

was Sunday ; and as Mr. Binney was about to enter the pulpit a message was delivered to him from the Lord Mayor of London, containing the intelligence. His sermon was on the Christian life ; he briefly dwelt on some of its phases, pointing to it finally as a state of warfare ; then naturally and easily passing to the war in which England was engaged, slowly, and pausing between each sentence, he continued ;—"We are expecting news of a great battle. A great battle has been fought on the banks of the Alma. The allies were victorious." The effect was electric. Had it been an American congregation, a mighty cheer would have gone up ; but it was English, and so great a breach of reverence could not be thought of ; but there was the nearest approach to it we ever heard during the Sunday services within the walls of the Weigh House.

Mr. Binney generally preached extempore, but occasionally he wrote out his sermons and read them. These, it is needless to say, were more finished, logical and argumentative, than his free-spoken ones. Most, if not all, of his published discourses, or rather those published with his sanction, were so delivered. As is generally the case, they were not so popular as his extempore sermons ; but some preferred them, and Mr. Binney himself, we know, liked so to give them, and would have done so oftener had his time permitted. Touching his reading sermons, he used to relate, in an amused manner, the opinion of an old Scotchwoman on this point. The very first time he preached in the Weigh House, feeling somewhat nervous, and not liking to trust entirely to his memory, he wrote out some copious notes ; scorning to appear what he was not, he carried them openly in his hand up into the pulpit. The old lady was indignant at the sight of the "papers," and she said, as she afterwards told him, half aloud, "Hoot, maun, we dinna want ye here wi' yer papers ; but noo," she added, "I always likes to see ye wi' yer papers !" "and I thought," said Mr. Binney, with a chuckle, "that was the greatest triumph I ever achieved, to conquer an old Scotchwoman's dislike to reading sermons."

To dwell as fully as we should have liked on all the characteristics of Mr. Binney as a preacher, would require a volume. The limits of an article, which we have already transgressed, forbid it. We had marked extracts from several of his printed discourses in illustration of his style and power, but they cannot be given.

To sum up our estimate of Mr. Binney as a preacher, we would say, that while he was far beneath the stately eloquence of Chalmers, unequal to the fervent utterances of Sherman, to the loving earnestness of Angell James, and the finished polish of Harris, yet he had something of all, and, in addition, a power of thought and illustration peculiarly his own.

As a pastor he took a deep interest in the welfare of his people, especially of the young men of his congregation, and although it was impossible for him to do in his church with members thickly scattered over a radius of perhaps twenty miles, what can be done in a town or village of Canada, yet what he could do for his people, he did. No one ever went to him in difficulty or distress, temporal or spiritual, but might be sure of his sympathy and earnest aid ; often he interested himself for young men, and furthered their business views. Two classes in his congregation know this well, those who needed help, and those who could give it. We remember a friend of our own calling upon him to tell him of intended removal from London in consequence of the failure of some business negotiations. "Why did you not come to me," said Mr. Binney, half angrily, "I would have arranged it for you." "There are men well to do to-day ; men of means and position, who have to thank him for timely aid procured for them from among his many friends.

Of course, in so long a pastorate the relations with his people grew to be very intimate and tender. Children were born, grew up into manhood and womanhood, and went forth into the world, who had never known any pastor but him, and who regarded him as a second father ; in the hearts of such, he filled a large place indeed. We were witness on one occasion to an amusing instance of this. Wait-