

clergy and the bishop might separately have its influence. The carrying out of this important project caused the bishop much labor and anxiety. He met with a strong opposition from the parish of St. George, also from Annapolis and St. Paul's. The Rector of Wilmot wrote a pamphlet, learnedly attempting to show that the laity should not be admitted to the councils of the church; but the bishop, with his greater learning and his sledge-hammer logic, beat down all opposition.

The Declaration of Principles had been adopted in 1855; the Act of Incorporation passed in 1864, but not without great exertions on the bishop's part. A former bill was rejected. He was his own counsel before the Legislative Council. In the Synod that year his lordship explained that "He was very reluctant to appear before the Committee of Council, but he could not allow judgment to go by default, and he could not find a lawyer who felt himself to be sufficiently acquainted with the subject. He had therefore to undertake the task himself. He performed it to the best of his ability, and hoped that it would meet with the approval of the Synod. He felt that he was out of his element before the committee of Council." He spoke for four hours. The synod passed a cordial and unanimous vote of thanks, and it was said of him by a member of the bar (as had been said years before of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey), "If the bishop had been brought up to our profession he would have beaten us all," to which his auditor replied "Small thanks for the compliment: he is not a lawyer, and has beaten you all as it is." To-day all acknowledge his foresight and wisdom, and ask what should we do now without a Synod!

Of the increase of churches in his diocese, of the improvement in the architecture and arrangement of those churches, of the advance made in the propriety and solemnity of Divine worship "nunc prescribere longum est." These matters are patent to all; but the present generation have no idea of all Bishop Binney did, endured and gave to bring about these beneficial changes.

Then again his laborious visitations will probably never be appreciated in these days of railways. It is a light matter now to go from Halifax to Amherst, but it was not so for many years after the bishop's arrival, and even yet the roads to Lunenburg and Queen's—along the shores of Halifax county and the Island of Cap. Breton, are hard enough to be traversed in all but the finest weather and are rough at the best of times—but he never spared himself.

Of the bishop as a preacher it may be said that his great learning, his invincible belief in the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, his towering intellect, together with his ringing voice, made him one of the most powerful and instructive preachers of his day.

As a chairman he was unexcelled. To watch him through the long days of the sessions of Synod was a study of patience, promptness, readiness and knowledge on each subject, and above all of the most perfect impartiality. Indeed this latter

characteristic was most marked in his every relation of life. The man who most nearly agreed with him would receive just and stern rebuke when the bishop thought he deserved it and the man with whom he least agreed would not want most kindly encouragement if he would only be faithful to his duty.

In the matter of duty the bishop reminded men of the Iron Duke. He neither spared himself nor others, and was therefore often misunderstood. He would say just what he felt, and his words might cut, but it was from no hardness of nature nor unkindness of heart. He had the most overpowering sense of his own responsibility as chief pastor of the diocese, of the responsibilities of the clergy under him, and these he determined should, as far as in him lay, be realized; but let the duty be that of "visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction," and then the tender nature shewed itself. We have already spoken of his gentle ways with "the lambs" of the flock, but cannot forbear to pay one other tribute to his kindly generous nature,—his goodness to his clergy in time of trouble. Was it pecuniary help that was needed? His purse was open. Was it bereavement? No earthly comforter more kind. Was it mental anxiety? He was skilled to heal, and most earnestly and affectionately did he lead the sufferer to the source of all true comfort.

His open purse has been spoken of. The poor were helped from it; the city and Province were the better for it, and the diocese above all will miss it.

The mention of one object of his care has been left till now. Windsor provided training for the sons of the church; for years he tried to find a way to train similarly the daughters. St. Margaret's Hall flourished for a time and broke down, causing the bishop great worry and no little pecuniary loss. Girton House, under Mr. Sumichrast, took its place, but difficulties which arose in connection with it, of which it is not desirable in this place to speak, put such strain upon the bishop, while his heart was yet sore from the loss of his daughter, and borne down as he was with the results of thirty-six years of hard work, in that which came upon him daily—the care of all the churches—as he was not able to withstand, and he died. "To add greater honors to his age than man could give him, he died fearing God."

The sad event took place in the city of New York, April 30th, and the bishop was buried in Halifax, beside his beloved children, on May 6th, 1887.

What Halifax, the city in which he lived so long, thought of Bishop Binney, was shewn not only by the immense number of real mourners that attended his funeral, but the hearty assent given to the words uttered from the pulpits of men of different schools. At the Cathedral church Rev. Canon Murray (the rector) spoke of "that keen intellect, that firm will, that calm patience, that loving heart, that fervent spirit, that generous nature, that keen sympathy, that unbounded liberality, that strict adherence to what he believed right, that strong