

ing the figures just as they stand, an interesting comparison is suggested. It took the Free Church of Scotland sixteen years after the Disruption to erect 800 churches, 565 manse, and 620 schools; so that, measured by this scale of progress, the progress made by our Separatist forefathers was simply enormous.—*Scottish Cong.*

THE Hindus have the belief that a son saves the spirits of his parents from the miseries of the next world. A Hindu always longs for the birth of a son, so that the son, by performing his *Shradha* ceremony after his death, may save his spirit from the agonies of hell. A Hindu who begets no son feels himself very unfortunate. It is a curious belief; but it seems to me that it is a faint reminiscence of the promise of the Son of Man, who was to be born to save the human race. Handed down by tradition in the early ages, it lost its exact form, and it looks absurd in its present heathen form. Still, the tenacity with which a Hindu clings to the hope that a son saves the spirits of his parents from the agonies of hell, and therefore longs for the birth of a son, leads me to think that all this is owing to a faint remembrance of the great and precious promise that was made in Eden. May He who was thus promised open their eyes that they may all see Him and rejoice in the salvation He has effected for them.—*Native Pastor.*

In an address, delivered by the Rev. D. A. Reed, in Springfield, Mass., at a reception upon his return from a European trip, Mr. Reed said that he found in the Scandinavian countries, Norway and Sweden, that the people had a peculiar reverence for the Gospel. The churches were all very large, having a seating capacity of between 3,000 and 4,000. There were 100,000 Congregationalists, 25,000 Baptists, and 15,000 Methodists, in Stockholm. Mr. Reed spoke to an audience of 2,500 people in Norway, through an interpreter, who was a captain of the Salvation Army, which has a good reputation in that country. After the service, many pressed forward to take his hand and send greetings to Christians in America.—*N. Y. Witness.*

THE difference between people is not so great as we sometimes think. I heard a Christian worker tell a bit of his personal experience that illustrates the likeness of all people. He had been trying to help a poor fellow at once to work into a Christian manhood; but the man rather went from bad to worse, both physically and morally. At last he became an inmate of the town poor-farm. My friend came to him one day and found him in a particularly unhappy plight. He was weak in body, ragged in clothing, and

despairing in heart; and had as little to live for in this world as one could well imagine. My friend said to him, "Why is it, John, why is it, that you are not a Christian? You have so much to gain, and, it seems to me, nothing to lose." "Well, I don't know," said the poor fellow, "but I suppose that it is just this, that I can't give up the world."—*Chicago Advance.*

Temperance.

A MISSION TESTIMONY.



CARTER, an inveterate and hard drinker, said, "I was never happy unless I had a quart pot stuck under my nose, now I am never happy unless I am either singing or talking about Jesus. If you

want to know what change Jesus has done in me and my house, you just ask my missus; why, afore I could never eat aught, never wanted food, or aught o' that sort, but now my wife tells me I eat so much that she has to have an extra baking. Why that drink it does none on us any good, only takes away our appetite, robs your children, and damns your soul. I thank God that ever this mission was started; I have been now eleven months a happy and sober man, and I pray God to keep me humble and make me to serve Him as well and better than I used to serve the devil." This man speaks well; his wife is converted too. Both are communicants.

"A SAMPLE ROOM."

Whenever I go to church, or up town on a shopping expedition, I pass a corner where a gilded sign hangs over the door, bearing the word, "Sample Room." On the side of the building, near the door, is a large black-and-gold shield, and upon it, again in gold letters, we see "Sample Room." Very often we hear a piano and violin going within, and men singing; and sometimes we see some of the "samples" they make inside, leaning against a tree-box, or staggering along the sidewalk, or even lying in the gutter. Now you know what I mean. They make drunkards inside that corner building, and then turn them out as "samples" of their work.

Not long ago a young man went into one of