

ers a message at once practical and aflame with holy influence.

At twenty-nine he made a most suitable marriage. His father died about this time, and left the son by will St. George's Chapel. Here he held services a few months only—the great soul sighed for wider range. The Church Missionary Society sent him out with several other missionaries to Eastern Africa. The notorious king, Mtesa, was there living, bright, sympathetic, but fitful, giving a fair countenance to missionary work. The voyage and subsequent land journey were very trying. Very bad water, dangerous rivers, lurking malaria, unfaithful guides, hyenas by night, lions by day—these all had to be endured or fought through most of the weary transit.

His difficulties of travel are described in his journal, and illustrated with humorous cuts of the very literal "ups and downs" of missionary life. Of some of these we give reproductions. It blends a pathos with their humour to know that every step and jar racked his frame. Once he went to choose a place for his grave. More than once he was left for dead by his bearers.

"Racked by fever, torn by dysentery, scarcely able to stand upright under the grip of its gnawing agony; with his arms lashed to his neck lest their least movement should cause intolerable anguish to his diseased and swollen liver—the bright and buoyant figure which had so often led the

caravan with that swinging stride of his, or who had forgotten fatigue at the close of a long march, and dashed off in pursuit of some rare insect,

"His head a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind,"

was now bent and feeble, like that of a very old man."

He thus records his adventure with a hippopotamus:

"I had my wet bed and blankets carried up a little way from the swamp-belt of the lake. The boys and men were afraid to remain with me so far from the canoe, so I laid my weary frame to rest under my umbrella, for it was raining; and, unmindful of natives or beasts of prey, I commended myself to the care of the Almighty, and fell asleep. Soon a tremend-



"A LION! NO! . . . ONLY A HIPPOPOTAMUS."

(From a sketch by Bishop Hannington.)

ous roar close to my head caused me to start wide awake. What could it be—a lion? No, lions are not so noisy. It was only a hippopotamus. He had, no doubt, come up to feed, and stumbled nearly on top of this strange object, a sleeping white man with an umbrella over his head; so, bel-