

lowing out his surprise, he made off for the lake."

The party at length succumbed, some turning back, others falling sick or dying. They had, however, one comforting farewell service before separating. The Holy Communion was dispensed there in a wilderness of savage darkness, in the heart of Africa.



CARRIED SAFELY ACROSS.

The brave Hannington, after prolonged struggles, retreated, sorely against his will; reached Zanzibar safely, and arrived home, weary, but determined to reach Eastern Africa with restored health.

The Committee again opened a way for him, causing his soul to exult in praises that were expressed in his letters in large capitals. He was so far from being considered a defeated missionary that the authorities decided he should be a bishop and consecrated him accordingly. Bidding wife and babes good-bye, he sailed once more in November, 1884.

The party reached Frere Town safely. The Bishop thus describes his reception: "A thousand people came to the shore; guns fired, horns blew, women shrieked, I laughed and cried. Altogether, there was a grand welcome, and the moment we could get a little quiet we knelt down and thanked God."

Here the head of the diocese was established, with twelve clergy, eleven lay teachers, and four ladies. The territory covered by these was of enormous extent. The Bishop called for soul-saving efforts; gave himself to business, weeding out converts, prescribing

medicine and many other duties necessary to a new field.

New openings invited him to take long journeys. During one of these he covered one hundred and twenty miles, at the rate of thirty-four to forty miles a day, over rough roads and on foot. Mtesa had died meantime, giving place to a vain, ill-advised successor. Hannington was arrested; his followers were imprisoned, tortured, and some of them murdered, while a few escaped to tell part of the tragic story. The remainder of the story was gleaned from the Bishop's diary, which was fortunately recovered. It is touching in the extreme:

"About twenty ruffians set upon us. They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. I grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I



UPS AND DOWNS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

said: 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. The exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonizing manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces so that I was exposed, wet through with being dragged along the ground, strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along.