

sermons, I would run my risk for once of hearing a poor one. I went, and Mr. Binney was in one of his best veins for extemporizing—had the fullest mastery of himself and of his subject—and was more simple, natural and eloquent than I ever heard him on any other occasion. It would not have been surprising if he had preached a poor sermon. He was fitful, uncertain and irregular. No clock can always strike twelve, and men of genius and great parts are apt sometimes to do very slenderly and poorly. Mr. Binney was quite aware of this. He remarked once to my father, "Mr. Clarke, I can preach the best and the worst sermon of any man in London." During my visit he arranged a day's preaching on behalf of the Colonial Missionary Society, and requested me to speak once with special reference to Canada. I did my best to set forth the features and claims of Canadian Congregationalism, and after service, Mr. Binney expressed his appreciation of the sermon in very kind and flattering terms, and compelled me to give him the notes of it, for "speech thunder" in advocating the cause of Colonial Missions.

A prayer-meeting address I heard from him on a week evening about that time, made a deep impression on my mind. It was on trial, chiefly based on the well-known hymn beginning—

"Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross."

Commenting on one of the verses, he remarked that love was inscribed in letters of gold on every dark cloud, though we could not always make out the inscription. The efforts of a feeble faith to spell out the letters of the word "love" were beautifully described, as well as the effect of the full shining forth of the blessed inscription, like the clear shining out of the sun after a storm.

But I must not protract this paper. I had no idea the few reminiscences I proposed would fill so much space, and must stop rather abruptly, dubious whether to leave this fragmentary article as an imperfect and unfinished wreath of honour, or to try and weave it into better shape hereafter. You, Mr. Editor, may be disposed, perhaps, to decide that point.

Beside many sweet remembrances of his thorough Christian simplicity, and real greatness, I have in my library a set of his works, each inscribed with his own hand, and containing his autographs. I have also three likenesses of him—one as I saw him in my boyhood, a second as he was in 1845, and a third when "old and grey-headed." Very precious are they all.—*London Advertiser*.

"BROTHER MOODY."

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

In the old Chicago, before the cow kicked over the kerosene lamp, and before theatre-preaching and Patton had helped Swing to his well-deserved fame, the religious life of that city had two poles—Robert Collyer and Dwight L. Moody. Both were representative Chicagoans, self-made, self-reliant, tireless, hopeful. But no two men could be more unlike in their tastes and sympathies. Mr. Collyer is a poet and seer, with a genius for literature. Mr. Moody, a man utterly practical and matter-of-fact, with a genius for affairs. If there was any red rag that would rouse the wrath of the preacher of Unity Church, in the days before the fire, it was Mr. Moody's energetic efforts at "soul-saving." And if there was ever anything that the ruling spirit of the great noon prayer meeting dreaded, it was the sentimental heresy of Robert Collyer. I doubt not each of them admired the other's ability, but neither of them had catholicity enough to understand how much of benevolence and Christian feeling they had in common. *Bêtes noirs* though they were to one another, Chicago would not have been Chicago