

AN ENGLISH VIEW
OF
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE



ANNE HARWOOD

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AN ENGLISH VIEW OF
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

AN EXPOSURE

BY
ANNE HARWOOD



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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHAPTER I

HOW I FIRST HEARD OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

I MUST begin this narrative by explaining that I am an assistant mistress in a London High-school, with a salary of £85. My only living relative is my sister, Mrs. Crowell. Usually I spend my summer holidays at her home in Yorkshire, but this year her husband had arranged to take her for a six weeks' tour in Switzerland; and, as it would have been too expensive for me to accompany them, I found myself at the end of term in a very unfortunate position. An income of £85 does not go far in London, and, although by strict economy and by sharing rooms with my old Newnham friend, Helen Dalziel, I can make ends meet during term-time, I find that my salary leaves very little margin for holidays. This year I have had the additional expense of a doctor's bill, for during the Easter term I had a severe attack of influenza, to which

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I attribute the wretchedly nervous condition in which I have remained all summer. As my sister was absent from England, I had no alternative but to spend my holidays in London. Helen Dalziel's brother, the editor of the *Fortnightly Journal of Science*, had promised me some research work at the British Museum, so that I hoped to add a few pounds to my income.

Helen did not at all approve of my keeping on our rooms during August and September. "You are on the verge of a nervous breakdown," she said, when we came home from the last morning at school, each laden with baskets of flowers which our girls had presented to us. Usually I delight in my flowers, but this year I looked at them without the smallest interest or pleasure.

"Why not come with us to Ilfracombe?" Helen continued. "We are a noisy, large family, and will find you plenty of amusement. You are taking a serious risk, I assure you, Anne, dear, in remaining in town in your present state of health. You have all the worst symptoms—sleeplessness, depression, nervous irritability—and you have forgotten our old rule that Miss Duncombe's disagreeable remarks must not be taken seriously."

Miss Duncombe is our head mistress, and she

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had been greatly annoyed because my form had done badly in the examinations at the end of term. The inspector had commented sharply on their backwardness in geography; Miss Duncombe had repeated his remarks to me, adding that, while she understood that I had not been quite myself during the summer, it was most important for my future that the form should recover ground next term.

I wonder if any of my readers understand the deep depression which sometimes overtakes a teacher at the close of examination week. She sits up for three or four nights correcting papers, and then comes the miserable discovery that her girls are doing badly, that her head mistress is dissatisfied, and that her own prospects in the school are uncertain. I was thirty-one last February, and I am sadly conscious that to be an assistant mistress at that age, absolutely dependent on my own exertions, cannot exactly be called success in life. I have several times applied for vacant headships, but have never been one of the fortunate candidates selected to meet the committee. Helen Dalziel is four years younger than I am, but she has twice been very nearly chosen for important schools. It is evident that our council consider her the type of a successful

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teacher, and that they look upon me as a failure. Helen is lively, high-spirited, very strong, and very fond of games. She has the art of pleasing parents, and is the idol of Miss Duncombe. Her father is a well-to-do manufacturer in Lancashire, and it is only because the family is large and the home overcrowded that he consented to allow her to earn her own living. She has never known a day's anxiety about money. It was kind of her to invite me to Ilfracombe, but I should be out of place in my old school serge among these rich, fashionable people, and, besides, I was too independent to take favors from Helen Dalziel's parents, who invited me only from pity and to please their daughter. No; I determined to fight out the holidays in London. On the 27th of July I parted from my friend at Paddington Station, and her last words were, "My sister-in-law, Mrs. Dalziel, has promised to look after you."

Languidly I dragged myself back to my rooms. It seemed as if London had never been so full of intolerable noises. The air was hot and heavy, and the faces of the people who passed me had a weary expression. I looked at them without sympathy, for my mind was altogether absorbed in its own troubles. How had I come to feel so

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ill? Should I ever be able to shake off this prostration, this weakness, this haunting presentiment of evil? There were many Londoners who worked hard and had no holiday, yet they endured the burning weather without harm to health or spirits. Mrs. Brown, who keeps the news-agent's shop in our street, told me that her last holiday was a week spent at Margate, in 1895. She was always cheerful. Why was I so different?

On the last Sunday of the term I went to the Congregational church, of which I am a member. The minister had gone away for seven weeks, and more than half of the members were absent. Those who remained were a melancholy handful, pale-faced and apathetic, as if their vitality had been sapped by the excessive heat. The stranger who occupied the pulpit prayed with great earnestness for the pastor that he might be refreshed by his holiday, and for the families "who are seeking to renew their strength by the sea, and amongst the mountains, and in quiet country places." The words sent a thrill of envy to my heart. Why did he not rather pray for us who were left behind in the hot streets and the stifling houses of London? The subject was "Lessons from the Life of Ahab," and I could

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not help wishing that preachers in London churches during the holiday season would choose some of the restful, soothing, and refreshing texts which are to be found on almost every page of the Bible. If they would consider the needs of their congregations in this respect, our churches would not be so empty as they often are in August.

When I returned to my lodgings I found a letter on the table. It was from Mrs. Dalziel, and contained an invitation to dine with her that evening.

There is not a more sympathetic woman in the world than Helen's sister-in-law. She saw at once that I was looking ill, and refused to allow me to return to my lodgings that evening.

“If you will stay here only a week I believe I can cure you, or, at any rate, Miss Camilla Vanderbrüggen can and will. She is coming on Sunday to tell me all about Christian Science.”

Mrs. Dalziel is rich, and has no children, so she finds time to interest herself in all the fashionable “religions” of the day. She is present at theosophical lectures, spiritualistic séances, sermons by Father Ignatius, and addresses by learned Hindus. I concluded that Christian Science must be the latest of her innumerable fads.

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She knows all the byways of religious thought in London, goes everywhere and hears every one, yet never seems to be influenced for the worse. The impressions she receives are superficial. Helen once said to me that Mrs. Dalziel's character was a perfect illustration of Matthew Arnold's words, "Light half-believers in our casual creeds." She is a very pretty woman, young, petted, perhaps a little spoiled, and wears æsthetic dresses in a peculiar shade of soft blue. She has money and health and an adoring husband; in fact, her lot is the opposite in every respect from that of a poor high-school mistress like myself.

"I believe in Christian Science," Mrs. Dalziel said, as we were talking after dinner. "It is not one of the silly crazes which flash across London and disappear. If you stay here till Sunday I will take you to a Christian Science church. Before long a second church will be built in London; and in time, I believe, Christian Science will be as popular in England as it already is in the United States, where there are between two and three hundred churches."

Mrs. Dalziel handed me the new number of the *Christian Science Journal*, a handsome monthly magazine something like our *Fortnightly Review*.

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It is published in Boston, and is now in its sixteenth volume. This magazine was founded in April, 1883, by the lady who professes to have discovered Christian Science, and whose name appears on the cover as "The Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy." The most interesting part of the magazine to me was the Directory of Christian Science Practitioners at the end. The names fill twenty-two closely printed pages. A separate list is given for each state, and there are sub-headings for all the chief towns. Judging from this list of names, the popularity of Christian Science varies greatly in different parts of America. Arkansas has only five healers, Alabama only two, while Chicago alone has over seventy. By far the larger proportion of names are those of women. Turning to our own side of the Atlantic, I saw that London has four Christian Science practitioners, Scotland two, France three, and Germany two.

"Do you think there can be patients enough to employ these many hundreds of healers?" I inquired of Mrs. Dalziel.

"In America there are patients in abundance, and in England there soon will be multitudes."

"Do the healers give their services gratuitously?"

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“Certainly not. Why should they, any more than the ordinary physician? But their fees will compare favorably with those of doctors. I inquired at their headquarters last week what charge is made to patients, and I was told eight shillings for the first visit and four shillings for each successive visit. Do not distress yourself on that account, my dear girl, for I shall be only too delighted to pay for you, and I am quite sure that when one is in a low, nervous state as the result of overwork, Christian Science will do more good than a hundred doctors. It will be a great pleasure for me to keep you here during the holidays and to watch your cure. I should like to have tested the merits of Christian Science for myself personally, but I am so absurdly well and strong that my healer would not have a chance.”

“But seriously, Mrs. Dalziel, do you believe there is anything in it?”

“Yes, I believe it is a great revelation to the modern world. Life in this nineteenth century has become so unwholesome and so unnatural that nearly every one is in need of healing. In the first age of Christianity it was by miracles of healing that our Lord and His Apostles drew the attention of the world. The disciples were sent

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forth with the express command, 'Heal the sick.' 'They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover,' was the gift of the ascending Lord to His believing people. Why has this great gift of healing disappeared? Why do we trust to doctors and to medicines, when Christ and the Apostles wrought their cures without them?"

"Then is Christian Science only another form of faith-healing?"

"Not at all; it is entirely different. Miss Vanderbrüggen will explain to us the distinction between the two. Christian Science is something far grander, far more trustworthy, far more harmonious with the spirit of the universe, than faith-healing."

"Was St. James a Christian Scientist when he commanded the sick to call not for the physician, but for the elders of the church?"

"He may have had some foreshadowing of Mrs. Eddy's marvellous discovery," Mrs. Dalziel replied, with a seriousness which I could see was perfectly genuine; "but the revelation of Christian Science was made to the founder in 1866, after she had passed through a marvellous series of preparatory experiences. I should like you some day to read her autobiography, *Retrospection and Introspection*, in which her spiritual his-

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tory is simply and beautifully told. As a child she was marked out for some great and special revelation. Like Joan of Arc, she heard voices and received a call from heaven. She tells us that during twenty years prior to her discovery she had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; at length she learned the great truth that matter is unreal, and that spirit is the only reality. Sickness is a belief, a latent fear, which Christian Science can dispel. You will learn all about it next Sunday."

I gratefully accepted Mrs. Dalziel's invitation, for my curiosity was thoroughly aroused with regard to the new religion. I was painfully conscious that, so long as my health continued in its present wretched state, I could not hope to resume my work with any advantage to my pupils. In spite of my comfortable surroundings, I still slept badly, and was haunted with strange forebodings. My thoughts were almost always of a gloomy cast. When I sat down to write a letter, I felt my head confused and tired; often I found it impossible to frame an intelligible sentence. I dreaded to be alone, yet I feared to meet people. But for the new hope with which my hostess had inspired me, I must have broken down altogether.

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A SERVICE IN THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

Shortly before half-past eleven on Sunday morning we found ourselves in Bryanston Street, a quiet thoroughfare which runs behind Oxford Street at its extreme west end, and which opens into the Edgware Road. There is only one conspicuous public building in the street, and that is the Christian Science temple. Above its porch is the inscription, "First Church of Christ, Scientist." In its style of architecture and its outward appearance generally it does not differ from the ordinary Nonconformist chapel. There is a hall on the ground floor, but the morning service was held in an upper room, to which access is gained by two staircases. This room is spacious and sunny, and might hold when full perhaps five hundred people. There are no pews, but long rows of chairs are set ready for the congregation, and on the chairs are disposed copies of the Christian Science Hymnal, a large brown volume containing tunes as well as words. At one end of the room there is a raised platform, and on it are two desks and two carved chairs. A piano stands in the corner near one of the windows. Bright flowers are arranged in vases on the platform, and as the hall is upholstered in cream

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color and pale green, it has the aspect of a pretty and cheerful drawing-room or ballroom.

