

are you, sir? For every one will ask me the question." "Tell them," said the bishop, "that I am of that denomination which translated the Bible." The boy who summoned the people gave the message thus: "There will be a meeting at my father's house to-night at early candle-light; the man that translated the Bible is going to preach." The house was soon crowded; the sermon was on the Bible, its inspiration, comfort and power, and how it was translated by Church of England divines, one of whom the Rev. John Wickliffe, lived a century before Luther. The people heartily thanked the bishop, and showed him all the kindness in their power.

Bishop Chase, when travelling, never lost an opportunity to speak for his Master. On one occasion we find him, while waiting for a steamer, on the banks of a river, preaching, on a cold moonlight night, to his fellow passengers as they sat on their luggage in the open air. On another he visited a wharf-boat before day-break, endeavouring to bring the Jew who kept it to the knowledge of the true Messiah. On crowded steamboats he would quiet the pushing, hungry people about the table with a look, and reverently say grace before meals.

In the last year of his life he welcomed, as his assistant and successor, the Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, one in whom he had entire confidence. His diocese now numbered thirty clergy and forty-nine congregations. In this year he made his will, bequeathing to Jubilee College all his personal claims against its now valuable estate.

In September, 1852, he was thrown from his carriage, and, as he recovered his consciousness, he said to those who bore him home, "You may now order my coffin—I am glad of it." Expressing no hope of his recovery, he often gave utterance to his faith in the Atoning Sacrifice of Christ and his joyful anticipation of coming bliss, and, on September 20th, passed quietly into rest at the age of seventy-seven.

He has been rightly called "the Apostle of Ohio," and, in the annals of the Church in America, the founder of two colleges will not soon be forgotten.

Bishop Chase was emphatically a man of *deeds*; his *opinions* were not only correct, but he carried them into *action*. He was a thoroughly sincere and honest man; blameless and upright; self-denying in the extreme. His preaching was always vigorous and practical, and his conversational powers were remarkable; wherever he was the company gathered round him. Everywhere and always he began, continued and ended, as a Christian, but as a cheerful, large-hearted Christian.

Two of his sons are in the ministry, and one, Philander, the young deacon, who first suggested to him to go to England for help, died, to the great grief of his father, in 1824.

The Church can boast of more learned bishops, but in her bright catalogue of worthies there are few who have been more devoted, more useful, more truly good and self-denying, than the noble Bishop Chase.

TWO LITTLE INDIAN BOYS AND WHERE THEY WENT.—(Continued).

BY REV. E. F. WILSON.



AT Montreal, where we arrived at 4.30 on Saturday afternoon, April 19th, we were met at the station by two lads who belonged to the Montreal boys' Auxiliary and had long been interested in our work. They had come with an invitation to attend a boys' meeting to be held that evening in a certain drawing-room in Dorchester Street. "Well," I said, "I cannot actually promise that we will be present until I get to our lodgings and see what arrangements have been made for us, but if there is nothing else in the way I will certainly come and bring the boys with me." Well, as it was, there was no other engagement made for that Saturday evening, so after dinner was over and half an hour or so had been taken for rest—the boys having donned their best suits with scarlet sashes, and carrying the bundle which contained their dressing up apparatus, and the Indian drums in their hands—we started off for Dorchester Street. Quite a number of boys had already assembled in the spacious and well furnished drawing-room, and others kept coming in; Soney and Zosie at once became the centre of attraction.

They went through their parts just as they had done at the young ladies' school, and then we had tea and coffee and ices and lemonade to finish with. On Sunday I preached a missionary sermon in the morning at St. Stephen's church, in the afternoon addressed about 300 children at the Cathedral Sunday-school and preached in the evening at St. Martin's. The two boys attended all the services, and said texts and sang hymns at the afternoon Sunday-school gatherings. Our system at the Shingwauk Home is for one short text to be learned by the whole school every week. Boys who have been the longest and boys who have been the shortest time, boys who have learned English well and boys who know only a few words of English, all have to learn this text—of course those who have been with us a long time have other Bible lessons to learn as well, and collects and catechism—but it is considered imperative that the "text for the week" must be learned well by all, and it is always repeated by the whole school every morning at prayers. In this way we insure that all our pupils commit to memory between forty and fifty new texts every year, and they do not readily forget them. And