

## Youths' Department.

"MAD JIM."

That was what the boys at school called him, for he was so full of life and fun that he was always ready to get into mischief. In those days boys used to get severe thrashings from their schoolmasters. Many a caning did Jim receive for reckless, daring deeds, but no one could help loving him. Teachers and schoolmates had a welcome for the warm-hearted boy. He loved his mother with a great love, and a word from her always made him resolve to be good. His father was a wealthy merchant in Sussex, England, and owned a yacht on which Jim had many a voyage. Indeed he wanted to be a sailor, and live all the time on the sea, but was persuaded to go to college instead. "B.A." and "M.A." honors were earned, and he at last became a minister. The poor and sick people in the village loved him dearly for he always had a bright smile and cheery word for each of them. His first sermon did not satisfy him so he tore it up, and soon determined not to read his sermons but to prepare them thoroughly and then just talk to the people. Money had always been plenty in his home so he took no salary for preaching. When the love for missions entered his heart he gave one-fifth of his income for Foreign Missions. During the last two years of his life in England he denied himself many necessities to be able to give away more. The next step was to give himself as a missionary to dark Africa, offering a large sum of money for his outfit and travelling expenses. He had now a wife and three children whom he dearly loved. It was impossible for them to go with him at that time, but he felt God's call was urgent. Hear his last words in a sermon just before leaving England, "I should not dare to stand up before you if I did not firmly believe God is sending me forth. I have asked God to guide me by His Holy Spirit, and pray that if God will not go with me, He will not let me go." On May 16th, 1882, a goodbye service was held and the next day a party of ten missionaries sailed for the Dark Continent, seeing that land on the 19th of June. A fearful journey lay before them. The dreaded fever carried off many a devoted soul, James Hannington was one of the worst sufferers, but struggled even while in agony himself to cheer and encourage his fellow-travel-

lers. One year afterward he was compelled, sorely against his will, to leave Zanzibar, for England. With returning health came an intense longing to go back to Africa. Up and down the country he went pleading the cause of missions, never seeming to tire of his subject. By tongue and pen he won many to give their lives to the foreign mission he loved so well. At last his prayers were granted and his health fully restored he once more sailed for Africa with appointment as Bishop of Eastern Africa. Jan. 24th, 1885, saw him once more on African soil. He prayed for power to help the thousands who were in the dark bondage of slavery and heathenism. But death instead of life was before him though he knew it not. A journey to the interior was undertaken and this strong, fearless missionary was the life of the whole party. They often ran short of food, and had many other dangers to encounter. On August 11th, he wrote his last letter to the dearly-loved wife at home. In it he said: "The burden of my song must be praise. The teaching of every lesson has been trust, so comfort your heart during my absence. There are far greater difficulties ahead, but if this is God's time for opening up this road it shall be done." At one time while surrounded with armed foes thirsting for their blood they held a gospel service singing:

"For ever with the Lord,"

even while each one knew that at any moment he might be sent from earth to Heaven. Often the warlike natives refused them food or shelter, and looked on with rejoicing at their sufferings. The king of Uganda had been told by slave-owners that this party of white men was going to conquer his country. He ordered out a force of ruffians to capture and detain them. For eight days James Hannington was guarded in a wretched tent, and tortured in many ways. He was heard singing calmly and joyfully:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Fever, his old enemy, made him weak in body, but the brave soul trusted and rejoiced. At last they told him he would be free, and the king would allow him to continue his journey. Instead of this good news being true, he was told to prepare for death. He had lived for God and was ready to die for Him. "Tell the king I am dying for Uganda, and have bought this road with my life," were his last words to men; then he knelt down and prayed to his God. A gun was fired as a signal and all the captives were speared to death. These are just a few facts from a life I have been reading lately. The faith and courage of Bishop Hannington may well be desired by all the boys and girls who read this paper. Let our thoughts and prayers sometimes go out for the dark country for which he died.

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