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THOMAS BINNEY.

PART II.

BY H. J. C.

Let us now consider as briefly as consistent, Mr. Binney as a preacher; many of our readers have, no doubt, heard him; those who never have, we would ask to take a leap backward, say for a period of twenty-five years, and visit with us the Weigh House Chapel on a Sunday morning. There is nothing attractive in the exterior. The frontage is on a line with the rest of the street, and the building is as plain within as without; certainly there is nothing of architectural beauty or adornment to attract. We are early, but we are not by any means sure of getting a seat, perhaps after a time we may be fortunate enough to obtain the place of some absent seatholder. Presently Mr. Binney enters the pulpit, and as he ascends the stairs you watch him, and are struck with the massive brow, indicative of the large brain and the grand intellect that dwells there. The precentor gives out the hymn and starts the tune; there is not any instrument, but the singing is congregational, is hearty and in good time; a subject this on which Mr. Binney felt and wrote warmly, and to which he gave much time and attention in his church. You look up and around the large assemblage, and there is a something, a peculiarity, the like of which you have not seen before in any place of worship you ever entered. What is it? What distinguishes this congregation so markedly from the great bulk of congregations? It is the extraordinary preponderance of men, the long array of black coats all over the building; we have counted twenty-six altogether without a single female between them, and ten or a dozen thus, was a common sight; not that Mr. Binney was uncared for and unappreciated by the gentler sex, the worked slippers admiration he never received, but in his church were to be found some of the truest "Mothers in Israel" we have known, large-hearted Christian women, and among them he had real power, the power that sprang from love—but the preponderance of men was occasioned by the great influx of students from all parts of the metropolis, to whom the master mind of Fish Street Hill was an irresistible attraction. But to return to the service; after reading scripture, and another singing, generally a "Sanctus," came the prayer—reverent, thoughtful, and fervent, revealing more than anything else the inner life of the speaker; his child-like faith, his filial confidence, and his world-wide sympathies. More singing, and then the sermon. The text is given out, and a short, likely enough laboured and hesitating introduction; but he has not yet got into the train of his ideas—he starts again, and now something attracts his attention, perhaps a piece of braid on his coat is loose, and he stops deliberately to pull it off, or his cuffs or his collar are not comfortable, and they must be adjusted, or he takes hold of the pulpit lamp pillar and swings himself by it, still talking, but evidently waiting for the inspiration, and *it comes*; he passes his hands through his scanty hair, his eye brightens, he lifts himself up, and pours forth his glorious thoughts to an audience hanging in breathless silence on his every word he pauses