

Our Young Folks.

DREAMING AND DOING.

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my boy;
 Dreaming is pleasant, I know.
 To dream of that wonderful far off day
 When you'll be a man and have only to say
 To this one and that one, Do that and do this,
 While your wishes fulfillment never shall miss,
 May fill you with pleasure; but deeper the joy
 Of doing a thing yourself, my boy.
 Of doing a thing yourself.

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my girl;
 Dreaming is pleasant, I know.
 To dream of that far off wonderful day
 When you'll be queen, and hold full sway
 Over hearts that are loyal, and kind, and just.
 While your sweet "If you please" will mean
 "You must."

May fill you with joy; but you'll find pleasure's
 pearl
 In doing for others yourself, my girl,
 In doing for others yourself.

—Wm. S. Lord in *The Independent*.

AN ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN RUSSIA.

On a bright summer morning, there are few pleasanter places in all Europe than one of the great pine forests of northern Russia. The whole air is fragrant with the rich scent of the woods, and stray sunbeams play bo-peep amid the floating shadows, and bright-eyed squirrels flit hither and thither among the trees, and birds twitter merrily overhead, and every now and then a sturdy little Russian boy, round-faced and yellow-haired, comes trudging past, with a basket of mushrooms in his hand, looking up at you as he passes with wide, wondering eyes.

But the forest is a very different place when the winter winds are howling and the winter snows are lying deep, and not a gleam of sunshine breaks the cold, gray, lowering sky, over which the great clouds roll up thick and dark, in grim warning of the coming storm. Then is the time to pull your fur cap well over your face, and head as straight as you can for the nearest log hut, glancing warily about you as you go, lest you should suddenly find yourself confronted by the gaunt, gray body and sharp, white teeth of a hungry wolf on the lookout for "something nice for supper."

So thought Vania (Johnny) Masloff, a Russian peasant boy, belonging to the hamlet of Pavlovsk, in the northernmost corner of the province of Vologda, as he struggled homeward through the frozen forest at nightfall. He had been sent on an errand by his father to another village several miles off, and had spent so much time in games with some of his playmates there, after his work was done, that the sun was setting when he started on his way back.

It was a dismal evening. The chillness of the frosty air felt like a cold hand pressed against Vania's head to push him back. The rising wind moaned drearily among the frozen trees that stood up white and gaunt on every side like giant skeletons, and the darkening sky showed that there would be more snow before morning.

Vania was a brave country boy, accustomed to "rough it" in all weathers; and he would have cared little for either wind or snow had that been all. But there was something else which was troubling him much more. In the thick wood that he was traversing—a gloomy place even in broad daylight—it had grown so dark the moment the sun sank, that even he, who knew every foot of the way by heart, began to fear that he must have got off the right track, for the snow-drifts seemed to grow deeper and deeper as he advanced.

This thought (in itself anything but a pleasant one) was quickly followed by another even more disquieting. Out of the cold black depths of the forest rose suddenly a hollow, long-drawn, dismal sound, which Vania had heard too often not to know it at once for the cry of a wolf, or rather of several wolves together.

The boy started to run, for with such enemies on his trail there was no time to be lost. But anyone who has tried running through knee-deep snow (especially with the stifling cold of a Russian winter taking

away one's breath at every step) knows what fearfully exhausting work it is. He had barely advanced fifty yards when the horrible cry broke out again, sharper, fiercer, nearer than before. The monsters had scented their prey, and were in full chase of him!

Vania looked around him as he ran, with a numb horror, such as he had never felt before, tightening round his bold heart. He was now in the very worst place of all—a wide clearing in the forest, where all the trees had been felled except a few. If the wolves caught him there he was lost, and their yells seemed to come nearer and nearer every moment.

All at once a dark shadowy mass loomed up right in front of him, plain even amid the blackness against the ghostly white of the snow. He knew at once that it must be the huge pile of split logs which he had noticed in passing that afternoon, and he sprang up it like a wild-cat; but he had barely reached the top when the gloom around him was alive with whisking tails, and gnashing teeth, and fiery greenish-yellow eyes.

The next moment the wolves were leaping up at him on every side; but luckily the wood-pile was too high for them to reach the top with one bound, and Vania, snatching up a heavy piece of wood, struck so fiercely among the scrambling monsters that at every stroke a wolf dropped back into the snow, howling with pain, with a crushed paw, or a broken head.

The yells of the wild beasts, and the shouts of Vania himself, made such a din amid the dead silence of the lonely forest, that the boy began to hope that some one might hear it and come to his assistance. But the help for which he was looking for seemed likely to come too late; for the constant scrambling of the wolves up the sides of the wood-pile, and Vania's violent leaps to and fro on its top, had begun to loosen the logs, which were already tottering, and must soon roll down all together, flinging the poor lad right among the blood-thirsty jaws that were gaping and gnashing for him below.