On the morning of our visit about one hundred persons were present, four-fifths being women. They were of all ages, and seemed to belong entirely to the richer classes. I did not notice a single shabbily dressed figure in the room. I had half expected to see a good many eccentric-looking people, but there were not more than two or three who could be classed without hesitation as "cranks," or whose appearance would have attracted attention in the street. The congregation seemed well acquainted with each other; friendly greetings were exchanged during the time of waiting. Some of the members were studying the hymn-book, and I followed their example. It contained many hymns which were quite unknown to me, and also portions of well-known hymns which had been freely altered. The average length of each was only two or three verses. It was interesting to learn that this book is used in all the Christian Science churches of America, whose collective membership numbers 50,000. Mrs. Dalziel had told me that, while the full denominational membership is put at 50,000, the number of adherents and church attendants adds more than 200,000 in the United States and

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Canada. The official ministry, she had further informed me, is composed of Church Readers, missionaries, and healers.

By half-past eleven the two Readers of the London church, both ladies in the prime of life, had taken their places at the desks, and the service began with the singing of a short hymn. Then followed the reading of passages from the Old and New Testaments, and then an interval for silent prayer. There was no public prayer, either liturgical or extempore, with the single exception of the Lord's Prayer, and the Christian Scientists recite even this after their own peculiar fashion. The first Reader, and the congregation along with her, recite the petitions one by one as given in Scripture, and the other Reader adds to each petition some saying founded on Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*, the great text-book of Christian Science. For instance, after the words "Thy kingdom come" the second Reader solemnly added, "Thy kingdom *is* come." A second hymn was followed by the reading of the Christian Science lesson for the day, which the audience followed, reading verse by verse aloud alternately with one of the ladies on the platform. The passages to be read were contained in the *Christian Science Quarterly Bible Lessons*, a

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small magazine with which nearly every one was provided.

Christian Science sermons are altogether different from those of other denominations. Every church, every Sunday in the year, has the same sermon. One of our Readers, standing at the desk, read passages from the Old and New Testaments; the other Reader supplemented these passages with references from *Science and Health*. In American churches the Readers are usually a man and a woman, and it is claimed that this office of Church Reader is the revival of an ancient Christian custom. The passages from *Science and Health* are supposed to explain and elucidate the texts of Scripture, and are read alternately without comment. Christian Scientists claim that a most beautiful and instructive discourse is thus evolved, and that congregations pay much closer attention to the reading than they ever did to the old-fashioned sermon. Brevity is certainly a feature of Christian Science worship, for the entire proceedings at Bryanston Street were over in three-quarters of an hour. The closing song was an adaptation of the well-known hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." A collection was made before this hymn, and a very curious benediction brought the serv-

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ice to a close. It consisted of a statement in brief sentences of the leading principles of Christian Science, and especially of its great doctrine that spirit is real, and matter unreal. Finally the Reader pronounced the apostolic blessing, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling," and the congregation, without any pause for private prayer, at once began to disperse, chatting and laughing with each other as they trooped down the staircase. One lady, who was apparently a regular worshipper, remarked that the numbers were very much smaller than usual, as most of the members were out of town. Perhaps I may mention here that in many of the American churches experience meetings are held on Friday evenings, when the practical healing and reform work of Christian Science is presented. Those who have derived spiritual benefit from the system, as well as those who have been physically healed, are invited to give testimony. I understand that such meetings will be organized in London as soon as the work has attained a wider development.

Nothing surprised me more in the Sunday service than the unimportant position given to prayer by Christian Science. I asked Mrs. Dalziel what was the explanation of this, but she answered

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that she herself was only a learner, and that Miss Vanderbrüggen would tell us everything. Thinking over the service during the afternoon, I decided that caution would be necessary in receiving the doctrines of Christian Science. They might be the purest essence of apostolic Christianity, but if so, why must the words of Scripture be supplemented and explained by a human text-book, and why especially must the beautiful simplicity of the Lord's Prayer be destroyed by the curious interpolations I had heard ?

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALER

Miss Vanderbrüggen arrived about four o'clock, and remained half an hour. She speaks with a strong American accent. Her age is apparently about fifty. She is stout, rosy, placid-looking, and a very fluent talker. Her dress was of black and white foulard, made with innumerable flounces and frills, but the most striking feature of her costume was the enormous black straw hat, which not only shaded her face with its wide brim in front, but drooped at the back so as to cover the whole of her hair. It was such a piece of headgear as no milliner could have devised, and would have been more appropriate to a mountaineering expedition under blazing skies

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than to the West End of London. An ample veil of black gauze was draped about it, the ends of the veil floating over the shoulders. The hat and its draperies were a sufficient proof that Miss Vanderbrüggen was no ordinary woman. I had begged Mrs. Dalziel not to give the slightest hint that I was in need of aid from the new religion, for I wished to hear as much as possible before committing myself. Miss Vanderbrüggen was only too eager to be questioned. Christian Science and the marvels accomplished by it was the only subject of conversation which really interested her. She told us that she had a mission to spread information concerning the doctrines and work of the new denomination, and that she had determined not to rest until Christian Science was as well known in London as any of the sects.

“Tell me,” said Mrs. Dalziel, “how you deal with persons who ask you for assistance in illness.”

“We treat them as a loving parent would treat a child who is overwhelmed by terror because of some unreal object of dread. We show them that God is love, and that in the all-presence of love there is no room for fear. Against fear Christian Science wages ceaseless war. The only way to dispel fear is to show the presence of love.

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Perfect love casteth out fear, and if we can convince ourselves and those who are suffering that God is all-powerful, and that power is supreme, then we shall convince them of the unreality of sin, disease, or suffering.”

“What do Christian Scientists teach about prayer?”

“We understand that the command of the Bible to ‘pray without ceasing’ is best fulfilled by silent, earnest desire in the depths of our spirits. Our great leader, Mrs. Eddy, teaches that ‘desire loses a part of its purest spirituality if the lips try to express it.’ She holds that while prayer can neither change God, nor bring His designs into mortal modes, it can and does change our modes, uplifting us to Him. ‘True prayer,’ she says, ‘is not asking God for love; it is learning to love, and to include all mankind in one affection.’”

“Why do the Christian Scientists separate themselves from the other Churches?” I ventured to inquire. “If they accept the Bible as their rule of faith, is there any need to form a separate organization?”

Miss Vanderbrüggen, who up to that moment had directed her replies to Mrs. Dalziel, turned sharply upon me, and I fancied that a look of

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suspicious inquiry gleamed for an instant in her inscrutable grey eyes. Perhaps she was quick enough to discover that I was only a broken-down, overworked little schoolmistress, not a clever controversial antagonist, for the sharp look softened as she replied:

“That question, my dear child, is being asked us every day in America. I might give you the simple and truthful answer that the other Churches refuse to have anything to do with us. A prejudice exists against Christian Science, partly, no doubt, because its founder is a woman, and partly because we claim to have revived those gifts of healing which were inherent in the Christian Church at its foundation. Remember, too, that the other sects are hopelessly divided amongst themselves, and that not one of them all has a complete and full-orbed conception of truth. But the main reason for our separate existence is that we have a distinct and definite principle to uphold. Every denomination is the expression of a belief. If the Baptists, for instance, were to merge themselves with the Congregationalists, their distinctive doctrine of believers' baptism might perish from the world. Christian Science as a religion is the only one that claims to be manifested among

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other things by the healing of the sick. An immense gulf must separate a Church which can heal the sick from all those Churches which cannot. You said a moment ago that the Bible was our rule of faith, and that is perfectly true; but it is not our only rule. We accept the Bible along with our founder's great manual *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*. If Mrs. Dalziel and you would come to my Christian Science class at the Progressive Women's Club on Tuesday evening, I should be delighted to explain all your difficulties. You will meet there ladies who have been mentally and physically cured by our methods, including not a few who have suffered for years from chronic nervousness as the result of overwork."

We promised to attend the class, and although I still felt some doubts about the true character of Christian Science, I slept more soundly that night than I had done for months.

CHAPTER II

THE STRANGE CLAIMS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

THE Progressive Women's Club has a membership of nearly a thousand, and Miss Vanderbrüggen is one of its leading spirits. During the early summer she gave a course of lectures on Christian Science, and these were so popular and so well attended that she decided to repeat them in August and September for the benefit of country members, many of whom have come up to town on purpose to hear them. Mrs. Dalziel was going out to dinner on Tuesday evening, so I attended the lecture alone. The large drawing-room of the club was already crowded. Room was made for me on a sofa near the door. Many of the ladies were in evening dress; Miss Vanderbrüggen herself wore a gown of rich black satin, cut low and fastened with a diamond brooch. Jewels flashed from every part of the room, for this is one of the richest women's clubs in London. The annual subscription is seven guineas, with a seven guineas entrance fee, and although the name of the club might lead one to suppose that all women of progressive sympathies would be welcomed, the member-

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ship is, as a matter of fact, drawn almost entirely from the moneyed classes. Mrs. Dalziel tells me that the managing committee have decided to admit no new members unless they have been presented at Court.

Among these richly dressed and wealthy women there were many sad, disappointed, wistful, and suffering faces. They reminded me irresistibly of the out-patients gathered in the waiting-room of some great hospital. I did not know what private griefs, what maladies of mind or body, had brought them to seek aid from Christian Science, but I felt that Mrs. Dalziel had been right when she said that nearly every one in our age needs healing. Women especially, even those who have all that the world can give, are spending their substance on many physicians, and their hearts leap up at every suggestion of a new and more effectual remedy. I forgot myself and my own troubles for the moment as I sat among these sufferers, for sufferers I felt sure they were. Had they come to a true source of healing, or was this but another of the sick dreams in which souls toss continually? Might it, indeed, be possible that the gift of healing which Christ bequeathed to His Apostles had been restored in these latter

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days? How wonderful if the sick might again gather, as they gathered long ago in the days of His flesh, and feel the touch of a restoring hand! Then the words would be true once more:

“At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met,
Oh, with what joy they went away!”

Could it be possible that we, who had thought the age of miracles was over, should have our faith revived by the wonderful manifestations of Christian Science? That, and nothing less, was what Miss Vanderbrüggen claimed for the new religion.

