

returned to the coast, and thence to England, where he was received as one alive from the dead.

On the 24th of June, 1884, Hannington was consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, and soon after established his headquarters at Frere Town. His last expedition was undertaken with a view to opening a new, and, as he thought, a shorter, better and safer route to Uganda than the old one. He set out full of hope with a retinue of 200 natives, and all went well with them until within a few days' march of Uganda, where the expedition met with determined opposition. His mission had been misinterpreted by the natives. It was alleged that his party was the precursor of a European force bent on the conquest of the country. The explanation that they were missionaries, on an errand of peace, was regarded as a ruse, and the upshot was that himself and all his party were made prisoners and condemned to die. For weeks they were kept in durance vile, and subjected to the most barbarous treatment and agonizing suspense. Hearing day by day of the murder of some of his followers, Hannington realized that his doom, too, was sealed. But during that terrible testing time the brave Bishop never for a moment lost his confidence in God—comforting himself with passages of Scripture, applying to himself the words of the 27th Psalm: "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart." The fatal day found the feeble emaciated hero ready to die. With a wild shout the warriors fell upon the remnant of his caravan, and, having dispatched them with their spears, they dragged the Bishop into an open space without the village, where, drawing himself up to his full height, pierced by a bullet, he fell with his face to the foe, and "the noble spirit leapt forth from its broken house of clay, and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

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One infallible mark of true discipleship is loving one another (John 13:35). All other marks are worthless without this one.

## Household Words.

### JACK THE HUCKSTER.

Jack the Huckster was a poor, wicked fellow, who had gone about from village to village, swearing, drinking, huckstering, and perhaps pilfering. Some thought him half-witted, but the story would show his mind to be sound enough. He heard a poor woman sing somewhere—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

He remembered the words, and, what was better, he felt their sense; and he kept on humming them to himself till God's good Spirit engraved them on his heart. There they were recorded, and Jack was a new man and a saved man. So he essayed to join himself unto the church, but the brethren looked suspiciously at him and enquired, "What is your experience?" He said he had no experience but this—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

The good elders very properly asked, "Are you converted? Have you been born again?" and Jack replied, "I do not know much about these things; but this I do know and am sure of—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

They put him back for a while, to try if he would grow in his knowledge, but he never went an inch beyond the first standard. He knew what he did know, and to that he held fast—

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all;  
But Jesus is my all in all."

Well they must take him into the church, they could not well refuse a man with such a confession of faith; and when he was in the church, walking with the brethren, he was happier than the rest of them, at which they greatly marvelled, and one said to him, "Brother Jack, don't you sometimes feel doubts and fears?" "Doubts," he said, "What do you mean? I never doubt that—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;"

for I have daily proofs of it, and why should I doubt that

"Jesus Christ is my all in all."

for He says that He is, and I must believe Him."

"Ah, well," said one, "sometimes I enjoy good frames and feelings, and feel very happy, and then I lose them, and sink in spirit. Jack answered, "I never get lower than I am, for I am down at the bottom—

"A poor sinner, and nothing at all."

I cannot get lower than that, can I? But I am also at the top, for

"Jesus Christ is my all in all,"

and I cannot get higher than that, can I?" They tried him many ways with their blessed experience, of which you and I have had cart-