But just when all seemed over, an unlooked-for way of escape suddenly presented itself. A pale gleam of moon-light breaking through the gathering storm-clouds, showed our hero a single tree standing behind the wood-pile, and only a few feet away from it. Could he make a spring and clutch one of the branches and so swing himself up into the tree, he would be safe.

Gathering all his strength for the perilous leap—for he knew that if the first attempt failed he would never live to repeat it—the daring lad shot out into the empty air. The wolves yelled and leaped up at him, but it was too late. Vania had seized the nearest bough. The slender limb bent and cracked terribly beneath his weight, but it did not give way, and in another moment he was safe among the higher branches, just as the whole pile of logs came crashing down at once, burying three or four of the wolves underneath it.

But now that he was sitting up on this uneasy perch, cramped and no longer kept warm by the violent exertion of beating off the wolves, the piercing cold of the wintry night began to tell upon him in earnest. Vania was a true Russian, and could bear without flinching a degree of cold that would have killed a native of a warmer clime outright; but even he now began to feel that he could not stand much more of this, and must either drop down among the wolves or be frozen where he sat.

A flash, a crack, a sharp cry from the nearest wolf, a lusty shout of several voices at once, and a broad glare of light through the gloom scared the cowardly beasts into a general scamper. The last of them had hardly vanished into the thickets, when Vania's father, three or four other peasants with axes and pine torches, and the village watchman with his gun, came just in time to catch the half-frozen boy as he fell fainting among them.

—David Ker.

F. D. Huntingdon, D.D.: Holiness is religion shining. It is faith gone to work, it is charity coined into actions, and devotion breathing benedictions on human suffering.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

(Continued from page 551.)

there has been, or if there seems to have been, more of avowed agnosticism and infidelity than in some former centuries, there has, at the same time, been more of religious life and activity; and the certain facts show that these have increased in an immensely greater ratio than agnosticism and infidelity. Thus, the Christian population of the world a century ago is estimated to have been less than 200,000,000; its Christian population now is estimated at more than double that number. It took eighteen centuries for the Christian population of the world to reach 200,000,000; it has taken but this one century to add another 200,000,000 or more to the number. There has been like increase in the contributions to religious objects throughout the countries of the world generally, a very good indication of the earnestness of the contributors. The old churches and the old religious organizations have shown greatly increased zeal and activity, and new Christian organizations of various kinds have sprung into existence during the century, and have exerted, and are exerting, immense influences for good. The British and Foreign Bible Society has been said to be the greatest agency ever devised for the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, and it had no existence a century ago. Nor had the Tract Society; and the Tract Society had in 80 years sent out 75,000,000 copies of its issues, these comprising translations into almost all the languages spoken in the world.

So, it is only about a century that modern evangelical missions have been in operation, and now 200 great missionary societies are at work, and their operations extend to all parts of heathendom. They have a force of 6,000 foreign missionaries and 20,000 native missionaries. The mission stations number 20,000. This great army of church workers have 500,000 children in Sunday schools, and administer to a million of actual communicants, while the native Christians amongst peoples previously heathen now number some 4,000,000. These figures are great as compared with matters a century ago. If they strike us otherwise when compared with the work not yet accomplished, there is the assuring fact to be added from experience, that where Christianity once takes root in a heathen land, and begins to bring forth fruit, the ratio of increase in the number of Christians becomes thenceforward much greater than the ratio of increase in the whole population. What has been done so far by foreign missions has thus been but the sowing of the seed. The christianizing of a country previously heathen may be said to have been already accomplished, or almost accomplished, in the case of Madagascar, the Sandwich Islands, the Friendly Islands, and most of the New Hebrides.

After referring to the influences which tend to unity between evangelical churches, Sir Oliver concluded as follows:

To Canadian Christians it is delightful to perceive that the churches and people of Canada are not behind the churches and people of other lands in whatever constitutes or manifests the Christian character. Indeed, the desire for Christian union is even stronger here than elsewhere, as has been shown by the happy union of the various Presbyterian bodies of the Dominion into one Presbyterian church, and the like happy union of the various Methodist bodies of the Dominion into one Methodist church. As united Presbyterians it is delightful to know that our church in Canada is not the least alive or the least active or the least progressive of the churches of the Dominion. While, therefore, we gladly recognize and appreciate the good that there is in every other branch of the church universal, and while we rejoice with all our hearts in the well-being and well-doing of every other branch, our own feeling as Presbyterians is to stand by the church of our fathers, which has also been the church of our own choice. Presbyterian churches have had in the past a grand history of Christian heroism in many lands, and are making more of such history from generation to generation. Presbyterianism has accomplished and is still doing great things in every land in which it has taken root. Its clergy everywhere are learned and faithful, laborious and self-denying. It has always been, and always will be, the church of the poor as well as the rich, of the learned and the unlearned. It concerns itself with the earthly well-being of men as well as with their eternal concerns. In view of all its influence for good, the founding of its congregations in this New World is well worthy of all remembrance. And let us all, my fellow-Presbyterians, who have joined in the present celebration, endeavor henceforth to be better Presbyterians than ever before and thereby we shall be better men and better Christians, of more service to the world and more acceptable to the God of heaven and earth and to Jesus Christ, His eternal Son, the God man, the Saviour of mankind.