“It is a remarkable fact,” she told us, “that the discovery of Christian Science is directly associated with a miracle of healing. Our founder, Mrs. Eddy, was suffering in 1866 from the effects of an injury caused by an accident. Neither medicine nor surgery could cure her, but by the discovery of Christian Science she became well herself and was able to heal others. Her object from the first was to relieve the sufferings of her fellow-beings by a sanitary system which, as she says, ‘should include all moral and religious reform.’ From her childhood she had a deep hunger and thirst after spiritual things. Her life was marked by much happiness and by many sorrows. She tells us that she was led into the

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mazes of divine metaphysics through the gospel of suffering, the providence of God, and the cross of Christ. 'No one else,' to quote her remarkable words, 'can drain the cup which I have drunk to the dregs, as the discoverer and teacher of Christian Science, neither can its inspiration be gained without tasting this cup.'

"There is one most important advantage connected with Christian Science," Miss Vanderbrüggen went on, "namely, that it entirely does away with the need for doctors and medicines. We Christian Scientists have no faith in drugs."

As the lecturer paused at the end of this sentence, a young lady in the front row shut up her white ostrich-feather fan, and said, gently:

"Pardon me, Miss Vanderbrüggen, but there is one point I do not quite understand. Do Christian Scientists absolutely forbid their patients to take medicine or to consult doctors?"

"We do not *forbid* them, Mrs. Elton, for there is nothing despotic or tyrannical about Christian Science, but we try to convince them that, in a truly scientific conception of the universe, doctors and medicines have no rightful place. Mind existed before medicine; mind originated medicine; mind, not medicine, is the restoring influence. Did you ever think, ladies, why it was

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that, in the miracles recorded in the New Testament, we do not read of the employment of drugs? If Christ had meant His people to resort to medicines, would He not have employed them Himself? He was the great Christian Scientist, and depended for His miracles, not on *materia medica*, but on the power of God."

Mrs. Elton asked again: "Then do Mrs. Eddy and her students claim to heal organic diseases?"

"Undoubtedly; there are innumerable instances of such cures. Organic disease as well as functional disease has been cured with no other means than mind. We claim that in America, where the discovery was first made, there is hardly a village in which there are not men and women who are living witnesses of the power of Christian Science to cure disease."

"But how are we to know that such cures have been actually effected?" another lady inquired.

"There is scarcely a number of our magazine which does not contain records of the most striking and extraordinary cures, duly attested by the name and address of the writer. Why should people give us these marvellous testimonials if the cures are not genuine? Our patients have nothing whatever to gain by telling falsehoods about the benefits they have received. I heard

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only a short time ago of a lady who had been a chronic sufferer for years, and was confined to her bed for months at a time. She tried all kinds of doctors, besides electricity, massage, and magnetic treatment. By the reading of our books she was completely cured. One of our healers tells a striking story of how she was called in to a poor girl who was far gone in consumption. The case seemed hopeless, but after a week of Christian Science treatment there was a slight improvement, and in two weeks the healer was able to say to her mother, 'The money you used to spend on codliver oil will buy *Science and Health* in a few weeks.' To-day that girl is perfectly restored to health, not half well, but perfectly recovered—no cough, happy and well."

"I should like to call your attention especially to the many remarkable and well-authenticated eyesight cures effected by Christian Science. Any one who doubts these need only examine our latest books and magazines, which are full of the most striking instances of improved and restored vision amongst our patients."

A bright-looking old lady in spectacles, who sat on the sofa beside me, interrupted at this point: "You would not advise me to give up these spectacles, which have been specially rec-

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commended to me by one of the best London oculists?"

"I can only say," replied the lecturer, "that many Christian Scientists, who were accustomed formerly to depend on artificial aids to sight, have now been able entirely to dispense with them. A patient writes to one of our recent publications: 'One day the thought came, Am I leaving all for Christ, while depending on pieces of glass for sight? Then, realizing that God is all, and sight is spiritual, I took *Science and Health*, and found that I could read plainly without glasses. This was two years ago, and my sight has steadily improved, until now I read the finest print. Mine was no slight claim, for I was told at the Eye Infirmary that they did not see eyes like mine one time in a thousand.' Surely, if one sufferer could regain perfect sight by the help of Christian Science, we have all a right to expect the same blessing will be granted to us.

"There is no 'claim' of disease or suffering," our lecturer continued, "with which Christian Science cannot fully and effectually deal. Amongst those who are listening to me this evening, there are, I know, several who have derived benefit from our methods. Will you not come forward for the sake of others and bear

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testimony to the good work that has been wrought within you? I should be glad also to take this opportunity of explaining further difficulties to inquirers."

When Miss Vanderbrüggen resumed her seat, there was silence for several minutes. We could hear the rumbling of the omnibuses along Park Lane, and the murmur of the August evening reached us through the open windows. The club is in one of those quiet, aristocratic streets near Hyde Park which are shut up from the end of the season until October; our house was the only one occupied on either side of the way. In spite of the noise of distant traffic, I had a strange feeling as if we were separated from all the rest of London, and as if some gift of peace and healing had descended upon us. If Christian Science were true, then we might be lifted far above the mean and sordid cares of the world, above fear, above suffering, into a calmer and more spiritual atmosphere. These hurrying crowds knew no more of this wonderful revelation than the beggar in a squalid Eastern town knows of the gardens behind the high walls, with their roses and nightingales and fountains. The beauty is close beside him and yet forever out of reach. Sometimes during a hot morning

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in the schoolroom, or when the burning sun poured in upon our lodgings in a narrow London street, I have thought how many cool, sheltered, mysterious gardens are hidden in the heart of London itself, the gardens of great houses, where one may rest as in the seclusion of deep woods and hills. Their lakes and lawns are close beside us, but to the toiling multitudes they are as remote and as inaccessible as the lakes and lawns of fairyland. Is it so with the greatest discoveries of the spiritual world? Are they near and yet infinitely remote, shut in behind those "high, o'er arching mountains of necessity," those peaks which the boldest cragsman never scales? Can it be that Christian Science is a real revelation, hidden through past ages, as other mysteries have been hidden, but now revealed to believing hearts? I could not tell, but I felt that there was something quieting, something of rest and refreshment, in the promises of the new religion, and I determined to listen and hear if among the testimonies there was anything that might suit my especial need.

To my surprise, out of the five ladies who bore testimony to their healing, no fewer than four professed to have been cured from nervous troubles. This of itself aroused my deepest interest

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and curiosity. Whether or not the stories told by the lecturer were true, here at least was direct and personal evidence from cultured and intelligent women, who had themselves experienced benefit.

The first speaker was Mrs. Jansen, a young and very pretty American lady. She was called upon by Miss Vanderbrüggen to address the meeting, and a whisper went round the room that Mrs. Jansen was one of the most successful healers, and that she was visiting England on a special mission from the mother church in Boston. In appearance, voice, and manner she presented a striking contrast to the jovial, loud-voiced, overpoweringly high-spirited Miss Vanderbrüggen. Her clear grey eyes had a calm and restful expression, as if a happy dream lay behind them. From the first sentence I was fascinated by her personality more than by her words. Instinctively I felt that this woman had resources of strength and power and kindness. Her flower-like beauty was the expression of a lovely soul. I could not have told my troubles to Miss Vanderbrüggen, but as I listened to Mrs. Jansen I longed to let her know all about the dull pupils and the exacting head mistress and the weary burden of depression that was slowly eating away my

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strength. If ever I sought for healing from Christian Science, Mrs. Jansen was the healer I should choose.

“Our lecturer has asked me to give my testimony, dear friends,” she began, “but I have no such wonderful tale to record as some of those you have listened to. I have not been cured of any physical disease, but none the less I feel that I owe everything to Christian Science. There is a mysterious malady of the nerves and of the mind, which seems to steal into the most prosperous homes and seize upon the most unlikely victims. Family love does not shut it out; money rather helps to give it access, for when the care about material things absorbs the thoughts, these more subtle and deadly cares do not so readily find entrance. How shall I describe this trouble? Doubtless some of those who are listening to me know it well. It is a black gloom which overspreads the whole life, a sense of fatigue, sadness, unutterable heaviness, and despair. Work and amusement lose their pleasure; we have no inclination for books or for society; appetite fails, and sleep departs from us. In such moods I have sat in church and listened to the most rousing sermons, and have joined in the most moving hymns, yet have felt myself cut

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off from the congregation of believers. Doctors recommended change of scene, but in the most beautiful spots of America and Europe I felt the old terror and distress return. I saw that my dear husband was becoming anxious about me, and once I caught, to my indescribable horror, a whisper that passed to him from one of his friends, 'Has there been any mental trouble in her family?' Yet I knew, and my husband knew, that I was perfectly sane; I merely felt as if some dark power were crushing out my life. The most striking feature of the nervous illness to which I refer was apathy. I found it impossible to take a real interest in anything. Newspapers, books, letters, music, all the little interests and pleasures of my former life, were now a weariness. I had two lovely children, but while I remained in this state I could not bear them near me, and my husband was forced to send them away. 'Why do you not rouse yourself?' friends said. 'Rouse yourself, and begin to think of others'—this is the common, stupid formula which the nervous patient hears from every one. How thankfully you would rouse yourself if it were only possible. I can recommend Christian Science, for it was my own deliverer from this dark and wretched state. When

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I was cured myself, it became my deepest wish to spread the knowledge to others, and, with my husband's full consent, I became a student under Mrs. Eddy in the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, the great nursery of Christian Science healers. I shall never forget the solemnity with which our founder warned me that unless I were filled with the spirit of God's love I could never be a true healer and teacher."

WHAT IT COSTS TO BECOME A HEALER

"The course of training at the college was somewhat expensive," Mrs. Jansen continued. "Three hundred dollars was the price for each pupil, and Mrs. Eddy herself admits that this was 'a startling sum for tuition lasting barely three weeks.' We students who have since been privileged to become healers consider, however, that three hundred dollars was a small sum indeed to be paid for the impartation of this divine knowledge. There were always a number of indigent charity scholars, sometimes as many as seventeen in one class. It is a remarkable fact that as I myself was cured of a nervous malady by Christian Science, so I seem to be specially set apart for the cure of similar maladies in others. During my brief stay in London I should be glad

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to see any patients who may desire to consult me; and if there are any who are not able conveniently to pay our usual fees, I shall be glad to treat them gratuitously.”

Other ladies told how they were cured from chronic nervous headaches, from prostration following illness, and from sleeplessness by the application of Christian Science; but Mrs. Jansen's experience was so closely related, so wonderfully parallel, to my own, that I felt a strong and increasing conviction that the power which had cured her could cure me. The chief difficulty was whether it was right for me, as a member of a Christian church, to be seeking help from persons whose relation to Christianity I did not clearly understand. Nothing would have induced me to meddle with Theosophy or Spiritualism, because I felt that each in its own way was the enemy of Christ, and that Spiritualism especially had a deteriorating influence on the moral character. But these new healers called themselves Christians, and professed to be following in Christ's steps. True, they held no communion with the orthodox churches, but that evening I heard nothing that seemed to me of a dangerous or unscriptural tendency, with one single exception. As the meeting was about to

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close, Mrs. Elton, the young lady who had interrupted at the beginning, asked how Christian Scientists treat the class of persons who are known to the churches as "anxious inquirers." "In other words," she said, "I wish to know what is the teaching of Christian Science about sin."

