

ing in the vestry after the morning service, a family party came in to settle a very important piece of business, which had been talked of before. The young lady of the family was about to be married, and of course Mr. Binney was expected to marry her; but unfortunately he had arranged for his summer holiday, and must be gone before the day fixed. What was to be done? "Could not some else do now Mary?" asked Mr. Binney in his blandest tones; if he had asked her to throw overboard her lover, she could scarcely have looked more distressed. That was out of the question he had baptized her, and no one else should marry her. "What do you say to anticipating the day by a couple of weeks?" Utterly impossible, so many things to make, and so much to do. "Well, now, why not postpone it until my return?" No reply, but a pout of the lip, and an upbraiding look. "Well, well, I must see what I can do." Pout disappeared, smiles returned, much shaking of hands, and other tokens of affection that cost so little, and are worth so much to a pastor, when they are, as they evidently were here from the heart. Turning laughingly to the writer he said, "You see, Mr.—, my children make me do as they like."

The combination of great intellectual force with warm sympathy—a loving tender heart is, if not common, by no means rare, and this Mr. Binney had in an eminent degree, and he had what is rare in this combination, a simple earnest faith. Obeying implicitly the Apostolic maxim, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," there were yet sanctities to which he would not put forth the hand of reason, and there were paths lighted only by the rays of revelation in which he was content to walk by faith. "Oh," he exclaimed on one occasion, "for the heart of a little child to dwell within this breast of a man," and it did seem sometimes, as if his wish had been granted. But, say some, the picture is too highly coloured; you are drawing a faultless man. Let us say then that such was not the case. He had failings, who has not? He was at times irritable, impatient, and uncertain in his temper. He was apt to be dogmatic, and as we thought overbearing, and when his anger was roused woe to those who encountered it. He could both speak, as we have heard, and write as we have seen, the severest things. Here is a short extract from a letter before us:—My dear Mr. ——— what am I to do with ——— Notwithstanding what I said to him last night, there comes this morning a long letter * * * * what business has a man like him with such projects * * * * how dare he write so to me * * * * come as soon as you can, and let us talk it over. I am utterly weary of the man.—Yours truly,

T. B.

We tried to put the best interpretation on the conduct of the offender, but the reply sent him was a "skinner."

He contributed largely to the current denominational literature—Review, Magazine, and newspaper. We regret that much from his pen worthy of preservation is buried in that form, and that it is now impossible, we suppose, to form a collection of his miscellaneous writings. He published quite a number of books, but they were, we think, with scarcely any exception, the outgrowth of the pulpit or the platform. His "Service of Song" was a sermon which we heard delivered, greatly expanded for the press. His "Best of Both Worlds," and "Life of Fowell Buxton," lectures. His Australian book, as we before remarked, was built on his address to the Tasmanian Congregational Union, and so on, throughout nearly, if not quite, all his work. In preparing for publication, he took great pains to revise and correct his utterances. He was fond of saying that "Easy writing is terribly hard reading." We trust that some arrangement may be made to publish a uniform edition of his works; we are sure that it would be welcomed by many in our churches.

Of Mr. Binney in his private life, we know nothing; we never had the privilege of being in the inner circle of his friends. Of his christian life and experience—the spiritual side of him—we likewise are unable to speak. On such points he was very reticent; the life of the soul was to him too sacred to be constantly turned inside out; to be weighed, measured, and described, but those who knew