

Perthes, exhibits religion as "the right use of a man's whole self," and not as a state of mind mystical, and in active life unattainable, high up among things intangible, separated from contact with work-a-day life, appropriate to Sabbath days and special hours, to leisure, old age, and death-beds. Every man who is "diligent in business, serving the Lord," is a sermon brimful of the energies of life and truth, a witness to the comprehensiveness and adaptability of Christ's religion, a preacher of righteousness in scenes where none can preach so efficiently or so well.

#### NOMINAL CHRISTIANITY.

The *London Telegraph* concludes a recent article with this suggestive remark:—"Still, the need is, that Christians should be converted to Christianity."

#### PRAYER IN THE NIGHT SEASON.

The Psalmist says, "At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee." In modern times, the Patriarch of the Copts (who resides at Cairo) has to lead an ascetic life, and is waked at night every quarter of an hour for a short prayer.

#### THE BIBLE.

The Bible is a precious storehouse, and the Magna Charta of a Christian. There he reads of his Heavenly Father's love, and of his dying Saviour's legacies. There he sees a map of his travels through the wilderness, and a landscape, too, of Canaan. And when he climbs on Pisgah's top, and views the promised land, his heart begins to burn, delighted with the blessed prospect, and amazed at the rich and free salvation. But a mere professor, though a decent one, looks on the Bible as a dull book, and peruseth it with such indifference as you would read the title-deeds belonging to another man's estate.

#### BUENOS AYRES.

The thriving communities of Scottish settlers on the shores of La Plata have often been referred to with lively interest in the reports of the Colonial Committee to the General Assembly. And never has that reference been made without reason for satisfaction and thankfulness in the view of their prosperity as living and fruit-bearing branches of the Church of Scotland. Few of her sons anywhere cherish a warmer attachment to our Church; and few give more substantial proofs of their interest in her mission-work. Our last letter from Mr. Smith, of Buenos Ayres, encloses an order for £17. 12s. 6d., the result of the annual collection among his people for the Colonial Scheme.—*H. & F. Record.*

#### HOW FALSE REPORTS MAY ORIGINATE.—

A curious illustration of this is found in an anecdote told in a lecture by Mr. Spurgeon.

A minister lived opposite one of the doors of his church. A report got abroad that the minister had been seen to beat his wife, the matter was brought before a deacons' meeting. There the minister said he traced the spreading of the report to the deacons' daughter. The good man, the deacons' daughter's name having been mentioned, must then state that when he was going to bed on a certain night, he did see (through the window-blind of the lighted room) the minister beating his wife, and heard a scream. The minister was nonplussed, he requested that his wife might be sent and questioned. When she arrived she explained the whole matter. She said: "Do you recollect that there was a rat in the room that night, that it got upon my dress, you got frightened and took up the pole that I could not stand still and ran round the room, you running after me with the pole? This is the explanation of the whole affair. Well, then, the lecturer would remark to hearers, the next time they heard a report against a good man, let them say at once, 'There is a rat at the bottom of it, I know it,' and then some simple explanation may be counted for the whole thing."

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#### ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT HART

WHO WAS SUDDENLY KILLED BY CHOKING  
DAMP AT ALBION MINES, ON 6TH  
MARCH, 1867.

Young Robin now lies still in death,  
A pallid form of lifeless clay;  
How soon he drew his final breath!  
How soon his being pass'd away!

When strong in manhood's healthful bloom,  
We little know of what's to come;  
We know not of the impending doom  
Decreed by God to call us home.

How cheery went he to his toil,  
As he was wont to do before;  
His fond one shar'd the parting smile,  
His lab' sat prattling on the floor.

But now his every care is o'er,  
His wife and friends may weep and moan,  
That welcome face they'll see no more,  
For Robin's gone ne'er to return.

Oh! who will cheer the widow now?  
Who'll be her comfort and her stay?  
Who'll smoothe the sorrow on her brow,  
And make her joyless heart be gay?

'Tis Thou alone, great God above,  
Can heal the wounds of grief and pain,  
And bind, in Thy eternal love,  
The broken-hearted soul again.

Then, oh! do Thou, who art indeed  
The orphan's shield, the widow's stay,  
Befriend her in her hour of need,  
And light the darkness of her way.

R. BARCLAY

Albion Mines, March, 1867.