

as a boy was not unfrequently checked by a liberal application of the "birch-rod," but it is not clear that it produced much permanent impression on his character beyond that of intensifying his dislike of restraint, and inspiring him with that physical courage for which he was remarkable, to a degree little short of recklessness. James was reared in the lap of luxury, and from an early age excelled in all sorts of athletic sports. He was a keen yachtsman, botanist, entomologist and geologist. After spending two and a half years at a school in Brighton, he entered a counting-house, where he remained, "more or less," six years, meanwhile doing the Continent and graduating in "Society." About 1868 he expressed a desire to enter "the Church," although loathing for the dull routine of business had more, perhaps, to do with his preference for orders than any other motive. To outward appearance, he was still as gay and thoughtless as ever, delighting to startle his friends by some extraordinary feat of personal daring, or eccentric acts which could only emanate from "Jim." It was not easy to associate with this "madcap" the serious business of a clergyman's life. The death of a young comrade seems to have been the first means of awakening serious thoughts in his mind, which were deepened by attendance at a Bible-class conducted by a minister who took a great interest in the lad. It was an eventful day when the name of James Hamington was entered as a Commoner in the books of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. He was then a tall, well-proportioned fellow, careless in his dress, but with that in his bearing which soon established for him an ascendancy over all his fellow-students. His wit was unsparing. "And how he would row!" Though more at home in acting the part of gentleman and sportsman, than that of a hard student, he never was a 'loafer,' and was incapable of doing a mean or dishonorable act. If there was any enterprise on hand calling for the display of pluck, agility and endurance, Hamington was the lad to lead. When he was twenty-four, the death of his beloved mother had a salutary influence over him. About this time, too, a friend who had recently received Holy orders, took an interest in him, "and

began to pray for him." In due time he passed his "exams," and was ordained to deacon's orders. "So," he said to himself, "I am ordained, and the world has to be crucified in me. O for God's Holy Spirit!" He is appointed curate of a rural parish in Devonshire, and finds preaching and addressing missionary meetings to be uphill work, but for the rest, he is happy, riding through the country with his prayer-book in one pocket of his shooting-jacket, and medicines for some sick person in another. Everywhere he is welcomed — admired by the young and loved by the aged. But his own heart was not yet right. He was often in darkness and distress of mind. A friend, to whom he had confided his mental troubles, sent him a book which he thought might help him. It was "Grace and Truth," by the late Dr. Mackay of Hull. At first, he disliked it so much, he threw it aside, determined never to look at it again; but it haunted him, and after a while he took up the "old thing," and read straight on till he came to the chapter on "the forgiveness of sins." His eyes were opened. He had found the hidden treasure, and in transports of joy praised God. "From that day to this," he wrote, years after, "I have lived under the shadow of His wing in the assurance of faith that I am His, and He is mine. In 1875, he was appointed curate of his native parish, where he laboured diligently for seven years, and where he was happily married to Miss Hankin-Turvin.

Passing over the record of his ministerial career at home, we come now to his appointment by the Church Missionary Society as a missionary to Uganda, at the northern extremity of Lake Nyassa, South Africa. His acceptance of the proposal was greatly lamented by his attached congregation, but his resolution once taken, there was no appeal. He would go. In June, 1882, he landed at Zanzibar, and was soon on his way to the interior. After two months weary marching through dense forests, tangled jungle and dismal swamps, Hamington was brought to the verge of death by fever, and though he rallied so that he could be carried on a litter a long distance, at length he was forced to own that he was beaten. With difficulty he