

March 7, 1882, and was appointed to the leadership of the little party of six who were to go to Uganda.

We pass by his journey, with all its discomforts; the filthy vessel in which he sailed from Aden to Zanzibar; the dilatory Zanzibari, the horrors of the African well, the "water of which you might cut with a knife," and African mosquitoes, the swarm whereof might be sliced in the same fashion; the wading of streams, the fightings with flies, the falling into pitfalls set for game, the alarms of robbers, encounters with tarantulas, swarms of mosquitos and of bees and caravans of black ants, the stings of the poison bean-pod, the storms of dust, the rack of African fever, prolonged dysentery and acute rheumatism. At Uyui, his fellow-travelers had to leave him behind, as he was too ill to go forward, and in care of Cyril Gordon, who nursed him night and day and would not let him die. How desperate his case was may be inferred from the fact that when he asked Gordon, "Can it be long before I die?" the answer was, "No, nor can you desire that it should be;" and in one of the few walks he was able to take, he actually selected the spot for his grave. But his iron will pulled him through, and he was borne in a hammock to the lake, where again he was so ill that he confessed he was "done."

Christmas Day, 1882, was spent by the lake; and the manner of its keeping illustrates out of what unpromising materials love and faith can extract honey. Gordon was very ill, and two others only convalescing, and Hannington himself just ready to go to bed. But they kept the Holy Communion at 8 A.M., and forgot their solitude, sickness and separation from home, in praising God. Then came Christmas dinner. Hannington killed the kid, and as he tried his hand at the "plum-pudding," drawbacks there were, in shape of flour both musty and full of beetles and their larvæ, sour raisins and burnt dough, but they ate with mirth and gratitude. He amused the natives and himself by showing them his watch, which they declared had a man in it, that said, "Teek, teek," and was *lubari*—witchcraft; or he would dress and undress a doll which a friend had sent him, to show the women the mysteries of English attire.

When he reached Msalala it became plain that he must return to Eubaga and to England. He felt himself to be a complete wreck. On his way to Uyui, borne in a hammock, he was at death's door, and, humanly speaking, owed his life to the assiduous attention of Mr. J. Blackburn, one of his party. Yet he was no sooner on the deck of the homeward-bound steamer than he was studying how he could return and plant Christ's Cross in the heart of the Dark Continent. June 10, 1883, he landed in England, and was received as one from the dead. He spoke constantly in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, but the verdict of the doctors was, "*Africa, never*—anywhere but Africa and Ceylon." But still he was hoping and praying to go back. The