Christian Science

Mark Twain

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Chapter 1

VIENNA 1899.

This summer, last when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite-Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight, and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatch-roofed farm-houses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright colored flowers and cats; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milch-cattle apartment by a partition; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house, the manure-pile. That sentence is Germanic, and shows that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables a man to travel all day in one sentence without changing cars.

There was a village a mile away, and a horse doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry, she would give me "absent treatment" now, and come in the morning; in the meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. I thought there must be some mistake.

"Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?"

"Yes."

"And struck a boulder at the bottom and bounced?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced again?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced yet again?"

"Yes."

"And broke the boulders?"

"Yes."

"That accounts for it; she is thinking of the boulders. Why didn't you tell her I got hurt, too?"

"I did. I told her what you told me to tell her: that you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures extending from your scalp-lock to your heels, and that the comminuted projections caused you to look like a hat-rack."

"And it was

after this
that she wished
me to remember
that there
was nothing the matter
with me?”

“Those were
her words.”

“I do not understand
it. I believe
she has not diagnosed
the case with
sufficient care.
Did she look
like a person
who was theorizing,
or did she look
like one who
has fallen off precipices
herself and brings
to the aid of
abstract science
the confirmations of personal
experience?”

“Bitte?”

It was too large
a contract for the
Stubenmadchen’s vocabulary;
she couldn’t call
the hand. I allowed
the subject to rest
there, and asked
for something to eat
and smoke, and something
hot to drink,
and a basket
to pile my legs
in; but I could
not have any of
these things.

“Why?”

“She said
you would need
nothing at all.”

“But I am
hungry and thirsty,
and in desperate
pain.”

“She said
you would have
these delusions,
but must pay no
attention to them.
She wants you to
particularly remember
that there
are no such
things as hunger
and thirst and pain.”

“She does
does she?”

“It is what
she said.”

Does she seem
to be in full
and functionable possession
of her intellectual
plant, such as
it is?”

“Bitte?”

“Do they
let her run at
large, or do
they tie her
up?”

“Tie her up?”

“There, good-

night, run along,
you are a good
girl, but your
mental Geschirr
is not arranged
for light and airy
conversation. Leave
me to my delusions."

Chapter 2

It was a night
of anguish, of course-
at least, I supposed
it was, for it
had all the symptoms
of it– but it
passed at last,
and the Christian
Scientist came,
and I was glad
She was middle-
aged, and large
and bony, and erect,
and had an austere
face and a
resolute jaw and
a Roman beak
and was a widow
in the third
degree, and her
name was Fuller.
I was eager
to get to business
and find relief,
but she was distressingly
deliberate. She unpinned
and unhooked and uncoupled
her upholsteries one by
one, abolished
the wrinkles with a
flirt of her
hand, and hung
the articles up; peeled
off her gloves
and disposed of them,
got a book
out of her hand-
bag, then
drew a chair
to the bedside,
descended into it
without hurry,
and I hung
out my tongue.
She said, with
pity but without
passion:

“Return it to
its receptacle. We deal
with the mind
only, not with
its dumb servants.”

I could not offer
my pulse, because
the connection was broken;
but she detected
the apology before
I could word
it, and indicated
by a negative
tilt of her head
that the pulse
was another dumb
servant that
she had no use
for. Then I
thought I would
tell her my

symptoms and how
I felt, so that
she would understand
the case; but that
was another inconsequence,
she did not need
to know those
things; moreover,
my remark about
how I felt
was an abuse
of language, a misapplication
of terms.

“One does
not feel,” she explained;
“there is no
such thing
as feeling: therefore,
to speak of a
non-existent thing
as existent is a
contradiction. Matter
has no existence;
nothing exists
but mind; the mind
cannot feel
pain, it can
only imagine
it.”

“But if it
hurts, just
the same– ”

“It doesn’t.
A thing which
is unreal cannot
exercise the functions
of reality. Pain is
unreal; hence,
pain cannot
hurt.”

In making a sweeping
gesture to indicate
the act of shooing
the illusion of pain
out of the mind,
she raked her hand
on a pin in
her dress, said
“Ouch!” and went
tranquilly on with
her talk. “You
should never
allow yourself
to speak of how
you feel, nor permit
others to ask
you how you are
feeling; you should
never concede
that you are
ill, nor permit
others to talk
about disease
or pain or death
or similar nonexistences
in your presence.
Such talk
only encourages
the mind to continue
its empty imaginings.”
Just at that
point the Stuben-
madchen trod on
the cat’s tail,
and the cat let
fly a frenzy
of cat- profanity.
I asked, with
caution:

“Is a cat’s
opinion about
pain valuable?”

“A cat has no
opinion; opinions
proceed from
mind only;

the lower animals,
being eternally
perishable, have
not been granted
mind; without
mind, opinion
is impossible."

"She merely
imagined she felt
a pain– the cat?"

"She cannot
imagine a pain,
for imagining is an
effect of mind;
without mind,
there is no
imagination. A cat
has no imagination."

"Then she had
a real pain?"

"I have already
told you there
is no such
thing as real
pain."

"It is strange
and interesting. I do
wonder what
was the matter
with the cat.
Because, there
being no such
thing as a
real pain,
and she not being
able to imagine
an imaginary one, it
would seem
that God in
His pity has compensated
the cat with
some kind of
a mysterious emotion
usable when
her tail is trodden
on which, for the
moment, joins
cat and Christian
in one common
brotherhood of–"

She broke in with
an irritated–

"Peace! The cat
feels nothing,
the Christian feels
nothing. Your
empty and foolish
imaginings are profanation
and blasphemy, and can
do you an injury.
It is wiser
and better and holier
to recognize and confess
that there
is no such
thing as disease
or pain or death."

"I am full of
imaginary tortures,"
I said, "but
I do not think
I could be any
more uncomfortable
if they were
real ones.
What must I
do to get rid
of them?"

"There is no
occasion to get
rid of them.
since they do
not exist. They

are illusions propagated
by matter, and matter
has no existence;
there is no
such thing
as matter.”

“It sounds
right and clear,
but yet it seems
in a degree
elusive; it seems
to slip through,
just when
you think you are
getting a grip
on it.”

“Explain.”

“Well, for instance:
if there is no
such thing
as matter, how can
matter propagate
things?”

In her compassion
she almost smiled.
She would have
smiled if there
were any such
thing as a
smile.

“It is quite
simple,” she said;
“the fundamental
propositions of Christian
Science explain
it, and they
are summarized in the
four following
self- evident
propositions: 1. God
is All in all.

2. God is good.
Good is Mind 3.
God, Spirit,
being all,
nothing is matter
4. Life, God,
omnipotent Good,
deny death,
evil, sin,
disease.

There– now you
see.”

It seemed nebulous;
it did not seem
to say anything
about the difficulty
in hand– how non-
existent matter
can propagate illusions
I said, with
some hesitancy:

“Does– does it
explain?”

“Doesn’t it?
Even if read
backward it will
do it.”

With a budding
hope, I asked
her to do it
backwards.

“Very well.
Disease sin evil
death deny
Good omnipotent
God life matter
is nothing all being
Spirit God Mind
is Good good is
God all in All

is God. There do you understand now?

“It– it–well, it is plainer than it was before; still– ”

“Well?”

“Could you try it some more ways?”

“As many as you like; it always means the same. Interchanged in any way you please it cannot be made to mean anything different from what it means when put in any other way. Because it is perfect. You can jumble it all up, and it makes no difference: it always comes out the way it was before. It was a marvelous mind that produced it. As a mental tour de force it is without a mate, it defies alike the simple, the concrete, and the occult.”

“It seems to be a corker.”

I blushed for the word, but it was out before I could stop it.

“A what?”

“A– wonderful structure– combination, so to speak, of profound thoughts– unthinkable ones– um–”

It is true. Read backward, or forward, or perpendicularly, or at any given angle, these four propositions will always be found to agree in statement and proof.”

“Ah– proof. Now we are coming at it. The statements agree; they agree with– with– anyway, they agree; I noticed that; but what is it they prove I mean, in particular?”

“Why, nothing could be clearer. They prove:

1. GOD– Principle, Life, Truth, Love, Soul, Spirit, Mind. Do you get that?”

“I– well,
I seem to. Go
on, please.”

“2. MAN–
God’s universal
idea, individual,
perfect, eternal.
Is it clear?”

“It– I think
so. Continue.”

“3. IDEA–
An image in Mind;
the immediate object
of understanding. There
it is– the whole
sublime Arcana
of Christian Science
in a nutshell.
Do you find a
weak place
in it anywhere?”

“Well– no; it
seems strong.”

“Very well
There is more.
Those three
constitute the Scientific
Definition of Immortal
Mind. Next,
we have the Scientific
Definition of Mortal
Mind. Thus.
FIRST DEGREE:
Depravity I. Physical-
Passions and appetites,
fear, depraved
will, pride,
envy, deceit,
hatred, revenge,
sin, disease,

death.”

“Phantasms, madam–
unrealities, as I
understand it.”

“Every one.
SECOND DEGREE:
Evil Disappearing.
I. Moral- Honesty,
affection, compassion,
hope, faith,
meekness, temperance.
Is it clear?”

“Crystal.”

“THIRD DEGREE:
Spiritual Salvation.
I. Spiritual- Faith,
wisdom, power,
purity, understanding,
health, love.
You see how searchingly
and co- ordinately
interdependent and anthropomorphous
it all is. In
this Third
Degree, as we
know by the revelations
of Christian Science,
mortal mind
disappears.”

“Not earlier?”

“No, not until
the teaching and preparation
for the Third
Degree are completed.”

“It is not until
then that
one is enabled
to take hold of
Christian Science

effectively, and with
the right sense
of sympathy and kinship,
as I understand
you. That is
to say, it could
not succeed during
the processes of the
Second Degree,
because there
would still
be remains of mind
left; and therefore–
but I interrupted
you. You were
about to further
explain the good
results proceeding
from the erosions
and disintegrations effected
by the Third
Degree. It is
very interesting;
go on, please."