"Certainly," said Miss Vanderbrüggen. "We have very clear and definite views about sin. 'Christian Science,' in the words of our founder, 'heals sin as it heals sickness: by establishing the recognition that God *is all*, and there is none beside Him—that all is good, and there is in reality no evil, neither sickness nor sin.'"

"No sin"—there was a murmur all around me as of joyful acquiescence, a sigh of deep thankfulness, a light on weary faces. "No sin"—if the words had floated away from us into the summer night, would they not fall on the sad millions of London like cool rain on flowers? Where had Christian Science learned this wonderful message?

"The right way to treat sin," the voice went on, "is to deal with the sinner, and to raise him above the merely corporeal personality. Divine pardon is that divine presence which is the sure destruction of sin. In discussing this subject our

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founder says: 'Jesus healed disease as He healed sin, but He treated them both not as in or of matter, but as mortal beliefs to be exterminated. If the evils called sin, sickness, and death had been forgiven in the generally accepted sense, they would have returned to be again forgiven; but Jesus said to disease, "Come out of him, and enter no more into him." In order to conquer sin we need only attain the sense that good is great and real, and that its opposite, evil, is small and unreal.'"

Is it small and unreal? That was the question I asked myself as I walked homeward under the trees of Hyde Park. It was a hot night, and crowds of working-people had come out to enjoy the darkness and the scent of flowers. There was loud talking and laughter. At another time all my nervous feelings would have returned as I found myself alone among so many hundreds; but to-night I noticed the people no more than the dead leaves which came softly down on the path. Christian Science, I felt, had become more interesting, but also more mysterious. It was not content to throw its light, like one of those friendly lamps, on the path of our common life; it reached out into the gulfs of darkness and the lonely places of the spirit, and the light it cast

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upon them was surely not the light of Scripture. I remembered some searching words of Professor Drummond in his sermon on "The Three Facts of Sin": "We have all thanked God for the dying thief; have we ever thanked God for redeeming our life from destruction? Destruction is the natural destination of every human soul. It is as natural for our soul to go downward as for a stone to fall to the ground. Do we ever thank God for redeeming our soul from that?" Is evil "small and unreal"? Surely the whole history of redemption, the united testimony of Christian men and women, proves that sin is a great reality.

And yet, although I disagreed with the Christian Scientists on this point, I felt that no theological controversies must prevent me from making an effort for the recovery of my health. If I were still unfit for work when the autumn term began, I should be obliged to resign my post at the high-school, and the money I had saved would not last me more than a year. A week went on, bringing no improvement. Mrs. Dalziel's doctor saw me, and advised a long holiday. His tonics seemed to strengthen me for a day or two, but the effect soon passed off, and at last in despair I determined to write to Mrs. Jansen and put myself in her hands for healing.

CHAPTER III

IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AN IMPOSTURE ?

I WAS a little disappointed with the letter I received from Mrs. Jansen in reply to mine. At the Progressive Women's Club she had said that if there were any who could not conveniently pay the usual fees, she would be glad to treat them gratuitously. Mrs. Dalziel had kindly offered to pay the fees for my treatment, but she thought that I as a teacher would probably be allowed more favorable terms than ordinary patients. Mrs. Jansen's letter was as follows:

“ Hyde Park Mansions, W.,
“ August 15th.

“ DEAR MADAM,—You do not say whether you wish to be treated by correspondence or personally. In either case it might have been best to apply to Mrs. Field-King, who is the chief Christian Science practitioner in London. As I understand, however, that Mrs. Field-King is exceedingly busy at present, I am willing to undertake your case. I shall probably be in town until October, by which time I hope you will be entirely cured. If you desire correspondence treatment, will you kindly send me the usual preliminary fee of one guinea. The charge in addition will be one guinea per week so long as the treatment continues. You must also purchase without delay *Science and Health, with Key to the*

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Scriptures, the price of which is fourteen shillings nett. For personal treatment our fee is eight shillings for the first visit and four shillings for each subsequent visit. We do not make any reduction from these terms except to the extremely poor, and payment is invariably made at the time of treatment. The running up of bills for healing is contrary to the spirit of Christian Science.

“There are two points on which I insist from the beginning with all my patients: (1) every kind of medicine must be at once left off; (2) patients should read Christian Science literature only. Give up the newspapers and the magazines, and study with earnest attention the parcel of tracts I am sending you. Remember that with Christian Science all things are possible. Sin, sickness, and disease are false beliefs of mortal mind, and are destroyed through the understanding of good.—Sincerely yours,

“HETTY JANSEN.

“P. S.—I am much interested in what Miss Vanderbrüggen has told me of your friend, Mrs. Dalziel. I should greatly value the privilege of making Mrs. Dalziel’s acquaintance.”

“There is no reason why you should choose correspondence treatment,” said Mrs. Dalziel. “Write and ask Mrs. Jansen to make an early appointment to see you at her flat in Hyde Park Mansions. Enclose the fee of eight shillings for the first interview. I will accompany you, as she seems so anxious to meet me.”

Mrs. Jansen’s second letter fixed our interview

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for three o'clock on Friday afternoon. This letter said less about money and more about the spiritual doctrines of Christian Science. "Remember that sin, sickness, and death are enemies, and are to be overcome by the understanding of truth. Jesus Christ never recommended medicines to any sufferer. If you take medicine you cannot derive benefit from Christian Science. Away with doctors, with their material prescriptions and their poisonous drugs! Man's birth-right is health and happiness; sickness is an illusion of mortal mind."

I felt rather cheered for the moment by this second letter. Mrs. Jansen seemed so confident of her power to cure me. But I was feeling far from well on Friday afternoon, when we set out for Hyde Park Mansions. My nervous symptoms were at their worst, and my depression was so intense that I could scarcely reply to Mrs. Dalziel's kindly questions. I could see that she was increasingly anxious about my health, and there was a faint ray of comfort in the thought that she was determined to watch over my treatment and judge for herself as to its efficacy.

A manservant opened the door of Mrs. Jansen's flat, which was large, well lighted, and luxuriously furnished. Owing to a mistake, we were

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half an hour too early, and the servant said that his mistress was out, but would be back by three. He asked us to wait in the drawing-room. Another visitor was already waiting—a tall, thin, anxious-faced woman, in a fashionably made black silk dress. She was standing at one of the windows, looking down on the Marylebone Road, but when we entered she moved to a sofa and began to turn over the pages of a magazine. It was evident that she was in a restless and troubled state of mind, for she took up book after book and paper after paper without being able to fix her attention for more than a minute on any. Several times she glanced furtively at us, as if wondering whether she might venture to begin a conversation. Mrs. Dalziel gave her an opportunity. “We are rather too early, I am afraid,” she remarked. “Our appointment with Mrs. Jansen was for three.”

“I have no appointment,” said the stranger, grimly, “but I mean to see her all the same. These Christian Science people are frauds and humbugs, and I am determined to get my money back from them. They have been treating me for the last six weeks, and I am not a bit better, but rather worse.”

“One must persevere,” said Mrs. Dalziel, pleas-

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antly, but the patient retorted, "No. I have had enough of it. I am a poor woman, and I have spent seven guineas already on correspondence treatment. Asthma and rheumatism I suffer from, and I heard of these Science people through Lady G——, one of my customers. I am a Court dressmaker in V—— Street, Grosvenor Square. You may know my signboard—Madame Merimée. My real name is Digby. Lady G—— was sure the Christian Scientists would heal me, and she persuaded me, as I had not time for personal treatment, to enter into correspondence with this Mrs. Jansen, who twice accompanied her to my show-room. To tell you the truth, I did not like Mrs. Jansen's manner. She was a deal too haughty and stand-offish for a lady doctor who was charging good money for her cures. 'I will treat Madame Merimée—as a favor to you, Lady G——,' she said, and she has always spoken as if her other patients were in a very different walk of life from myself. Christian Science is for the rich; they don't want the poor, nor even the middle classes. It's my opinion, madame, that the only class of people they do cure are the rich, idle women who fancy they have all manner of diseases, when really there is nothing the matter with them.

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Such women are sure to fall into the hands of some quack or other, and Christian Science is one of the many forms of quackery.”

“But Lady G——, you say, still believes in the Christian Scientists.”

“Her ladyship believed in them until about a fortnight ago, when her lovely little girl, Miss Violet, took an illness which had all the appearance of scarlet fever. Lord G—— was away from home, and her ladyship not being sure what the trouble was, sent for one of the Christian Science healers. This woman treated the child according to their peculiar methods, with the result that she grew steadily worse. On the second day her ladyship was so frightened, as the little girl's throat was in such a terrible condition, that she sent for the family doctor. He drove the healer out of the house, and gave her ladyship such a talking to, her maid tells me, as she will never forget. He said that if another day had been lost the child might have died.”

“Did he warn Lady G—— about employing Christian Scientists for the future?”

“He called them a set of pestilent rogues and quacks, and mentioned the case of an old lady, a former patient of his, who fell under their influence, and who was literally killed through

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being made to give up her usual medicines. She paid check after check to the Scientists during the year she was under their treatment, and when at last her relatives insisted on calling in her old doctor, it was too late for him to save her.”

“Do Christian Scientists try to get their patients into their power, and for that purpose seek to separate them from their relatives ?”

“That is one of their worst and most dangerous practices, madame. If you once put yourself into the hands of a healer, you must give up your own doctor, no matter what your friends may say. I have heard that in the United States some of the healers have been put on their trial in consequence of the death of patients, but no conviction has been obtained because the juries are so taken in by the sweetness and piety of the language they employ. It is true, no doubt, that they mean no harm to their patients, but it seems a pity that there is not a law to prevent unqualified people from practicing on the health and minds of others. Lord and Lady G—— had a fearful quarrel when his lordship came home and discovered how nearly he had lost his little daughter. The servants were all against the healer, and the lady’s-maid tells me the head-

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nurse sent a telegram on her own responsibility to his lordship begging him to come home at once. I doubt if he will ever quite forgive his wife about Miss Violet's illness; he says that if the child had died he would have prosecuted the healer for manslaughter. He has now gone off by himself on a yachting tour. Surely, madame, if Christian Science causes quarrels between husbands and wives, that is clear enough evidence of its mischievous character."

"But what about the wonderful cures?" I inquired. "The *Christian Science Journal* is full of remarkable and apparently well-authenticated testimonies."

"Yes, mademoiselle, but have you noticed any instance in which the patient gives a London name and address? So far as I have observed, the letters quoted come almost invariably from the United States or Canada, often from remote western or southern states like Texas, Utah, or Florida. At the Sunday services I have never heard any but the vaguest references to healing. What really roused my suspicions, even before the illness at Lady G——'s, was the fact that none of the Christian Science people would give me any definite particulars of cures. They would not point me to one case in which another suf-

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ferer from asthma or rheumatism had been cured by their methods. I wonder I was fool enough to waste my money on them, but the truth is, I did not wish to offend so good a customer as Lady G——.”

