

he did not bear God's message, and was utterly without divine unction; and he was much distressed. Then that letter, long treasured up and many times re-read, prompted him to send for the writer. He could not come to see Hannington, but he wrote him again and sent with the letter Mackay's "Grace and Truth." He began to read the book, but its unscholarly tone and blunt dogmatism offended him, and he threw it down. But it subsequently got a reading, though meanwhile on a second trial he had been tempted to fling it across the room in disgust. He waded through a few chapters, till he came to the question, "Do you *feel* your sins forgiven?" That chapter opened his eyes. He saw that faith must rest, not on feeling or consciousness, but on the unchanging *Word* of God. He leaped into light. He was in bed when he read that chapter; but he sprang out, and literally, like the cripple at the Gate Beautiful, walked and leaped, praising God. Subsequently the tract, "Gripping and Slipping," helped him to a firmer grasp on the hand of Jesus, and he held fast and followed on wherever that hand led. Henceforth he "*knew whom he had believed.*" From this step it was comparatively easy to another. His friend urged him to try extempore preaching, and before long he bravely laid his written helps aside and went before the people to tell them simply and in dependence on the Spirit what he had learned of God, though he soon found that to preach effectively without manuscript leaves no room for indolent mental habits. On a visit to Hurst, he got "stuck" at the text and had to dismiss the congregation with a hymn!

The parish of Darley Abbey, to which Mr. Hannington was transferred in 1875, and where he remained seven years, gave opportunity for the study and practical solution of the problem how successfully to deal with intelligent working people. There dear old Miss Evans, or, as the people called her, "Miss Irvins," then nearly ninety years old, lived and swayed her sceptre of love, the very life and centre of Christian work. At the Darley House she made Hannington a welcome guest; and there he found himself in a new school of Christian experience and training for better work. Apollos was once more in the school of Priscilla.

While curate at St. George's Hannington threw himself into the work of Parochial "Missions," then already beginning to be a power, himself afterward conducting similar meetings. Here also he learned and lived the lesson of self-sacrifice. Fond as he was of his horse, he sold it, and made of the stable and coach-house a mission-room for popular meetings. The hero-missionary was rapidly preparing, though unconsciously, for the "regions beyond."

He was eccentric—if anybody knows what that means. Those who knew him best say that they never knew another Hannington. A queer mixture of oddity and simplicity, gentleness and fire, bluntness and brusqueness, he reminded people of William Grimshaw. The