"Yes, as I
was saying, in this
Third Degree
mortal mind
disappears. Science
so reverses the evidence
before the corporeal
human senses
as to make
this scriptural
testimony true in
our hearts, 'the
last shall
be first and the
first shall
be last,' that
God and His idea
may be to us–
what divinity
really is, and
must of necessity
be all- inclusive."

"It is beautiful.
And with what
exhaustive exactness
your choice
and arrangement of words
confirm and establish
what you have
claimed for the
powers and functions
of the Third
Degree. The Second
could probably
produce only
temporary absence
of mind; it is
reserved to the
Third to make
it permanent. A sentence
framed under
the auspices of the
Second could
have a kind of
meaning– a sort
of deceptive semblance
of it– whereas
it is only
under the magic
of the Third
that that
defect would
disappear. Also,
without doubt,
it is the Third
Degree that
contributes another
remarkable specialty
to Christian Science–
viz., ease
and flow and lavishness
of words, and rhythm
and swing and smoothness.
There must be
a special reason
for this?"

"Yes– God–
all, all–
God, good
God, non-Matter,
Matteration, Spirit,
Bones, Truth."

"That explains
it."

"There is nothing
in Christian Science
that is not explicable;
for God is one,
Time is one,
Individuality is one,
and may be one
of a series,
one of many,
as an individual
man, individual
horse; whereas
God is one,
not one of a
series, but one
alone and without
an equal."

"These are noble
thoughts. They
make one burn
to know more.
How does Christian
Science explain
the spiritual relation
of systematic duality
to incidental deflection?"

"Christian Science
reverses the seeming
relation of Soul
and body– as astronomy
reverses the human
perception of the
movement of the
solar system–
and makes body
tributary to the
Mind. As it
is the earth
which is in
motion, While
the sun is at
rest, though
in viewing the sun
rise one finds
it impossible to believe
the sun not to
be really rising,
so the body is
but the humble
servant of the
restful Mind,
though it seems
otherwise to finite
sense; but we
shall never
understand this
while we admit
that soul is
in body, or mind
in matter, and that
man is included
in non- intelligence.
Soul is God,
unchangeable and eternal;
and man coexists
with and reflects
Soul, for the
All-in- all is
the Altogether, and the
Altogether embraces
the All- one,
Soul- Mind,
Mind- Soul,
Love, Spirit,
Bones, Liver,
one of a series,
alone and without
an equal."

“What is the origin of Christian Science? Is it a gift of God, or did it just happen?”

“In a sense, it is a gift of God. That is to say, its powers are from Him, but the credit of the discovery of the powers and what they are for is due to an American lady.”

“Indeed? When did this occur?”

“In 1866. That is the immortal date when pain and disease and death disappeared from the earth to return no more forever. That is, the fancies for which those terms stand disappeared. The things themselves had never existed; therefore, as soon as it was perceived that there were no such things, they were easily banished. The history and nature of the great discovery are set down in the book here, and–”

“Did the lady write the book?”

“Yes, she wrote it all, herself. The title is Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures–for she explains the Scriptures; they were not understood before. Not even by the twelve Disciples. She begins thus–I will read it to you.”

But she had forgotten to bring her glasses.

“Well, it is no matter,” she said. “I remember the words–indeed, all Christian Scientists know the book by heart; it is necessary in our practice. We should otherwise make mistakes and do harm. She begins thus: ’ In the year 1866 I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, and named it Christian Science.’ And She says quite beautifully, I think–’ Through Christian Science, religion and medicine are inspired with a

diviner nature
and essence, fresh
pinions are given
to faith and understanding,
and thoughts acquaint
themselves intelligently
with God.'
Her very words."

"It is elegant.
And it is a
fine thought,
too– marrying
religion to medicine,
instead of medicine
to the undertaker
in the old way;
for religion and medicine
properly belong
together, they
being the basis
of all spiritual
and physical health.
What kind of
medicine do you
give for the
ordinary diseases,
such as–"

"We never
give medicine
in any circumstances
whatever! We–"

"But, madam,
it says– "

"I don't care
what it says,
and I don't
wish to talk
about it."

"I am sorry
if I have
offended, but you
see the mention
seemed in some
way inconsistent, and–"

"There are no
inconsistencies in Christian
Science. The thing
is impossible, for the
Science is absolute.
It cannot be otherwise,
since it proceeds
directly from
the All- in-all
and the Everything-
in-Which, also
Soul, Bones,
Truth, one of
a series, alone
and without equal.
It is Mathematics
purified from
material dross
and made spiritual."

"I can see that,
but–"

"It rests
upon the immovable
basis of an
Apodictical Principle."

The word flattened
itself against
my mind in trying
to get in, and
disordered me a
little, and before
I could inquire
into its pertinency,
she was already
throwing the needed
light:

"This Apodictical
Principle is the

absolute Principle
of Scientific Mind-
healing, the sovereign
Omnipotence which
delivers the children
of men from
pain, disease,
decay, and every
ill that flesh
is heir to.”

“Surely not every
ill, every
decay?”

“Every one;
there are no
exceptions; there
is no such
thing as decay–
it is an unreality,
it has no existence.”

“But without
your glasses
your failing
eyesight does
not permit you to–
”

“My eyesight
cannot fail;
nothing can fail;
the Mind is master,
and the Mind
permits no retrogression.”

She was under
the inspiration of the
Third Degree,
therefore there
could be no
profit in continuing
this part of
the subject. I shifted
to other ground

and inquired further
concerning the Discoverer
of the Science.

“Did the discovery
come suddenly,
like Klondike,
or after long
study and calculation,
like America?”

“The comparisons
are not respectful,
since they
refer to trivialities–
but let it pass.
I will answer
in the Discoverer’s
own words: ’God
had been graciously
fitting me, during
many years,
for the reception
of a final
revelation of the
absolute Principle
of Scientific Mind-
healing.”

“Many years.
How many?”

“Eighteen centuries!”

“All– God,
God– good,
good– God,
Truth, Bones,
Liver, one of
a series, alone
and without equal–
it is amazing!”

“You may well
say it, sir.
Yet it is but

the truth This American lady, our revered and sacred Founder, is distinctly referred to, and her coming prophesied, in the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse; she could not have been more plainly indicated by St. John without actually mentioning her name.”

“How strange, how wonderful!”

“I will quote her own words, from her Key to the Scriptures: ’The twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse has a special suggestiveness in connection with this nineteenth century.’ There– do you note that? Think– note it well.”

“But– what does it mean?”

“Listen, and you will know. I quote her inspired words again: ’In the opening of the Sixth Seal, typical of six thousand years since Adam, there is one distinctive feature which has special reference to the present age. Thus:

”’Revelation xii. I. And there appeared a great wonder in heaven– a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.’

“That is our Head, our Chief, our Discoverer of Christian Science– nothing can be plainer, nothing surer. And note this:

”’Revelation xii. 6. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared of God.’

“That is Boston. I recognize it, madam. These are sublime things, and impressive; I never understood these passages before; please go on with the– with the– proofs.”

“Very well.

Listen:

”’And I saw
another mighty
angel come
down from
heaven, clothed
with a cloud;
and a rainbow
was upon his head,
and his face
was as it were
the sun, and his
feet as pillars
of fire. And he
held in his hand
a little book.’

“A little book,
merely a little
book– could
words be modester?
Yet how stupendous
its importance! Do you
know what
book that
was?”

“Was it–”

“I hold it in
my hand– Christian
Science!”

“Love, Livers,
Lights, Bones,
Truth, Kidneys,
one of a series,
alone and without
equal– it is
beyond imagination
for wonder!”

“Hear our Founder’s
eloquent words:
’Then will a
voice from
harmony cry,
“Go and take
the little book:
take it and eat
it up, and it
shall make
thy belly bitter;
but it shall
be in thy mouth
sweet as honey.”
Mortal, obey
the heavenly evangel.
Take up Divine
Science. Read it
from beginning
to end. Study
it, ponder it. It
will be, indeed,
sweet at its
first taste,
when it heals
you; but murmur
not over Truth,
if you find
its digestion bitter.’
You now know
the history of our
dear and holy
Science, sir,
and that its origin
is not of this
earth, but only
its discovery. I will
leave the book
with you and
will go, now;
but give yourself
no uneasiness– I will
give you absent
treatment from
now till I go to
bed.”

Chapter 3

Under the powerful
influence of the
near treatment
and the absent
treatment together,
my bones were
gradually retreating
inward and disappearing
from view.
The good work
took a brisk
start, now,
and went on swiftly.
My body was diligently
straining and stretching,
this way and
that, to accommodate
the processes of restoration,
and every minute
or two I heard
a dull click
inside and knew
that the two
ends of a fracture
had been successfully
joined. This
muffled clicking
and gritting and grinding
and rasping continued
during the next
three hours,
and then stopped–
the connections had all
been made.
All except dislocations;
there were
only seven
of these: hips,
shoulders, knees,
neck; so that
was soon over;
one after another
they slipped
into their
sockets with a
sound like
pulling a distant
cork, and I
jumped up as
good as new, as
to framework, and sent
for the horse-
doctor.

I was obliged
to do this
because I had
a stomach- ache
and a cold in
the head, and I
was not willing
to trust these
things any longer
in the hands
of a woman
whom I did not
know, and whose
ability to successfully
treat mere
disease I had

lost all confidence.
My position was justified
by the fact
that the cold
and the ache
had been in her
charge from
the first, along
with the fractures,
but had experienced
not a shade
of relief; and,
indeed, the ache
was even growing
worse and worse,
and more and more
bitter, now,
probably on account
of the protracted
abstention from
food and drink.

