

able men, through their tongues or pens. His young hearers especially are enjoying the advantages of the national provision for Public Education so liberally made throughout the Dominion. "The schoolmaster is abroad." Periodicals and books go everywhere. Now tell me, what respect or confidence can a man expect, addressing such a community, if he displays palpable and egregious ignorance every time he opens his mouth; if he provokes the school children to laughter by his abuse of the Queen's English; if every man or woman that has had a liberal education detects him in perpetual errors on matters of common information; and if conversation with him only reveals further deficiencies? Again, we must remember that this is a day in which there is a great amount of questioning as to religious matters; that the most elementary truths are doubted or denied—such as the Being of God, the Inspiration of the Bible, and the Immortality of the Soul; that such doubts or denials are advanced in the name of Science or of History; that a man cannot even understand the point of a sceptical objection without some training in these departments; that a glib apostle of false doctrine may therefore put him to an open shame, and enquirers find that he can give them no satisfaction. It is impossible for a man to know too much, who has to deal with religious truth in such a day as ours. But once more: Were our lot cast in different times, it would still be true that the Bible is an old book, written in two dead languages, containing a great deal of history of obscure peoples and periods, with allusions to strange manners, remote places, and unfamiliar climates, that the teachings of that book have been variously interpreted, and have become the subjects of fierce controversies, at every point, whether of doctrine, duty, or discipline; and that it has to do with all the life of every human being, from the cradle to the grave, and with the mysterious life beyond the grave! Believe me, my good Deacon, and you, my young aspirant to the sacred office, that there are times when the responsibilities of this position come home to us who are in it with overwhelming power!

C.—I have heard enough, Deacon, to satisfy me that if I am to enter on this great work, I must not rush hastily into it. I am very glad that I have heard the matter put to me in this way thus early in my course. I do not feel discouraged; but I will take time, and not spare myself in work.

D.—Well, my lad, I believe you're right. And I am very glad, for my own sake, that we have had this conversation. I am sure that very few persons know how much our ministers have to think of. If you will allow us, Pastor, we will call again, and go more fully into this College Course some other day.

P.—By all means. Good day to you both.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

BY REV. W. F. CLARKE.

It is not my purpose at this time to write a sketch of the life, or a detail of the labours of the late Mr. Binney. To some extent this has been already done by others, and, notwithstanding a reported prohibition of it by the deceased, will no doubt be done before long very fully in a memoir. I have rather in view the jotting down of a few personal reminiscences of the great and good man, with which will naturally be interwoven some observations concerning his character, talents, and work.

There lingers a faint recollection of him among the memories of my boyhood as one of those superior and almost superhuman beings, to whom I looked up with a reverence very near akin to worship; but I was too young then to have any discriminating perception of men or things. It was during his visit to this country in 1845, that I first became really acquainted with Thomas Binney. As the chief founder of the Colonial Missionary Society, he took a deep interest in the struggles connected with the introduction and progress of Congregationalism