successfully treat what they do not understand?"

Dr. F. L. Oswald, says: "Many sicknesses are caused by poisons foisted upon the system under the name of tonics, beverages, or remedial drugs; the only cure is to shun the poisons."

Dr. B. W. Richardson, a noted English physician, says: "The world, I must confess, would be happier if drugs were unknown."

Dr. Thomas N. Reynolds, professor of *Materia Medica* in the Detroit Medical College, says: "There is a most extraordinary misconception with regard to the true functions of medicines and medical men. It pervades the educated medical fraternity itself. It is a common thing to see the younger members of our profession attributing to medicines cures that they never produced. Even the older ones prescribe remedies that serve nothing more than to satisfy the mind of the patient that he is taking medicine, and also to satisfy the doctor that he is 'doing something' for the case. . . . This undue credit to the effect of drugs arises from habit. . . . With medical men the hope to hit upon the lucky remedy has, in all ages, led to the adoption of many absurd things, and to excessive dosing. Nothing but hard-learned experiences and frequent disappointments will ever convince the young doctor of the worthlessness of drugs. Doctors should be educators rather than physic-mongers."

The following editorial taken from a recent issue of the *New York Evening Post* is also interesting in this connection:—

"Bismarck's well-known physician, Dr. Schweninger, made

an address lately in Berlin on the practice of medicine, wherein it appears that the doctor must have learned something from his distinguished patient in the art of cynical epigram. His address was almost wholly given over to an ironical estimate of the healing art which would have delighted Moliere himself. Recounting modern remedies and boasted advances in therapeutics, he said that they were indeed things to be proud of, since they were of just about the same value as those on which our fathers piqued themselves, and in half a century would appear as ridiculous to our descendants as phlebotomy and mercury do to us. On the serious question of diet, his grave advice was to eat what best suited you if you had a good stomach, and what least harmed you if you had a bad one. Summing up the whole matter, his counsel to frail humanity would be: 'Avoid as far as possible falling ill; but if you do, wait patiently till you are well again. Whatever you do, shun drugs and specialists.' This must have made Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe hold both his sides."

These are but a few of many expressions of opinions by medical men themselves. Many laymen are becoming awakened to the inefficiency of medicine, and are beginning, both publicly and privately, to express their opinions.

We might quote from many, but space forbids. We shall refer at present to only one. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in a recent number of *McClure's Magazine*, thus writes:—

"It has occurred to me that a mediator is needed between health and disease, as there was between heaven and earth, as there is between virtue and vice, and certain other separated quantities and qualities. The physician does not fill this function, nor can he. . . . The world has learned fast how to treat the other defective classes—the criminal, the insane, the shiftless, the pauper: in all these branches we are developing a race of experts. In the comprehension of the physically disabled or disordered, it is my conviction that we are behind the age. I do not mean by this to cast any petty or ungrateful fling upon the usefulness of physicians. As a class, I think them men and women of courage and of unselfishness far beyond the line at which most of us exhibit these qualities. But the scalpel will never perform the finer surgery, nor the prescription formulate the hidden therapeutics that I have in mind. The psychology of sickness and of health are at odds; and both the sick and the well suffer from the fact. I believe that great pathological reformations are be-

fore us, and that a mass of human misery, now beyond the reach of the kindest patience which handles it, will be alleviated."

She adds: "Avoid dependence upon narcotics as you would that circle in the 'Inferno' where the winds blow the lost spirit about forever, and toss him to and fro—returning on his course and driven back—forever. . . . Fly from drugs as you would from the Borgias, who cunningly selected the integrity of the brain on which to feed. . . . Scorn the use of anodynes as you hope for healing and value reason. This revelation is sealed with seven seals."

She further says: "Cease to trouble yourself whether you are understood, or sympathized with, by your friends or by your physician. Probably you never will be, because you never can be. . . . The expression of sympathy is the first luxury which the sick should learn to go without."

Mrs. Phelps' article does not clearly indicate her conception of the refuge from the woes of which she speaks, but it is evident she has joined the army of stampedeers away from drugs.

If the stampede be followed with other steps in the right direction, well; but if the more dangerous refuge which some are seeking be found, it were better had the old system, with all its shortcomings, been adhered to.

A dangerous and harmful practice of mental therapeutics is springing up which, if it be not checked, will lead the race into deeper labyrinths of suffering and despair than ever resulted from the use of drugs.

There is a form of mental poison vastly more direful in its effects than is possible to merely material remedies. That system of mental control which makes the patient, or subject, the abject slave of the physician or operator, taking away from him his every power of volition or self-protection, is so manifestly dangerous, that its use may well be considered by our law makers as fit matter of prohibitory legislation. All that Mrs. Phelps says in condemnation of narcotics may be repeated, with an hundred-fold emphasis, of this so-called healing. For many years, the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy has been warning against these false systems. Many have heeded her warning. Many have not. Daily are these latter awakening, and coming into the better understanding. Out from sufferings unspeakable have they come, and with rejoicing hearts are they arising and testifying of their salvation.

