

flesh of the flesh of Protestantism. They are bound up in its very essence. They lie in the bed-rock principle of its constitution—namely, the substitution of a fallible individual private judgment for the infallible authority of the living Church of Christ. Such a principle makes every man and woman—and every passing mood of every man and woman—the final judge of what is true and false, right and wrong in religion and moral conduct. By the very logic of the situation it has ever necessarily led, and will evermore as necessarily lead, to division and disintegration. The facts of history have abundantly proved that the principle of private judgment is destructive of any positive religion or of any stable code of morals. In effect, it leaves every point of doctrine and of morals unfixed, uncertain, undefined. So far as the principle of private judgment is preserved, there can be no limit to disintegration. As a matter of history, there has been no limit. Witness, for instance, the breaking up of the Evangelical Churches in Germany, of the Calvinistic denominations and of such later outcrops as the scores of creeds that look to Wesley as their founder. And, despite hopeful reunions and amalgamations of allied denominations here and there, the process of the formation of new sects and of 'sport' or fancy creeds goes merrily on. Dowie ('the new Elijah') and Mrs. Eddy, of 'Christain Science' notoriety, and such-like religious charlatans, rake more shekels nowadays in a week from the pockets of credulous followers than Johanna Southcott piled together during the term of her natural life.

As for the Anglican Church, it is, as Bishop Julius pointed out, devoid of organisation, discipline, or order. It has no voice, no teaching authority, no power to act as ruler, shepherd, and guide. It is a pendulum swinging between the two mutually destructive principles of authority and private judgment. It has applied its private judgment of the Fathers with fantastic results. It has applied it to history and evolved therefrom the 'continuity theory'—a mental no-thoroughfare. It has applied it to the thirty-nine articles—the 'forty stripes save one'—and whittled them away till they are stripped of all natural meaning. And, finally, its use of private judgment has left it 'a hundred sects battling within one Church.' The doctrinal dissensions within its pale are of the profoundest and most far-reaching kind. Yet it dares not, and cannot, deal with the dogmatic issue. Instead, it exhausts all its energy in disputes about mere regulations of ritual, such as incense, holy water, and 'lawful ornaments.' This burking of questions of belief and concentration of energy on matters of ritual are ludicrously out of tune with the habits of thought, action, and conciliar process of the primitive Church. Verily, something more than a 'federation, of free provinces' is needed to reduce this chaos to discipline and order.

The Reformation principle of private creed manufacture would change the seamless robe of Christ into a harlequin's coat of crazy patchwork. It would substitute for the one Church of Christ a fantastic demonstration of angry discord, and throw back upon the Almighty the odium of its errors, extravagancies, and fallacies. This principle of private judgment is the apotheosis of doubt, the canonisation of fallibility, the glorification of divisions and sects. Other causes may, and do, combine to produce religious stagnation and dry-rot. This—must ever tend to produce it. Bishop Julius's recent utterances express an uneasy conviction that the Church of the Living God ought to be something better than what the clumsy artifice of man has made 'the Establishment' to be. Catholics view with a friendly and prayerful interest every move which their separated brethren make towards the principle of unity in faith and authority in religion, and welcome it as the gentle movings of the Spirit which, in God's good time, will lead to the dawning of the happy day when 'there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd.'

Notes

A Bachelor Clergy

The school of experience is commonly a hard one, its fees are high, its lessons are slowly learned and at the cost of many a mistake and blunder. The idea of a celibate clergy was for nearly three centuries sufficient to throw the leaders of the various Reformed creeds into spasms, handspings, and convulsions, accompanied commonly by 'langwidge' of a particularly unparliamentary kind. But experience has at least convinced many of them of the extreme desirability of an unmarried clergy for such circumstances as epidemics and poverty-stricken parishes at home and the pagan mission-field abroad. In his recent synodal address, the Anglican Bishop of Christchurch suggested, for lean parishes, the institution of bachelor clergy, living in community, after the manner of Catholic priests. Dr. Needham Cust, the greatest living authority on Protestant missions to the heathen, urges the following rule in his 'Missionary Methods' (p. 294): 'Let no male missionary marry till he has ten years' service in the field. Encourage brotherhoods and sisterhoods, as a matter of administrative convenience and economy.' 'It is all very well,' says he elsewhere in the same book (p. 12), writing of Africa, 'to talk of a missionary's home, with his wife and six children, as a beautiful object-lesson to the natives. They cannot see it in that romantic light, nor could I, though I have visited scores of missionaries in their homes. Altruism is the object of missions; egoism is the very essence of family life. I unhesitatingly pronounce brotherhoods and sisterhoods to be a good method.'

It took our Reformed friends a long course of teaching in the school of experience to relearn the old truth preached long ago by St. Paul, to which, like Nelson, they long and persistently turned their blind eye: 'He that is without a wife, is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for things of the world, how he may please his wife; and he is divided. And the unmarried woman and virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit. But she that is married thinketh on the things of the world, how she may please her husband.'

The Patriarch's 'Pignatta'

He must indeed be a good man that is acclaimed as such by enemies and friends alike. An Italian Government journal (quoted by the Boston 'Transcript') describes Pius X. as 'the man who smiles.' It waxes enthusiastic over his humility, his simple tastes, his love of music, his ready wit, and his abounding charity, which was ever aching to soften the asperities of the existence of the poor. When Patriarch of Venice, his kindly pleasant face and open hand brought sunshine and hope into many a dingy tenement in the city of the hundred isles. He 'not alone made it a point,' says the Italian paper referred to above, 'of answering personally all the letters and communications and requests for help which he received in numbers untold, even from the poorest parishioner of his jurisdiction (his handwriting is small, neat, and remarkably legible in a way), but also he made it a point to see whoever wanted to see him, and to talk to whoever had something to say to him. Needless to add, that such a system had the effect both on the familiar and the official budget of the Patriarch, but "God will provide" was his motto. One fine morning the sister of his Eminence, on returning to the kitchen after a short absence, found that the earthen pot containing the daily beef tea had disappeared from its lawful place on the stove. The poor woman ran to the Cardinal, who was busy in his study, and sorrowfully related the extraordinary case. "Well, my sister," quoth his Eminence, "evidently it was the cat." "But the cat would not have stolen the pignatta (earthenware

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