

the murderers' yells and cries, and said, "I shall not make the slightest resistance; let the Lord do as He sees fit."

He was allowed by the chief whose prisoner he was to send a hasty scrawl to Mackay, saying that he was a prisoner and begging him to come; and at times the closeness of his confinement was relaxed; but he disdained to escape, leaving himself in the Lord's hands. The last entry in his diary is dated October 29. The ink is faint which records the development of his fever and his prayer for a merciful release. No one will ever know in what utter exhaustion he laid down his pen for the last time. When the guards led him out to his death the ink may still have been wet. But we have this comfort—that however he was torn with pain and racked with fever, his sublime trust in God knew no change.

He hoped the messengers sent to Uganda might return with orders for his release. And when he was led out to an open space outside the village and saw his men once more around him, he doubtless thought the danger was past. But with a hellish yell the warriors fell upon the caravan-men and speared them. The ground was covered with dying and dead. It was plain that his hour had come. His murderers closed round him. Then the man, the hero, the Christian martyr shone brighter than ever. Lifting himself to his full height, he calmly surveyed their poised spears, and spoke words which will not soon be forgotten: "*Tell the king, Mwanga, that I die for the Baganda, and purchase the road to Baganda with my life.*" Then he pointed to his own gun, which one of them fired at his breast, and there were *one more widow and three orphaned children* left on earth, and one more martyr added to the roll of the Martyrs. Dying at thirty-eight, he has "completed the circle of that great ring of Christian nations, of which the signet stone is the Victoria Nyanza; and, in joining the two ends, has welded them together with his death." As his biographer well says: "What if his busy hands and feet, torn from his body, rattle in the wind above the gateway of some savage town? What if the bleaching skull wherein once his active brain wrought for the good of all, now hangs like a beacon from the leafless arm of some withered tree? He would have been the first to tell us that no such things could affect his life, for that was hid with Christ in God. His last words to friends in England were:

"If this is the last chapter in my earthly history,
Then the next will be the first page of the heavenly;
No blots, and smudges, no incoherence,
But sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb."

"OBDORMIVIT IN CHRISTO."

Let us now glance at the conspicuous traits of his character.

A very important element in Hannington was his *humor*. It permeated and pervaded his whole being. Carlyle, in "*Sartor Resartus*," makes laughter the cipher key to unlock the whole man, and thinks few are