

the rent much higher, for here light and sunshine are salable things that command good prices.

It seems that the poor and those of moderate means are those who really suffer by the subway, which otherwise may be considered a blessing.

Does it seem just to tack five or ten dollars on a man's rent because he lives "within a short distance of the subway"?

Or are we all in such a hurry that ten minutes saved each day is worth ten dollars a month?

No, indeed! There are thousands and thousands of us who will be content to lose ten minutes and save ten dollars.

It would be interesting to know what Mr. Parsons thinks of this phase of the actual present. It is no dream, as a great army of tenants can bear witness. The tone of the city is not only uplifted, but rents are so much so that this item of living is causing grave concern.

That the subway tavern has had its first throbbing "rough house" may not be exactly relevant here, but the thought occurs, if a man can become fighting drunk in the "Bishop's tavern," or any other subterranean rum shop along the line, why should not some provision be made for housing him underground while he is helpless or irresponsible? A series of bachelor hotels would meet this emergency.

And, having hotels underground, why not moderate rent flats and the like? Probably we could live cheaper there, and not only be "a short distance from the subway," but actually in it.—N. Y. Evening Telegram, of November 2, 1904.

CHRISTIANS AND CHRISTIANITY.

Extracts from a sermon preached in the church of the Advent (Episcopal), Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 13, 1904, by Rev. Quincy Ewing, Text, 2 Cor. vii.

When we consider the tremendous effect upon the world of 19 centuries ago brought about in three brief years by the one sublime Christ-life—a life begun in a manger, schooled at a carpenter's bench, and ended on a cross—it is impossible not to conclude that the world of to-day is as bad as it is, because the millions who have called themselves followers of Jesus Christ have not been followers of His in any true sense; have not been followers of His in the sense that they have actually striven against what was hateful to Him, and actually striven for what He held dear.

Aye, the men and women of the ages gone have been willing to do anything for Jesus Christ—willing to shout for Him, and pray to Him, and wrangle

about creeds for Him, and burn heretics and witches, and murder infidels, for Him, and carve rich altars, and build great buildings in His honor; they have been willing to do anything to prove that they were saved by Him—anything, except to work with Him for the world's moral regeneration; anything, except to take Him seriously as a moral leader; anything, except to consecrate their lives, humbly, honestly, heroically, to the service of those Divine-human ideals of everlasting righteousness, without which there would never have been any Christ, or any need for one!

Can any student of history fail to know that the Christianity of this world for 19 centuries has been mostly make-believe? At one time, hundreds of ecclesiastics meeting in solemn assembly from many lands, from across seas and deserts, to shake their fists in one another's faces over some abstruse point of questionable metaphysics; at another time and place, hundreds of "those having authority" parading to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers," clad in queer sorts of head-gear and gorgeous robes, with multitudes looking on awe-struck, or else as at some curious show; thousands of lights blazing on thousands of altars; thousands of masses and prayers paid for and mumbled, the earth over, to get human souls out of purgatory; thousands of priests in their confession-boxes, forgiving sins; thousands of preachers in their pulpits, explaining the difference between faith that is saving and faith that isn't saving, or shouting down one mode of applying the water of baptism, and shouting up another; iniquity black and rampant everywhere!—and one man in a thousand, one woman in a thousand, if so many, in any generation, really striving to do the *work* that Jesus Christ wants done; the work that He, Himself, did do, frowned on by every make-believe religionist of His time!

No wonder the Ten Commandments, delivered first to a horde of semi-barbarians, are still mocked at and trampled down in the world's most civilized centers! No wonder men with clubs in their hands must be stationed at our street corners to enforce them; and stone and steel structures erected at great cost in all our towns and cities to shut up their violators—in spite of the police and the patrol wagons!

Jesus Christ claimed to be the world's Redeemer and the world's Savior. He hasn't saved it or redeemed it. And yet His claim was a good one as He made it. It was a claim He had the right to make; for, unless this tragic and iniquitous world is redeemable and

saveable by the truths and principles He taught and lived, it is not redeemable or saveable by any principles or truths man's brain can think or man's heart can feel. He never expected to save men or redeem them by fiat—by any mere thing He did, or could do, independently of what should be done by them. The world isn't saved and isn't redeemed by Christ, because it has declined to accept Him as Redeemer and Savior in the only way He can be accepted; because in their aims and ambitions and deeds the vast number of His disciples have refused to be His fellow-workers; because through all the generations of the so-called Christian centuries, the supreme energy of so-called Christian disciples has been devoted to ends and aims which have had no more bearing upon any moral ideal that can be associated with the life and teaching of Jesus Christ, than upon the topography of the moon!

And what is true of the past generations is true of our own. We are most of us just merely make-believe disciples of Jesus Christ. We are most of us just merely playing at Christianity,—ten, a hundred, a thousand times more interested in aims, ambitions, plans, things, destined to vanish and die, so far as we are concerned, when the dirt falls on our coffins, than we are in the service and the glorification and the triumph of those eternal principles of right, justice, truth, taught and lived by Jesus Christ,—destined to abide while God abides, and to fix our status in this universe while the universe lasts.

If we want something easy in religion, we can have it—but not fellowship with the Man of Nazareth. There is nothing easier than to play at Christianity; nothing easier than to be a make-believe Christian in this day and generation.

There is nothing harder than to take Jesus Christ seriously; nothing harder than to be His disciple in sincerity and truth and deed. The churches, to-day, are partially dead, and are getting rapidly deader, because make-believe Christianity is approaching the evening of its long day and playing out. The world is getting tired of it, and its representatives, themselves, must tire of it ere long. Fiction must at last give way to fact, sham be routed by reality, in religion, though sham and fiction go with ease, and fact and reality with hardness. The latent heroism of the human soul must awake—and sooner perhaps than some of us expect—and assert itself in demanding a real religion to meet life's real needs, and

solve its real problems. Let it not be supposed that any old-fashioned revival can put new life and warmth in our cold churches. They will be warmed and made more alive on one condition, and one only—that the Christ professed and preached about and prayed to, become the Christ worked with, for the defeat of what is iniquitous to-day and forever; for the triumph of what is righteous to-day and forever!

A CHINESE VIEW OF WOMANHOOD.

A speech made by his excellency, Mr. Wong Kai-Kah, vice commissioner general from China to the Louisiana Purchase exhibition, at the banquet of the National Paint, Oil and Varnish association, served in the Southern hotel, St. Louis, October 15, 1903, as a finale to the association's sixteenth annual convention, reprinted from the report of the proceedings of the convention.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In appearing before you this evening I cannot but feel some diffidence. It is an acknowledged fact that no foreigner has ever spoken before an American audience with any degree of self-confidence, because you are a nation of born orators. In our country we do not speak. We write. An orator's excellence is measured, not by the amount of water he drinks at a speech, but by the amount of paper he spoils. For the last 20 years I have concentrated my energies in manufacturing waste paper, and to be transported suddenly to this country, and to try to drink water, you will appreciate the difficult task I have encountered.

The other day Mr. Mellier and Mr. Green kindly asked me to attend the banquet. I accepted with gladness. Then they said I must say something. So I asked them: "What shall I say?" They said any subject would do. Now, you will see this is a large order; although it is nothing to them because they are accustomed to handle large orders, but it puzzled me sorely. However, I made up my mind to boycott business, that I would not touch on that subject, and with your permission I will not do it. There are two reasons; first, I am not a business man myself; I know nothing about business, and to display my ignorance before the talented assemblage of the best American business men would simply create more laughter on your part; secondly, you have had so many business meetings that you would like another subject, a sort of a change. However, I could not make up my mind as to my subject. But, in coming here to-night, after getting into the room, I found my subject. It came by inspiration. The subject I am going to take up will be:

"The Ladies of America." (Applause.) That you will agree with me is the sweetest subject mankind can think of. And in looking over this assemblage of the representative type of American womanhood, in looking at this bed of roses, smiling as they do, that beautiful, exquisite flower, the most beautiful and exquisite God has ever perfected for the enjoyment of mankind—inspiration will come to the dullest. I want to tell you what a foreigner thinks of the American women.

It is education that has made American women. The American women have made America—because good mothers bring up good children; good children grow into good citizens; and good citizens will, by their united efforts, contribute to the grand success of this glorious republic. But education has made men and women more than that. It is due to the American women that the world comes to appreciate the true beauty, the ideal beauty over which the old and modern artists raved in vain, and which the sculptors have given up in despair, after wasting tons of material. What is true beauty? It is not only in the beauty of eye, in the gracefulness of form, in personal adornments, but it is in intellectual beauty, the beauty that is the outcome of education. That is what American women have shown the world. Beauty without mind is inanimate; but American women, by their education, have reached that high standard of beauty, that high ideal; and, more than that, the American women have lifted themselves up to that sphere which men, in their conceit and arrogance, always claimed as their own. (Applause.) The American women, by their education, have entered into all walks of life, not only in business but in politics. And, if a foreigner's judgment is of any account, I think they make as good if not better politicians, than men. (Applause.) But education goes beyond that, even. It has enlarged their minds; it has inculcated altruistic ideas; they are not content with enjoying the liberty and freedom they have now, but they want the sisters of all the world to enjoy the same liberty and freedom. In their eyes the eastern women, especially the Chinese women, are like many a flower that is "born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air." No doubt, to a certain extent, they are right. But permit me to say, as a representative of the Celestial kingdom, that, while our women do not, it is true, show their beauty in society or in public gatherings, nor do they permit their sweetness to pervade the

atmosphere of banqueting hall or ball-room, what little beauty and sweetness they have they lavish unstintingly on their husbands, their fathers, their brothers and their children. The home is the paradise of the Chinese women (applause), and children their stepladders to fame.

Now I want to tell you something about the education of Chinese women. As girls they are educated, that is, those who can afford it, the middle and upper classes. They teach them first to sew, and to read the Chinese characters, to write, to play on instruments of music, to educate their voices by singing and then to embroider; then they take the books our sages wrote about women, and the lives of famous women.

Our sage laid down three golden rules for the guidance of women; first, they must obey their fathers, before their marriage. Now, that rule is carried out faithfully. Very seldom, if ever—and I may say I never did hear—of an instance of a disobedient daughter. So that rule stands, and is workable. The second rule: When the girl is married she must obey her husband. (Applause.) Well, gentlemen, I am sorry you have wasted your energy. My wife not feeling well and not being present here, I can speak with more freedom. The second rule was never carried out. (Laughter.) We give a great deal of credit to our sage as a moralist, as a scholar, but when we read of the second rule, we thought he was a very poor student of human nature. And history does not tell us whether that rule was framed within the sacred precincts of his home, or his club; nor does history say that the rule was framed with the consent or even knowledge of Mrs. Sage. We fathers take very little trouble about that rule. We try to instill it into the minds of our daughters, but do not take the trouble to see the rule carried out. That is the business of the husband. Now, it is human nature that, before the sweet joys of a honeymoon are on the wane, the struggle for supremacy in the household is entered upon and settled; and we may safely say, contrary to the aphorism of Napoleon, the victory as a rule perches on the banner of the weaker sex.

As to the third rule, when the husband dies the widow must obey the first child. That is only figuratively speaking. It is not asked that a mother should obey the child, but it means that the mother should acknowledge the child as the master of the house.

Any of you who have traveled in China, and have been to the interior,