whatever kind of "ground" the popular game of the future requires. The coast line will be a continuous string of seaside resorts at which jazz bands will discourse negroid music to tired "sportsmen" drinking cocktails at the bars of first-class hotels. A deluge of news, ready-chewed for easy consumption and of opinions warranted not to provoke thought will descend upon the heads of the holiday makers, assisted by every device of television and telephotony that the science of the future may have in store. A few fields complete with hedges may be preserved as curiosities, if indeed they have not followed our pictures and thatched cottages and been transported bodily to America, to be hired at enormous cost and exhibited in process of being ploughed by mother-of-pearl ploughs at smart dinner parties of Fifth Avenue hostesses on the lookout for new stunts.

Perhaps it is because they dimly apprehend this fate for England, fearing that it may become the toy and the plaything of the vulgar rich from over the seas, its culture lost, its beauty shattered, and its people parasites, that the English dislike America.

IRON CITY

ILL I mold you, O my city, will I mold you to my desire In the vision-heat of my passion, in the crucible of my fire,

Bearing your sins on my breast as a wound, as a scar? Will I conquer you, O my city, as time conquers a star?

Now down your glamorous streets I tread with iron heel, For iron is in my soul, and my soul is in your steel. For the golden serpent of your glistening lure and lust Shall never wind round my body and bear me down to the dust.

I will not suffer you weak, I will not suffer you strong, Till I am heart of your heartache, till I am song of your song, And 'mid the archipelagoes of your light I swim, as in a river, domed by night!

— Gustav Davidson

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LAITY?

GORDON KING

But who is to blame? After all, the only material out of which to make a clergyman is lay material. And look at the laity! Perhaps they are responsible, more than they know, for many a clergyman's loss of faith. Will someone tell us how to make them different? Will someone from the ranks of youth, if not too annoyed at the slightest hint that he cares for ideals, give us a clear criticism — not simply a smashing and destructive bombardment, but constructive ideas as to what he wants and how he thinks he can get it? — Bishop Fiske in the Atlantic Monthly.

HERE are, perhaps, no completely satisfactory answers to Bishop Fiske's questions, but the laity should nevertheless appear with a brief reply. Such a confession of faith should come from those of the laity who, like the clergymen he describes as having given up their sacred calling for other walks of life, have been forced out of the church for one reason or another. It is not that the Protestant Church is unattractive, that its clergy lack tact or good manners, or that the servants of the Lord are underpaid. These conditions have always existed to a greater or less degree. The defection arises in the heart of religious belief; something is happening to our capacity for faith. Indeed, it would seem that the times are out of joint for Protestant Christianity.

So much is wrong with the laity that it is highly improbable that anything can be done to set things right in the eyes of intelligent believers, and even if a restoration of faith could somehow be accomplished, it is now questionable whether the result would do more than postpone an inevitable debacle. In so far as America will remain in any sense a Christian country, the indications are that it will very presently become a Roman Catholic country like France, with a huge agnostic opposition upon whom the real burden of our intellectual virility will rest.

However unfortunate and alarming the situation may be to those who identify traditional America with English Protestantism, it has not crept upon us without warning. The long mishandling of the conflict between religion and science has at last come to a climax, precipitated, no doubt, by the bitter and weakening conflicts between the Protestants themselves, by certain