

love toward a mother, was prepared for another love that had a wider reach, drove out all mean and selfish affections, and demanded vent in a life of missionary labor. Her death, in 1871, left his heart fearfully lacerated, but free henceforth to have but this one love. That pathetic inscription in a Paris cemetery Hannington might well have written :

“Dors en paix, O ma mère; ton fils t'obéira toujours.”

At fifteen his father put him in a counting-house at Brighton to seek a fortune through the common path of commercial life. But the “zebra” could not be harnessed to the “cart-yoke,” and after six years the young man, reaching his majority, chose his own path. At eighteen he inclined toward Romanism, and once in later life even toward the solitude of the cloister; but Cardinal Manning’s funeral sermon for Cardinal Wiseman showed how the highest ecclesiastic turned even on his deathbed to mere external rites, for peace, and Hannington felt that the system must be rotten, and turned from it as from a falling fabric.

His early education seems to have been neither skillful nor successful. He says of himself that, being naturally idle, and not being sent where he was driven, he made little progress. But he was intelligent, quick to learn, and strong to hold; and if his early life lacked in application, his industry in later years went far to compensate. Up to his twentieth year, he had worshipped in a Non-Conformist chapel; but in October, 1867, his father’s chapel became an institution of the Church of England, and the young man came into frequent and close contact with clergymen of that communion; and he awoke to the fact that he had a strange drawing toward the ministry, and in 1868 he entered Oxford.

In 1873, at 26, Hannington reached a parting of the ways. Jesus was henceforth to be, in a double sense, his Redeemer—*Rex, Lex, Dux, Lux*. A college friend of his, a country curate, had James Hannington strangely laid on his heart as a burden. His own life having lately felt a strange transforming power, he somehow yearned to have Hannington share his consecration and satisfaction. He wrote him a plain letter, telling him of his new experience, and urged him to devote his life to Jesus. More than a year passed, and the letter was unanswered; but the seed, though buried, was striking roots downward and was yet to bear fruit upward.

His pride was just now hurt by the Bishop’s harsh rejection of one of his trial papers, and his wounded spirit flamed into a burst of passion. Suddenly he bethought himself: “If I can thus give way to anger, am I fit to offer myself as a minister of Christ?” That thought at once cooled and calmed him, and he applied himself anew. When he was admitted to deacon’s orders, he trembled with the sense of his responsibility. On Sunday after, he preached at Hurst, and the next began to act as curate of Trentishoe. He soon found that he was doing his duty in a perfunctory spirit, and that he was *not right with God*. Candor compelled him to confess that, though he was God’s messenger,