

tude is not openly hostile, and varies with the convictions and courage of the individual ministers. Some are openly friendly. Others are more neglectful than openly hostile. They don't understand their Christianity, and while they preach beautiful sermons on Sunday, they have to hump themselves the other six days of the week as ministerial business men, raising money to build a new church or pay off the debt on the old one; and in the meantime trying to keep alive on a beggarly wage, which is oozed out to them by a stingy congregation that pretends to love its religion but hates like the dickens to pay for it.

I don't know much about country churches, but have seen many country parsons wearing shiny clothes; and I imagine their congregations got all the ministering they paid for.

In the cities, however, the job of preaching beautiful sermons to rich congregations is a soft snap, for the rich congregation pays well and wants very little religion. The well-kept preacher can't get away with much real Christianity, for his bread-and-butter comes from exploiters of labor. And he would get in bad if he asked his patrons how they got it.

They will give up the money necessary to build a beautiful church, and furnish the preacher with a fine parsonage and an automobile—so long as their Christianity doesn't interfere with business. And labor unions interfere with "business," because they insist on a greater share of the product of their labor than the employer would otherwise have to let them have.

There are many such churches, and I don't object to them if rich "Christians" want them. But I can't see any reason for poor people attending them. They are not wanted there in the first place, and won't feel comfortable or very religious if they go there. And such a church can't be friendly to labor unions on Sunday because it can't be friendly to

them on week days, when it might hurt business.

Years ago I was sitting in a club window one Sunday morning, watching prominent citizens coming down the street to the two big downtown churches. The fathers, mothers and children were all well dressed. I knew many of them. Some of the men, when they got to the club, dropped in, and their wives and children went on to church. Some of the fathers came into the club parlor and joined me at the window. Finally I said to them, knowing that their Christianity was only clothes-deep—

"I see now why you fellows keep up your churches. You don't go to them yourselves, but you contribute liberally. You are merely paying the preacher to entertain your families."

I knew those men had no legitimate business in a church of God so long as they made their money the way they did; and I couldn't have felt religious in a church maintained with their money. Hence I couldn't blame workingmen for not wanting to go there. It wasn't any place for them. They would have been preached at by a kept preacher.

People can't enjoy going to any church unless they feel at home there. I don't belong to any church, yet I believe I am religious. I do read the Bible, and especially the New Testament. I believe in Christianity, but I don't want to go to church.

So, in my opinion, it can't be that there is anything wrong with Christianity. It must be with me or with the church. I think it is with the church. And I think that's the way many others feel about it. I can't get the Christian inspiration there that I can get in the New Testament. The Golden Rule may be there, but I can't sense it.

If I understand Christianity, its aim is social justice, and the human heart has never ceased praying for that. If men feel that they can't get it in the church, and that the church won't help them get it except in ser-