

**The Problem Of Christian Science**

(The 'Evening Post,' New York.)

No sensible man will deny that the life of Mary Baker Eddy, with the widespread cult identified with her name, is at least a phenomenon challenging explanation. We may like it or dislike it, but there stands the great bulk of fact, demanding that we give some account of it. And the rough and ready way of either dismissing the whole of Christian Science as imposture and knavery, or hailing it as divine, will no longer do. No more delicate task—yet none more imperative—can be laid upon men who seek to think dispassionately and accurately, than that of distilling out of the soul of good news in things evil, detaching truth from its encompassing medium of falsehood, and passing judgment upon great movements like Christian Science in a way at once comprehensive, fair, and charitable, while not shrinking from the truth even if it be disagreeable and give offence. In the entire process we have to guard the right of private judgment and individual liberty—as Prof William James did when he appeared before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature to protest against a law forbidding all persons to consult 'mind healers.'

Few question to-day the physical benefits which some invalids have derived from the teachings and practices of Christian Science. Nervous conditions which stand drugs at defiance may often be successfully outflanked as it were, by approach from the side of the imagination and the will. Every open-minded physician admits this; and would often give a great deal if he could manage to impress certain patients with the sense of mysterious inner powers able to front and conquer disease. Indeed, the truth which lies in Christian Science healing has had wide recognition and application in schools of medicine wholly ignorant of Mrs Eddy. The ways of a tacking and removing persistent hallucinations and obsessions and deep nervous impressions, now common with advanced psychiatrists, have their roots in the same soil as 'Science and Health,' even though these practitioners may never have read Mrs Eddy's 'last revised edition' of that work.

Admitting, then, that there has been something in the doctrines of Mr. Eddy and her followers which attaches itself to forces and possibilities, 'deep seated in our mystic frame,' and not denying that thousands of good people have found their religious natures stirred by the services of Christian Science churches, what are we to say of the rest of it? What is to be our judgment of the philosophy of the matter, put forward by Mrs Eddy and her expounders—a philosophy at once crude and fantastic? How are we to account for the fact that not merely the doctrines, but the commonplace and banalities of 'Science and Health' should have been accepted by thousands of excellent people as not only divinely inspired but clothed in language worthy of divine inspiration?

To begin with, it has to be borne in mind that the raw material for the rise of such cults as Christian Science has always been abundant in the United States. It is not simply that we have a great many credulous people. The very nature and flux of our population, the constitution of our political society, with its emphasis upon individualism, have always made it easy to 'found sects in this country. There were an enormous number of them in the early days of the settlement of Ohio, most of which, including the group worshipping the 'Leatherwood God,' have disappeared. But Americans still lead the world, we believe, in a readiness to run after religious novelties, and to take up with some high sounding new faith. Recent news items informed us, incidentally, of the existence of a religious body in the United States known as 'The Pillar of Fire.' That light has not blazed high enough to attract general notice, and probably will be quenched ere long; but it typifies the fertility of Americans in that sort of queer religious belief and organization. Mrs Eddy was merely more successful than other founders in utilizing the ample material ready to her hand.

Her greatest conquests, of course, were made among those who were already, at least nominally Christians. The reason for this is pretty obvious. The Christian churches have the Bible, which they declare to be the Word of God, and most of them believe, or profess to believe, that it is verbally inspired. In practice, of course, they ignore or depart from any given literal meaning which is inconvenient; but Mrs Eddy advanced upon them with those passages of the Bible in her hand which seem to teach the miraculous healing of diseases, and insisted that they be taken as implicitly as the passages teaching virtue and sanctity. In other words she had a great initial advantage in the argument. You say you accept this book as the supernaturally given guide. Very well, then why do you not let it guide you to perfect health without the use of medicines and doctors? This was a powerful appeal, 'ex concessis,' and it is no wonder that so many simple-minded members of Christian churches were

unable to resist it. And when they had, in addition, the evidence of their senses that real cures were wrought by Christian Science and suffering men and women wonderfully buoyed up by the reinforcement of their wills, it is not strange that the new cult made rapid headway, and that Christian Science 'temples' are now to be found in so many cities.

