

was unfortunate enough always to be sent to places where I was not driven to learn. Would that I had been driven!" The adding up of the never-ending columns of figures, and the acquiring of the knowledge of the texture of mercantile fabrics were most uncongenial to him. He therefore concluded that he was destined for something else in life, and determined to find his real vocation. From association with the clergymen, who ministered in the Church of St. George on his father's estate, there sprang up in Hannington's mind a desire for ordination, and at the age of twenty-one, with the consent of his parents, he definitely decided to seek Holy Orders.

He then entered Oxford, where he became a universal favorite. He was unselfish, open-hearted, and generous even to lavishness. After taking his B.A. degree Hannington writes: "A different tone began to steal over me insensibly, I prayed more." About this time it was impressed upon the heart of one of his college friends to pray for him, and prayer was followed by an earnest letter. As the time for ordination approached Hannington says: "How I dread ordination; I would willingly draw back, but when tempted to do so I hear ringing in my ears, 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.' What am I to do? What?" Possessed of a sufficient competency, the temptation to lead the independent life of a private gentleman and occupy himself with his favorite scientific pursuits must have been strong, but with a steady determination he faced what he now dreaded with an almost morbid fear.

His first charge was the curacy of Martinhoe and Tren-tishoe. The rough work of a Devonshire parish exactly suited his disposition. He was parson, doctor and family friend all in one. But the influence of the letter which he had received from his college friend followed him daily. He felt keenly that he was God's ordained messenger with no message to deliver, and that he could not give his people the Word of Life until he himself possessed the secret of that life. This he sought for long and earnestly, and when at last he found the "hidden treasure" his pent-up feelings rushed forth in a mighty torrent of thanksgiving.

At the wish of his father he returned to Hurstpierpoint to take charge of the chapel of St. George. Here he labored for seven years almost unknown to the world, but deeply loved by his parishioners and greatly honored in his work. His one ambition was to influence others for Christ. It has been said that all his life—his amusement as well as his labor was permeated by his faith in the Unseen.

"He had perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feeling had impressed
Great objects on his mind with portraiture
And color so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense."

It has been truthfully said: "High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease and start on some fresh march of faithful service." Hearing of the death of Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, Hannington felt a strong desire, which afterwards developed into a definite purpose, to fill the gap which their fall had made in the ranks of the Central African Missionary Army. At the commencement of his ministry he knew very little about foreign missionary work, but with the passing days came a deeper consciousness of the world's need of a risen Saviour. Having seen his duty clearly, he did not shrink from performing it. His friends did not fail to point out to him that a man may serve God as faithfully and efficiently in an English parish as among heathen tribes, and the very fact of his success in his own church was an indication that he should remain. While acknowledging the force of these arguments, Hannington knew that it would be much easier to obtain the services of an able man for a home parish than to persuade such an one to spend the best years of his life among the heathen; so, throwing aside all personal feelings, he offered himself for the work, without other remuneration than the payment of

his travelling expenses, toward which he was to contribute a hundred pounds yearly.

On May 17th, 1882, Hannington said good-bye to his church, his home, his wife and three little ones, and set out with five others for the Dark Continent. Of this period he writes: "I must leave the farewells. I have not sufficient cold blood in my veins to make red ink enough to write them." In a little over a month the party reached Zanzibar, and after spending a few days in preparation they set out for their long journey through the interior. Visiting the Church mission stations along the route, they pushed on for the Victoria Nyanza, where they hoped to form a new station. Pen cannot picture the sufferings of this journey. From day to day the little band plodded on, fording streams, pressing their way through tangled jungle, beset by fever and pestilence, never daring to loiter lest they should fail to reach a watering place by night-fall. Hannington many times fell a victim to the dread fever, which is not to be wondered at, for, apart from the intense heat and drenching rains, they were repeatedly threatened with famine, and were at times compelled to march for as long as three days without water, and in many places the water, when obtained, was filled with decayed and decaying animal matter. Notwithstanding these hardships, Hannington's characteristic buoyancy of spirit never deserted him. After describing the contents of the water, he says: "Nevertheless, we boiled it and it gave body to our tea." He was wonderfully unselfish, his one thought being for others, and when nothing but trial and disappointment seemed to face them, his cheering message, "Never be disappointed, only praise," would give hope and comfort to the weary.

From the Lake, Hannington pushed on for Uganda, but before reaching there, his constitution became so racked with fever and other diseases that to have remained longer in Africa would have been certain death. With a heart bowed by disappointment he consented to return to England, and in about thirteen months from the time he had left he was back again in his own home. Even before his arrival in England he commenced to form plans for returning to the land from which he had been compelled to flee; indeed, he could not be content until he had planted the banner of Christ in the centre of that great continent. With improving health came an increasing desire to return to his chosen field, but as he was not yet well enough for work in the Tropics, he placed himself at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society, speaking as often as his strength would permit. Having felt

"The vastness of the agony of earth;
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst,"

his appeals on behalf of the missionary cause will long be remembered in many an English town.

He repeatedly presented himself at the Medical Board to see whether the doctors might not take a more favorable view of his state, but was as often repulsed. In the end, however, his perseverance was rewarded. After repeated refusals from the Medical Board, they at length decided that he might return to Africa with a good prospect of being able to live and labor there for many years. At this time the Church Missionary Society decided that the mission churches of Eastern Equatorial Africa should be placed under the supervision of a bishop. Hannington's ability and zeal pointed him out as the man for this position.

On November 5th, 1884, he sailed again for Africa, and landed there January 24th, 1885. He at once planned the erection of a church at Frere Town, which should be worthy of being the headquarters of the mission. A most indefatigable worker, we find him Paul-like "in journeyings often"; now in Mambasa and Zanzibar, again in Frere Town and Taita—the last named place being his farthest advanced post westward. After concluding one of these journeys he writes: "I have to praise God for one of the most successful journeys, as a journey, that I ever took. For myself, too, I have enjoyed most excellent health almost the whole way during a tramp of five hundred miles." As a result of this march mission stations have since been established.

Hannington now conceived the project of pushing straight through to the north end of the Nyanza and