

# THE WEEK.

Fourth Year.  
Vol. IV., No. 18.

Toronto, Thursday, March 31st, 1887.

\$3.00 per Annum.  
Single Copies, 10 Cents

## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	PAGE
Bishop Hannington's Biography.....	C. 279
Modern Preaching.....	J. H. Bowes. 279
"In Divers Tones".....	S. J. D. 280
Only a Squaw (Poem).....	Esperance. 281
Critics and Criticism.....	A. Ethelwyn Wetherald. 281
Archbishop Lynch and the Irish Question.....	T. Arnold Hautain. 281
The Habitans of Lower Canada.—I.....	G. C. C. 282
Prohibitionist Instruction in Schools.....	T. M. 282
Gardiner's Civil War.....	283
TOPICS—	
Sir John Macdonald and the Governor-Generalship.....	284
Party Government and Independents.....	284
The Fisheries Question and the Treaty of 1818.....	284
The Kaiser's Ninetieth Birthday.....	284
Failure of Law in Ireland.....	284
Archbishop Lynch's Letter to Lord Churchill.....	285
Spoilation of Upper Canada College.....	285
"The Sacredness of Endowments".....	285
Canadian Living Poets of the First Rank.....	285
What is a "Kermesse" ?.....	286
Phantasms of the Living.....	286
Mr. Beecher and the Character of his Preaching.....	286
Mr. Gluck's Gift to the Buffalo Library.....	286
CORRESPONDENCE—"The Service of Man".....	W. D. LeSueur. 287
TIDES (Poem).....	Robert C. Stewart. 288
NOTES AND QUERIES.....	288
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	S. J. D. 288
REFLECTION (Poem).....	Ferrars. 289
MUSIC.....	Seranus. 289
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	289

## BISHOP HANNINGTON.\*

BISHOP HANNINGTON has been happy in his biographer, almost as happy as Mr. Dawson has been in his subject. The representatives of the martyred bishop judged wisely that the work of recording such events of his comparatively short life as were of public interest should be entrusted to a friend, and to one who knew him long and intimately. We could wish that such a course were more commonly taken. In the case of memoirs or biographies produced long after the death of the subject, this may sometimes be impossible. But we could mention books written to commemorate men of mark, and many of them, during the last thirty years, which have been, as far as the author or editor's part was concerned, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," because the writer had no more than a literary interest in his work. If any man required to have the story of his life told by a friend, it was Bishop Hannington. Rather, we should say that such a process alone could make the man and his work fully intelligible to the outside world. Of course the most deeply interesting portions of the book before us are the extracts from Hannington's own letters and journals. But these by themselves would give us a very much less complete notion of the man than we gain from them when illuminated by Mr. Dawson's comments and elucidations.

James Hannington was a saint, not in the conventional, but in the real and essential meaning of the word. He might be described, in ordinary language, as a thorough, real, earnest Christian man, a man of heroic spirit, free from all cant, retaining no slight part of the boy to the end of his days, fond of fun always, although in his later days keeping that tendency in due subordination, irascible when there was good reason for being so, addicted to strongish language when he had any strong feeling to express, not very patient of imposture or of a good many other things that were calculated to annoy; unselfish, gentle, affectionate, self-sacrificing—a man worth knowing, worth writing about, needing a sympathetic mind to present him aright before the eyes of the outside world.

Mr. Dawson has enabled us to know his friend as we have described him, and has invested his life and his works with real living interest. We cannot wonder that this book, published not six months ago, should have reached its sixth edition in England, and we shall be surprised if it does not find as many readers on this side of the Atlantic as on the other.

The story of Hannington's early days is curious in many ways. He never seems to have been fond of study, nor was he ever much of a thinker in the more subjective sense. He was not originally intended for the ministry or for any of the learned professions, and he went to Oxford rather later than is usual. But his observation was keen, and to the end of his life he united with the work of the ministry an intense interest in nature under every form, collecting, in the very last journey of his life,

\*James Hannington, D.D., etc., First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa. A history of his life and work. By E. C. Dawson, M.A., Oxon. Randolph & Co., New York; Williamson & Co., Toronto.

amid trials, privations, anxieties, specimens of African vegetation and animal life.

His earliest training does not seem to have been quite happy or judicious. He complained in after years that the severity of his youthful discipline had deprived him of moral courage. His biographer seems to see that this was a mistake. Hannington never in reality lacked either moral courage or physical courage; it was, rather, ready courage that sometimes failed him, and that by no means always. In other words, he was a nervous man, and that nervousness had been developed abnormally by early discipline. How entirely such a temperament is consistent with moral and physical courage alike, a thousand examples may show.

Hannington's first curacy was in Devonshire, and for some time his work was far from satisfactory. He was always quite sincere; but in the early days of his ministry his religious convictions were not very deep, and his experience was very limited. Mr. Dawson tells very well how a change was wrought in him, and how its effects were manifested, first in his Devonshire curacy, next in work connected with a chapel on his father's grounds at Hurstpierpoint, and finally in his brief African ministry.

Many instances of Hannington's remarkable strength of purpose are given in connection with his earlier days, and the same characteristic remained with him to the end. If we were to judge of his work by the mere outward results of it which at present appear, we might be inclined to say his life was thrown away. This will be the judgment of no one who reads with care the book before us. "He, being dead, yet speaketh." Many a man who might have lived a useless life will be stirred to work by this noble example; and who can tell what effects may follow in the land in which and for which he laid down his life?

Hannington was led to think of missionary work in Africa through various causes. He had an earnest longing to help in winning the world for Christ. Africa had been made a centre of absorbing interest by the labours and explorations of Speke and Livingstone and Mackenzie, and many others. Then, there can be little doubt that he was also spurred on by his love of adventure. Twice he visited Eastern Equatorial Africa. The first time he was driven back by loss of health; the second time he was cruelly murdered by the command of a silly young king, acting under the influence of an evil-minded minister.

When Hannington undertook his first expedition to the Victoria Nyanza it never entered his head that he was afterwards to be Bishop of the vast region in which it is situated. When he went as Bishop, leaving his wife and little children in England, it was in the spirit of the soldier of the Cross—full of an enthusiasm that was never damped, yet that was never wild, controlled, as it was, by prudence, sobriety, and a just sense of the duties and difficulties and dangers of his work. There is nothing which has struck us more, in reading the story of that terrible journey from Frere Town, on the Eastern Coast of Africa, to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, than the calm common sense, the clear judgment, the quick decision with which he conducted the expedition, and met every emergency as it arose. His management of the wild tribes, through whose lands his caravan of two hundred persons passed, showed throughout remarkable powers of dealing with men—temper, courage, and self-denial in a very high degree. He was guilty of no rashness in undertaking the expedition, he made no mistakes, that we can detect, in conducting it, and his death was brought about by causes which he could not have foreseen, and which he could not possibly control. He died as he lived, calm, real, self-sacrificing. We have read few more touching words than those which are written in his journal in the last few days of his life, and these words receive a remarkable illustration from the testimony of the companions of his last journey.

## MODERN PREACHING.

THE advent of the Rev. Sam Jones among us so lately, and his undoubted success among at least a portion of Toronto church-goers—a success testified to by the throngs that assembled to hear him,—give rise to many problems. The Rev. Sam Jones is not a preacher of the school to which Spurgeon, for example, belongs, and he is as far removed as darkness from daylight from the late Dr. Punshon; yet the success and fame of Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Punshon have not been one whit greater than that of the Southern revivalist. Furthermore, men of the type of Spurgeon are