

would be unstable without; but our present ones are doomed to failure if they don't find some way of getting close to the lives and hearts of the people, some way to command and hold the intelligent, some way to gain the confidence and love of young folk. They must be broader in that dances, motion pictures, good lectures, fine musicals, and other entertainments must find their way into the Church. They must furnish a vital, personal need in life.

Thousands of women in missionary and work societies flutter around giving benefits for foreign missions, when their own daughters are fertile soil for a little home missionary work. They have to dance in cafés when the church basement, with a perfectly good floor, is closed to them except when the Epworth League gives a painfully proper "social."

A Stranger Within the Gates

By "ELOUISE"

THE Church is not giving me what I want. I attend it because a venerable friend is happier when I am there in the pew back of him. I am a church member a long way from home living in a perfect climate. A hike with my chum up through a canyon would satisfy my need, but I would miss Sunday dinner and my friend would miss me; so I go to church. It is the coldest experience of my week.

The church is fine architecturally, the music is excellent, the subdued light pleases me; the preacher bores me to tears. Of the two or three hundred persons attending, many are women—very old, very good, very unattractive in face and in dress. Rich old men with their wives are there. Boys and girls are not there, much of any. They are off enjoying the sunshine and the mocking-birds. I envy them; but I was trained to attend church, and the habit is hard to break. I do break it, rarely; but the beauty and the old friend draw me back. The preacher could not possibly interest a person of any intellectual ability except as a curiosity. He tells stupid incidents of his past; he relates long stories in which he is the chief guy and over which he half weeps; he talks about his own family, who sit in the pew and must listen. I should think they would want to murder him. I cannot remember that he even once awoke an idea in me. I want a Gospel sermon, free from sob stuff, based on the Bible and ignited by sincerity and a personality free from cant.

I am a business woman engaged in an honorable calling. In the five years that I have attended this church no member has called upon me, no member has invited me to his home. I have no difficulty in leaving the church each Sunday without being spoken to by any one. For the past two years I have adopted the gay habit of giving a friendly hand to any and all near me as I go down the aisle and out, greeting them as if I were the Greeting Committee. Strangers are often there. Once a sweet woman and a bright man congratulated me on being gracious to strangers. They twinkled when I whispered: "H-sh! It's a joke! I'm as much of a stranger as you—have been—long time!" My chum is in the same boat as I. We've made our common experience into a travesty. When we are tired with the daily grind, we spin away into the wild and gleefully "take off"—"the Church of the Good Angels—11 to 12."

My human need for an atmosphere of beauty, for music, this church gives me, for which thanks. If I had to get or make secure my religion there, I would have no religion. What is the matter? The Church is an institution; it is not a vital force. It has sat down—on what? On its wealth, on its long established order, on its dignity. There it sits.

A Negro Teacher's Faith

By LAURENCE C. JONES

I WOULD no more attempt to define the place and value of the Church in my life than I would to turn the same searchlight on my own mother. I am a part of the Church, I owe much of what I am to her, and by the manna which she scatters I have my existence. Which does not mean that I am a minister. I am a colored man running an industrial school for my people in the Piney Woods section of Mississippi.

I do not think the Church is out of fashion. Many of her supposedly intrinsic doctrines may be discardable and many of her followers may be seriously speckled, but the Church as an institution is as vital as has been the vessel in which has been carried the religious thought of the people since time began. The great pillars on which she rests are the same pillars on which rest the impulses and thinking of man himself.

If the Church has not the power in the lives of men to-day which it once had, I am not willing to concede that it is the fault of the Church. The fault must be with men. Clear thinking indisputably shows the power of choice in the law of

the universe. A man may make money by carrying on a legitimate enterprise or he may make money by shady measures in a gambling den. But is honest business any less a factor in the world to-day because some men choose to make money outside of its precincts?

If the Church is losing its power in the lives of men, then woe is man! For he is getting farther and farther from the Only Source of truth than he ever was before. He is thrusting aside the gold and silver of this life and is coming to care only for the tinsel. He is giving up the manly implements which were placed in his hands with which he is to do his important work, and is accepting in their place the easily breakable and fearfully inadequate shovel and painted bucket of the child playing on the seashore.

But I do not believe the Church is losing its power in the lives of men. I think, rather, that this impression has been gained from circumstances which may be illustrated by my own experience, though perhaps generally in less pronounced contrasts. When I came to Mississippi to work as a teacher among my own people, I found the ministers of our race in the rural districts so illiterate as to be scarcely able to read the Bible intelligently. The contents of their sermons gave me little food for thought personally. But I found that the people to whom they ministered were uplifted and guided by these same sermons in a very gratifying manner. Shall I belittle the value of these rural meetings because I, perhaps, did not find in them the help I needed?

