

have brought down upon his head the anathemas of the whole Calvinistic church, is able to gather around him a host of able divines of his sect, backed by a vast army of conscientious church members, does it not seem that another reformation is dawning? Does not the fact that those ministers and preachers who throw aside the traditional dogmas of a misty theology and take their stand on the side of simplicity and truth are today securing the largest following seem to indicate that the public sentiment of these days demands more of practical Christianity and less of scholastic theology, more of humanity and love in the Christian churches, and less of form and ceremony?

Thus far, while perhaps the majority of the members of the various religious denominations do not believe in many of the articles of faith of their respective churches, while Presbyterians do not believe in predestination, while Baptists do not believe in the absolute necessity of immersion, while Episcopalians and Catholics do not believe in the rites and ceremonies they subscribe to, all these remain and Christians are made involuntary hypocrites. The Presbyterians are shaking some off of the impedimenta. The revision when completed will remove some of the objectionable articles in the confession of faith and materially modify others. Large numbers of Christians are offering up the prayer that God may hasten the day when they will be no longer liable to the charge of hypocrisy, when they can remain in the church and not have to subscribe to a mass of things in which they do not honestly believe, when religion will have been simplified, when the way to heaven will not have to be learned from ponderous guide books prepared by ignorant and over-presumptuous men.

W. M. S.

THE DRAMA ON WHEELS.

A theatre in a Pullman car
Is strictly up to date,
The stage is set, the pert soubrette
Chirps like a candidate.
While dashing headlong o'er the land,
The polished villain shows his hand,
The troupe's your servants to command,
The public pays the freight.

A theatre in a Pullman car
Is good for jaded eyes;
The footlights throw their golden glow,
And blink in weird surprise.
You catch the hero's ringing cry—
"Oh, Marmaduke, where shall we fly?"
"Me cheyilde, me cheyilde! He shall not die,
For Vidocq's in disguise!"

The theatre in a Pullman car
Will pass the time away,
For on the wing they dance and sing
And mix in mimic fray.
You lean back snugly in your seat,
(While plunging through the frost and sleet)
As radiant Rehan trips so neat,
So witching is her sway.

The theatre in a Pullman car
Will speed the laggard's hour,
For on the rail the song and tale
Have sweet and soothing power.
"The play's the thing!" young Hamlet cried,
"I'll tame the haughty despot's pride;
Ha, mark you now the henchman's stride,
Who stalks as to devour!"

A theatre in a Pullman car
Will soon be all the rage,
The song and jest and piquant zest
When Mansfield treads the stage.
Modjeska, tender, naive, serene,
Will lend her beauty to the scene,
And Rehan rules, the drama's queen,
And Marlowe as the page.

JAMES E. KINSELLA.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

THE reign of death is over. Tall, white lilies proclaim that life has come. They lift their waxen bowls up in the sunny air and bring a new, fresh hope to the human heart. If such a miracle of whiteness can come from the dark uncouth earth surely there can be a hope that from these poor broken bodies of ours a white soul will burst into a bloom by and by like the tall white Easter lilies.

Thou waxen chalice of rich perfume
That spill'st thy fragrance on the gentle air,
What unseen power hath brought thee forth
From the damp dark earth, so bleak and bare?

Who wrought within the womb of earth
The germ that gave thy brilliant life?
Who lifted up thy silver cup
With all its lustrous beauty rife?

Thou answerest not, nor knowest thou
No more than we, whence came our life,
We only hope 'hat far away
Beyond this world of toil and strife,

There is a God who fashioned us
As thou wert fashioned, from the earth,
And that our lives sometime will find
Like thine, a fair and flower-like birth.

Lent is over. We discard the gray cloak of sorrow and put on the garments of joy. This Easter day means more to the human race than any other day in all the year. We stand beside the empty tomb, the stone is rolled away and an angel sits there pointing toward the skies. The angel may be a myth, the tomb may not be empty, but we believe, and that belief is the sweetest and the holiest belief that can come to the human heart.

Tall white lilies by the door
Proclaim the reign of death is o'er.
A message from the gloomy earth
Foretelling our immortal birth.

We lay our bodies in the tomb
Close wrapped in folds of heavy gloom,
But as the lilies tall and white,
We hope our souls will burst in bloom
Beyond the reach of earthly blight.

The trees are all abud, the birds are singing, the lilies are ringing their silent bells to the heart that hears, so dry your tears today, or look up through them to the sunny skies, and hope, hope with a steadfast hope, for hope is all there is of life.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

LONDON AS A "MODERN BABYLON."

Editor Stead who got to Chicago before Christ might well have stayed at home if immorality is what he is after. Facts brought out in the Oscar Wilde case make it apparent that the depravity of "Modern Babylon" still exists, nay flourishes, in London. Many persons high in literary, art and theatrical circles are implicated. If Christ should venture into London he would find a condition of things that would, by comparison, make Chicago a haven of virtue.

Economy and Strength.

Valuable vegetable remedies are used in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such a peculiar manner as to retain the full medical value of every ingredient. Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength and is the only remedy of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true. Be sure to get Hood's.

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently.