

ation; of men who acknowledged that their first allegiance was due to the light within, 'the candle of the Lord' kindled in their own understandings."

The Bishop died on Ascension day, 1878, at his brother's rectory in Westmill. He preached his last sermon on the preceding Easter day. We should have been glad to have quoted many of his letters, but we have only room for part of one to his daughter. It relates to his last Easter Day, which he says he had enjoyed more than any he remembered. "It was," he says, "Elsie's first communion, and we had the peace of an English parish, the quiet groups going to church, the Easter bells, the hymns, the budding hedges, and the birds, all speaking of resurrection. I shrink from a return to the bitter north. But let us carry in our hearts the everlasting chime, and in due time beyond these voices there will be peace. . . . I wish you had been with us yesterday, that I might have heard your voice in the old church here, and in the ancient hallelujah,

'Jesus Christ is risen to-day.'

My best love to Alexander and the little ones."

We can only add, in conclusion, the obvious reflection, what a power in the world would even the small Episcopal Church in Scotland become if all its bishops and clergy breathed the spirit of Bishop Ewing!—*Day of Rest.*

Christian Miscellany.

THE BOOK AND THE REPUBLIC.



HE Sabbath and the Bible are for the people. The first settlers and first formers of our national character brought these with them. They built homes, schools, colleges, churches. They brought these into our homes, schools, churches. They pertain to these. No court can decide against them. A legislature has no more right to inhibit, prohibit or expel them than it has to interfere with my breathing. And they can no more turn them back in their course than they can turn Niagara's torrent, or the rushing west wind, unless the American people turn traitors to themselves and God.