

night as best they could. The grim spectre of the fatal fever threatened them and at once it commenced its attack. The quinine and other medicines, which must be used continually in that pestilential climate, had been lost when the boat upset, and in abject misery they felt themselves exposed helplessly to a fatal disease. And all too soon it came, and the bishop of God's Church fell a victim to it on a lonely island far away from the haunts of man. The fever suddenly pulled down his great strength, and he quietly breathed his last on January 31st, 1862, just thirteen months after his consecration. The angels of God were near, no doubt, to see the dismal scene; but the only one in the flesh that was there to witness it was Mr. Burrup, the bishop's companion, who set about the mournful task of consigning the body to the grave. To dig a shallow grave and place the body in it was all that he could hope to do, and when his task was done the sun had nearly set. He was himself weak and dying, for the fever having taken away the bishop all too easily fastened its fangs upon the priest. By the dull light of receding day he read what portion of the Burial Service he could and then he turned to drag his weary body, if possible, back to the mission-station. No doubt he turned to say a sad farewell to the little mound of fresh earth at the foot of an acacia-tree which marked all that was left of the fine robust Englishman who had fallen in the wilderness a martyr to his Master's work. And then he turned away and by painful journeys reached Magomero in time only to tell his mournful tale, when he, too, followed his bishop to the place where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

This was the end of Bishop Mackenzie, but it was not the end of the mission. The rest of the little band kept up their work as best they could. Some of them died and some were hopelessly shattered in health, but the work faltered not. A new bishop, Bishop Tozer, was sent out from England, and eventually changed the headquarters of the mission to Zanzibar. Such was the commencement, mournful enough, of the Diocese of Central Africa, in which, however, never since has missionary work flagged or missionary zeal grown cold. The thought of the lonely grave in the wilds of Africa has ever lent zest to the work, and good Bishop Mackenzie, "though dead yet speaketh."

A lady, once of much poetic power, on hearing the writer of this paper tell the story of Bishop Mackenzie in public, wrote the following lines, which as yet, it is believed, have never been published, as soon afterward she herself was called away to her eternal home:

"On the wings of evening air
Fall the sounds of pleading prayer:
'Neath the acacia words are said
For the burial of the dead.

Now are past the hours of pain,
Scorching sun and chilling rain;
From the fever's wild unrest
A bishop passes to his rest.

"Then for him there has passed a solemn throng
Of the good and true, with their funeral song,
And the sands are ploughed with the marks of feet
Which have borne the chief in his winding sheet,
And a white-robed choir with chant and hymn
Have sung him to sleep with their requiem

"No! one voice alone is heard
Breathing forth hope's glorious word;
One beside the dead has stood
Through the fever and the flood,
Powerless the life to save—
Able scarce to dig the grave,
Cross the hands and breathe the prayer
For the soldier sleeping there.

"The death of a soldier, ah! then will come
The mournful throbbings of the muffled drum,
And arms all reversed as the bayonets gleam
'Neath banners that over the dead man stream,
And men's heads are bowed 'neath the sunset sky
Round the loyal dead who could dare and die.

"No! St. Michael's host keep guard
O'er the grave with watch and ward,
For the march of angels' feet,
And the roll of music sweet,
And the welcome loud and long
To the soul by faith made strong,
Echo in their power unpriced
Through the palaces of Christ.

"Oh! then in thy desolate tomb take rest,
Thou knight of the Cross. Though above thy breast
No kindred may come sweet flowers to plant,
We enroll thy name in our holy chant.
One day in seven ten thousands of tongues
Arise to the Father in deathless songs,
Saying or singing on land and on sea,
'The noble army—of MARTYRS—praise Thee'

"And the faithful men who stood
Side by side 'mid storm and flood
On the far-off English sod,
Once had pledged their faith to God,
Gave to Him their troth and trust,
Shook from out their souls the dust
And now in summer lands above
Live the life of rest and love."

THE APOSTLE OF OHIO AND ILLINOIS.

PHILANDER CHASE was born in 1775. His ancestors were English Puritans. The youngest of fourteen children, his parents prayed earnestly that he might be a devoted missionary, and God called and moulded him for the work. At college he was won to the Episcopal Church by the holy tone of the Book of Common Prayer, and by the just claims of an historic succession for her ministry. After acting as a missionary lay-reader, he was, in 1798, ordained deacon at New York by Bishop Prevoost. He organized a parish at Utica, then a hamlet in a dense forest, and another at Canandaigua. In 1879 he was ordained priest and took charge of