

ing blown to ribbons. The Bishop was surely in training! At twenty Hannington went, with his father's family, over to the Anglican from the Congregational communion. This brought him into contact with zealous and bright men of the fraternity. At twenty-one he went to Oxford. Of pale, rather sallow face, and loosely and pliantly set figure, and with a kind of laughter that shook him sorely before it would let him go, he be-



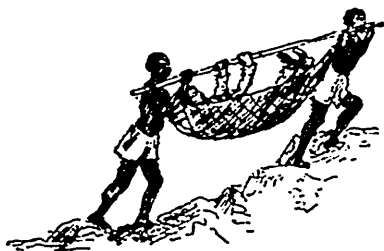
AFRICAN AMBULANCE.

came popular at once. He was not studious; sought more to master men than grammar. Masterful, but disposed to do more than his own share of athletics, boat-races and field games were sure to be carried by his club to victory. He had only a shred of nether garments left when a rowing match was finished. In town and gown rows he was always in the front, the light of battle in his eye, and his avenging fist stained with the gore of his adversaries.

This was a strange admixture of fun, fury and pathos—a man full to the brim with animal spirits—effervescing and boiling over very often. His tutors were glad to have him sent to a private rector for instruction. He returned to Oxford, however, for examinations, one day of which he worked well. On the second day an ill-conditioned organ grinder took position under his window and annoyed him to such a degree that he rushed out and withdrew his name. There were surely stumbling blocks in the way to the bishopric that none but God could overcome.

Hannington's life, like Norman McLeod's, is adorned with impromptu sketches with which he illustrated his letters to his confidential friends. They are quaint, laughable, ingenious.

Like sunrise on the Alps, which bathes the highest peaks with a warm glow, then tips each lower point, till it fills the valleys with light and beauty, Hannington's head, then his heart, and finally his entire being, came wondrously under the influence of divine grace. His mother died. By her coffin he knelt and prayed in agony, then arose a changed man. A college chum had written him urging him to seek Christ thirteen months before this time. He now answered the letter, begging the writer to hasten to him and give him comfort. He had taken curate's orders, and now found he was but barren soil with no food for his flock. This part of the book is very sad, but it shows an old-fashioned repentance. He read "Grace and Truth," and, like many others, was repelled by its crudeness and dogmatism, though



HARD TRAVEL FOR A SICK MAN.

it helped to convince him of his need as a sinner. Ultimately, a genuine conversion followed his diligent search for Christ.

He returned to Oxford and took his M.A. Like some others in history, the change in his manner surprised the staid Oxfordites. Preaching now was to him a very serious duty, and to his hear-