

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST WHO HAS FALLEN FROM GRACE.

By Windsor K. Windsor.

"Sandy" Mackenzie has fallen from grace. It came last Monday morning, when the larks were up and the sun was over the land. The countryside was aglow with mud and slush, it being the ides of March, and Sandy fell from grace. It came about thus:—

Sandy, in his brown rubbers or "goshes," for so he has appellated them, was toiling up the unpleasant little walk from the car terminus to the college gates. He was revolving the following things about in his brain:—Is Christian Science a science? Is the theory that mind is all, and matter nothing, a postulate or an axiom? If matter is nothing, then how did it happen to exist?

The result of these observations was a severe headache and the loss of one of his rubbers in a mud-bank. As Sandy stooped to extract it the sound of the morning bell echoed over the dismal landscape.

"Now," thought Sandy, "if I am to try Christian Science I will begin on that bell. That bell," he added, thoughtfully, "causes me pain. As there is no such thing as pain, there is no such thing as that bell. Therefore," he concluded, "that bell is not ringing. So far so good."

By this time the "dome of brass" had ceased its bell-owings (no pun intended) and Sandy peacefully hay-foot straw-footed it over the plains. As he passed between the gate pillars a board on which he was treading squirmed from under his foot, animately, and precipitated his natural earthly form of flesh and blood, which is nothing but merely an environment for the soul, into the mud.

"Here again," pondered Sandy, like a true follower of Mrs. Eddy, "is a case where a little matter can be quickly dispelled by the application of mind. This is nothing but a claim, which will presently quit my earthly being. This mud on my clothing is nothing, mud is matter, matter is nothing, therefore there is no mud." On reaching the steps he was accosted by our vigilant doorkeeper, who expressed an earthly

desire to know his registered number, and informed him that he was late.

"Late?" echoed Sandy. "Late? Surely that is a mistaken idea. It is merely an error of the mind and will soon leave you. Try saying over the scientific statement of Being, once or twice."

On being again requested to produce his registered number, the earthly form of the scientist broke out in loud and vociferous complaint. "That is merely a claim," he said. "Lateness is merely a place of something brought about by matter, which is nothing. Mind is all—matter is nothing. I am not late at all, because if I were late it would cause me pain, which does not exist. See?"

"But —"

"In our philosophy there are no buts," continued Sandy, in a tone of condescension. "You think you see mud on my coat. What you see is not mud at all, but merely an erroneous illusion brought about by a distorted mental vision. You should read these —" Thrusting a handful of tracts into the hands of the astonished and confused guard he was gone.

However scientific and logical Sandy's arguments may have been, they profited him but little when he was called before the headmaster for having refused to give up his registered number, and sentenced to receive several whacks of a cane composed of matter and earthly bamboo.

Having received the aforesaid whacks on the spot, he came to the conclusion that there was something missing in Christian Science, or something which he had overlooked. With this opinion firmly rooted in his material mind he emptied his pockets of not a small library of Christian scientific works, including "Health and Science," "The Doctrine of the Scientific Cures," and "The Scientist's Statement of Being," and committed them to the flames.

SOCIETY NOTE.

"We are glad to say that since the hockey match the noticeable swelling on the heads of several of the St. Andrew's boys has greatly diminished."—Daily Chronicle.