

He was a man of *peaceful piety*. As much as in him lay he lived at peace with all men. Being a man of sound judgment whose opinions were respected. he had, of course, some very decided views in matters both secular and sacred. But he was very far from being dogmatical, controversial, or dictatorial. He could listen to opinions differing from his own, with patience and charity, and yet propound his own in the kindly terms of love. He practised the power of the soft answer which turneth away wrath. And when offences came—as it must be—among friends or neighbours, John Wilson was one of the blessed peace-makers who do such good in the church and the world, and who do such good to themselves by attaining a higher evidence of their being the children of the God of peace.

He was a man of *social piety*. Doubtless, all piety is essentially social; its highest form is friendship with God. But I refer to friendship with man. John Wilson had a big warm heart, perhaps by nature, but more especially by divine grace. His aim was to love his neighbour as himself. Hence he was a kind husband; a most affectionate father; a zealous friend of the church; an obliging neighbour; a philanthropist looking abroad on the world's miseries and doing what he could by his contributions in prayers and alms for their alleviation. He could rejoice with the joyful, and weep with the sorrowful. And hence his old-fashioned cosy-looking homestead was an attractive place; people who were not much giving to visiting elsewhere were drawn to it; every body liked to have a social sensible, edifying "crack" with old John Wilson as he sat in his old arm-chair.

Doubtless he had his failings but they were so few and insignificant that we cannot recollect them—whatever they were, we are sure "they leaned to virtue's side."

He is gone gone up higher. His end was peace. He left us last December. And on the Sabbath after his funeral we had a sermon on the text which he often repeated during his sickness. Isaiah 45: 21, 22, "There is no God else beside me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."

McK.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Joseph Snyder who died at St Anns, in the township of Gainsborough, on Sabbath the 15th April, in the 84th year of his age, was born in the town of Mowlton in the state of New Jersey, in the year 1782. His father Adam Snyder immigrated to Canada in the year 1793, with a family of nine children, six sons and three daughters, all now deceased except the youngest. He obtained from Government patent deeds for 1000 acres of land in the sixth concession of Gainsborough and erected the first mill in the township, and named the village St Ann's after his wife, whose name was Ann Snyder. Before his death he saw his children all comfortably settled. His son Joseph succeeded his father in the mill, which was known far and near as *The Snyder Mill*. The deceased was married at the age of 23, to Elizabeth Dean, by whom he had three children, one son and two daughters who are still living, and who with his widow who accompanied him in the journey of life for 61 years now lament their loss.

Mr. Snyder during his long life was beloved by all who knew him, and in his old age, was familiarly known throughout the township as "*Uncle Joe*." He had always a happy smile for the children when he met them, and the week before his death, he visited the School and told the little ones to improve their time well his he said he 'e't now to be short. He was scarcely seen sick all his life long, and was healthy to the last. The Sabbath on