The horse- doctor
came, a pleasant
man and full of
hope and professional
interest in the
case. In the
matter of smell
he was pretty
aromatic– in fact,
quite horsy–
and I tried
to arrange with
him for absent
treatment, but it
was not in his
line, so, out
of delicacy, I did
not press it. He
looked at my
teeth and examined
my hock, and said
my age and general
condition were
favorable to energetic
measures; therefore
he would give me
something to turn
the stomach- ache
into the botts
and the cold in
the head into
the blind staggers;
then he should
be on his own
beat and would
know what to
do. He made up
a bucket of bran-
mash, and said
a dipperful of it
every two hours,
alternated with a
drench with
turpentine and axle-
grease in it,
would either
knock my ailments
out of me in
twenty- four
hours, or so
interest me in
other ways as
to make me forget
they were on
the premises. He administered
my first dose
himself, then
took his leave,
saying I was
free to eat and
drink anything
I pleased and in
any quantity I liked.
But I was not
hungry any more,
and did not care
for food.

I took up the
Christian Science

book and read
half of it, then
took a dipperful
of drench and read
the other half.
The resulting experiences
were full of
interest and adventure.
All through the rumblings
and grindings and quakings
and effervescings accompanying
the evolution of the
ache into
the botts and the
cold into
the blind staggers
I could note
the generous struggle
for mastery going
on between the mash
and the drench
and the literature;
and often I could
tell which
was ahead, and could
easily distinguish
the literature from
the others when
the others were
separate, though
not when they
were mixed;
for when a bran-
mash and an
eclectic drench
are mixed together
they look
just like
the Apodictical Principle
out on a lark,
and no one can
tell it from
that. The finish
was reached at last,
the evolutions were
complete, and a
fine success,
but I think
that this
result could
have been
achieved with
fewer materials.
I believe the mash
was necessary to the
conversion of the
stomach- ache
into the botts,
but I think
one could develop
the blind staggers
out of the literature
by itself; also,
that blind
staggers produced
in this way would
be of a better
quality and more
lasting than
any produced by the
artificial processes
of the horse-
doctor.

For of all the
strange and frantic
and incomprehensible and uninterpretable
books which
the imagination of man
has created, surely
this one is
the prize sample.
It is written
with a limitless
confidence and complacency,
and with a dash
and stir and earnestness
which often
compel the effects
of eloquence, even
when the words
do not seem to

have any traceable
meaning. There
are plenty of people
who imagine they
understand the book;
I know this,
for I have
talked with
them; but in
all cases they
were people
who also imagined
that there
were no such
things as pain,
sickness, and death,
and no realities
in the world;
nothing actually
existent but Mind.
It seems to me
to modify the value
of their testimony.
When these
people talk
about Christian
Science they do
as Mrs. Fuller
did: they do
not use their
own language, but the
book's; they
pour out the
book's showy
incoherences, and leave
you to find
out later that
they were
not originating, but merely
quoting; they
seem to know
the volume by heart,
and to revere
it as they
would a Bible–
another Bible,

perhaps I ought
to say. Plainly
the book was written
under the mental
desolations of the
Third Degree,
and I feel
sure that
none but the
membership of that
Degree can discover
meanings in it.
When you read
it you seem to
be listening to a
lively and aggressive
and oracular speech
delivered in an
unknown tongue,
a speech whose
spirit you get
but not the particulars;
or, to change
the figure, you seem
to be listening
to a vigorous
instrument which
is making a noise
which it thinks
is a tune,
but which, to persons
not members of the
band, is only
the martial tooting
of a trombone,
and merrily stirs
the soul through
the noise, but does
not convey a meaning.

The book's serenities
of self- satisfaction
do almost seem to
smack of a
heavenly origin–
they have no

blood- kin in
the earth. It is
more than
human to be
so placidly certain
about things,
and so finely
superior, and so
airily content
with one’s
performance. Without
ever presenting
anything which
may rightfully be called
by the strong
name of Evidence,
and sometimes without
even mentioning
a reason for a
deduction at all,
it thunders out the
startling words,
“I have Proved”
so and so. It
takes the Pope
and all the great
guns of his Church
in battery assembled
to authoritatively settle
and establish the meaning
of a sole
and single unclarified
passage of Scripture,
and this at vast
cost of time
and study and reflection,
but the author
of this work is
superior to all
that: she finds
the whole Bible
in an unclarified
audition, and at
small expense
of time and no
expense of mental
effort she clarifies
it from lid to
lid, reorganizes
and improves the meanings,
then authoritatively
settles and establishes
them with
formulas which
you cannot tell
from “Let
there be light!”
and “Here you have
it!” It is the
first time
since the dawn-
days of Creation
that a Voice
has gone crashing
through space
with such
placid and complacent
confidence and command.

[January, 1903.
The first reading
of any book
whose terminology
is new and strange
is nearly sure to
leave the reader
in a bewildered
and sarcastic state
of mind. But now
that, during
the past two months,
I have, by diligence
gained a fair
acquaintanceship with
Science and Health
technicalities, I no
longer find
the bulk of that
work hard to
understand.– M. T.]

P.S. The wisdom

harvested from the foregoing thoughts has already done me a service and saved me a sorrow. Nearly a month ago there came to me from one of the universities a tract by Dr. Edward Anthony Spitzka on the "Encephalic Anatomy of the Races." I judged that my opinion was desired by the university, and I was greatly pleased with this attention and said I would furnish it as soon as I could. That night I put my plodding and disheartening Christian Science mining aside and took hold of the matter. I wrote an eager chapter, and was expecting to finish my opinion the next day, but was called away for a week, and my mind was soon charged with other interests. It was not until to-day, after the lapse of nearly a month, that I happened upon my Encephalic chapter again.

Meantime, the new wisdom had come to me, and I read it with shame. I recognized that I had entered upon that work in far from the right temper –far from the respectful and judicial spirit which was its due of reverence. I had begun upon it with the following paragraph for fuel:

"FISSURES OF THE PARIETAL AND OCCIPITAL LOBES (LATERAL SURFACE).– The Postcentral Fissural Complex– In this hemicerebrum, the postcentral and subcentral are combined to form a continuous fissure, attaining a length of 8.5 cm. Dorsally, the fissure bifurcates, embracing the gyre indented by the caudal limb of the paracentral. The caudal limb of the postcentral is joined by a transparietal piece. In all, five additional rami spring from the combined fissure. A vadum separates it from the parietal; another from the central."

It humiliates me, now,
to see how angry
I got over
that; and how
scornful. I said
that the style
was disgraceful; that it
was labored and tumultuous,
and in places
violent, that
the treatment was involved
and erratic, and almost,
as a rule,
bewildering; that to
lack of simplicity
was added a lack
of vocabulary; that
there was quite
too much feeling
shown; that if
I had a dog
that would
get so excited
and incoherent over a
tranquil subject
like Encephalic
Anatomy I would
not pay his tax;
and at that
point I got
excited myself
and spoke bitterly
of these mongrel
insanities, and said
a person might
as well try to
understand Science
and Health.

[I know, now,
where the trouble
was, and am
glad of the interruption
that saved
me from sending
my verdict to the
university. It makes
me cold to think
what those
people might
have thought
of me.– M. T.]

Chapter 4

No one doubts– certainly not I– that the mind exercises a powerful influence over the body. From the beginning of time, the sorcerer, the interpreter of dreams, the fortune-teller, the charlatan, the quack, the wild medicine-man, the educated physician, the mesmerist, and the hypnotist have made use of the client's imagination to help them in their work. They have all recognized the potency and availability of that force. Physicians cure many patients with a bread pill; they know that where the disease is only a fancy, the patient's confidence in the doctor will make the bread pill effective.

Faith in the doctor. Perhaps that is the entire thing. It seems to look like it. In old times the King cured the king's evil by the touch of the royal hand. He frequently made extraordinary cures. Could his footman have done it? No–not in his own clothes. Disguised as the King, could he have done it? I think we may not doubt it. I think we may feel sure that it was not the King's touch that made the cure in any instance, but the patient's faith in the efficacy of a King's touch. Genuine and remarkable cures have been achieved through contact with the relics of a saint. Is it not likely that any other bones would have done as well if the substitution had been concealed from the patient? When I was a boy a farmer's wife who lived five miles from our village had great fame as a faith-doctor– that was what she called herself. Sufferers came to her from all around, and she laid her hand upon them and said, “Have faith– it is all that is necessary,” and they went away well of their ailments. She was not a religious woman, and pretended to no occult powers. She said that the patient's faith in her did the work. Several times I saw her make immediate cures of severe toothaches. My mother was the patient. In Austria there is a peasant who drives a great trade in this sort of industry, and has both the high and the low for patients. He gets into prison every now and then for practising without a diploma, but his business is as brisk as ever when he gets out, for his work is unquestionably successful and keeps his reputation high. In Bavaria there is a man who performed so many great cures that he had to retire from his profession of stage-carpentering in order to meet the demand of his constantly increasing body of customers. He goes on from year to year doing his miracles, and has become very rich. He pretends to no religious helps, no supernatural aids, but thinks there is something in his make-up which inspires the confidence of his patients, and that it is this confidence which does the work, and not some mysterious power issuing from himself.

Within the last quarter of a century, in America, several sects of curers have appeared under various names and have done notable things in the way of healing ailments without the use of medicines. There are the Mind Cure the Faith Cure, the Prayer Cure, the Mental Science Cure, and the Christian-Science Cure; and apparently they all do their miracles with the same old, powerful instrument– the patient's imagination. Differing names, but no difference in the process. But they do not give that instrument the credit; each sect claims that its way differs from the ways of the others.

They all achieve some cures, there is no question about it; and the Faith Cure and the Prayer Cure probably do no harm when they do no good, since they do not forbid the patient to help out the cure with medicines if he wants to; but the others bar medicines, and claim ability to cure every conceivable human ailment through the application of their mental forces alone. There would seem to be an element of danger here. It has the look of claiming too much, I think. Public confidence would probably be increased if less were claimed.

