

and shouted! The astonished beasts turned tail and ran, while he shouldered the cub and bore it back to camp! When blocked by a mob of armed men, on the march to Mboni, he walked on regardless of their ferocious yells, and coolly passed through the human fence, smiling at their menacing gestures. Sometimes his courage was manifestly born of a determination to win confidence, as when he ran to the front amid foes and waved grass in token of pacific intention, exposing himself to shots from behind. How often it was born of prayer, only God knows; but in the severest exposures of his second journey toward the lake, when time after time he seemed to escape death as by a hair's-breadth, at the hands of the savage Masai, he writes: "I strove in prayer, and each time trouble seemed averted."

He thought himself lacking in *moral courage*, but no one else thought so. Mr. Dawson defines moral courage as a certain "fearlessness in exposing the inner self to possible laceration and rebuff," akin to the physical courage which without fear exposes the body to rude assaults, and finely suggests that if he is to be accounted brave who is insensible to fear, he is no less so, rather more so, who, though he vibrates through all his nervous system and shrinks from exposure to pain and violence, yet schools himself to encounter them without flinching, like the general who, on the eve of a hot engagement, said to his trembling knees, "Ah! you would quake worse if you only knew where I am going just now to take you!"

Carlyle says that *sincerity* enters prominently into any heroic type of character. Hannington was sensitively conscientious and trustworthy. He hated a lie—and his hatred was inborn and inbred. His piety was as far from a pretense as genuineness is from hypocrisy. His faith in the unseen was implicit and unhesitating. Prayer was the breath of life to him, almost an unconscious exercise of his vitality. His transparency drew everybody to him, and especially young men, who were strangely attracted to him, even in danger. He was a fearless, faithful preacher, who called things by their right names. And he was equally fearless and faithful as a pastor, never refusing any risk to serve his flock, even in times of contagious disease. He was no hireling—and could not forsake the sheep, even though the lion and bear threatened them.

The Bishop was one of the most generous of men. After his return to England, his friends noticed that he was excessively careful of expenditure, weighing the cost of everything. Was he growing parsimonious? Only after his death was it explained. He was giving *one-fifth* of his limited income to one society alone, irrespective of other charities. Unselfish, open-handed even to lavishness, he left the impress of his self-giving upon all who knew him. Consecration to Christ, like a master musician, "pulled out all the stops" and played on all the keys of his being, and his life became one grand anthem.