


Our Contributors.

REMINISCENCES.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.



ONCE, when driving along with the late Rev. Hiram Denny, near Acton, Ont., he pointed to the road before us and said, "Many years ago I was driving along this road, in a sleigh, with Rev. John Roaf and Rev. Mr. Armour. We were on a Home Missionary deputation, going to some meeting. Just in front of us—down in the hollow yonder—(it was all cedar-swamp then, on both sides of the road) I spied a large wolf, straddling over the track, and just waiting for us. My horse didn't like his looks, and was determined to wheel round, and beat a retreat; and I had all I could do, by whipping him up, to keep him head on toward the wolf. And I didn't know how many more of them there might be, among the bushes on each side."

"And what did your passengers do?"

"Oh, Mr. Roaf stood up in the sleigh, and waved his arms, and shouted at the wolf."

"And what did Mr. Armour do?"

"He got down in the bottom of the sleigh, and rolled himself up in a buffalo-skin."

Just the difference in men. Mr. Denny hadn't ridden in a dragoon regiment, to come out to Canada to be scared by a wolf. And Mr. Roaf had too often been in conflict with men, to be afraid of anything on four feet. And dear old Mr. Armour, who would not injure any living thing—he must, as a man of peace, let others do the fighting.

"And how did the matter end?"

"Oh, I suppose, after all, there was but the one big wolf. And when we got near, he loped off among the cedars and disappeared."

Rev. John Climie preached in my pulpit seventeen nights in succession, about six months before his death. He was then a fine noble presence of a man, about sixty. The Lord helped us to gather in thirty-seven converts. His old mother, eighty-

four years of age, was living in the place. I was present when they parted.

"Well, mother, good bye!" said Mr. Climie; "I sometimes think, maybe I'll be in Heaven before you, yet."

"Na, John," said the old lady, who, as a convert of Creville Ewing's, in Glasgow, had begun to walk with God when she was seventeen—"Na, na, John; I'll be there first. But I'll look for you coming."

Nevertheless, John was right. He died in the Sailors' Hospital at Quebec the next summer, and his mother never lifted her head again: just took to her bed and died in four weeks. "A shock of corn, fully ripe," gathered into the Lord's garner.

Rev. Dr. Lillie was with us at Humber Summit just seven weeks before he died. There were eleven of us gathered round the table of the Lord that Sunday—just the number in the upper room in Jerusalem, when the Lord broke the bread to them. For he made the twelfth there, as He made the twelfth with us. Dr. Lillie liked, sometimes, to get out into some little country church, and with a sweet simplicity adapt himself to the humble surroundings of the place. Like Moses, he was inclined to describe himself as not "eloquent"; but like him, he had seen the face of God.

ORDINATION OF MR. HILTON PEDLEY, B.A., TO THE MISSION WORK IN JAPAN.

BY REV. W. HENRY WARRINER, R.D.

Mr. Hilton Pedley, the last of four brothers now in the Congregational ministry, was ordained in Cobourg on Wednesday, July the 3rd.

It was a kindly act on the part of the Cobourg Church, of which Mr. Pedley had been at one time a member, and of which his brother was for several years the esteemed and successful pastor, to arrange for his ordination there. May the Church continue to prosper, and to send out other young men like those whose names are already household words among us!

The Council met at four p.m., and appointed Dr. Barbour to be Moderator, and Rev. W. H. Warriner to be Scribe. Rev. R. Aylward, B.A.,