“Do you think there is the slightest chance that Mrs. Jansen will refund your seven guineas?”

Before Madame Merimée could answer there was the sound of a latch-key at the door, and immediately afterward we heard Mrs. Jansen talking in a low voice with her servant. I was glad she had returned, for the conversation had helped still further to depress my spirits, and I was determined not to lose faith in Christian Science on the word of a mere stranger. Presently the servant appeared and asked Madame Merimée to come to the consulting-room. “It is a quarter past three,” he said, turning to us. “Mrs. Jansen was unavoidably delayed at the house of a patient; she will be with you in five minutes.”

Whether or not the seven guineas were refunded we had no opportunity of learning, but Mrs. Dalziel says she is sure the dressmaker found some means of frightening Mrs. Jansen, for in a very few minutes we heard her leaving the flat, and immediately afterward Mrs. Jansen joined us.

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On this occasion I was a little disappointed with her appearance. Instead of the calm and happy expression I had noticed in her face at the meeting, she now wore a disturbed and worried look. There was a flush on her cheek, and her eyes sparkled with an angry light.

“I am greatly distressed,” she said to Mrs. Dalziel, “that my servant should have allowed that person to wait in the same room with you. I suppose she has given her views pretty freely on the subject of Christian Science. The ingratitude shown by the more common class of our patients fully justifies our founder, Mrs. Eddy, in making our charges reasonably high. Among the poorer classes there are some refined natures who can appreciate the true meaning of science and health, but the greater number have coarse animal dispositions, which are far too near the clay for our teaching to make any impression upon them. Such a woman as Madame Merimée is totally without spiritual discernment. Even among the would-be healers who come to us for instruction there are many who are utterly incapable of understanding Christian Science, and it is for that reason, and not from any greed of gain, that we have been forced to charge as much as twenty guineas for a course of lessons.

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I trust, dear Mrs. Dalziel, that nothing you may have heard from that vulgar and ignorant dress-maker will remain in your mind to my prejudice."

"Certainly not," Mrs. Dalziel answered, promptly. "As a proof of the contrary, I propose to entrust you with the care of my friend, Miss Anne Harwood, who is suffering rather severely from nervous prostration induced by overwork. Miss Harwood is a high-school mistress, and is looking forward with much anxiety to the new term, as she is quite unequal to its duties."

"Ah, yes, I gathered from Miss Harwood's letter that she is one of the workers," Mrs. Jansen replied, and I fancied that her eyes wandered with some disappointment from Mrs. Dalziel's expensive toilette to my humble blue serge gown and sailor hat. "I had hoped it might have been my privilege to initiate the friend of my dear Miss Vanderbrüggen into some of the mysteries of Christian Science. But, of course, I shall be delighted to undertake to cure Miss Harwood. I am always so very sympathetic with women who earn their own living. Teaching is a most trying profession, and the wonder to me is that women-teachers do not invariably break down

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before thirty. Some of the saddest cases I have known in my career as a Christian Science healer have been formerly successful teachers. I always warn any young girls of my acquaintance who are unfortunately obliged to earn money to choose any profession rather than teaching."

Mrs. Dalziel looked displeased.

"But this is not very encouraging to Miss Harwood, who after all has embarked on this particular line of work, and must seek for health in her work rather than for escape out of it. Perhaps," my friend added, coldly, "Christian Scientists confine their efforts to the rich and leisured classes, who can pay them large fees."

It was now Mrs. Jansen's turn to look annoyed. "We make no distinction between our patients," she replied, "although I must personally admit that I have been most successful amongst women of leisure. The reason, no doubt, is that the truths of Christian Science must be learned in quiet and retirement, and by long and profound meditation; the hurried and agitated brain cannot receive them. If the care for money preoccupies the heart, the seed falls on stony ground, and can bring forth no fruit. But you need not fear for Miss Harwood's case. I can see that hers is a mind well adapted to receive our teaching,

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and I believe that in a very few weeks she will be perfectly well. I should like you, in the first place, Miss Harwood, to purchase *Science and Health*, and to read it carefully before you visit me again. It frequently happens that a patient is cured by studying this text-book, without any further treatment. The price, as I think I mentioned before, is fourteen shillings, but if you desire a prettily bound copy, which has something of the appearance of a prayer-book, the cost would be a guinea. There is a neat edition for sale at seventeen shillings and sixpence."

"It seems a good deal of money," said Mrs. Dalziel, "especially as the cost of treatment must be added. May I inquire if Christian Science is a money-making profession like ordinary medicine, and if the 'healers' expect to live by it?"

Mrs. Dalziel had several times told me that the expense of my cure need cause me not the slightest anxiety, as she was determined to pay all charges. She is one of the kindest and most generous of women, so I knew it was without one thought of meanness that she was making these careful inquiries. The truth was, as I suspected, that she had been much impressed by the charges brought against the Christian Scientists by Madame Merimée, and was anxious that my

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brief holiday should not be wasted in dancing attendance on quacks.

“My dear Mrs. Dalziel, we are really not accustomed to be so bluntly questioned. Our fees are low when compared with those of doctors. What physician of any reputation would see a patient for eight shillings on the first visit and four shillings afterward? If it were not that our purpose is philanthropic, and our mission to relieve the disease and suffering of the world, we could not possibly charge less than a guinea for each visit. Remember that the laborer is worthy of his hire. The Apostles were distinctly bidden to take what the hospitable kindness of their patients pressed upon them. Not only so, but from the fact that Judas carried the bag we are led to infer that a regular charge was made from those who had benefited by miracles.”

This application of Scripture seemed to me so blasphemous that I was tempted to cut short the interview and to relinquish my hopes of healing, but the question of money was put out of my mind by Mrs. Dalziel's next remark.

“Can it be true, as the lady we met here asserted, that Christian Science healers have been put on their trial in America in consequence of the death of patients for whom they had prescribed?”

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“I cannot deny that, owing to the ignorance and prejudice of the public, and especially of local medical men, such trials have occurred, but the ‘ healers ’ were triumphantly acquitted. Take the very remarkable case of the Rev. Ezra M. Buswell, who was tried at the district court of Beatrice, Nebraska, on the charge of practicing medicine without a license. Gossip was prevalent in the town that in several cases death had occurred as the result of Christian Science treatment, and intense indignation was felt among the lower classes. At the trial witnesses came forward to prove that many cases had been healed by Mr. Buswell, and that he did not claim the healing power to be his own, but relied upon a higher power.”

“Of what diseases had these sufferers been cured?”

“One man testified that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake over a year before that time. Mr. Buswell treated him once a day for about a week. When asked if he had fully recovered, he replied, ‘I got well, or I should not be here.’ Mr. Buswell was severely examined, but nothing could be proved against him. He was asked to state how many persons he had treated within the last eighteen months, and replied that he had

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treated over a hundred, of whom he could only think of two that had died, and these were young children. The jury considered their verdict for nearly six hours, and ultimately acquitted Mr. Buswell. Mrs. Eddy wrote him a touching letter of congratulation."

The sweet expression which had charmed me first had come back to Mrs. Jansen's face. "Let us put aside vain questionings, dear friends," she resumed. "You, dear Miss Harwood, become from to-day my friend and patient. I will not commence treatment until you tell me you have mastered, or, at any rate, endeavored to master, the text-book I will now seek out for you. Let your thoughts dwell on life, not death; on health, not sickness; on joyful and happy things rather than on those which make for sorrow. God is your mind, and mind is all. You do not understand this now; it may be that the book will puzzle you. In that case, come back to me this day week at the same hour, and I will begin a course of treatment. Until we meet again keep constantly before your thoughts that health and happiness are real, and that the opposite is unreal. Jesus said that the kingdom of heaven is within us. We may enjoy it now, not in some far-off future."

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“May I ask if Christian Scientists believe in the Second Advent ?” Mrs. Dalziel asked.

“The second appearing of Jesus, according to the teaching of our churches, is unquestionably ‘the spiritual advent of the advancing idea of God as in Christian Science.’¹ ‘We do not question,’ says Mrs. Eddy, ‘the authenticity of the Scriptural narrative of the Virgin Mother and Bethlehem Babe, and the Messianic mission of Christ Jesus; but in our time no Christian Scientist will give chimerical wings to his imagination, or advance speculative theories as to the recurrence of such events. No person can take the individual place of the Virgin Mary; no person can compass or fulfill the individual mission of Jesus of Nazareth; no person can take the place of the author of *Science and Health*, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science. Each individual must fill his own niche in time and eternity.’”

“But what terrible, what awful blasphemy!” Mrs. Dalziel exclaimed. “Surely Mrs. Eddy is not so wicked as to name herself in the same breath with the Redeemer of the world ?”

“Mrs. Eddy is the most perfectly humble and saintly of women,” Mrs. Jansen retorted, her blue

¹ See *Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 86.

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eyes again flashing out with resentment. "Patients and their friends cause great distress to the healers by their uncharitable assumptions concerning our founder. Mrs. Eddy is a true spiritual mother. As an eminent Christian Scientist said in one of our recent publications, 'through half a century of selfless toil she has cradled in her thought and nursed to the health and strength of its promising young manhood this Church of the living God, founded on the everlasting rock of Christ.' In a letter written in 1895, Mrs. Eddy distinctly denied that she had ever claimed to be a second Christ. 'Even the question shocks me. What I am it is for God to declare in His infinite mercy. As it is, I claim nothing more than what I am: the discoverer and founder of Christian Science and the blessing it has been to mankind which eternity unfolds.'"

In taking leave of us, Mrs. Jansen suggested that it might be well if I came alone for treatment. "We do not encourage the friends of patients to accompany them. We welcome inquiry and cross-examination in the preliminary stage, but when once treatment has commenced the patient's mind must be calm, trustful, and undisturbed. Even the kindest friend, if herself disposed to be sceptical, may exert a malign influence."

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“Very well, Anne, go without me, by all means,” Mrs. Dalziel said, as we turned into the Edgware Road. “Mrs. Jansen is not so anxious to cultivate my friendship as she was two hours ago, and, for my part, although I do not wish to prejudice you, I strongly suspect that Christian Science is an utter imposture.”

During the next few days I carefully studied *Science and Health*, but I found my health no better, and so was forced to fall back on the personal treatment. The book seemed to me in many parts a wild farrago of nonsense. There were many sentences which I could not possibly understand, and I am not surprised that Christian Scientists have been accused of having a vocabulary and a language of their own.

I had read a good many theological books, but the peculiar phraseology of *Science and Health* completely baffled me. The effort to understand it merely increased my nervousness, and at last Mrs. Dalziel insisted that I should read no more. On the following Friday I went alone to Hyde Park Mansions, and entered on my course of treatment.

