

“Christian Science Vs. Common Sense”

He was a Christian Scientist with a mild, benignant air,
And for unwary victims he set a cunning snare.
From out the “rural district” an old backwoodsman came
His steps were slow and feeble, for he was old and lame.

He heard of Christian Science, and, as he thought it o’er
He said, “I guess I’ll get some, my j’ints is stiff and sore.”
So, to the portly healer, who sat in self-content
With plump hands idly folded, the good old farmer went.

Said he, “This way of healin’ is square, I swan it is,
’N I want a dose of science to cure my reumatiz”

The great man eyed his caller, and sat in thot awhile,
Then leaned back in his arm-chair and said with placid smile,
“My friend, there is no suffering, to think so is to sin,
Remember you are God’s child, and let his presence in.

“Since God is ALL, forever, what is there then to heal?
God surely cannot suffer, and matter cannot feel.
With truth and goodness present, how then can sickness stay?
For good is never evil, as night is never day.

“So when you think you’re suffering (which really you are not),
The cure is very simple—just change your sinful thot,
And if you should be tempted to have a pain some day,
Let good overcome the evil, and drive such thots away.

“Now this belief of lameness, good thots will soon dispel,
And when friends ask ‘how are you?’ just answer, ‘I am well.’
And mind shall conquer matter, and thot shall reign supreme,
These bodies are but shadows, this world is but a dream.

“Then life is perfect harmony and discord quickly flees;
Consider yourself painless—five dollars if you please.”

The farmer stared in silence, and slowly scratched his head;
“So this is Christian Science! Well, I’ll be blest!” he said.
“Perhaps you call this healin’ but I don’t just the same;
“My back is jes as cricky, my legs is jes as lame,

“Your lingo may be Science, it kinder sounds that way,
But where the Christian part is, I declare, it’s hard to say.
It sorter riles my temper and makes my spirit rise
To hear you mixin’ sermons with scientific lies.

“It’s lucky I ain’t chipper, or you might have to hop;
I’d turn things topsy-turvy in this old science shop.
A sin to suffer is it? (of all the cranky stuff)
Well, then, you’d be a sinner if I was strong enough!

“I’d give ye a temptation to ache in many a spot,
’N then I’d set and tell you to change your sinful thot.
You say that good ain’t evil—well, I don’t say it is,
’N I don’t say the Almighty has got my rheumatiz.

“It is in my old body, and gives me many a jar!
’N tain’t no make b’leve nuther, for when it’s thar, it’s thar!
I never had much larnin’, but still I got a brain
’N I cal’clate I know enough to ache when I’m in pain.

“I may not be an angel, I guess we all have sin,
But I get an honest livin’ and don’t take poor folks in.
’N I don’t tell a feller a pain is in his mind,
’N gobble onto money for saying sumthin kind.

“Now if my plaguey lameness should disappear some day,
If it was God as done it why should you want the pay?

’N I should say five dollars was a little dear for gas,
So I’m obliged to tell you, your little bill must pass.
’N if your tho’s so mighty, just think you’ve got your pay,
I don’t pay cash to shadders—so I’l jes say good-day.”