The Christian Scientist was not able to cure my stomach-ache and my cold; but the horse-doctor did it. This convinces me that Christian Science claims too much. In my opinion it ought to let diseases alone and confine itself to surgery. There it would have

everything its own
way.

The horse- doctor
charged me thirty
kreutzers, and I
paid him; in
fact, I doubled
it and gave
him a shilling.
Mrs. Fuller
brought in an
itemized bill
for a crate
of broken bones
mended in two
hundred and thirty-
four places–
one dollar per fracture.

“Nothing exists
but Mind?”

“Nothing,” she answered.
“All else is
substanceless, all else
is imaginary.”

I gave her an
imaginary check,
and now she is
suing me for
substantial dollars.
It looks inconsistent.

Chapter 5

Let us consider that we are all partially insane. It will explain us to each other; it will unriddle many riddles; it will make clear and simple many things which are involved in haunting and harassing difficulties and obscurities now.

Those of us who are not in the asylum, and not demonstrably due there, are nevertheless, no doubt, insane in one or two particulars. I think we must admit this; but I think that we are otherwise healthy-minded. I think that when we all see one thing alike, it is evidence that, as regards that one thing, our minds are perfectly sound. Now there are really several things which we do all see alike; things which we all accept, and about which we do not dispute. For instance, we who are outside of the asylum all agree that water seeks its level; that the sun gives light and heat; that fire consumes; that fog is damp; that six times six are thirty-six, that two from ten leaves eight; that eight and seven are fifteen. These are, perhaps, the only things we are agreed about; but, although they are so few, they are of inestimable value, because they make an infallible standard of sanity. Whosoever accepts them him we know to be substantially sane; sufficiently sane; in the working essentials, sane. Whoever disputes a single one of them him we know to be wholly insane, and qualified for the asylum.

Very well, the man who disputes none of them we concede to be entitled to go at large. But that is concession enough. We cannot go any further than that; for we know that in all matters of mere opinion that same man is insane– just as insane as we are; just as insane as Shakespeare was. We know exactly where to put our finger upon his insanity: it is where his opinion differs from ours.

That is a simple rule, and easy to remember. When I, a thoughtful and unblessed Presbyterian, examine the Koran, I know that beyond any question every Mohammedan is insane; not in all things, but in religious matters. When a thoughtful and unblessed Mohammedan examines the Westminster Catechism, he knows that beyond any question I am spiritually insane. I cannot prove to him that he is insane, because you never can prove anything to a lunatic– for that is a part of his insanity and the evidence of it. He cannot prove to me that I am insane, for my mind has the same defect that afflicts his. All Democrats are insane, but not one of them knows it; none but the Republicans and Mugwumps know it. All the Republicans are insane, but only the Democrats and Mugwumps can perceive it. The rule is perfect: in all matters of opinion our adversaries are insane. When I look around me, I am often troubled to see

how many people
are mad. To mention
only a few:

The Atheist, The Theosophists,
The Infidel, The Swedenborgians,
The Agnostic, The Shakers,
The Baptist, The Millerites,
The Methodist, The Mormons,
The Christian Scientist,
The Laurence Oliphant
Harrisites, The Catholic,
and the 115 Christian
sects, the Presbyterian
excepted, The Grand
Lama's people,
The Monarchists, The Imperialists,
The 72 Mohammedan
sects, The Democrats,
The Republicans (but
not the Mugwumps),
The Buddhist, The Blavatsky-
Buddhist, The Mind-
Curists, The Faith-
Curists, The Nationalist,
The Mental Scientists,
The Confucian, The Spiritualist,
The Allopaths, The 2000
East Indian
sects, The Homeopaths,
The Electropaths, The Peculiar
People, The—-

But there's no end
to the list;
there are millions
of them! And all
insane; each in
his own way;
insane as to
his pet fad or
opinion, but otherwise
sane and rational.
This should
move us to be
charitable towards
one another's lunacies.
I recognize that in
his special belief
the Christian Scientist
is insane, because
he does not believe
as I do; but
I hail him as
my mate and fellow,
because I am as
insane as he
insane from
his point of view,
and his point
of view is as
authoritative as mine
and worth as much.
That is to say,
worth a brass
farthing. Upon a
great religious
or political question,
the opinion of the
dullest head in
the world is worth
the same as the
opinion of the
brightest head in
the world– a brass
farthing. How do
we arrive at this?
It is simple.
The affirmative opinion
of a stupid
man is neutralized
by the negative
opinion of his
stupid neighbor
no decision is reached;
the affirmative opinion
of the intellectual
giant Gladstone
is neutralized by the
negative opinion
of the intellectual
giant Newman–

no decision is reached.
Opinions that
prove nothing
are, of course,
without value
any but a dead
person knows
that much.
This obliges
us to admit
the truth of the
unpalatable proposition
just mentioned
above –that,
in disputed matters
political and religious,
one man's opinion
is worth no more
than his peer's,
and hence it followers
that no man's
opinion possesses
any real value.
It is a humbling
thought, but there
is no way to
get around it: all
opinions upon
these great
subjects are brass-
farthing opinions.

It is a mere
plain, simple
fact– as clear
and as certain
as that eight
and seven make
fifteen. And by
it we recognize
that we are all
insane, as concerns
those matters.
If we were
sane, we should
all see a political
or religious doctrine
alike; there
would be no
dispute: it would
be a case of
eight and seven–
just as it is
in heaven, where
all are sane
and none insane.
There there
is but one religion,
one belief; the harmony
is perfect; there
is never a discordant
note.

Under protection
of these preliminaries,
I suppose I may
now repeat without
offence that
the Christian Scientist
is insane. I mean
him no discourtesy,
and I am not
charging– nor even
imagining– that he
is insaner than
the rest of the
human race.
I think he is
more picturesquely
insane than
some of us. At
the same time,
I am quite
sure that in
one important and splendid
particular he is
much saner
than is the vast
bulk of the race.

Why is he insane?
I told you before:

it is because
his opinions are not
ours. I know
of no other
reason, and I
do not need
any other; it is
the only way we
have of discovering
insanity when it
is not violent.
It is merely
the picturesqueness of his
insanity that
makes it more
interesting than my
kind or yours.
For instance, consider
his "little book";
the "little book"
exposed in the
sky eighteen centuries
ago by the flaming
angel of the
Apocalypse, and handed
down in our day
to Mrs. Mary
Baker G. Eddy,
of New Hampshire,
and translated by her,
word for word,
into English
(with help of
a polisher), and now
published and distributed
in hundreds of editions
by her at a
clear profit
per volume, above
cost, of seven
hundred per cent.!–
a profit which
distinctly belongs
to the angel
of the Apocalypse,
and let him collect
it if he can;
a "little book"
which the C.S.
very frequently
calls by just
that name,
and always enclosed
in quotation- marks
to keep its high
origin exultantly
in mind; a "little
book" which
"explains" and reconstructs
and new- paints
and decorates the Bible,
and puts a mansard
roof on it and
a lightning- rod and
all the other
modern improvements;
a "little book"
which for the
present affects
to travel in yoke
with the Bible
and be friendly
to it, and within
half a century
will hitch
the Bible in the
rear and thenceforth
travel tandem,
itself in the
lead, in the
coming great
march of Christian
Scientism through
the Protestant dominions
of the planet.

Chapter 6

“Hungry ones throng to hear the Bible read in connection with the text-book of Christian Science, Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker G. Eddy. These are our only preachers. They are the word of God. “Christian Science Journal”, October, 1898.

Is that picturesque? A lady has told me that in a chapel of the Mosque in Boston there is a picture or image of Mrs. Eddy, and that before it burns a never-extinguished light. Is that picturesque? How long do you think it will be before the Christian Scientist will be worshipping that picture or image and praying to it? How long do you think it will be before it is claimed that Mrs. Eddy is a Redeemer, a Christ, and Christ’s equal? Already her army of disciples speak of her reverently as “Our Mother.”

How long will it be before they place her on the steps of the Throne beside the Virgin– and, later, a step higher? First, Mary the Virgin and Mary the Matron; later, with a change of precedence, Mary the Matron and Mary the Virgin. Let the artist get ready with his canvas and his brushes; the new Renaissance is on its way, and there will be money

in altar- canvases–
a thousand times
as much as the
Popes and their
Church ever
spent on the
Old Masters; for their
riches were
poverty as compared
with what is
going to pour
into the treasure-
chest of the
Christian- Scientist
Papacy by-and-
by, let us not
doubt it. We
will examine
the financial outlook
presently and see
what it promises.
A favorite subject
of the new Old
Master will be
the first verse
of the twelfth
chapter of Revelation–
a verse which
Mrs. Eddy
says (in her
Annex to the
Scriptures) has "one
distinctive feature
which has special
reference to the
present age"–
and to her, as
is rather pointedly
indicated:

"And there
appeared a great
wonder in heaven;
a woman clothed
with the sun,
and the moon
under her feet,"
etc.

The woman clothed
with the sun
will be a portrait
of Mrs. Eddy.

Is it insanity
to believe that
Christian Scientism
is destined to make
the most formidable
show that
any new religion
has made in the
world since
the birth and spread
of Mobammedanism, and that
within a century
from now it
may stand second
to Rome only,
in numbers and power
in Christendom?

If this is a
wild dream
it will not be
easy to prove
it so just
yet, I think.
There seems
argument that it
may come true.
The Christian- Science
"boom," proper,
is not yet five
years old;
yet already it has
two hundred and fifty
churches.

It has its start,
you see, and it
is a phenomenally

good one.
Moreover, it is
latterly spreading
with a constantly
accelerating swiftness.
It has a better
chance to grow
and prosper and achieve
permanency than
any other existing
“ism”; for it
has more to offer
than any other.
The past teaches
us that in order
to succeed, a movement
like this
must not be
a mere philosophy,
it must be a
religion; also,
that it must
not claim entire
originality, but content
itself with
passing for an
improvement on an
existing religion,
and show its hand
later, when
strong and prosperous–
like Mohammedanism.

