

paratively harmless. How has the prediction been fulfilled: "A man's foes shall be those of his own household"! The layman sees all this clearly enough, yet he gets most of the blame when the wheels drag in the mire!

It is all very sad. And the saddest thing about it is, the general unconsciousness of the fact. Oh, that the Church could arouse herself, and, breaking out from her narrow cells and sloughing off her encrustations and excrescences, could get back to the divine simplicity, reality, and common-sense of her first days! How shall we ever scrape off these noisome accretions of centuries of self-willed wrangling, unfaithfulness and corruption? The present condition of the Church at large is simply scandalous—"a house divided against itself." We were *born* to the disgrace, and so feel it not, yet there it is. And what divides us? Nothing. Nothing—to minds wide enough to see great things; big enough to despise trifles. Our great needs are, more of *fundamentals*, less of *minutiae*: more of genuine life and less of barren show; more of work and less of talk; more of loving deeds and less of metaphysical dogma; more of prayer—*i.e.*, WORK—and less of preaching; more grasp of the truth as a *whole* and less harping on its pet parts. In short, we need to get right back to our *Magna Charta*, the Sermon on the Mount. What have we left like *that*? In it, as in a