No matter what name it assume, any system of healing which bases its claim of power on the human will instead of the Divine Will, is false in premise, and incalculably mischievous in its consequences. Only such healing as comes from the complete subordination of the human to the Divine Mind, is Christian Science Healing, and no other system can justly claim the name. God is the only Healer; and only as this mighty fact is comprehended and practised, can Healing be done. This is so emphatically taught and repeated from beginning to end of Mrs. Eddy's writings, that it is impossible to mistake her meaning or teaching.

JOY.

WE look upon the beautiful flowers, fashioned to the minutest detail of perfect finish, breathe their sweet fragrance, observe their delicacy of tint and color, and they tell us a story of Joy, for we know that back of them is the infinite Love of which they are one of the expressions. We look upon the green grass with its freshness and beauty of color and form, upon the springing leaves and budding blossoms, upon the glory of landscape, of sky, and of cloud, and we read in them lessons of Joy and gladness, for we know that they are reflected, even to our mortal perception, out of the plenitude of divine Love.

We think of this earth of ours, with its eight thousand miles of diameter and twenty-five thousand miles of circumference, with its size and estimated weight of six thousand trillions of tons, and we know that it is held in space without material prop or support. What holds it?

We look away to the remotest planet brought within the range of the most powerful telescope yet devised, which tells of a distance, a size, a ponderosity, in comparison with which our little earth becomes almost infinitesimal, and we know that it too is held out in space without material prop or support. What holds it?

We look in fancy away into space, beyond the remotest star yet discovered, millions upon millions of miles beyond, and then we calculate in geometrical ratio until human methods fail us, and we know there are yet other planets, out-measuring and outweighing almost incalculably, no doubt, any yet discovered; and we know that these too are held in space by an unseen Power. What is this Power? Men call

it gravitation, but have they ever told us what gravitation is?

We know that the Power which holds them there is God, and we know that God is Love; hence Love is the supporting Power, Love the Pillar upon which they rest. And we know that these mighty worlds, as well as the tiniest flower, are expressions of Joy, because they reflect Love.

The *Congregationalist* in its issue of March 11th, 1897, publishes the Church Rule of our Mother Church. We are glad it has at last given its readers the benefit of the full rule, even though the spirit in which it is given is not the most gracious. Not willing to accept it in its plain import, the editor must needs give it, as it were, a parting twist. He gravely remarks that he supposes "it is hardly necessary to inform the editor of that (the Christian Science) *Journal*, that when a member takes a letter from one church to another his membership with the church he leaves is not *dissolved*. It is *transferred*, and the transference is not complete till the church to which the letter is addressed receives the member and notifies the church which gave the letter of the fact. . . . Thus the membership is *dissolved*, so that one who was formerly a member of a Congregational church is free to join a Christian Science or any other organization."

We are not disposed to split hairs with our editorial friend, and do not disagree with him that the method for which he contends answers every practical purpose, nevertheless we beg leave to differ with his rather fanciful distinction between the words *dissolved* and *transferred*. The sense in which the word dissolved is used in the rule is that of disconnection, —one of the legitimate uses of it. We suppose all will agree that when a person takes a letter from one church and is received into another and his name is removed from the roll of his former church, he is thereby disconnected from that church. We assure our friend, that while we have great respect for his opinion, we shall not, because of *this* criticism, advise a further change in the rule. We are quite satisfied with it as it stands.

We hear most encouraging reports of the work in London, England. There is a rapidly increasing interest and inquiry, as well as attendance at the services and meetings.

A most important and significant step has recently been taken in the purchase of a church edifice. A faithful and zealous student of our Leader's, who in a large sense has been pioneering the way over there, became the purchaser, for the benefit of the Society, of a Jewish Synagogue, situated in a convenient and eligible part of the great city, near the Marble Arch which constitutes the entrance to Hyde Park. It is sufficiently commodious to meet all demands, most likely for some time to come, and after being refitted and renovated, will be occupied by the Society there as a place of worship.

The brave little band of co-workers, together with their faithful and competent leaders, are to be congratulated on these evidences of growth and progress in the great metropolis.

We make the following extract from *The Semi-Weekly Staten Islander*.

Christian Science is the fulfilling of Christ's words in Matthew 10 : 7 and 8, Mark 16 : 17 to 20, John 14 : 12.

There are no secrets in Christian Science, and it is fully explained in the Christian Science text-book "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science.

Christian Science has done a good work on Staten Island during the past year, and many have been healed who have failed, through many years of suffering, to get relief from any other source. Greater New York can show to-day hundreds of so-called incurables, physically and mentally healed, who are enjoying perfect health and happiness through Christian Science healing.

The second series of weekly experience meetings will be opened in Miss Bank's school house, on Henderson Avenue, between Bement and Davis Avenues, on Thursday evening next, December 3, at 8 P.M. At these meetings information concerning Christian Science will be freely given, and Christian Science reading matter given to those who desire it. All are cordially invited to attend.