Next, there
must be money–
and plenty of it.

Next, the power
and authority and capital
must be concentrated
in the grip of
a small and irresponsible
clique, with
nobody outside
privileged to ask
questions or find
fault.

Next, as before
remarked, it must
bait its hook
with some
new and attractive
advantages over
the baits offered
by its competitors.
A new movement
equipped with
some of these
endowments– like
spiritualism, for instance
may count upon a
considerable success;
a new movement
equipped with
the bulk of them–
like Mohammedanism,
for instance– may count
upon a widely
extended conquest.
Mormonism had all
the requisites but one
it had nothing
new and nothing
valuable to bait
with. Spiritualism
lacked the important
detail of concentration
of money and authority
in the hands
of an irresponsible
clique.

The above equipment
is excellent, admirable,
powerful, but not
perfect. There
is yet another
detail which
is worth the whole
of it put together
and more; a detail

which has never
been joined
(in the beginning
of a religious
movement) to a
supremely good
working equipment
since the world
began, until
now: a new personage
to worship. Christianity
had the Saviour,
but at first
and for generations
it lacked money
and concentrated power.
In Mrs. Eddy,
Christian Science
possesses the new
personage for worship,
and in addition–
here in the very
beginning– a working
equipment that
has not a flaw
in it. In the
beginning, Mohammedanism
had no money;
and it has never
had anything to offer
its client but heaven–
nothing here
below that
was valuable. In addition
to heaven hereafter,
Christian Science
has present health
and a cheerful
spirit to offer;
and in comparison
with this
bribe all other
this- world
bribes are poor
and cheap. You recognize
that this

estimate is admissible,
do you not?

To whom does
Bellamy's "Nationalism"
appeal? Necessarily
to the few:
people who read
and dream, and are
compassionate, and troubled
for the poor
and the hard-
driven. To whom
does Spiritualism
appeal? Necessarily
to the few;
its "boom" has lasted
for half a century,
and I believe
it claims short
of four millions
of adherents in America.
Who are attracted
by Swedenborgianism and some
of the other
fine and delicate
"isms"? The few
again: educated
people, sensitively
organized, with
superior mental
endowments, who seek
lofty planes
of thought and find
their contentment
there. And who
are attracted by Christian
Science? There
is no limit;
its field is horizonless;
its appeal is as
universal as is
the appeal of Christianity
itself. It appeals
to the rich,
the poor, the high,

the low, the cultured,
the ignorant, the gifted,
the stupid, the modest,
the vain, the wise,
the silly, the soldier,
the civilian, the hero,
the coward, the idler,
the worker, the godly,
the godless, the freeman,
the slave, the adult,
the child; they
who are ailing
in body or mind,
they who have
friends that
are ailing in body
or mind. To mass
it in a phrase,
its clientage is the
Human Race.
Will it march?
I think so.

Remember its principal
great offer:
to rid the Race
of pain and disease.
Can it do so?
In large measure,
yes. How much
of the pain
and disease in the
world is created
by the imaginations
of the sufferers,
and then kept
alive by those
same imaginations?
Four- fifths?
Not anything short
of that, I should
think. Can Christian
Science banish
that four-
fifths ? I think
so. Can any

other (organized)
force do it?
None that I
know of. Would
this be a new
world when
that was accomplished?
And a pleasanter
one– for us
well people,
as well as for
those fussy
and fretting sick
ones? Would
it seem as if
there was not
as much gloomy
weather as there
used to be? I
think so.

In the mean
time, would
the Scientist kill
off a good
many patients?
I think so.
More than
get killed off now
by the legalized
methods ? I
will take up
that question
presently.

At present, I wish
to ask you to
examine some of
the Scientist's performances,
as registered in his
magazine, The Christian
Science Journal
–October number,
1898. First,
a Baptist clergyman
gives us this

true picture of "the average orthodox Christian"– and he could have added that it is a true picture of the average (civilized) human being:

"He is a worried and fretted and fearful man; afraid of himself and his propensities, afraid of colds and fevers, afraid of treading on serpents or drinking deadly things."

Then he gives us this contrast:

"The average Christian Scientist has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. He does have a victory over fear and care that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian."

He has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. What proportion of your earnings or income would you be willing to pay for that frame of mind, year in, year out? It really outvalues any price that can be put upon it. Where can you purchase it, at any outlay of any sort, in any Church or out of it, except the Scientist's?

Well, it is the anxiety and fretting about colds, and fevers, and draughts, and getting our feet wet, and about forbidden food eaten in terror of indigestion, that brings on the cold and the fever and the indigestion and the most of our other ailments; and so, if the Science can banish that anxiety from the world I think it can reduce the world's disease and pain about four-fifths.

In this October number many of the redeemed testify and give thanks; and not coldly, but with passionate gratitude. As a rule they seem drunk with health,

and with the surprise
of it, the wonder
of it, the unspeakable
glory and splendor
of it, after
a long, sober
spell spent
in inventing imaginary
diseases and concreting
them with
doctor- stuff.
The first witness
testifies that
when “this
most beautiful
Truth first
dawned on him”
he had “nearly
all the ills
that flesh
is heir to”;
that those
he did not have
he thought he had
–and this
made the tale
about complete.
What was the
natural result?
Why, he was a
dump- pit “for
all the doctors,
druggists, and patent
medicines of the
country.” Christian
Science came to
his help, and “the
old sick conditions
passed away,”
and along with
them the “dismal
forebodings” which
he had been
accustomed to employ
in conjuring up ailments.
And so he was
a healthy and cheerful
man, now,
and astonished.

But I am not
astonished, for from
other sources
I know what
must have
been his method
of applying Christian
Science. If I am
in the right,
he watchfully and diligently
diverted his mind
from unhealthy
channels and compelled
it to travel
in healthy ones.
Nothing contrivable
by human invention
could be more
formidably effective
than that,
in banishing imaginary
ailments and in
closing the entrances
against sub-sequent
applicants of their
breed. I think
his method was to
keep saying,
“I am well!
I am sound!–
sound and well!
well and sound!
Perfectly sound,
perfectly well!
I have no pain;
there’s no such
thing as pain!
I have no disease;
there’s no such
thing as disease!
Nothing is real
but Mind; all is

Mind, All-Good Good-Good, Life, Soul, Liver, Bones, one of a series, ante and pass the buck!”

I do not mean that that was exactly the formula used, but that it doubtless contains the spirit of it. The Scientist would attach value to the exact formula, no doubt, and to the religious spirit in which it was used. I should think that any formula that would divert the mind from unwholesome channels and force it into healthy ones would answer every purpose with some people, though not with all. I think it most likely that a very religious man would find the addition of the religious spirit a powerful reinforcement in his case.

The second witness testifies that the Science banished “an old organic trouble,” which the doctor and the surgeon had been nursing with drugs and the knife for seven years.

He calls it his “claim.” A surface-miner would think it was not his claim at all, but the property of the doctor and his pal the surgeon– for he would be misled by that word, which is Christian-Science slang for “ailment.” The Christian Scientist has no ailment; to him there is no such thing, and he will not use the hateful word. All that happens to him is that upon his attention an imaginary disturbance sometimes obtrudes itself which claims to be an ailment but isn’t.

This witness offers testimony for a clergyman seventy years old who had preached forty years in a Christian church, and has now gone over to the new sect. He was "almost blind and deaf." He was treated by the C. S. method, and "when he heard the voice of Truth he saw spiritually." Saw spiritually? It is a little indefinite; they had better treat him again. Indefinite testimonies might properly be waste-basketed, since there is evidently no lack of definite ones procurable; but this C. S. magazine is poorly edited, and so mistakes of this kind must be expected.

The next witness is a soldier of the Civil War. When Christian Science found him, he had in stock the following claims :

Indigestion, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chalky deposits in Shoulder-joints, Arm-joints, Hand-joints, Insomnia, Atrophy of the muscles of Arms. Shoulders, Stiffness of all those joints, Excruciating pains most of the time.

These claims have a very substantial sound. They came of exposure in the campaigns. The doctors did all they could, but it was little. Prayers were tried, but "I never realized any physical relief from that source." After thirty years of torture, he went to a Christian Scientist and took an hour's treatment and went home painless. Two days later, he "began to eat like a well man." Then "the claims vanished– some at once, others more gradually"; finally, "they have almost entirely disappeared." And– a thing which is of still greater value– he is now "contented and happy." That is a detail which, as earlier remarked, is a Scientist- Church

specialty. And,
indeed, one may
go further and assert
with little
or no exaggeration
that it is a
Christian- Science
monopoly. With
thirty- one years'
effort, the Methodist
Church had not
succeeded in furnishing
it to this
harassed soldier.

And so the tale
goes on.
Witness after
witness bulletins
his claims, declares
their prompt
abolishment, and gives
Mrs. Eddy's
Discovery the praise.
Milk- leg is
cured; nervous
prostration is cured;
consumption is cured;
and St. Vitus's
dance is made
a pastime. Even
without a fiddle.
And now and then
an interesting new addition
to the Science
slang appears
on the page.
We have "demonstrations
over chilblains"
and such things.
It seems to be
a curtailed way of
saying "demonstrations
of the power
of Christian- Science
Truth over

the fiction which
masquerades under
the name of Chilblains."
The children, as well
as the adults,
share in the
blessings of the
Science. "Through
the study of the
'little book'
they are learning
how to be healthful,
peaceful, and wise."
Sometimes they
are cured of their
little claims
by the professional
healer, and sometimes
more advanced
children say over
the formula and cure
themselves.

