

Farther on the writer bids us observe Mrs. Eddy's chain of reasoning, that any given disease is a disease, not of the body, but of the mind; but that it manifests itself in certain bodily symptoms. "A change of belief changes all the physical symptoms, and determines a case for better or worse," and the writer supposes Mrs. Eddy called in to attend a patient, and, "from his physical appearance, she has no difficulty in inferring that he has measles in his mind; she applies a high attenuation of truth; the rash disappears; the nose desists from running; the eyes cease to water; the patient gets up and goes about his ordinary occupations. Mrs. Eddy infers that his mind is cured of measles, and she draws that inference once more from the symptoms presented by his body. But her only source of information as to those symptoms is her physical sense—"the five personal fatalities," whose evidence is radically erroneous, and whose testimony it is the business of science to reverse. When Mrs. Eddy, accordingly, sees that the physical symptoms of measles have disappeared, she is bound, in consistency, to infer that the mind is more measly than ever. When, on the contrary, the symptoms become more marked and alarming, she is bound to infer that the mind is convalescent. She cannot be allowed to appropriate and reprobate; and thus, if her record of successful cures proves anything, it demonstrates that the patients were truly in much worse case after her treatment than they had been before."

We have quoted these passages at length to show the fine vein of satire, and the relentless logic with which the writer reduces to absurdity the claims of Mrs. Eddy to clothe her nostrums with the dignity of the name of "science."

The article concludes with the following pregnant sentences:—

"We owe an apology to our readers for even affecting to treat such a tissue of nonsense seriously. Our excuse must be that human folly, even in its most egregious forms, may be instructive by way of warning, and that this precious creed has not only a considerable following in the United States, but has begun to make converts in 'smart' society in this country. Ladies of fashion, whose time hangs heavy on their hands, and to whom the sublime truths of Christianity are mere foolishness, apparently find something to satisfy and to console in the crude and transparent scheme of imposture which we have endeavored to expose. . . . Christian Science, like all the systems of quackery, will produce much misery within the sphere which it influences. It will raise false hopes in the breasts of those who have been visited by Providence with incurable disease. It will cause dissension and bitter strife in families, as it has already done; for the dictates of conjugal or filial duty and the inclinations of pious affection must yield precedence

to the behests of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy and her satellites. But there is little fear, we think, of the phero of its influence enlarging. It is essentially a creed for the idle, the half-educated, and the vain. It is not a religion that will stand near and tear. It is meant for fair weather, not for foul. The first blast of sickness, calamity, or affliction, will tear its sophistries to tatters. On this point, at all events, we are quite prepared to 'trust the people.' This is probably not the sort of opinion that one is likely to turn to one's own personal use. It may be very easy and very edifying to try to persuade one's neighbor that pain is a delusion, or that he can move his arm rather better without muscles than with them. But we shall be surprised if the first bout of toothache, or earache, or stomachache in his own person does not send the neophyte post-haste to a qualified practitioner. Without intending to boast, we believe we could make a Christian Scientist squeak, and the first squeak gives his whole case away. He was a shrewd and sagacious dental surgeon who remarked the other day: "Find me the Christian Scientist's tooth, and I'll find you the Christian Scientist's nerve."

We have set out this passage in full for the benefit of some of our readers who may be unable to read the whole of the article. Blackwood, in dealing with this subject in so excellent a manner, is discharging the most obvious duty of the reviewer in laying bare the imposture which, under the guise of a religious prefix to an honored department of truth, seeks to ensnare silly souls to adopt as doctrine the baseless delusions of quackery.

Mr. Rhodes has now, it is said, all the money (£2,000,000) required for the carrying northwards, to Lake Tanganyika, of the Bulwawayo Railway.

We are reluctantly compelled to hold over "An Elder's" letter on "A Good Suggestion" until next issue.

A Scottish paper says that much consternation was caused recently in a Free Church congregation by the rendering of No. 648 in the new "Church Hymnary." Several of the congregation walked out. This piece is the Lord's Prayer, intoned on G. As if to conciliate prejudice, the Prayer is printed out at length. In the Tonic Sol-fa version the music consists of twenty dots in succession. There are chords underneath—the usual chromatic wailings that High Church organists affect in England. I feel sympathy with the objectors. The intoning of prayers is foreign to the Presbyterian system, and should not have been introduced in this indirect way. To snuggle in intoning under the disguise of a chant or a musical sentence is indefensible. People, when they see through it, are annoyed.

Religion and Morality.*

The Ten Commandments, like the Lord's Prayer, have formed the subject of many a series of sermons which have afterwards appeared in the form of a book. There is always room for one more book of this kind, if it is the product of independent thoughtfulness and deep personal meditation. Such books show that the most intelligent preachers of our time do not neglect the ethical side of religion, and are not content to regard a mere passing emotion as the sum of Christian experience. Though these themes are old, they are not out of date; and their permanent significance is affirmed in the title of this book, "The Abiding Law." Indeed, such subjects as "Spiritual Religion," "Work and Rest," "The Hallowing of the Home," are suitable at all times in any pulpit. The purpose of these addresses is practical, but they are not a string of platitudes. The preacher has examined carefully what scholars of various schools have to say as to the origin and scope of the Ten Words; and then he has prepared his own lectures in his own way and with the greatest care. He does not deal in flashy rhetoric, but has a clear, strong style. Such, though unpretentious, work is highly creditable; and the appreciation of the Dundee audience shows that they could appreciate the best that was prepared for them. These discourses, though solid, are not dry; the illustrations which are used to brighten them are not of the sensational order, but, as a rule, are quite to the point. This is the story with which the book opens, and the author follows a good rule in giving his authority, even for an anecdote; it is from Brown's life of W. B. Robertson, of Irvine. "This incident is recorded of one of our modern Scottish preachers: 'A good lady, belonging to another communion, once remonstrated with him as to a new departure in worship. She said: 'I hear you are introducing some dreadful innovations into your church service.' 'Indeed,' he replied; 'what innovations have we introduced?' 'Oh,' she said, 'I hear that you read the commandments at the communion.' 'Is that all you have heard?' was his reply. 'We have introduced a far greater innovation than that.' 'What is it?' said the lady, in some alarm. 'We try to keep them,' he replied. There is here obviously a touch of the innocent exaggeration which is indispensable to such a witticism; but the witticism withal carries a truth in the heart of it, and lays its finger upon a not uncommon fallacy."

*The Abiding Law. Twelve Addresses on the Ten Commandments. By the Rev. James Aitken, M.A. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrie, Edinburgh and London.

Rev. T. W. Junk, of Six Mile Cross, clerk of the Omagh Presbytery for twenty-five years, has died, aged eighty-seven.