A round of applause testified to the audience's appreciation of the veteran statesman's reminiscences and congratulations. Rev. Mr. Smith then introduced Hon. John Beverley Robinson to the audience, remarking that a pleasant feature of this occasion was that the gentleman about to address them was a member of the church of England, thus emphasizing the brotherhood of the church. Hon. Mr. Robinson's speech was brief, but happy and well expressed.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

The Sunday proceedings were in keeping with the character of the Saturday celebration. In the morning Rev. Prof. Mowat preached to a crowded church. Herr Emil Gramm, New York, and Madam Gramm contributing materially to the musical portion of the service. Rev. Dr. Mowat's sermon was a plain, very practical and evangelical address, the text being, I. John, iii. 2, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." His sermon was an

exposition of the way in which Christians are the children of God, and a very practical outline of the necessary characteristic of all who are Christians.

In the afternoon excellent addresses were given to the Sabbath School by Rev. Dr. Mowat, Rev. Dr. Gregg, Rev. J. W. Bell and Mr. Sampson, of Toronto, Rev. Mr. Smith taking charge of the meeting. At the evening service Rev. Dr. Gregg preached an able and eloquent sermon from Deuteronomy, xxxv., "Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations." The sermon was a careful and comprehensive review of the history of Presbyterianism in Canada, and the rev. Doctor strongly impressed upon his listeners the continuity which has marked the church's record, and the need for preserving that continuity in future development.

On Monday the Centennial celebration was continued. In the afternoon the congregation held a congregational reunion. From 5 to 7 in the evening a public meeting was held at which a number of resident clergymen and others delivered addresses. The collections realized upwards of \$200, which more than clears off the debt on the church.

LIZARDS IN THE STOMACH.

A REPTILE SWALLOWED WHILE DRINKING IN THE DARK.

Excruciating Agony Suffered by Mrs. Westfall—Nerves Shattered, and Death Looked for as the Only Relief.

From the Trenton Courier.

The editor of the Courier having heard of this strange case of Mrs. Simon Westfall, made enquiry and learned the following facts:—Mrs. Westfall said that one evening some three years ago she went to the well and, pumping some water drank a portion. As she did so she felt something go down her throat kicking and told her mother so at the time. Little she thought of the agony in store for her through drinking water from a pump in the dark, for a female lizard found its way into her stomach and brought forth a brood. After a while the sight of milk would make her tremble and she had to give it up. The disorder increased so that the very sight of milk would produce effects bordering on convulsions. She lost her appetite but would feel so completely gone at the stomach that she had to eat a cracker and take some barley soup frequently to quiet the disturbance within. She took medicine for dyspepsia and every known stomach disease, but got not relief. She changed doctors and the new doctor having had an experience of this nature before, gave her medicine to kill and expel the lizards. For three years the poor woman suffered all kinds of physical and mental agony. Her whole system, kidneys, liver and stomach were all out of order. Her heart would flutter and palpitate so faintly as to be imperceptible, and a smothering feeling would come over her, that it was often thought she had given her last gasp. Her memory was almost gone, her nerves shattered so that the least sudden movement would bring on collapse through extreme weakness. Sitting or standing she would be dizzy and experience most depressed feelings and lowness of spirits. After the removal of the reptiles, the doctor sanctioned the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she took three boxes but found no apparent relief. She then gave up their use believing she was past the aid of medicine. At this time a Mrs. Haight, who suffered twelve weeks with la grippe, and who was completely restored by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, urged Mrs. Westfall to begin the use of Pink Pills again. She did so and soon she perceived their beneficial effects. Her appetite began to improve and for two months she has steadily gained strength, health and steadiness of nerve and memory. She can now do her household work and feels as well as ever. She says she cannot speak as strongly of Pink Pills as she would like to, and feels very grateful for the great good resulting from the use of this wonderful medicine.

Mrs. Haight, before referred to, is enthusiastic over her own perfect recovery from the after effects of la grippe, feeling as well as ever she did in her life. She also corroborates the above statement regarding Mrs. Westfall's cure.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.