

## The Fireside.

### THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! the stars go down  
To rise upon some other shore;  
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves  
Convert to life the viewless air;  
The rocks disorganize to feed  
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread  
Shall change, beneath the summer  
showers  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away,  
They only wait through winery hours,  
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts  
That Heaven hath kindly lent to earth  
Are over first to seek again  
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy  
Are worthy of our love or care,  
Whose loss has left us desolate  
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a weary waste,  
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers  
Transplanted into Paradise  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody  
That we have missed and mourned  
so long,  
Now mingle with the angel choir,  
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve  
When beautiful, familiar forms  
That we have learned to love, are torn  
From our embracing arms.

Altho, with bowed and breaking hearts,  
With sable garb and silent tread,  
We bear their senseless dust to rest,  
And say that they are dead.

They are not dead! they have but  
passed  
Beyond the mists that blind us here,  
Into a new and larger life  
Of that serener sphere.

Tho' disenthralled and glorified,  
They still are here; and love us yet;  
The dear ones they have left behind  
They never can forget.

They have but dropped their robe of  
clay  
To put their shining raiment on,  
They have but wandered far away,  
They are not lost or gone.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow  
faint  
Amid temptations fierce and deep,  
Or when the wildly-raging waves  
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow  
Their gentle touch, their breath of  
balm,  
Then arms enfold us, and our hearts  
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, the unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is Life. There are no dead.

### A NOVEL TRICK PLAYED IN A CHURCH.

BY H. O. ROWLANDS.

We have received reliable information of a unique event in church life which took place in Bethelville, in an adjoining state. It seems that in that town, as in many others, the evening congregations of the Peniel Baptist Church had long been thin and discouraging. It was a "stragglers" congregation, few went in thereat. It was not because the people were few, for the city is a large one, the church has hundreds of members and a wide constituency, and the pastors have been above the average as preachers and speakers. For all that, it was scarcely worth the while to open the church doors on Sabbath evenings. It added to the financial burdens to heat and light the edifice, and the attendance did not make it worth the expense.

Earnest efforts had been made to change the conditions. Pastors were changed two or three times. A "joking" preacher was secured, he was full of fun and humor. He let loose on the helpless listeners ancient and embalmed jokes, rejuvenated funny anecdotes culled from many a book of forgotten lore, and a whole job-lot of alleged laughable ridiculousities. The galleries laughed, the few pew-holders blushed, and after six months the church decided that the pastor better take a permanent vacation, and conditions were left worse than ever. Then a downright "up-to-date" man was secured. He discussed the latest fads, preached on all conceivable isms, cavorted over the pulpit platform, pounded the Bible, screamed, and made all manner of wind-mill gyrations, for he was driven by wind—a regular barn-stormer he was! He had also a slight flavor of heresy in his doctrines; he was a "higher critic," liberal and modern in his views, which he ventilated with much freedom. He was not sound, but gave forth much sound. This drew to his congregation a few "broad-minded" thinkers, who patted him for his liberality, though they never contributed a cent for supporting him and the church. The newspapers praised him as a veritable prophet.

That lasted for a year or two; it filled the pews for a few months, then the turmoil subsided. The church life shriveled; its energies were paralyzed; its benevolences ceased. The health of the pastor's wife at last gave out and the pulpit became vacant again. The church became discouraged. Its present pastor seems to be a bright, able and thoroughly good man, but the evening congregation could not be secured. The last resort was to hire an elegant choir, fine soloists and a brilliant organist. For a while that helped, but a good many said they preferred that style of singing in the concert and opera. It did not stir in them one pulse of devotion, and they did not believe there was any worship about it; and they did not care a flip about such vocal gymnastics in the church; indeed, they were repelled by it! And the expense was too large to support the music. It was abandoned.

Then it was the trick was played in this manner: Deacons Gotrox, Wiseman, Banker and Bloodgood, all living

on Hijump Ave., after praying together—for they were good men—resolved that from that date they would always attend the evening services with their families, as far as they could control them. At the ladies' society it was resolved, and the paper signed by all present, that every woman would be present next Sabbath evening in the church services, unless unavoidably detained. The first signers were Mrs. Silk, Mrs. Golden, Mrs. Dimon, Mrs. Partie and Mrs. Cardance. Those ladies had been known to have had for years a regular and "excruciating" Sunday evening headache, and now, when the other ladies saw them starting to the Sabbath evening service they followed like sheep. Then the young people held a meeting and discussed the conditions. They were reminded how they had neglected the evening service; they had left after the young people's prayer meeting and gone for "a walk," or a visit, and the poor minister had to brave the empty benches, and then they found fault because so many of the pews were vacant on Sabbath evening. The absurdity of the thing occurred to them in its natural ugliness and they banded together to attend the evening services. Then a lot of boys and girls in the Sabbath school, when they saw the young "ladies and gentlemen" going, and their own parents going, would not stay home alone and they went.

On the following Sabbath evening the pews were full. The pastor, confronted by living men and women, and not by ghostly pews, empty and cold, caught an inspiration, and his sermon was electric with power and sweet with freshness. The singers also were tuned to the highest pitch of ambition to do their best. So it was for two or three Sabbaths; then the people around town began to be curious as to what was going on in Peniel Church to draw such crowds, and they came in and crowded the pews and even the aisles. This stirred the preacher to new efforts and enthusiasm. Every new face drew out the best that was in him, and he preached with unprecedented power and inspiration. Out of such conditions revivals have come, for there are continuous revivals; conversions follow; all church interests are reviving, the kingdom of God is becoming powerful in the city. Thus was the problem of the Sabbath evening service solved in the Peniel Baptist Church. Let some other church try this plan! It may scare the pastor at the first service; but he will get over that. Such a scheme will draw on his heart and brain, and he will improve in every grace and power. Try it!

See if it will not solve the problem of the "evening service" in your church. It will help settle your financial perplexity. It will stimulate your benevolences, at least so Deacon Gotrox writes me from Bethelville. It will nerve your pastor to larger efforts. It will deliver you from a creeping spiritual paralysis under which you are suffering. It will make your church a social, moral and spiritual force in the community. —The Standard, Chicago.

### FANATICISM OF JAPANESE.

In comparison with the unwilling Russian soldiers it is interesting to compare the carelessness of life and body by the little Japanese. When volunteers are asked for any special perilous duty, those left behind are full of disappointment. One sailor who had volunteered to go on an expedition which sank the ships to blockade Port Arthur, wrote a farewell letter home, stating that he expected to be killed.

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After his safe return he wrote apparently regretting his escape, and told of his efforts to join a second attempt. The secret of this bravery or fanaticism lies in their ancestral worship, and their belief that the honor of all past generations of his family reposes in him. That explains the suicide of so many when they are about to be captured by the Russians; notwithstanding the Japanese belief, shintoism, that the gods were not the creators of the world, but were themselves evolved from it, they seem to produce a faith or fanaticism that puts the faith of the ordinary Christian to shame.

The Lord does not save men merely to get them to heaven. He saves them to bless them and make them a blessing to others.

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