A little Far-Western
girl of nine,
equipped with an
adult vocabulary,
states her age
and says, "I thought
I would write
a demonstration to you."
She had a claim,
derived from
getting flung
over a pony's
head and landed
on a rockpile.
She saved herself
from disaster
by remembering to say
"God is All"
while she was
in the air. I
couldn't have
done it. I
shouldn't even

have thought
of it. I should
have been
too excited. Nothing
but Christian Science
could have
enabled that
child to do
that calm
and thoughtful and judicious
thing in those
circumstances. She came
down on her head,
and by all the
rules she should
have broken
it; but the intervention
of the formula
prevented that,
so the only
claim resulting
was a blackened
eye. Monday
morning it was
still swollen
and shut. At school
“it hurt
pretty badly–
that is, it
seemed to.”
So “I was excused,
and went down to
the basement and said,
’Now I am depending
on mamma instead
of God, and I
will depend
on God instead
of mamma.’” No doubt
this would
have answered;
but, to make
sure, she added
Mrs. Eddy to
the team and recited
“the Scientific
Statement of Being,”
which is one
of the principal
incantations, I judge.
Then “I felt
my eye opening.”
Why, dear,
it would have
opened an oyster.
I think it is
one of the touchingest
things in child-
history, that
pious little
rat down cellar
pumping away at
the Scientific Statement
of Being.

There is a
page about
another good
child– little
Gordon. Little
Gordon “came
into the world
without the assistance
of surgery or anaesthetics.”
He was a “demonstration.”
A painless one;
therefore, his coming
evoked “joy
and thankfulness to God
and the Discoverer
of Christian Science.”
It is a noticeable
feature of this
literature– the so
frequent linking
together of the
Two Beings in an
equal bond;
also of Their
Two Bibles. When
little Gordon
was two years

old, “he
was playing horse
on the bed,
where I had
left my ’little
book.’ I noticed
him stop in his
play, take
the book carefully
in his little
hands, kiss it
softly, then
look about
for the highest
place of safety
his arms could
reach, and put
it there.” This
pious act filled
the mother “with
such a train
of thought as I
had never experienced
before. I thought
of the sweet
mother of long
ago who kept
things in her
heart,” etc.
It is a bold
comparison; however,
unconscious profanations
are about as common
in the mouths
of the lay member
ship of the new
Church as are
frank and open
ones in the mouths
of its consecrated
chiefs.

Some days
later, the family
library– Christian-
Science books–
was lying in a
deep- seated
window. This
was another chance
for the holy
child to show
off. He left
his play and went
there and pushed
all the books
to one side,
except the Annex
“It he took in
both hands,
slowly raised
it to his lips,
then removed
it carefully, and seated
himself in the
window.” It had
seemed to the
mother too wonderful
to be true,
that first
time; but now
she was convinced
that “neither
imagination nor accident
had anything to do
with it.”
Later, little
Gordon let the
author of his
being see him
do it. After
that he did it
frequently; probably
every time
anybody was looking.
I would rather
have that
child than a
chromo. If this
tale has any
object, it is
to intimate that

the inspired book
was supernaturally able to
convey a sense
of its sacred
and awful character
to this innocent
little creature,
without the intervention
of outside aids.
The magazine is not
edited with
high- priced
discretion. The editor
has a "claim,"
and he ought
to get it treated.

Among other
witnesses there
is one who had
a "jumping toothache,"
which several
times tempted
her to "believe
that there
was sensation in matter,
but each time it
was overcome by the
power of Truth."
She would not allow
the dentist to use
cocaine, but sat
there and let
him punch and drill
and split and crush
the tooth, and tear
and slash its ulcerations,
and pull out the
nerve, and dig
out fragments of bone;
and she wouldn't
once confess
that it hurt.
And to this
day she thinks
it didn't, and I

have not a
doubt that
she is nine-
tenths right,
and that her Christian-
Science faith
did her better
service than
she could have
gotten out of
cocaine.

There is an
account of a
boy who got broken
all up into
small bits by
an accident, but said
over the Scientific
Statement of Being,
or some of the
other incantations,
and got well
and sound without
having suffered
any real pain
and without the intrusion
of a surgeon.

Also, there
is an account
of the restoration
to perfect health,
in a single
night, of a
fatally injured
horse, by the
application of Christian
Science. I can
stand a good
deal, but I
recognize that
the ice is getting
thin, here.
That horse
had as many as

fifty claims;
how could he demonstrate
over them?
Could he do
the All- Good,
Good- Good,
Good- Gracious,
Liver, Bones,
Truth, All down
but Nine, Set them
up on the Other
Alley? Could
he intone the Scientific
Statement of Being?
Now, could
he? Wouldn't
it give him a
relapse? Let us
draw the line
at horses. Horses
and furniture.

There is plenty
of other testimonies
in the magazine,
but these quoted
samples will
answer. They
show the kind
of trade the Science
is driving. Now we
come back to
the question, Does
the Science kill a
patient here
and there and now
and then? We must
concede it.
Does it compensate
for this? I am
persuaded that it
can make a plausible
showing in that
direction. For instance:
when it lays
its hand upon a
soldier who has
suffered thirty
years of helpless
torture and makes
him whole in body
and mind, what is
the actual sum of
that achievement?
This,.I think:
that it has restored
to life a subject
who had essentially
died ten deaths
a year for thirty
years, and each
of them a long
and painful one.
But for its interference
that man in
the three years
which have
since elapsed,
would have
essentially died
thirty times
more. There
are thousands of young
people in the
land who are
now ready to enter
upon a life-
long death
similar to that
man's. Every
time the Science
captures one of
these and secures
to him life-
long immunity
from imagination-
manufactured disease,
it may plausibly
claim that in
his person it has
saved three
hundred lives.

Meantime, it will kill a man every now and then. But no matter, it will still be ahead on the credit side.

[NOTE.– I have received several letters (two from educated and ostensibly intelligent persons), which contained, in substance, this protest: "I don't object to men and women chancing their lives with these people, but it is a burning shame that the law should allow them to trust their helpless little children in their deadly hands. "Isn't it touching? Isn't it deep? Isn't it modest? It is as if the person said: "I know that to a parent his child is the core of his heart, the apple of his eye, a possession so dear, so precious that he will trust its life in no hands but those which he believes, with all his soul, to be the very best and the very safest, but it is a burning shame that the law does not require him to come to me to ask what kind of healer I will allow him to call." The public is merely a multiplied "me."– M.T.]

Chapter 7

“We consciously declare that Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, was foretold, as well as its author, Mary Baker Eddy, in Revelation x. She is the ’mighty angel,’ or God’s highest thought to this age (verse 1), giving us the spiritual interpretation of the Bible in the ’little book open’ (verse 2). Thus we prove that Christian Science is the second coming of Christ-Truth-Spirit.” –Lecture by Dr. George Tomkins, D.D. C.S.

There you have it in plain speech. She is the mighty angel; she is the divinely and officially sent bearer of God’s highest thought. For the present, she brings the Second Advent. We must expect that before she has been in her grave fifty years she will be regarded by her following as having been herself the Second Advent. She is already worshiped, and we must expect this feeling to spread, territorially, and also to deepen in intensity.

Particularly after her death; for then, as any one can foresee, Eddy-Worship will be taught in the Sunday-schools and pulpits of the cult. Already whatever she puts her trade-mark on, though it be only a memorial-spoon, is holy

and is eagerly
and gratefully bought
by the disciple,
and becomes a fetish
in his house.
I say bought,
for the Boston
Christian- Science
Trust gives
nothing away;
everything it has
is for sale.
And the terms
are cash; and not
only cash,
but cash in advance.
Its god is Mrs.
Eddy first,
then the Dollar.
Not a spiritual
Dollar, but a
real one.
From end to
end of the Christian
Science literature
not a single
(material) thing
in the world
is conceded to be
real, except
the Dollar. But all
through and through
its advertisements that
reality is eagerly
and persistently recognized.

The Dollar is hunted
down in all sorts
of ways; the Christian-
Science Mother-
Church and Bargain-
Counter in Boston
peddles all kinds
of spiritual wares
to the faithful,
and always on the
one condition– cash,
cash in advance.
The Angel of the
Apocalypse could
not go there
and get a copy
of his own pirated
book on credit.
Many, many
precious Christian-
Science things
are to be had
there for cash:
Bible Lessons;
Church Manual;
C. S. Hymnal;
History of the
building of the
Mother- Church;
lot of Sermons;
Communion Hymn,
"Saw Ye My
Saviour," by Mrs.
Eddy, half a
dollar a copy,
"words used by
special permission
of Mrs. Eddy."
Also we have
Mrs. Eddy's
and the Angel's
little Blue-
Annex in eight
styles of binding
at eight kinds
of war- prices;
among these
a sweet thing
in "levant, divinity
circuit, leather
lined to edge,
round corners,
gold edge,
silk sewed,
each, prepaid,
159306," and if

you take a million
you get them a
shilling cheaper
–that is to
say, “prepaid,
159305.75.” Also we
have Mrs.
Eddy’s Miscellaneous
Writings, at ’andsome
big prices, the divinity-
circuit style
heading the exertions,
shilling discount
where you take
an edition Next
comes Christ
and Christmas, by the
fertile Mrs.
Eddy– a poem–
would God I
could see it!
–price 159303,
cash in advance.
Then follow
five more
books by Mrs.
Eddy, at highwayman’s
rates, some of
them in “leatherette
covers,” some of
them in “pebble
cloth,” with
divinity- circuit,
compensation- balance,
twin- screw,
and the other
modern improvements;
and at the same
bargain- counter
can be had The
Christian Science
Journal.

Christian- Science
literary discharges
are a monopoly
of the Mother-
Church Headquarters
Factory in Boston;
none genuine
without the trade-
mark of the Trust.
You must apply
there and not
elsewhere.

One hundred dollars
for it. And I
have a case
among my statistics
where the student
had a three
weeks’ course
and paid three
hundred for it.

The Trust does
love the Dollar,
when it isn’t
a spiritual one.

In order to force
the sale of Mrs
Eddy’s Bible-
Annex, no healer,
Metaphysical- College-
bred or other,
is allowed to practice
the game unless
he possesses a copy
of that book.
That means
a large and constantly
augmenting income
for the Trust.
No C.S. family
would consider
itself loyal
or pious or pain-
proof without
an Annex or two
in the house.

That means
an income for the
Trust, in the
near future,
of millions; not thousands-
millions a year.

No member, young
or old, of a
branch Christian-
Scientist church
can acquire and retain
membership in the
Mother- Church
unless he pay
“capitation tax”
(of “not less
than a dollar,”
say the By-Laws)
to the Boston
Trust every
year. That
means an income
for the Trust,
in the near
future, of–let
us venture to say–
millions more
per year.

It is a reasonably
safe guess
that in America
in 1920 there
will be ten million
Christian Scientists,
and three millions
in Great Britain;
that these
figures will be
trebled in 1930;
that in America
in 1920 the Christian
Scientists will be
a political force,
in 1930 politically
formidable, and in
1940 the governing
power in the
Republic– to remain
that, permanently.
And I think
it a reasonable
guess that
the Trust (which
is already in our
day pretty brusque
in its ways)
will then be
the most insolent
and unscrupulous and tyrannical
politico- religious
master that
has dominated a people
since the palmy
days of the Inquisition.
And a stronger
master than
the strongest of bygone
times, because
this one will
have a financial
strength not dreamed
of by any predecessor;
as effective a concentration
of irresponsible power
as any predecessor
has had; in the
railway, the telegraph,
and the subsidized
newspaper, better
facilities for watching
and managing his empire
than any predecessor
has had; and,
after a generation
or two, he will
probably divide
Christendom with
the Catholic Church.

The Roman Church

has a perfect
organization, and it
has an effective
centralization of power–
but not of its
cash. Its multitude
of Bishops are rich,
but their riches
remain in large
measure in their
own hands. They
collect from
two hundred millions
of people, but they
keep the bulk
of the result
at home. The Boston
Pope of by-and-
by will draw
his dollar- a-head
capitation- tax from
three hundred
millions of the
human race,
and the Annex
and the rest of
his book- shop
stock will
fetch in as
much more;
and his Metaphysical
Colleges, the annual
Pilgrimage to Mrs.
Eddy's tomb,
from all over
the world- admission,
the Christian- Science
Dollar (payable
in advance)– purchases
of consecrated glass
beads, candles,
memorial spoons,
aureoled chrome-
portraits and bogus
autographs of Mrs.
Eddy; cash

offerings at her
shrine no crutches
of cured cripples
received, and no
imitations of miraculously
restored broken
legs and necks
allowed to be
hung up except
when made
out of the Holy
Metal and proved
by fire- assay;
cash for miracles
worked at the
tomb: these
money- sources,
with a thousand
to be yet invented
and ambushed upon
the devotee, will
bring the annual
increment well up
above a billion.
And nobody but the
Trust will
have the handling
of it. In that
day, the Trust
will monopolize
the manufacture and sale
of the Old and
New Testaments as well
as the Annex,
and raise their
price to Annex
rates, and compel
the devotee to buy
(for even
to-day a healer
has to have
the Annex and the
Scriptures or he
is not allowed
to work the game),
and that will

bring several
hundred million
dollars more.
In those days,
the Trust will
have an income
approaching five
million dollars
a day, and no
expenses to be
taken out of
it; no taxes
to pay, and no
charities to support.
That last
detail should
not be lightly
passed over by
the reader; it is
well entitled
to attention.

No charities to support.
No, nor even to
contribute to.
One searches in vain
the Trust's advertisements
and the utterances
of its organs
for any suggestion
that it spends
a penny on orphans,
widows, discharged
prisoners, hospitals,
ragged schools,
night missions,
city missions,
libraries, old people's
homes, or any
other object
that appeals
to a human
being's purse
through his heart.

I have hunted,
hunted, and hunted,
by correspondence and otherwise,
and have not yet
got upon the track
of a farthing
that the Trust
has spent upon
any worthy object.
Nothing makes
a Scientist so uncomfortable
as to ask him
if he knows
of a case
where Christian
Science has spent
money on a
benevolence, either
among its own
adherents or elsewhere.
He is obliged
to say "No"
And then one discovers
that the person
questioned has been
asked the question
many times
before, and that
it is getting
to be a sore
subject with
him. Why a
sore subject?
Because he has
written his chiefs
and asked with
high confidence
for an answer
that will
confound these
questioners– and the
chiefs did not
reply. He has
written again,
and then again–
not with confidence,
but humbly, now–

and has begged
for defensive ammunition
in the voice
of supplication. A reply
does at last
come to this
effect: “We
must have
faith in Our
Mother, and rest
content in the
conviction that
whatever She does
with the money
it is in accordance
with orders
from Heaven,
for She does no
act of any kind
without first
’demonstrating over’
it.”

That settles
it–as far as
the disciple is concerned.
His mind is satisfied
with that
answer; he gets
down his Annex
and does an incantation
or two, and that
mesmerizes his spirit
and puts that to
sleep– brings
it peace. Peace
and comfort and joy,
until some
inquirer punctures
the old sore
again.

Through friends
in America I asked
some questions,
and in some
cases got definite
and informing answers;
in other cases
the answers were
not definite and not
valuable. To the
question, “Does
any of the money
go to charities?”
the answer from an
authoritative source
was: “No,
not in the sense
usually conveyed
by this word.”
(The italics
are mine.) That
answer is cautious.
But definite, I think–
utterly and unassailably
definite– although
quite Christian-
Scientifically foggy
in its phrasing.
Christian- Science
testimony is generally
foggy, generally
diffuse, generally
garrulous. The writer
was aware that
the first word in
his phrase answered
the question which
I was asking,
but he could
not help adding
nine dark
words. Meaningless
ones, unless
explained by him.
It is quite
likely, as intimated
by him, that
Christian Science
has invented a new
class of objects

to apply the word "charity" to, but without an explanation we cannot know what they are. We quite easily and naturally and confidently guess that they are in all cases objects which will return five hundred per cent. on the Trust's investment in them, but guessing is not knowledge; it is merely, in this case, a sort of nine-tenths certainty deducible from what we think we know of the Trust's trade principles and its sly and furtive and shifty ways.

Sly? Deep? Judicious? The Trust understands its business. The Trust does not give itself away. It defeats all the attempts of us impertinents to get at its trade secrets. To this day, after all our diligence, we have not been able to get it to confess what it does with the money. It does not even let its own disciples find out. All it says is, that the matter has been "demonstrated over." Now and then a lay Scientist says, with a grateful exultation, that Mrs. Eddy is enormously rich, but he stops there; as to whether any of the money goes to other charities or not, he is obliged to admit that he does not know. However, the Trust is composed of human beings; and this justifies the conjecture that if it had a charity on its list which it was proud of, we should soon hear of it.

"Without money and without price." Those used to be the terms. Mrs. Eddy's Annex cancels them. The motto of Christian Science is, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." And now that it has been "demonstrated over,"

we find its spiritual
meaning to be,
"Do anything
and everything your
hand may find
to do; and charge
cash for it,
and collect the money
in advance." The Scientist
has on his tongue's
end a cut-and-
dried, Boston-
supplied set of
rather lean
arguments, whose
function is to
show that it
is a Heaven-
commanded duty to
do this, and that
the croupiers of the
game have no
choice but to
obey.

The Trust seems
to be a reincarnation.
Exodus xxxii.
4.

I have no reverence
for the Trust,
but I am not
lacking in reverence
for the sincerities
of the lay membership
of the new Church.
There is every
evidence that
the lay members
are entirely sincere
in their faith,
and I think
sincerity is always
entitled to honor
and respect, let the

inspiration of the
sincerity be what
it may. Zeal
and sincerity can carry
a new religion
further than
any other missionary
except fire
and sword, and I
believe that
the new religion
will conquer
the half of Christendom
in a hundred
years. I am
not intending this as
a compliment to the
human race;
I am merely
stating an opinion.
And yet I think
that perhaps
it is a compliment
to the race.
I keep in mind
that saying
of an orthodox
preacher– quoted
further back.
He conceded that
this new Christianity
frees its possessor's
life from
frets, fears,
vexations, bitterness,
and all sorts
of imagination- propagated
maladies and pains,
and fills his world
with sunshine
and his heart
with gladness.
If Christian Science,
with this
stupendous equipment–
and final salvation

added– cannot
win half the Christian
globe, I must
be badly mistaken
in the make-
up of the human
race.

I think the Trust
will be handed
down like Me
other Papacy,
and will always
know how to
handle its limitless
cash. It will
press the button;
the zeal, the energy,
the sincerity, the enthusiasm
of its countless
vassals will do
the rest.

Chapter 8

The power which a man's imagination has over his body to heal it or make it sick is a force which none of us is born without. The first man had it, the last one will possess it. If left to himself, a man is most likely to use only the mischievous half of the force– the half which invents imaginary ailments for him and cultivates them; and if he is one of these– very wise people, he is quite likely to scoff at the beneficent half of the force and deny its existence. And so, to heal or help that man, two imaginations are required: his own and some outsider's. The outsider, B, must imagine that his incantations are the healing- power that is curing A, and A must imagine that this is so. I think it is not so, at all; but no matter, the cure is effected, and that is the main thing. The outsider's work is unquestionably valuable; so valuable that it may fairly be likened to the essential work performed by the engineer when he handles the throttle and turns on the steam; the actual power is lodged exclusively in the engine, but if the engine were left alone it would never start of itself. Whether the engineer be named Jim, or Bob, or Tom, it is all one– his services

are necessary, and he
is entitled to such
wage as he can
get you to pay.
Whether he be
named Christian
Scientist, or Mental
Scientist, or Mind
Curist, or King's-
Evil Expert,
or Hypnotist, it is
all one; he is
merely the Engineer;
he simply turns
on the same
old steam and the
engine does
the whole work.