I feel that in vast ratio this is the situation of the Church in the world to-day. We are receiving our highest incentives and liveliest stimulus from the Church, but whether the local church satisfies our, for the moment, conscious need is less of a matter for criticism of the Church than it is for us to look to our own relationship to it.

The New Revelation

By "ELIZABETH FINCH"

FIFTY years ago I was a little girl on a farm in northern Illinois.

Every Sunday my parents gathered us children into the light wagon and drove to the Baptist church in the village, two miles away.

I recall the exhilaration of that quick ride in the summer sunshine, the anticipation of the singing and of seeing the folks come together bowing and smiling their greetings.

Sitting in the pew between father and

mother, I amused myself during the sermon by admiring the young ladies' dresses and earrings.

I was happy there.

I loved Sunday because it was "different." The dinner was extra good and father was with us all day. Father and mother talked over the sermon, and their comments often stuck in my memory.

When about ten, I was taken to revival meetings, where with the rest I felt the excitement of it all. I remember my fear of losing my soul and how I tried desperately to "experience religion."

I could feel no weight of sin, and that worried me. I was told to believe in Jesus and I should be saved. I said, "I do believe, but I feel just the same."

I was very miserable.

Growing older, and knowing how hard I had tried to become a Christian, I felt confused and disappointed that I had failed, and I blamed the Church.

Years after, married, and with young children, I felt I must get my life upon a religious foundation. The Church had failed to help me, and now myself alone must find the way.

My husband was of Quaker stock and Unitarian in belief, but not a church member.

An inspiration to study the Gospels,

Frank's Annual Mediterranean
Cruise De Luxe Limited to 400 less than half capacity
CUNARD S.S. SCYTHIA

(Built 1921) Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons. Sailing Jan. 29, 1925—66 Days. Repeating the complete success of our previous similar Cruises, same steamer, visiting

Egypt—Palestine

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda, cafes, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line Steamer.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request. Early reservation insures choice of location.

Also European Tours

FRANK TOURIST CO., 542 Fifth Avenue, New York

219 So. 15th St., Philadelphia Paris 582 Market St., San Francisco Cairo London
 (Established 1875)

Travel The D & C Waterway On the Great Lakes
 Restful-Economical-Healthful-Safe Traveling

You'll enjoy a trip on the palatial, homelike D. & C. Steamers that make daily trips between Detroit and Buffalo, and Detroit and Cleveland. Direct rail connections at these three cities for all sections of the country.

Detroit & Buffalo
 Lv. Detroit 5:30 p.m.
 Lv. Buffalo 6:00 p.m.
 Fare, \$6.00 one way,
 \$11.50 round trip.

Detroit & Cleveland
 Lv. each city 11 p.m.
 *Daylight trips during July and Aug.
 Lv. each city 8:30 a.m.
 Fare, \$3.60 one way,
 \$6.50 round trip.

*Operations subject to necessity for service. Schedule subject to change without notice. Berths \$1.50 up; staterooms, \$4.20 up; parlor \$7.20 up. Rail tickets are accepted. Automobiles transported. Gas must be removed. Wireless aboard. For reservations and further information, address agent at port of departure.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.
 General Offices, Detroit, Mich.
 A. A. Schantz, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
 J. T. McMillan, Vice Pres.
 R. G. Stoddard, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

Guaranteed 5 Years
KENNEBEC

THE only canoe that is guaranteed 5 years. Safe in rough water. For 14 years the leader in safety, speed, lightness and strength. Free Catalog of 15 latest models and name of dealer Kennebec Boat & Canoe Co. Dept. R 10, Waterville, Me.

trying to forget everything I had been taught from them, came to me.

Great was the revelation.

Here I had Jesus' word for it that I might begin at once doing the smallest thing in his spirit and for his sake, and that was being a Christian.

I felt resentful that what was so simple had been made mysterious and difficult for me when I was young.

About this time we moved to the college town where we now live.

This town, with the exception of one church, is ultra-orthodox. The college preaches the same theology that I heard fifty years ago, but happily my entire family have our home in the church which is the exception—the Presbyterian.

A gifted and consecrated man from a leading university ministers to the congregation, teaching the modern scientific interpretation of the Bible.

This is a man's church. Men who have not been in the habit of going to church now attend regularly.

They say they get here something they can use, that is practical and reasonable.

Unique among stanch Fundamentalists, this growing church is a stimulating influence in the life of the community, attracting to itself those who acknowledge but one fundamental—loyalty to Jesus Christ.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL ATLANTIC CITY

Hospitable, homelike. In the very center of things.
 On the Beach and the Boardwalk.

For more than fifty years, these two delightful hotels have been the natural choice of cultivated, interesting people—bent on happy, health-giving days by the sea.

American Plan Only. Always Open.
 Illustrated folder and rates on request.

LEEDS and LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