CHAPTER IV

A FANCIED CURE AND A RELAPSE

HAVING taken my case in hand, Mrs. Jansen exerted herself to the utmost to effect a cure. Her first anxiety was to dispel any prejudice that might have been left in my mind from the former visit, and especially from her slighting remarks about teachers and women-workers generally.

“The truth is,” she said, “that I must always overcome a certain reluctance in undertaking the cure of each new patient. Ours is a deeply responsible profession, and there is always the possibility of failure.”

“As a mere matter of form,” Mrs. Jansen continued, “there are two questions I must put to you. If a satisfactory answer could not be given it would be impossible for me to heal you. In the first place, are you at the present moment under the care of any regular physician? In the second, have you applied for aid to any other Christian Science healer?”

I could truthfully answer both questions in the negative, and Mrs. Jansen told me it was the rule among Christian Scientists to observe a profes-

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sional etiquette, and not to take patients from other practitioners.

“In America,” she said, “there are patients enough for all of us. Mrs. Eddy recommended her students to settle in large cities, in order that they might do the greatest good to the greatest number. She considered that the population of our principal towns was ample to supply many practitioners, preachers, and teachers with work. Mrs. Eddy has a keen sense of the more practical side of life, and a shrewd business instinct. For that reason some have even accused her of worldliness.”

I was getting impatient with this preliminary conversation, and wished Mrs. Jansen would come to my own particular treatment.

“You are puzzled by these precluding remarks,” she said, smiling softly, as if she had read my thoughts. “They are like the casual remarks of the doctor when he comes to pay his morning call. He chats about the weather and the news of the morning’s papers, but all the while he is making his observations, and his purpose is to bring you into the quiet and unexcited frame of mind that will enable him to treat you most effectually. I will now proceed a little further, and will read to you some of the fundamental prin-

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principles of Christian Science. Dismiss all other thoughts, and let the words I read penetrate deeply into your mind.”

Mrs. Jansen then took up a volume, and in a slow, monotonous, almost crooning voice began to read.

The reading had a soothing effect upon me, and when she saw that I was in a quieter and more receptive frame of mind, she made me sit in a great armchair heaped with cushions, and placing herself opposite me on the sofa, commenced the treatment. Her eyes seemed to grow deeper and more lustrous as I watched her, and her face wore an expression which oddly recalled to my memory some lines from the “Piper of Hamelin”:

“Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while.”

For a moment I half fancied she would hypnotize me. The readers of these articles will be astonished when I describe the extreme simplicity of the method. It consists exclusively of thinking by the healer, supplemented by readings from *Science and Health* and occasional conversation. The healer sits in the room with the patient and thinks, bringing her whole mind to bear on

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the case. From time to time, when the stillness tends to become oppressive, a few passages from Mrs. Eddy's writings are read aloud with slow and earnest utterance, and two or three times in the course of the hour the patient is encouraged to talk. If the treatment is by correspondence, the healer sits in her own room and thinks, and from time to time she sends instructions by letter to the patient, the "instructions" being usually extracts from Mrs. Eddy's writings. There is no other treatment, no contact with matter, but solely mind influencing mind.

I asked if Christian Science was not much the same as faith-healing. "Not in the least," said Mrs. Jansen. "The so-called faith-cures remove bodily ailments for a time, or else they change these ills into new and more difficult forms of disease, until at length the science of mind comes to the rescue and works a radical cure, and then we understand the mystery. Faith-healing rests on no scientific principle, and so can effect no lasting cure."

What was the effect of Mrs. Jansen's method? I received the same treatment for one hour at a time daily, and as mine was supposed to be a difficult case, the cure was continued for a fortnight. I must confess that in some subtle and

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mysterious way my healer appeared to influence me. I became more hopeful, more confident of recovery. I thought less of myself and my troubles; the prospect of returning to school at the end of term was no longer full of terrors. My sleep, which for months had been restless and broken, improved so rapidly that Mrs. Dalziel twice came into my room and woke me at ten o'clock in the morning. I felt as if some dark shadow were lifting from me. Looking back on this fortnight in the light of what followed, I am inclined to believe that the only real benefit I derived from the treatment was that it provided me with a new interest.

Among my readers there must be those who have suffered from nervous breakdown. Nothing is commoner in these days of rush, competition, and overpressure. No two patients have precisely the same symptoms, but the general characteristics are fairly uniform. Depression, self-absorption, and foreboding fears are usually well-marked features of the trouble. For these the best cure is change of scene, or, if this cannot be afforded, complete change of work. If I could have thrown up my post at the high-school at the beginning of the summer term, when I first began to sink into a low state of health, and gone

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for three months to Switzerland, no doubt I should have returned strong and vigorous for the winter. But foreign travel, that surest method of knitting up the ravelled sleeve of health, was beyond my means, and, like many nervous patients, I had struggled on too long. What Mrs. Jansen did for me was to divert my thoughts from the dangerous subject of myself, my own sensations, my own fears, and my own future. If I had taken to bicycling, or had gone with Helen Dalziel to Ilfracombe, the same result would have followed. As soon as the mind becomes interested in something outside itself, the process of healing has begun. With many nervous patients the first sign of recovery is a reviving interest in the newspapers. The apathetic stage of nervous disorder is specially dangerous, for it tends to grow confirmed, until a once brilliant mind may sink into itself completely. I thought that Mrs. Jansen was curing me. I grew absorbed in the process of cure, and so it followed that I both seemed and was better during the fortnight I was under her influence.

I was conscious all the while, however, that there were peculiar perils connected with Christian Science. I had too clear a knowledge of the truths of Christianity to be able to accept counter-

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feits. There was much in Mrs. Jansen's conversation which made me uneasy. Sometimes I felt like a country girl who has stolen by night to a witch's hovel. Nothing could be less like a witch's home than the handsome, comfortable flat at Hyde Park Mansions, but I had the same unpleasant consciousness of seeking health by unrecognized, and, it might be, unhallowed methods. I cannot move easily, like Mrs. Dalziel, in the byways of obscure religions. I was glad that my minister did not know I had been seeking counsel from Christian Science, and that my Scripture class at the high-school, which I was preparing for the Cambridge examinations, had no idea that I was absorbing the strange doctrines of a new religion. Mr. Dalziel, who had returned from a scientific congress in Germany, did not at all approve of my visits to Mrs. Jansen, but wished me to consult a first-rate physician. "I think," he said one evening, with a reproachful glance at his wife, "that when we leave the broad path of religion and science, turning our backs on medicine and surgery to follow some miserable charlatan and self-deceived fanatic, we make a very poor exchange."

Mrs. Jansen and I had a talk one afternoon on the Christian Science teaching about death. She

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had been reading some passages from *Science and Health* bearing on this subject, and I was curiously inclined to prolong the conversation. I do not know if my readers have observed that nervous patients are not, as a rule, unwilling to converse about death. It is the hale, the vigorous, those in whom the current of life runs fullest and strongest, who most dread to approach this theme. I have had friends who hated as much as Dr. Johnson did to hear death spoken of in general company; but the nervous patient, as a rule, feels nothing of that horror which made Johnson cry out in a passion to the friend who had spoken of death, "Don't let us meet to-morrow." In morbid, nervous states there are so many enemies to be struggled with that the last conflict of all may be thought of without alarm. "Death," said my teacher, "will be found at length to be a mortal dream, which comes in darkness and disappears with the light."

"But surely it cannot be denied that pain and death are the central facts of this world. Every one has suffered pain; every one is finally overcome by death. What can Christian Science say in face of these awful facts?"

"It is true enough," said Mrs. Jansen, "that to mortal man pain, disease, and death are the central

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facts of the world; but we Christian Scientists have learned that pain can be overcome by the understanding and realization of a higher law, a law above mortal mind, the divine or spiritual law, wherein pain is not a central fact, nor a fact at all."

"Admitting that you can conquer pain, you know you cannot conquer death."

"Why, then, did Christ command His followers to 'raise the dead'? As Mrs. Eddy reminds us, 'He lifted His own body from the tomb. In Him truth called the physical man from the tomb to health, and the so-called dead forthwith emerged into a higher manifestation of life.'"

"But I do not understand what meaning the command to raise the dead has for the modern healer."

"What concerns us most," Mrs. Jansen said, with what appeared to me a significant evasiveness, "is the spiritual meaning of the command. It implies, we are taught, such an elevation of the understanding as will enable thought to apprehend the living beauty of love, its practicality, its divine energies, its health-giving and life-bestowing qualities—yea, its power to demonstrate immortality. This end Jesus achieved, both by example and precept."

"Then, of course, you admit that Christian

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Scientists do not possess the gift which the Apostles possessed of actually raising the dead to life?"

"Our work is to destroy the belief in sickness and death, which shuts out a true sense of heaven and life from our experience."

I may here say that Mrs. Eddy's teachings on the subject of death appear to me, after careful study, sufficient of themselves to prove that Christian Science is a wild delusion. Christian Scientists claim apostolic gifts, but even granting that by mental influence they may cure a sick person here and another there, they are helpless as other men in the presence of death. All the vague and cloudy language with which in their writings they seek to conceal their impotence only brings it, for the earnest student, into stronger relief. So far as I can learn, they do not even pretend to explain why this miraculous gift, which the Apostles exercised, is not possessed by those who claim, as their true successors, to accomplish the same mighty works.

At the close of my fortnight's treatment, Mrs. Jansen was obliged to return to America somewhat earlier than she had intended.

"If I could have done you any good by staying," she said, "I would willingly have deferred

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my journey. But you are now quite well; you do not need me. Tell me truthfully, Miss Harwood, do you not feel that Christian Science has cured you?"

I was certainly much better that afternoon, but some of my old fears came back at the prospect of losing Mrs. Jansen. "I seem to depend on your influence," I said; "what if after you are gone I should experience a relapse?"

"I do not think you will, but if a relapse takes place you must face the position calmly and courageously, knowing that there can be no reaction in truth. Remember the passage I read you last week about relapses: 'Neither disease itself nor fear has the power to cause disease to relapse. Disease has no intelligence wherewith to move itself about, or to change itself from one form to another. Meet every adverse circumstance as its master. Observe mind instead of body, lest aught unfit for development should enter it. Think less of material conditions and more of spiritual.' Sometimes it happens that the healer is to blame for the relapse, because she is not bringing out the divine principle of metaphysics, but departing from its rules. To succeed in healing, we must conquer our own beliefs and fears, as well as those of the patient, and

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must rise daily into higher and holier consciousness. It is because I have conquered my own 'claims' of every kind that I can confidently assure you that your recovery will be permanent."

"I should be very grateful if you would write me from America."

"Ah, that I fear I cannot promise. When I return to America I shall be busy with other patients, who will claim my whole time and attention. When you dismiss your doctor you do not expect him to correspond with you. If at any time you desire correspondence treatment I shall be pleased to treat you at our usual charges. But in your place I should not even contemplate the possibility of relapse. Attend regularly the Christian Science services; study *Science and Health* in the light of what I have taught you, until all its apparent difficulties become clear; read as little as you can of any other literature. If you could possibly afford the twenty guineas, it would be a great assistance to your own development to go through a course of study in healing. Even if you never became a practitioner, the time and money would be well expended."