It might seem out of place to dwell at present upon the harm which has been done by Mrs Eddy's doctrines. This we will only say has been, in our opinion, very great, and has involved both needless physical suffering and mental and moral injury. But institutions grow and thrive by their good qualities, not their bad. Christianity itself was called an 'exhibilis superstitio' at first; and it would be almost as great a mistake to call Christian Science nothing but a superstition. Its ultimate fate, however, now that its founder is gone, is problematic. A part of its membership will doubtless be reabsorbed into the Christian churches, which are themselves now doing something to win over those who believe in mental healing. Other Christian Scientists will fall away, for one reason or another, and the impetus of the cult, which there is some reason to believe has already been checked, will probably drop off with the years. Yet whatever may become of this singular association, its founding by a woman like Mrs Eddy, and its long and seemingly inexplicable dominance by her, will remain a problem to try the wits of students of religious vagaries.

**Deafness Cannot be Cured**

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which it nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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**TO MAKE TEA PROPERLY.**

While it is a very simple matter to make tea properly, it is unhealthfully prepared more often than otherwise, says a writer on matters domestic, who adds that the tea is absolutely unfit to drink when the brewing process has proceeded beyond a certain point and tannin is liberated, but if care is taken the evils of moderate tea drinking may be reduced to a minimum. The old rule which calls for a teaspoonful for each person and one for the pot is unthinkable from the standpoint of the modern dietist. Such a brew is ruinous to skin, stomach and nervous system. Buy only good tea, invariably.

To make tea properly, heat the receptacle in which the tea is to be made, with hot water, use one teaspoonful of tea to a pint of boiling water, allow the water to remain in contact with the leaves five minutes, then pour off and use at once. Never put the tea pot in contact with intense heat. A very safe and satisfactory way of making tea is by use of the tea-ball, as very little tannin contaminates the beverage thus made. It is also most convenient, as the leaves are lifted out in the ball after the steeping is completed.

**MRS BROWNING'S YOUNGEST BROTHER.**

(From the Pall Mall Gazette)

The long gap of all but fifty years between Mrs Browning's death, in June, 1861, and that of her brother, Octavius Moulton Barrett, in November 1910 is partly accounted for by his being the youngest of the poets ten brothers and sisters, while she born in 1806) was the eldest of the family.

He first comes into the canvas of Mrs Browning charming letters when she is a woman of twenty-six, and he is a boy of 8. They are living in Sidmouth, and Mrs Browning is enjoying the sea stretches and the narrow green lanes—the birdseye view, and the moles-eye view as she calls them. Hope End, with its wide green landscapes, has just been sold, but the great sorrow of Mrs Browning's life, the drowning of her brother Edward at Torquay, in 1840, was still in the future.

**FLOWER OF THE FALLS**

Growing in the spray of the great Victor 1 Falls in South Africa, a new gladiolus has been discovered, and named after the Maid of the Mist. Four bulbs of this plant went to England have been induced to sprout and bloom by virtue of constant spraying in a hothouse. There the interesting discovery was made that the petals of the flower were arranged as to form a pent-house to protect stamens and pistils from the unceasing down-pour to which they would otherwise be subjected in the native haunts of the plant.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Busy Man**

If you want to get a favor done  
By some obliging friend,  
And want a promise, safe and sure  
On which you may depend,  
Don't go to him who always has  
Much leisure time to plan,  
But if you want your favor done,  
Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has  
A moment he can spare,  
He's always putting off until  
His friends are in despair.  
But he whose every waking hour  
Is crowded full of work  
Forgets the art of wasting time;  
He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done,  
And want it right away,  
Go to the man who constantly  
Works twenty hours a day.  
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,  
That has no other use.

