

able to laugh what deserves to be called laughing. The Bishop could laugh, from the roots of his hair to his boots; could laugh till he shook and cried, and till he compelled you to laugh and shake and cry, out of mere contagious sympathy. His laugh turned him inside out, and was a revelation of a certain heartiness in his humor, an unreserve in his genial, congenial nature that was a pledge of his frankness and fidelity.

His humor was his actual *salvation* in more than one experience. In the midst of the intensest suffering it never forsook him. Like Thackeray, he embellished his journal with his own original drawings, and original they are. They remind us of McLeod's biography, with its graphic and wonderful pen sketches, where a stroke means a whole paragraph. In the encounter with a lion, he forgot the danger, as he saw his excited companions rally to his defense, one armed with a revolver, the other with an umbrella! His humor had a heroic element in it which enabled him to say of all the multiplied *tortures* of his journey, they were "*trifling drawbacks*." Nothing could be more delightfully serio-comic than his own description of his 'hammock' experiences, written for his children, and illustrated with his own pencil. That must have been a remarkable susceptibility to the ludicrous which made soaked clothes by day and wet sheets by night powerless to "damp" his spirits; which made him laugh outright, notwithstanding his weakness and illness, when a hippopotamus almost stumbled over his cot as he lay half-shielded by his umbrella, and, "bellowing out his surprise," started at double quick for the lake; nay, which, when he thought he was about to be murdered, made him laugh aloud at the very agony of his situation—his clothes torn to pieces, and wet through, and his body half naked, and every limb strained, while he was alternately dragged and pushed and jostled along five miles an hour. Such an abundant humor commonly has as its companion a mischievous temperament, for they are close of kin. He was full of boyish pranks to the very last, and whenever he felt well would break out at times with irrepressible animal spirits.

He had wit as well as humor. His "skimmery album" was a series of caricatures in which, from the Principal at St. Mary's Hall down, few escaped being pilloried in a humorous depiction. But no malice was mingled with his mirth. If he teased he was willing to be teased. Sometimes his wit was merciless. When, at Oxford, he found among the undergraduates a set of clerical posturists who with a dilettante air observed all the niceties of ritual observances, who dressed themselves in their own rooms in short, lace-trimmed surplices, and got photographed with crozier and censer—when in the bedroom of one of them was found an old trunk rigged up as an altar, draped with an antimacassar, with a row of tiny candlesticks, a vase of flowers and a plaster crucifix, he reveled in the opportunity to lampoon such follies. He was an active man, never a loungeur. He did not hang like a rusty trumpet against the walls of society, waiting for some one to come