

For the last twenty years he has filled this post with great diligence, faithfulness, and success; doing in this department and as secretary of the different committees of the church, an amount of labor that few could know except those more intimately connected with the work, and which will be more fully realized now that he has laid it down. For some months his health had been failing. A year ago he went South, hoping to benefit by a milder climate. On his return a trip to Scotland was taken in the hope that it would prove beneficial, but shortly after his return last autumn, he was taken more seriously ill and from that time, with occasional returns of seeming revival, he sank steadily towards the end, until on the 5th of February the spirit passed away as if in a gentle sleep. Not long before his death the Foreign Mission Committee was to meet in New Glasgow. His daughter was going to send by express the minute book in which the records of the Committee were kept. Taking the book to her father's bedside, he took it in his hand. For many years had he written its records. Claspings the book he seemed as if he could scarce part with it. At length he gave it to her saying: "I am giving it up for ever." His work on earth was laid aside for a better service in another and better life.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Donald Fraser, for many years an elder in Poplar Grove Church, Halifax, died not long since at Beaulieu, Scotland. The Session of which he had been so long the senior elder, have placed on their records a minute, of which the following is an extract:

"Coming from Scotland, in the prime of life, to America, after a brief sojourn in the United States, our departed father settled in Halifax, connecting himself with old Poplar Grove Church, under the ministry of the Rev. P. G. MacGregor. For nearly thirty years he was identified with this congregation in varied and faithful labors for its welfare, until his removal, amid the universal sorrow of the congregation, about three years ago, to his native land.

In every capacity, as a private member, as a Sabbath School teacher, as an Elder, as Clerk of Session, as a Trustee, as

Treasurer of the Congregation, and as Treasurer of Session, his services were warmly appreciated, while his kindly nature, genial manner, and unflinching courtesy endeared him personally to all with whom he came in contact."

Mr. Charles Robson died on the 18th inst., at the age of seventy-two years. He was one of the oldest business men in Halifax, and for long a prominent elder in the Presbyterian church. He was one of the founders of Poplar Grove Church, was elected to the eldership in 1847, thus filling the office for nearly 40 years. In 1869 he joined the Presbyterian Church in Dartmouth, which was near his residence. In connection with church music, particularly in the compilation of the *Choir*, as well as in much of the other public work of the Church, besides valuable service in the congregations with which he was more immediately connected, having served well his generation he has now fallen on sleep.

"THE PRAYING MOOD."

"Sometimes I do not feel in the mood for praying, and then I don't pray," said a depressed brother to his friend one day. To this the friend replied by asking, "What have your moods to do with your duty? Mood or no mood, it is your duty to pray. If you really want God to bless you, He will not refuse your request because of your mental depression." This was certainly good counsel; for to neglect prayer when moody is a sure way to increase one's depression, while prayer soon transforms a dull mood of mind into the lively cheerfulness of faith, love and hope. One beam of light from the face of Jesus can disperse the gloomiest mood that ever darkened the soul of man.

CHARITY AT HOME.

The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business in society and in the church; but the first and chiefest need for it is at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines star-like through all gloom and depression.