"Twenty guineas is nearly a whole term's salary."

"Well," said Mrs. Jansen, sharply, "and

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surely you do not expect to receive benefits like these for nothing. It is my experience that the most difficult cases to heal are those of people who can pay and do not want to. The eagerness to get something for nothing is a sin, and Christian Scientists would be helping to perpetuate the sin if they went to people and healed them gratuitously. It would be a sin on our part to perpetuate this propensity. Besides, I am not suggesting that you should throw away money, but invest it at a very large interest. What is to hinder you in your turn from curing other nervous sufferers? I would give you a course of study by correspondence whenever you pleased."

I spent as much time as possible with Mrs. Jansen during her last week in England, and she told me that I was looking stronger and healthier every day. The Dalziels said they did not notice much improvement in my appearance, but when I looked in the glass I certainly seemed fresher and rosier than at the beginning of the holidays. I might have had the sense to see that this was the natural result of five weeks of idleness, good food, and pleasant, cheerful surroundings, but I persuaded myself that the credit belonged to Christian Science. When the last morning came I drove with Mrs. Jansen in the cab to Euston sta-

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tion. She looked prettier and more fascinating than ever in a grey cashmere gown with white silk front, a grey velvet Eton jacket, a muff and scarf of chinchilla. Her hat was grey felt, with drooping white feather, and I fancied she looked altogether too delicate and dainty to face the stormy September ocean. It was curious that a creature so fairy-like, with spiritual blue eyes, which looked as if no sordid thought had ever crossed her soul, should yet have, to put it bluntly, so strong a love for money. She talked a great deal about money as we waited for the train to start. "I shall earn two or three hundred pounds between now and Christmas," she said. "Ours is a better profession than teaching, Miss Harwood. I can tell you my husband finds me a help in piling up his fortune. If you spend that twenty guineas it will come back to you a hundredfold."

"Shall I get you the illustrated papers?"

"No, thank you, dear. I am not much of a reader. I am to spend a few days with a lady at Liverpool before I sail. She requires treatment, and has sent me the details of her case. I must get them up on the journey. Good-bye, then, Miss Harwood. Mind you keep well and strong, and be ready when you are challenged to speak a good word for Christian Science."

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She waved her little lace handkerchief from the window as the train moved out of the station, and I was left to take up the burden of life alone. In three days the autumn term would begin.

I left Mrs. Dalziel's that afternoon, and returned to our lodgings. I protested that I was thoroughly cured, that I had never felt better in my life, but with the departure of Mrs. Jansen a reaction set in, and that night I slept only four hours. I woke at five o'clock, feeling as miserable as ever, and tried to calm myself by repeating passages from *Science and Health*. "There is no sickness; there is no fear; there is only health and love and good-will." I told myself that this "claim" of nervousness must be forced to yield. "You are strong; you are well; weariness is only a belief of mortal mind." Somehow these words, when separated from the personality of my healer, seemed the idlest of nonsense. However, I persevered with her instructions, and spent the greater part of the morning reading Christian Science books. Helen returned in the evening, and for a while her talk diverted my mind from myself. "You look better," she said, "but you ought to have been with us at Ilfracombe. Tell me, do you feel quite strong and able for the work of next term? My sister-

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in-law wrote that you have been cured by the Christian Science people.”

“I am very well indeed,” I replied. “I intend to work harder than ever this term. I am determined that my form shall retrieve its credit.”

We plunged into school talk, but all the while I was painfully conscious of the difference between my own state of health and my friend's. She had an inexhaustible reserve of vigor and energy, while I, after we had talked for an hour or so, was forced to relapse into silence. A nervous headache came on, and I went to bed at nine. Helen seemed a good deal concerned about me, and declared that the Christian Scientists had done me more harm than good. I rallied a little after we returned to school, but in three weeks I felt as ill as ever, and could only just manage, by a desperate and constantly recurring battle, to get through the work of each day. Toward the middle of the term an advertisement appeared in the *Journal of Education* for a head mistress for a new high-school in a large seaside town. Helen strongly advised me to apply for it. “I believe,” she said, “that the best cure for your ill-health would be a change of work and a better salary. My aunt, Mrs. Cawthorne, lives at S——, and is one of the most

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influential people on the local council. She is anxious I should apply for the post, but there is a prospect of a school near London falling vacant after Christmas, and although nothing definite has been said, I believe the council will give me the appointment. London would suit me better than the country, as nearly all my relations are here, but if you could only get a head-mistressship in a bracing seaside town, I believe your nervousness would disappear."

I followed Helen's advice and sent in an application for the post, but with little hope of obtaining it, as I had so often been passed over already. One thing was certain: Christian Science, as practiced by Mrs. Jansen, had proved a failure in my case. Could the reason be that her fondness for money had destroyed her spiritual power? In that case, it might be worth while for me to seek another healer. But before doing so I determined to consult my minister, who for several years occupied an important pulpit in New York. He knows about Christian Science, for I once heard him describe it as "a soul-destroying religion, with which no Christian can safely tamper."

CHAPTER V

A FINAL EXPOSURE

DR. GRAINGER, the pastor of the Congregational Church of which I am a member, called to see me on the first Saturday of October. He said he had heard, through Mrs. Dalziel, that I had been in poor health, and that I was disappointed with the results of Christian Science treatment. He seemed pleased when I said it had been my intention to consult him before applying to any other healer, as I understood he had made a study of this subject.

“Yes,” he said, “during my ministry in New York I was brought much in contact with the Christian Scientists. They were most clever in drawing away the members of churches; as proselytizers they are more active than even the Plymouth Brethren. Are you aware, I wonder, that there are two sects among them? Perhaps I ought rather to say there are thousands of persons who are Christian Scientists while still remaining members of their own churches. These people maintain that the great mistake of Mrs.

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Eddy—they hate the very name of Eddyite—was in founding a new sect, with doctrines and a ritual of its own.”

“Then are the Christian Scientists within the churches as useful and as orthodox as their fellow-members?”

“Certainly not; their heads are so filled with the peculiar ideas of Christian Science that they lose all interest in preaching, and become impatient of ordinary services. As a rule, they take small part in religious work, except with the idea of ‘teaching health’ or making ‘ideal suggestions,’ in which capacity they may become a real danger to others, especially to the young. Little by little they drift away from church fellowship. Ministers should be on their guard against these Christian Scientists within the churches; I consider them far more dangerous than the Eddyites.”

“Do you think there are any of these secret Christian Scientists in London?”

“I happen to know there are a good many. Not long ago a friend of mine was present at a lecture given by a lady who had gathered a large following through permitting, and even recommending, her pupils to remain in their own denominations, and to work for Christian Science

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from that vantage-ground. My friend questioned several of the audience when the lecturer was gone, and discovered that they were, almost without exception, members of the Church of England. Many would eagerly accept Christian Science teachings and practice who would hesitate to take the conspicuous step of joining a new and little-understood dissenting body."

"Then do you consider that the doctrines of the Christian Scientists are really dangerous?"

"I am convinced," my pastor answered very gravely, "that there are no more dangerous doctrines being spread in our time. The name 'Christian Science' is most misleading, and is meant to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. What right have they to bear the name of Christian? What is their attitude, for instance, to the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper? Their baptism, they say, is a purification from all error; their Eucharist is spiritual communion with the one God. They hold that the bread which cometh down from heaven is truth; of the wine they say, 'Our cup is the cross, our wine the inspiration of love—the draught our Master drank and commended to His followers.' For the 'material rite,' as they call it, they have no respect whatever."

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“Have Christian Scientists no altar, no communion service?”

“No, because they say that commemoration is not needed, since truth and love are with them. I wish that all who are tempted by the fascinations of Christian Science would simply make a study of its teaching on the Holy Communion. If they themselves are Christians at all, they must see how wide a gulf lies between this teaching and that of the Church of Christ. ‘Why ascribe this inspiration to a dead rite,’ they say, ‘instead of showing that truth has come to the understanding, by casting out error and by making the body holy and acceptable unto God?’ Mrs. Eddy says somewhere in plain words, ‘If Christ—Truth—has come to us in demonstration, no commemoration is requisite, for He is Immanuel, or God with us; and if a friend be with us, why need we memorials of that friend?’ The last command of the Saviour of the world means no more to the Christian Scientists than to the careless multitudes who stood by and gazed on His cross. Yet they dare to call themselves Christians.”

I reminded Dr. Grainger that it was often difficult to understand the long, rambling, and wordy disquisitions in the Christian Science text-book.

“Yes,” he replied, “but there are smaller and

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simpler books, by the study of which many persons profess to have been cured. A lady in my own congregation left me because, as she said, she had been healed by reading *No and Yes*, a small pamphlet in which Eddyite doctrines are briefly set forth. This booklet might be described as a catechism of Christian Science. A great many questions are asked, and though the answers are sometimes rather mystifying, as in all Mrs. Eddy's publications, a plain mind can still see the extreme heterodoxy of the new religion. Under the category of 'Yes and No' comes the question, 'Is there a personal Deity?' to which the answer is that limitless personality is inconceivable; that God is love, and love is principle, not person. 'Is there a personal devil?' The answer is that evil is a quality, not a person, and that as mortals we need to discern the claims of evil and fight them, not as realities, but as illusions, since Deity can have no warfare against Himself."

"Sin, too, they declare to be a mere illusion of mortal mind?"

"That is another point on which they are divided by an impassable gulf from Christianity. Sin, they say, is obsolete, dust returning to dust, nothingness to nothingness. 'Sin is not mind;

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it is just the supposition that there is more than one mind. It issues a false claim, and the claim, being worthless, is in reality no claim whatever.' How different from the language of St. Paul and of all the saints. What would St. Augustine, or Thomas à Kempis, or Martin Luther have said to such teaching? Christian Scientists are always grumbling because the churches will have no fellowship with them. They excuse themselves for founding a new sect by replying that the churches drove them out. The churches did not drive them out, but unless there can be fellowship between Christ and Belial, there can be none between evangelical believers and Christian Scientists. They are seeking to undermine the foundations of the faith. Think of the texts which are dearest to the hearts of Christian people: 'Where sin abounded grace did much more abound'; 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' In the mouths of Christian Scientists these are but a mocking blasphemy. I am sure the time has come when the pulpit should lift up its voice against these deadly errors. They are spreading in London, much faster than many ministers imagine."

"But the Christian Scientists profess a certain reverence for our Lord?"

