

Whereabouts the late Bishop stood, doctrinally, we cannot very precisely define. He was a thorough High-Churchman, holding to Apostolical Succession and Sacramental Grace, most tenaciously; and teaching that men came to Christ and were connected with Him through the Church. For the rest we should call him an orthodox believer of the churchly stamp. Apart from their sacramental quality, such of his sermons and writings as have fallen in our way seem to be marked by a good deal of what is known, theologically, as the "legal" element.

His public addresses were of a robust and manly sort, with a great deal that was wholesome and sensible in them, all expressed in good language. When he had occasion to strike, he struck hard blows. There never was any mistake about what he meant to say.

Bishop Strachan must have had many personal qualities that won the hearts of those who had personal intercourse with him. He was hospitable and generous, ready to help a stranger or the poor, public-spirited and loyal. He was a doughty combatant as long as the battle was uncertain; but when he was beaten, he did not sit down to cry, but retreated in good order to the next line of defence. He was not a polished courtier, but his kindness of heart and bluff outrightness made you sure that as much as he said he meant. Perverse as his ecclesiastical principles and political conduct appear to us, most ruinous to public liberty and contrary to scriptural teaching, he was at least consistent in them to the last. With a Bishop's leaning to a Bishop, he always cultivated friendly private relations with the Roman Catholic prelate in the same city; and the story goes, that an invitation and acceptance were couched in these forms: "The Lord Bishop of Toronto presents his compliments to Dr. Charbonnel, and begs the honor of his company to dinner, on the — inst., at — o'clock." "The Lord Bishop of Toronto presents his compliments to Dr. Strachan, and will be happy to accept his invitation to dinner on the — instant." Whether such hospitalities were extended to any "Dissenters," we know not. He was on pleasant, neighbourly terms with many of them, clergy and laity. With his fellow-student, Dr. Chalmers, he maintained a correspondence as long as that illustrious friend lived. But never, for a moment, or by any act, did he recognise as "valid" the "orders" of any minister outside of his own church. "In all the British colonies," said he, in a Charge (1847), "we alone are entitled, as holding the Divine commission, to break the bread of life to the people."

Of late years, the infirmities of extreme old age gradually impaired his physical and mental energies, but it was only just in time to prevent the sea from lying vacant at his death, that he consented to have an assistant Bishop, the choice of whom, after a protracted contest, fell on his devoted friend, Archdeacon Bethune. But at length the aged Bishop dropped his staff, and "fell on sleep." The animosities of former years had well nigh died away, and the citizens attended to the grave, with every demonstrations of respect, one whose name will fill a larger place in the early annals of Ontario than any other. The funeral pageant partook largely of a military character; and we could not but think that such a feature was appropriate at the obsequies of one who, in life, had proved himself to belong to the "Church militant." Under the altar of the fine Cathedral of St. James, at which he ministered for more than half a century, were reverently laid to rest the mortal remains of the oldest man in the Anglican Episcopate, saving one, whom he much resembled, Henry of Exeter.

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VELVET TONGUES.—When I was a boy, I and a number of my playmates had rambled through the woods and fields till, quite forgetful of the fading light, we found ourselves far from home. Indeed, we had lost our way. It did so happen that we were nearer home than we thought; but how to get to it was the question. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not I do not know, but he gave us some surly answer. Just then there came along another man, a near neighbour, and with a merry smile on his face. "Jim," said he, "a man's tongue is like a cat's; it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sand paper, just as he likes to use or to make it; and I declare you seem to use your tongue for sand paper. Try the velvet, man, try the velvet principle."—*Blind Amos.*