

his later years to number, with pride, Senators, Chief Justices, and official functionaries of every grade, among those he had thus trained; and at last achieved his heart's desire, when, in his old age, a loved pupil of the Cornwall Grammar School was consecrated his coadjutor in the See of Toronto.

The future Bishop was a strict disciplinarian; and indeed the personal reminiscences of his biographer are rather calculated to impress the reader with an exaggerated idea of his stern rule. The boy who was to be his successor in the future bishopric, reached Cornwall on a Saturday in May, and gives this curious picture of pedagogic pomp and decorum, mingling with the more characteristic life of a Canadian village, upwards of sixty years ago. On Sunday morning he joined the gathering of boys at the school-house, nearly opposite the parsonage:—"Those outside maintained a very staid and respectable demeanour, standing in groups in their Sunday's best, or sauntering about within safe distance of the parsonage; whereas within, there was romping and tumbling, shouts of young voices, and clouds of dust. But the moment the principal presented himself in his flowing gown and powdered head at the door of the parsonage, there was a rush of every boy to the gate; a procession was formed and the whole school, two and two, marched to the church close by, the master following."—"Black Monday" followed, with its fearful array of censors' reports, Sunday tasks and exercises, and lictors' rods. No wonder if Cornwall reproduced in plenty—

"The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

The destined co-adjutor tells us he "crept quietly in after the school had opened, and was much awed by the sights and sounds he witnessed;—the sounding lash, and the shrinkings and contortions of the unfortunate ones that were made to come under it." He adds, however, that the punish-

ment was not very severe. It was, in truth, no unfair premonition of the future rule in higher spheres. If the Bishop did not, in later years, employ the same rod of discipline for his clergy, he unquestionably ruled his large diocese with much the same authority as that with which he had been wont to regulate the Cornwall School. There was something in the very air with which the Bishop's old serving-man, in later years, was wont to receive a young clergyman who presented himself at the "Episcopal Palace" enough to scare any little remains of courage out of him, if he had any delinquency to atone for, or any petition to prefer. And if the usher looked grim, the aspect of the Bishop himself was little calculated to dispel the delinquent's fears. His photographs, without exception, give him the stern look which his face was apt to assume in repose! and this is even exaggerated in the engraved portrait attached to Mr. Fennings Taylor's "Last Three Bishops." But to all who knew him intimately his expression is associated with the smile of genial humour. He retained to the last his Aberdeenshire pronunciation,—little less strange to ordinary Scottish, than to English ears; and his incisive utterances in vigorous northern Doric have left their impress on many minds. "Well, Mr. A——, I hope I may like you better when I know more of you," was the somewhat equivocal *l'envoi* which closed the first interview of one somewhat presuming clerical intruder. "Sit doon, sir, ye're talking perfect nonsense," was the summary arrest of another's untimely utterances, when a public audience was already manifesting unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction. There was no equivocation with him. No one could ever challenge his sincerity or doubt his meaning. Yet, in reality, apart from the conscientious administration of a power as absolute and infallible as ever was wielded under the mitre, no more genial, or kindly man ever lived. His humour was racy; his laugh free and hearty, and he