

MISSION FIELD.

A NOBLE LIFE.

The life of the Right Rev. James Hannington, D.D., F.L.S., F.R.J.S., first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, is a book of 451 pages, edited by E. C. Dawson, M.A. The late Bishop was the son of a successful draper at Brighton and was born, eighth child of his parents, in 1847. He exhibited an early taste for Natural History, and for travel and adventure. His wish was to follow the sea, but, contrary to that, he was placed for a time in his father's counting house. His parents were Independents and his father had built a chapel for that sect. But in 1867 the family was reconciled and the chapel handed over to the Church. From that time James began to desire the priesthood, and in the following year went to Oxford. There he was more fond of boating and amusement than study and it was 1873, before he got his B.A. The first time he went up for Deacon's order he was 'ploughed'; and, when he got through, the second time, his Bishop said to him; "You've fine legs I see, mind that you run about your parish." In 1878 he married, and in 1882 placed himself at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society for five years without stipend. The society sent him to Uganda, Central Africa. Here he worked bravely for a few months, but could not stand the climate, and within a year, against his will, was 'carried' back to England. In 1884 he was consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, again started for that wild region, and in January, 1885, reached Mombasa. In June following he began his journey into the interior—his last journey. On the 21st October he fell into the hands of Mwanga's messengers, and on the 28th he was shot, in his 38th year, telling his murderers that he died for Baganda.

The following extracts are from his diary:

This diary is written up to the very day of the Bishop's murder, on a small pocket diary, 4½ in. by 3 in., the characters in some instances being so minute that a magnifying glass is necessary.

October 21, Wednesday.—About half an hour only brought us to Lubwas. The first demand was in a most insolent tone for ten guns and three barrels of powder: this, of course, I refused, and, jumping up to return another road, I was asked to await the chief. After awaiting an enormous time, I had an interview, at which the same demands were made; so, jumping up, I said, 'I go back the way I came.' Meantime the war drums beat. More than a thousand soldiers were assembled. My men implored me not to move.

October 22, Thursday.—I found myself, perhaps about ten o'clock last night, on my bed in a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation, a fire on the hearth, no chimney for smoke, about twenty men all round me, and rats and vermin *ad lib.*,

fearfully shaken, strained in every limb, and great pain within, and thirst; and sleep departed from my eyes, and it was very, very little I got during the night. Still I live through it? My God, I am Thine.

One p.m.—Good breakfast, but no appetite to eat it; however, if it was not here, I should no doubt feel starving. Towards evening I was allowed to sit out for a little time, and enjoyed the fresh air; but it made matters worse when I went inside my prison again, and as I fell exhausted on my bed, I burst into tears. Health seems to be quite giving way with the shock. I received no news all day beyond what I expected, that the messenger might reach Mwanga to-morrow, and would return in about four days, so that I dare expect nothing under a week.

October 23 (Friday).—It is three months to-day since I left the coast, and I did not expect it would see me in prison. I slept better—well, in fact, but I woke full of pain and weak, so that with the utmost difficulty I crawled outside and sat in a chair.

Afternoon.—To my surprise, my guards came kneeling down, so different from their usual treatment, and asked me to come out. I came out, and there was the chief and about one hundred of his wives come to feast their eyes on me in cruel curiosity. I felt inclined to spring at his throat, but sat still, and presently read to myself Matthew v. 41, 45, and felt refreshed.

October 26 (Monday).—Fifth day in prison.

About thirty-three more of the chief's wives came and disported themselves with gazing at the prisoner. I was very poorly, and utterly disinclined to pay any attention to them, and said in English, 'O, ladies if you knew how ill I feel, you would go.' When my food arrived in the middle of the day, I was unable to eat—the first time, I think, since leaving the coast, I have refused even the most humble meal. To-day I am very broken down both in health and spirits, and some of the murmuring feelings that I thought had gone, have returned hard upon me. Another party of wives coming, I retired in the hut, and declined to see them. A third party came later on, and, being a little better, I came out and lay upon my bed. It is not pleasant to be examined as a caged lion in the Zoo, and yet that is exactly my state at the present time. My tent is jammed in between the hut and high fence of the Boma, so scarce a breath of air reaches me.

October 28 (Wednesday).—Seventh day's prison.—A terrible night. O Lord, do have mercy upon me, and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii.

In an hour or two's time fever developed very rapidly. My tent was so stuffy that I was obliged to go inside the filthy hut, and soon was delirious. My fever passed away. Word came that Mwanga had sent three soldiers, but what news they bring they will not yet

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let me know. Much comforted by Psalm xxviii.

October 29 (Thursday).—Eighth day's prison.

I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet.

This entry—the last—takes up but a small part of the page of the diary. It is almost certain that the Bishop was killed on this day, and there is reason to think that he was taken out to execution very shortly after he had written these words.

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