

well suited to every circumstance, and which the Church in all ages has employed in celebrating the praises of Him who is her King and Head. It also contains that music so well adapted to the versification of those Psalms which we sing in our public and private worship. And now, ladies, while I fully endeavor to conduct the vocal part of our public worship, I ask a continuation of your hearty assistance. Let our voices and the aspirations of our hearts unite in harmony to praise and thank Him who has done so much for us; and may that Christian knowledge, love and obedience, which our pastor labors to inculcate, characterize us in all our social intercourse as we journey through life.

SAMUEL MOORE.

Goose River, }  
July 21st, 1864. }

### Obituary.

Since the last issue of the *Record* another of the fathers in the eldership has gone to his rest. Mr. JOHN JAMES ARCHIBALD died at Truro on the 6th of August, having reached his 74th year. In his death we see another link broken in that chain which binds the past to the present generation. "Help, Lord, for the goodly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men."

The deceased was the last male member of what may be considered a very remarkable family. These who had the pleasure of their acquaintance must admit that, taken all in all, they were men possessed in a high degree of those mental and moral endowments, accompanied with strength and force of character, which made their impression on the several communities in which they lived. Though the deceased did not occupy so prominent a place in the civil affairs of the Province as some of his brothers, yet he was behind none of them in those qualities which gave the world assurance of a man. He was well acquainted with general literature, both sacred and secular, and delighted to break a lance with an opponent in the way of debate, either in politics or polemics. His patriotism led him to take a lively interest in the civil affairs of his native Province. In 1844 he was chosen as chairman of a committee representing the intelligent yeomanry of Colchester, to wait upon Lord Falkland, then Governor of this Province, with an address, expressing disapproval of certain acts of his administration, being, in their opinion, subversive of the principles of responsible government, which duty he discharged with credit to himself and satisfaction to those whom he represented.

But his interest in civil matters did not

cause him to neglect the more important duties of religion. He exemplified in his life the apostolic injunction, "be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Being trained from infancy in the doctrines of the Bible, he was led when young to make a profession of religion—connecting himself with the Presbyterian Church, which he could trace as the church of his fathers for many generations back. A few years afterwards he was ordained to the office of ruling elder in the Truro congregation, which office he filled for nearly forty years, and his brethren in the eldership can now bear testimony to the efficiency with which he discharged his duty during that lengthened period. It was his desire to build up the ruined walls of Zion, and in this he was assisted and encouraged by the Christian counsels and goodly example of his amiable and deeply pious wife, who went to her reward ten years before him. For the last few years he was confined very much to his own home, through the infirmities of age and sickness; and while he retained much of the vivacity of youth, any one could see that he was fast ripening for a better world. His last sickness was short. On Sabbath morning his Master called him from the church militant to spend an eternal Sabbath with Him in the church triumphant. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.—*Com.*

### Fireside Reading.

#### Catching the Squirrel.

Johnny Ray had set a trap in the woodland for squirrels.

The "woodland" was a large lot, of many acres of land, covered with beautiful trees, most of which were walnut. The squirrels loved that place. It was a home for a great many families of them. Johnny thought he would like one of the sprightly little things for his own; and as it was in the spring, when there were no nuts on the trees, and when it might be supposed that the squirrels had eaten up all, or nearly all, their winter's store of provisions, he thought one of them might be tempted by a nice yellow ear of corn, to go into his box-trap. He set it in the woodland one fine afternoon, and having dropped a few of the bright grains of corn for "decoys," as he called them, left it there. A large rock stood not far from the place, and behind it he could creep up quietly now and then, to see if his trap was sprung.

Two days passed, but no squirrel was caught. On the third day, Johnny asked