

AN ENGLISH BISHOP, KILLED IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

WE give on this page a picture of Bishop Hannington, who was lately killed in Africa,—one more martyr to the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was prepared for us from a picture published by the Church Missionary Society, and will give some idea of the appearance of the noble young bishop,—young at least for a bishop, for he was only thirty eight years old,—who was killed in Africa in October last. For a long time hopes were entertained that he might be found alive, but the story of his death has proved only too true.

In his younger days he was known as "Jim Hannington," and was always cool and venturesome in the face of danger. As a school-boy he was excitable and noisy, and was called "Mad Jim." He was brought up a Baptist, but chose the Church of England for himself as being the better way. His heart was entirely given to the Lord, and to Him he ardently devoted himself. He chose Africa for his place of work, and soon found himself at the south end of the great lake Victoria Nyanza. Look up this lake on your map of Africa. You will find it on the East side of the map on the line of the Equator. The journey to it from Zanzibar was too much for Hannington. The deadly climate of equatorial Africa weakened him so that he was obliged to return to England. On this short trip he had an adventure which shewed the cool daring of his disposition. He shot a lion's cub, which he saw moving in the shrubs before him on his way. The gun-bearer, knowing what the result of this might be, took to his heels, and cried "Run, bwana, run." It was time, indeed, to do so, for a large lion and lioness (the parents of the cub) came bounding towards them with deafening roars. The lions, as seen in Africa, are not the poor, spiritless, skinny things that are seen in menageries, but are large, and terrible to behold. When the natives see a

lion they run for dear life, and, if possible, betake themselves to water and stand in it up to the chin, with chattering teeth and rolling eyes, till the danger disappears, for lions, like cats, have no love for the water. Hannington, however, did not run, but with that cool bravery which so often belongs to Englishmen, he deliberately turned round and faced his enemy. We have often heard of the power of the human eye in arresting the ferocity of savage beasts. It proved true in this case. The great brutes were transfixed, and stood glaring upon their intrepid foe with fiery eyeballs, yet advance they dare not. Then quietly placing one foot behind the other, Hannington increased gradually the distance between himself and his dangerous foes, till at last they both walked away.

Most men would have been satisfied to escape with this, but Hannington wanted the skin of the cub that he had shot, and walked back to get it. When he approached the spot where it lay he saw the two monsters from which he had just escaped, walking round the dead body of their offspring, licking it, and growling the while. Hannington was fond of Botany, and just as he came in view of the lions he saw a rare specimen of a flower. To shew the coolness of the man, he plucked this flower and, after classifying it, placed it in his pocket book, when, throwing up his arms and shouting, he advanced so unexpectedly upon the lions

that they turned and fled, leaving him the master of the position. He then shouldered his prey and conveyed it to the camp.

However, as we have seen, fever conquered him, and he was obliged to return to England. Restored to health he set out, in 1884, a second time, for Africa. This time he set out as a Bishop, having been consecrated "Bishop of the Church of England in Eastern Equatorial Africa." When he arrived in Africa a thousand people stood on the shore to welcome him. Guns were fired, horns blown, and women shrieked, and laughed, and cried; but the Bishop quieted them, and made them kneel down in prayers and thanksgiving to God. Here he worked with unceasing toil for six months, when on the 22nd of July he started on



BISHOP HANNINGTON.