

political pamphleteer, or newspaper assailant of his cherished schemes—were laid prostrate by sickness, Dr. Strachan was among the foremost with proffered sympathy, or, if need were, substantial aid. With open heart and liberal hand he dispensed the charities of a generous nature; and in the hour of convalescence would cheer his old antagonist with bantering challenge to renewed warfare. It is pleasant so to think of him: welcome wherever he visited, in joy or sorrow, and everywhere a special favourite with the young. His kindly greeting was shared even by the household dog; and in his own later years, not the least characteristic feature of the bishop's library was his huge tom-cat comfortably coiled on the well-cushioned easy chair. Or again, in equally pleasant contrast to such homely scenes, we recall him on his long and toilsome missionary tours and episcopal visitations, undaunted by cold, hunger, fatigue, or privation; as genial and kindly among the poor settlers in their frontier log-cabin, as in the best society that Toronto could supply; and even in old age shaming the youngest of his clergy by the cheerfulness with which he bore the inevitable fastings and privations of their journeys into the wilds of Canada. Again, his fearless labours attract attention under another aspect. When during the terrible outbreak of cholera in 1832, it was computed that a fourth of the whole population of Toronto were attacked, and upwards of a twelfth died of the malignant disease. While hundreds were fleeing from the plague-stricken city, Dr. Strachan devoted himself to tending on the sick and dying with such self-sacrificing zeal, that the admiration excited by his conduct found ex-

pression in the form of a beautiful silver vase presented to him by his fellow-citizens, the inscription on which records that it is a memorial of respect and gratitude for his fearless and humane devotion to the duties of Christian philanthropy during the visitation of an appalling pestilence.

As his long and busy life drew towards its end, many of the earlier causes of strife and contention had been removed; and it seemed as if the calm of a beautiful autumnal evening gathered around life's close. The hand of time had been laid gently on him; yet as he approached his ninetieth year it was impossible that he should not feel the pressure of many exacting official duties. In 1866, accordingly, his old pupil and friend, Dr. A. N. Bethune, Archdeacon of Toronto, was elected his coadjutor in the episcopate, and he felt himself free to spend the few remaining months of life in kindly, genial intercourse with old friends, and with some also who had been old opponents. When at length, on the 1st of November, 1867, he expired at the venerable age of ninety, men of all creeds in religion and in politics united to do honour to his memory. His integrity of purpose was universally acknowledged; his liberal charities, so unostentatiously distributed, were recalled with grateful recognition; and many were ready to own that they owed to his generosity the assistance which had been rendered to them in the hour of adversity, or the means which enabled them to start on a successful career. He was a man of mark; and whatever be thought of the ideal he pursued with such zeal and singleness of purpose, he has left his enduring impress on the country of his adoption.