And fix you while the idle man  
Is framing an excuse.—Selected

**IN A WINTER WOOD.**

What magic weaver has been here  
In this the wood's wide room,  
And woven wondrous tapestry  
Upon his secret loom?  
With fingers deft he toiled all night,  
And left at morn no trace  
Save these his flimsy filigrees  
And silver threads of lace.  
Against the sky his patterns fine  
A motionless cobweb seen;  
As some one at his quiet loom,  
Wrought this delightful dream;  
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**'The Sign of the White Horse**

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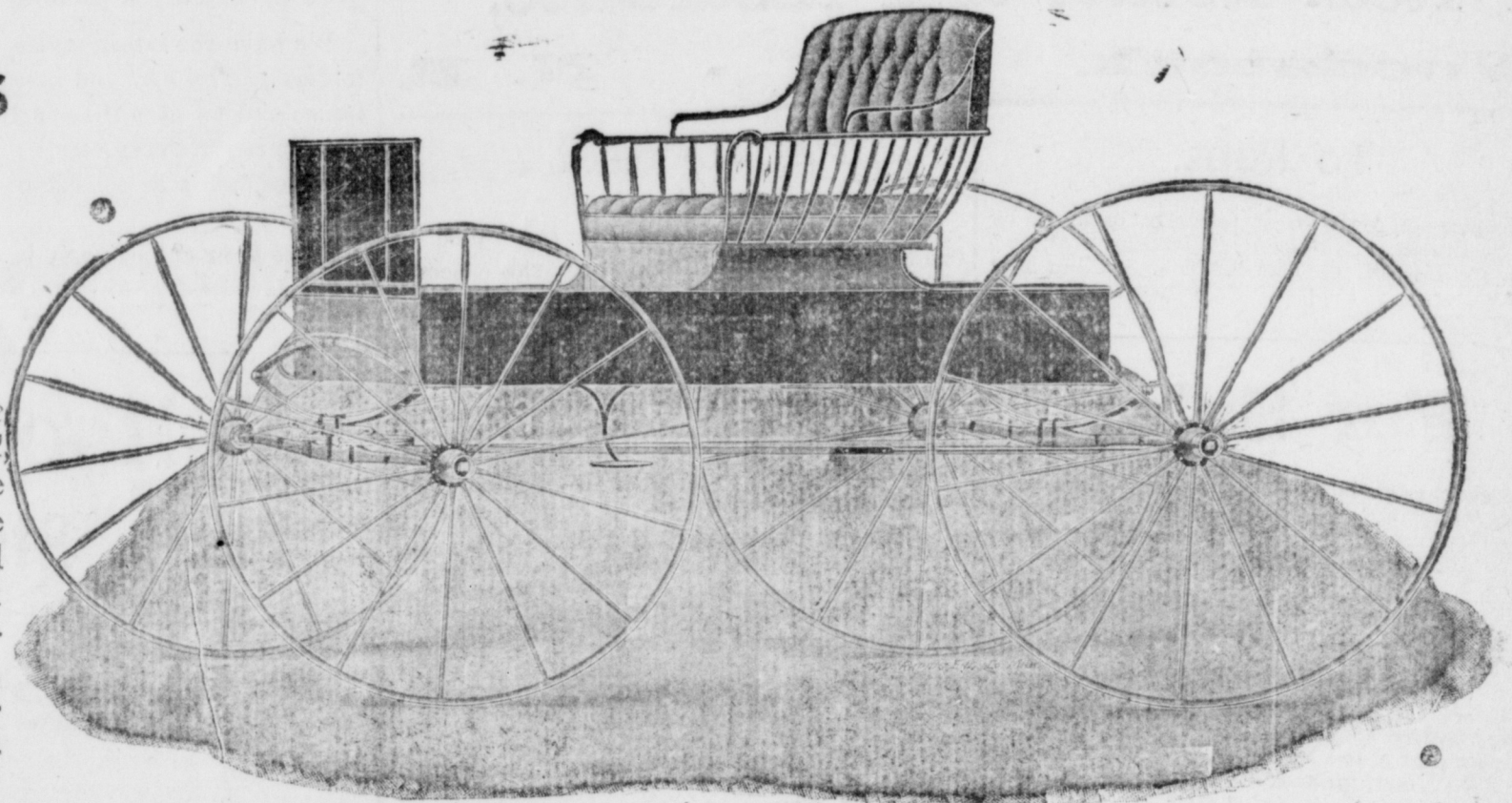
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