

than I can,—my wife, my children, my congregation, my church, my house, my wealth, my prospects—my whole concerns for time and eternity. Amen.'

Two more years elapse and Alexander Ewing is consecrated Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. This was a new diocese, or, more properly, an old one restored. There had been no Bishop of Argyle since the time of James II. The aged Bishop of Ross and Moray, Dr. David Low, was also Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. At his suggestion the separation was made, and by him the new diocese was endowed with a gift of £8,000. Bishop Ewing and Bishop Forbes of Brechin were consecrated together—two men of very different views, but both with sufficient individuality to leave their stamp on the community to which they belonged. Nothing more excellent could be desired than the spirit in which Bishop Ewing entered upon his episcopate. On the eve of his consecration he wrote in his diary this prayer: "Grant me to know nothing among my people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Grant me never to weary of His service, and ever to seek His things and not my own. Bless me in my various relationships—first, as the root of usefulness without, with my wife, children, brother and relatives; then with my clergy; finally with my people. Give me true love for them and singleness of purpose in dealing with them, that I may seek not my own things but theirs. And, O blessed and Almighty God, give me whatever is wanting in me, and take away whatever is contrary to the fulfilment of Thy will. Pardon me all my sins and grant that hereafter I may serve Thee in singleness and pureness of life. Bless my friends, bless my enemies. May I be a blessing to all—to the Scotch Episcopal Church—and to all with whom I may come in contact. O deal not with me after my sins!"

The Bishop was faithful to his charge. He found work enough in his immense diocese, which involved much travelling both by sea and land. Churches had to be built, congregations formed, clergymen found who could do the work on small salaries, many of which were paid in part by the Bishop himself. After the lapse of four years he discovered that what he was spending on his diocese was interfering with the claims of his family, which led to serious thoughts of seeking some other employment. To his brother John, now Rector of Westnail, in Hertfordshire, he wrote, "I am almost afraid of my ability to carry on the work of the Argyle bishopric. The expenses are very heavy, and the continual journeying is as labourious as if I were a bishop in New Zealand. I have not as yet obtained the income arising from the endowment of the see, and