The Christian- Scientist
engineer drives
exactly the same
trade as the
other engineers,
yet he out-prospers
the whole of them
put together.

Is it because
he has captured
the takingest name?
I think that
that is only a
small part of
it. I think
that the secret
of his high
prosperity lies
elsewhere.

The Christian Scientist
has organized the business.
Now that was certainly
a gigantic idea.
Electricity, in limitless
volume, has existed
in the air and
the rocks and the
earth and everywhere
since time
began– and was
going to waste
all the while.
In our time we
have organized
that scattered
and wandering force
and set it to
work, and backed
the business with
capital, and concentrated
it in few and
competent hands,
and the results
are as we see.

The Christian Scientist
has taken a force
which has been
lying idle in
every member
of the human
race since
time began,
and has organized
it, and backed
the business with
capital, and concentrated
it at Boston
headquarters in the
hands of a
small and very
competent Trust,
and there are results.

Therein lies
the promise that
this monopoly
is going to extend
its commerce wide in
the earth. I think
that if the business

were	conducted
in the	loose
and disconnected	fashion
customary	with
such	things,
it would	achieve
but little	more
than	the modest
prosperity	usually
secured	by unorganized
great	moral
and commercial	ventures;
but I	believe
that so	long as
this	one remains
compactly	organized
and closely	concentrated
in a	Trust,
the spread	of its
dominion	will
continue.	

Chapter 9

Four years ago I wrote the preceding chapters. I was assured by the wise that Christian Science was a fleeting craze and would soon perish. This prompt and all-competent stripe of prophet is always to be had in the market at ground-floor rates. He does not stop to load, or consider, or take aim, but lets fly just as he stands. Facts are nothing to him, he has no use for such things; he works wholly by inspiration. And so, when he is asked why he considers a new movement a passing fad and quickly perishable, he finds himself unprepared with a reason and is more or less embarrassed. For a moment. Only for a moment. Then he waylays the first spectre of a reason that goes flitting through the desert places of his mind, and is at once serene again and ready for conflict. Serene and confident. Yet he should not be so, since he has had no chance to examine his catch, and cannot know whether it is going to help his contention or damage it.

The impromptu reason furnished by the early prophets of whom I have spoken was this:

“There is nothing to Christian Science; there is nothing about it that

appeals to the
intellect; its market
will be restricted
to the unintelligent,
the mentally inferior,
the people who do
not think."

They called
that a reason
why the cult
would not flourish
and endure. It seems
the equivalent of saying:

"There is no
money in tinware;
there is nothing
about it that
appeals to the
rich; its market
will be restricted
to the poor."

It is like
bringing forward
the best reason
in the world
why Christian Science
should flourish
and live, and then
blandly offering
it as a reason
why it should
sicken and die.

That reason
was furnished me by
the complacent and unfrightened
prophets four
years ago,
and it has been
furnished me again
to-day. If conversions
to new religions
or to old ones
were in any considerable
degree achieved
through the intellect,
the aforesaid reason
would be sound
and sufficient, no doubt;
the inquirer into
Christian Science
might go away
unconvinced and unconverted.
But we all know
that conversions
are seldom made in
that way;
that such a
thing as a
serious and painstaking
and fairly competent
inquiry into
the claims of a
religion or of
a political dogma
is a rare
occurrence; and that
the vast mass of
men and women
are far from
being capable
of making such an
examination. They
are not capable,
for the reason
that their
minds, howsoever
good they
may be, are not
trained for such
examinations. The mind
not trained for that
work is no more
competent to do
it than are lawyers
and farmers competent
to make successful
clothes without
learning the tailor's

trade. There are seventy-five million men and women among us who do not know how to cut out and make a dress-suit, and they would not think of trying; yet they all think they can competently think out a political or religious scheme without any apprenticeship to the business, and many of them believe they have actually worked that miracle. But, indeed, the truth is, almost all the men and women of our nation or of any other get their religion and their politics where they get their astronomy– entirely at second hand. Being untrained, they are no more able to intelligently examine a dogma or a policy than they are to calculate an eclipse.

Men are usually competent thinkers along the lines of their specialized training only. Within these limits alone are their opinions and judgments valuable; outside of these limits they grope and are lost– usually without knowing it. In a church assemblage of five hundred persons, there will be a man or two whose trained minds can seize upon each detail of a great manufacturing scheme and recognize its value or its lack of value promptly; and can pass the details in intelligent review, section by section, and finally as a whole, and then deliver a verdict upon the scheme which cannot be flippantly set aside nor easily answered. And there will be one or two other men there who can do the same thing with a great and complicated educational project; and one or two others who can do the like with a large scheme for applying electricity in a

new and unheard-
of way; and one
or two others
who can do it
with a showy
scheme for revolutionizing
the scientific world's
accepted notions
regarding geology.
And so on, and
so on. But the
manufacturing experts
will not be
competent to examine
the educational scheme
intelligently, and their
opinion about
it would not be
valuable; neither
of these two groups
will be able to
understand and pass
upon the electrical
scheme; none of
these three
batches of experts
will be able to
understand and pass
upon the geological
revolution; and probably
not one man in
the entire lot will
be competent to examine,
capably, the intricacies
of a political
or religious scheme,
new or old,
and deliver a judgment
upon it which
any one need
regard as precious.

There you have
the top crust.
There will be
four hundred
and seventy- five
men and women
present who can
draw upon
their training
and deliver incontrovertible
judgments concerning
cheese, and leather,
and cattle, and hardware,
and soap, and tar,
and candles, and patent
medicines, and dreams,
and apparitions, and garden
trucks, and cats,
and baby food,
and warts, and hymns,
and time- tables,
and freight- rates,
and summer resorts,
and whiskey, and law,
and surgery, and dentistry,
and blacksmithing, and shoemaking,
and dancing, and Huyler's
candy, and mathematics,
and dog fights,
and obstetrics, and music,
and sausages, and dry
goods, and molasses,
and railroad stocks,
and horses, and literature,
and labor unions,
and vegetables, and morals,
and lamb's fries,
and etiquette, and agriculture.
And not ten among
the five hundred–
let their minds
be ever so good
and bright– will be
competent, by grace
of the requisite
specialized mental
training, to take
hold of a complex
abstraction of any
kind and make

head or tail of it.

The whole five hundred are thinkers, and they are all capable thinkers– but only within the narrow limits of their specialized trainings. Four hundred and ninety of them cannot competently examine either a religious plan or a political one. A scattering few of them do examine both– that is, they think they do. With results as precious as when I examine the nebular theory and explain it to myself.

If the four hundred and ninety got their religion through their minds, and by weighed and measured detail, Christian Science would not be a scary apparition. But they don't; they get a little of it through their minds, more of it through their feelings, and the overwhelming bulk of it through their environment.

Environment is the chief thing to be considered when one is proposing to predict the future of Christian Science. It is not the ability to reason that makes the Presbyterian, or the Baptist, or the Methodist, or the Catholic, or the Mohammedan, or the Buddhist, or the Mormon; it is environment. If religions were got by reasoning, we should have the extraordinary spectacle of an American family with a Presbyterian in it, and a Baptist, a Methodist, a Catholic, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, and a Mormon. A Presbyterian family does not produce Catholic families or other religious brands, it produces its own kind; and not by intellectual processes, but by association. And so also with Mohammedanism, the cult which in our day is spreading with the sweep of a world-conflagration through

the Orient, that
native home of
profound thought
and of subtle
intellectual fence,
that fertile
womb whence
has sprung every
great religion
that exists.
Including our own;
for with all our
brains we cannot
invent a religion
and market it.

The language of my
quoted prophets
recurs to us
now, and we
wonder to think
how small a space
in the world
the mighty Mohammedan
Church would
be occupying now, if
a successful trade
in its line of
goods had been
conditioned upon an
exhibit that
would “appeal
to the intellect”
instead of to
“the unintelligent,
the mentally inferior,
the people who do
not think.”

The Christian Science
Church, like
the Mohammedan Church,
makes no embarrassing
appeal to the
intellect, has no
occasion to do

it, and can get
along quite
well without
it.

Provided. Provided
what? That it
can secure that
thing which
is worth two or
three hundred
thousand times
more than an
“appeal to the
intellect”– an environment.
Can it get that?
Will it be a
menace to regular
Christianity if it
gets that?
Is it time
for regular Christianity
to get alarmed?
Or shall regular
Christianity smile
a smile and turn
over and take
another nap?
Won’t it be
wise and proper
for regular Christianity
to do the old
way, Me customary
way, the historical
way– lock
the stable- door
after the horse
is gone? Just as
Protestantism has smiled
and nodded this
long time
(while the alert
and diligent Catholic
was slipping in and
capturing the public
schools), and is

now beginning to hunt around for the key when it is too late?

Will Christian Science get a chance to show its wares? It has already secured that chance. Will it flourish and spread and prosper if it shall create for itself the one thing essential to those conditions– an environment? It has already created an environment. There are families of Christian Scientists in every community in America, and each family is a factory; each family turns out a Christian Science product at the customary intervals, and contributes it to the Cause in the only way in which contributions of recruits to Churches are ever made on a large scale– by the puissant forces of personal contact and association. Each family is an agency for the Cause, and makes converts among the neighbors, and starts some more factories.

Four years ago there were six Christian Scientists in a certain town that I am acquainted with; a year ago there were two hundred and fifty there; they have built a church, and its membership now numbers four hundred. This has all been quietly done; done without frenzied revivals, without uniforms, brass bands, street parades, corner oratory, or any of the other customary persuasions to a godly life. Christian Science, like Mohammedanism, is "restricted" to the "unintelligent, the people who do not think." There lies the danger. It makes Christian Science formidable. It is "restricted" to ninety-nine one-hundredths of the human race, and must be reckoned with by regular Christianity. And will be, as soon as it is too late.