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“It might be better if they openly rejected Him, for then, at least, we should deal with honest enemies. What reverence for Christ can remain in the hearts of their pupils, who are taught in answer to the question, ‘Is sin forgiven?’ that ‘God pities our woes with the love of a human father for his child, not by becoming human, and knowing sin, or nought, but by removing our knowledge of what is not. He could not destroy our woes totally if He possessed any knowledge of them. His sympathy is divine, not human.’ Compare this with the words in the Hebrews, ‘We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.’ On the Atonement, their views are still far wide. They strongly deny that there was any ‘personal and material blood-giving in the Atonement,’ and maintain that the work of Jesus would lose its whole efficacy if we regarded it ‘as a proof that sin is known to the divine mind, and that what is unlike God demands His continual presence, knowledge, and power to meet and to master it.’ They do not believe in prayer as we understand prayer. The command, ‘Ask, and ye shall receive,’ means nothing for them. At their services there is an interval for silent

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prayer, but they object to audible prayer. They think it hinders growth, and makes involuntary hypocrites. I really cannot think of any single doctrine which they accept simply and without reserve in common with the Christian Church."

At the end of his visit, Dr. Grainger said: "I have in my house at present a guest from New York, Miss Edith Grove, who has been through the whole process of healing, as you have, and has found it equally ineffective. The method of treatment followed in Miss Grove's case was peculiar and interesting. Before you seek out another healer I wish you would spend an evening with us and hear her experiences."

I was delighted to agree to this suggestion, and three days later Mrs. Grainger sent me an invitation to supper.

Miss Grove has been, like myself, a teacher, and has suffered from a peculiar form of melancholia, which was worse than my nervousness, because, although it came on in intermittent attacks, the symptoms while it lasted were much more severe. Miss Grove often found herself too ill to see her friends, and would shut herself up in her room for days together. Owing to the recurring attacks of this malady, she had lost her post as a drawing-mistress, and was in a very

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low state when she came into the hands of a mental healer. This gentleman declined to treat patients personally, but he strongly recommended her to use a book called *Ideal Suggestions through Mental Photography*, by Henry Wood. Many things in this work resemble the teachings of Christian Science, but Mrs. Eddy and her sect are nowhere mentioned in it. It is well, clearly, and picturesquely written; its instructions are far simpler and more explicit than those of any Eddyite manual; and I learn that it is being much used in London, especially by those who wish to receive or practice mental healing while at the same time retaining their connection with churches.

After supper, as we sat round the fire in Mrs. Grainger's cozy drawing-room, Miss Grove told us her story. She is about my own age, and although she is now in good spirits, and is never prostrated by her mysterious illness, she looks pale and delicate, as if the past held for her too many sombre days. Mrs. Grainger told me that through the death of an aunt she inherited an income of £350 a year, and that, as it was no longer necessary for her to work, she has spent two years in foreign travel.

“The text-book of healing that was recom-

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mended to me," said Miss Grove, "was, as Dr. Grainger has told you, Mr. Wood's *Ideal Suggestion*. The peculiarity of this book is that half of it is marked off as a practical guide. On the right-hand page there is printed, as if on a large card enclosed by a simple ruling, some brief saying calculated to calm the mind. Here are a few of the sayings, which are printed in very large, bold lettering: 'I make harmony'; 'I listen'; 'Pain is friendly'; 'I look upward'; 'There is no death'; 'I am free'; 'I will, be thou clean'; 'I am not body'; 'I am part of a great whole'; 'Healing is Biblical'; 'Prayer is answered.' On the left-hand page there is a meditation appropriate to the motto opposite. What I, as a patient, had to do, was to retire each day to a quiet room and be alone in silence. The next rule bade me assume a restful position, in an easy-chair or otherwise; I was to breathe deeply and rapidly for a few minutes and to relax the physical body. All thoughts of the world outside were to be rigorously excluded, and the mind was to be fixed on the meditation on the left-hand page till its truth was thoroughly absorbed. The next step was to place the 'suggestion,' or motto, printed large on the right-hand page, at a suitable distance from the eyes,

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and to fix them upon it for from ten to twenty minutes. After that the eyes were to be closed for from twenty to thirty minutes more, so that the mind's eye might behold the words of the motto, and that it might permeate the whole being. The motto was to be recalled to mind during wakeful hours of the night, and, finally, I was encouraged to believe that if relapses occurred or progress seemed slow, I was not to despair, for the cure was not magical, but a natural growth."

"Does it not sound very much like hypnotism?" said Dr. Grainger.

"At first it had almost a hypnotic effect on me. During the half-hour when my eyes were shut, and I was beholding the motto with my inward vision, I more than once fell into a slumber and awoke refreshed. But after trying the remedy a number of times its effect for good disappeared; and I will tell you why. In my worn-out condition, I found, for one thing, that I could not fix my attention for long on any one idea. My mind wandered away into troublesome and exhausting trains of thought, and my brain was excited rather than soothed. Then, again, nervous patients often suffer from weak sight and dull hearing, maladies which improve as more healthy

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conditions reassert themselves. All the time I was suffering from this severe depression I had great trouble with my eyes, and I found that it tired them too much to gaze long on one object. By the end of ten or twenty minutes the letters were all mixed up and swimming together, and I suffered for hours afterward from nervous headache. This was on my bad days; when I felt bright and vigorous, it was no trial, but a pleasure, to gaze upon the healing 'suggestion,' only then I did not need it. In one word, the essential feature of my case was that I had not strength or energy of mind and body to apply to myself any of the so-called 'suggestion cures.' Friends tried them and professed to derive benefit, but I noticed that in time they also went back. It was my aunt's legacy, and not any form of treatment, which restored me to health and happiness."

My thoughts returned to my own application for the head-mistress-ship of S—, and I wondered if any such fortunate chance would come in my way. How many of our troubles vanish like moonshine when we seem to be "getting on."

Miss Grove told me a curious story of a drunkard who was supposed to be a Christian Science convert. Students of Christian Science manuals are aware that a very strict line is taken by the

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Scientists with regard both to alcohol and tobacco. Mrs. Eddy often goes out of her way to denounce, not only these, but tea and coffee also. Of smoking she remarks, "Puffing the obnoxious fumes of tobacco, or chewing a leaf naturally attractive to no animal except a loathsome worm, is at least disgusting." However much opinions may differ on this point, every one will agree that if Christian Science could cure drunkenness it would be doing useful work. The healers try to put before the victim of alcohol high thoughts, such as that he is ideally whole, potentially perfect, and they keep such ideals before him for a certain time every day. In the case of which Miss Grove told us the man was shown some such mottoes as those previously mentioned, which were framed in electric light, or in small gas-jets on a background of darkness. The hope was that "after a few days they would stand out before the mind by night and by day. They would be seen in words of fire before the saloon entrance, and flame up in the mind's eye at every call of the appetite. The higher self-consciousness thus gained would make it plain to the man that it was only the animal, and not himself, who craved the stimulant."

Miss Grove told us that the cure worked well

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for a week or two, but then came a relapse, and for a time the man's friends despaired of him. Happily he was brought under the influence of a Gospel Temperance mission which the Methodists were conducting in his town, and from that time his life was renewed, and he became a steady abstainer. "It was one more proof," Miss Grove added, "that no power except divine grace can permanently cure the drunkard, and that all mere human remedies are too weak."

Miss Grove told us another curious fact, namely, that many Christian Scientists, both in America and London, ascribe the origin of the new religion not to Mrs. Eddy, but to a Dr. P. P. Quimby, a magnetic doctor and Spiritualist who flourished in Massachusetts about the middle of the century. He, and not Mrs. Eddy, is the apostle of the section which remains within the churches. Perhaps he has been chosen because so many dislike the idea of taking their religious inspiration from a woman. Mrs. Eddy herself claims that she made the discovery after the death of Dr. Quimby, and that he was in no way connected with it. She has evidently been much troubled by the tendency among her students to break away from their allegiance, for she warns them in various passages against the evils of schism.

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I have now tried to put before my readers as clearly as possible the facts about Christian Science, so far as I came in contact with it; I have shown how fascinating it is at the beginning, especially to nervous women; I have told how worthless its so-called "healing" has proved both to myself and others. There are aspects of the healers' work on which I have not ventured to touch, but there is one matter connected with their medical practice to which attention should be called. Christian Science practitioners actually dare to undertake the conduct of maternity cases, and Mrs. Eddy gives instances in her text-book in which she has called in a regular practitioner, and has, while ostensibly obeying his directions, most daringly and recklessly disregarded them the moment he has left the house. She recommends healers and students to understand Christian Science practice in this respect, and even says it is a necessary branch of their study. If no fatalities have hitherto resulted from such practice, the reason can only be that the public is too wise to trust these incompetent, unauthorized, and uncertificated persons. This is a department of Christian Science about which very little is known, but one cannot open the books or journals of the sect without finding references

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to "Christian Science infants," who are declared to be specially fine children. It is not surprising that *Truth*, in a series of articles to which the Christian Scientists have attempted no reply, should remind the public of the liability of a "healer" to a charge of manslaughter should a patient die while under treatment. There is, unfortunately, no doubt that the law permits Christian Scientists to proselytize, since they do not "wilfully and falsely pretend to be regular practitioners." It is probable that their patients will be chiefly drawn from two classes: (1) nervous invalids, whom they cannot permanently cure, but may seem to cure so long as the excitement of the treatment lasts, and (2) sufferers from chronic and incurable diseases, for whom the doctors can do nothing. Most assuredly Christian Science will not succeed where the best medical skill has failed. The utmost it can do is to raise false hopes.

In America there is a saying which has become a commonplace by frequent repetition: "Christian Science is neither Christian nor scientific." That is the conclusion of the whole matter, and the people who fling away their money on the healers are supporting a system of mischievous roguery.

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When I returned from Dr. Grainger's, I found a letter from the secretary of the local council at S—. To my astonishment, I was invited to come as one of three candidates to be interviewed on the following Monday. It did not seem at all likely that I would be selected; indeed, I could not help wondering, as the train carried me northward on the fateful morning, whether Anne Harwood, who had been giving way to nerves and consulting quacks and dabbling in heterodox theories, was a fit and proper person to preside over a school. Ought I not to confess the full story of my weakness to the managers?

* * * * *

I had a very pleasant and reassuring chat with them, and although they deferred their decision, I could see that I had made a favorable impression.

“I think, my dear, you have conquered them,” said Mrs. Cawthorne, my kind hostess, as we strolled after luncheon on the marine parade. “I am thankful you said nothing about Christian Science; these business men would have thought you too simple. Miss Duncombe tells us you are a most successful teacher. After a month of our sea-air you will be as strong as ever.”

I am glad to say I was accepted; my income

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rose at once to £230, with prospects of further increase. The bracing air and the new responsibilities and especially that most exhilarating of all tonics—a little success—have completely dispelled my nervousness. My friends in London still tease me occasionally about Christian Science, but I leave their taunts unanswered. I know too well how foolish I have been, and I shall not be victimized a second time. By the way, I hear that Mrs. Jansen has had a serious breakdown in health, and is no longer a member of the Church of Christ, Scientist.

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