

have part of the truth, and their adherents are loath to give up the little that they have in order to obtain the whole as it is set forth in the religion of Jesus Christ. We should be sorry to think of Mahommedanism being allowed to occupy the ground as a preparation for Christianity anywhere. The duty of the Church, on the contrary, is plain: it is to increase her laborers and to redouble her energies, so as to make known the truth to the most degraded even of African tribes. It is the duty of the Church further to do what in her lies to remove the stumbling-blocks thrown in the way of the heathen in Africa and in India by the evil lives of Europeans and even of her professing members. Let us not fail nor be discouraged. The Gospel is making way in those lands of which we have been speaking, and God has been giving it access to regions hitherto closed against it. We need have no fear of its efficacy. The earthen vessel has its weaknesses, but the excellency of the power is seen to be of God.

JAMES HANNINGTON, THE MARTYR OF USOGA.*

[EDITORIAL.—A. T. P.]

WHEN, in October, 1885, in Ukassa, on the north shore of Victoria Nyanza, the noble form of Bishop Hannington fell before the savage soldiers of Mwanga, a pall overspread the whole missionary host. Another heroic spirit had, at thirty-eight years of age, joined the noble Army of Martyrs. And when, on the 4th of February following, at sunrise, the sorrowing procession approached the mission station at Rabai, bearing the blue pennon—the African symbol of mourning—whereon, in white letters, was sewn the word "ICHABOD," many a mourner, outside the Dark Continent, with bowed head, said, "The glory is departed!"

We have read this story of his life and work with profound interest and deep emotion. It would draw tears from eyes unused to weep, to follow that tale of heroism to its singularly pathetic and tragical conclusion, while from first to last it abounds in lessons in living.

Hereditv and environment go far to determine character. Hannington seems to have inherited from his great-grandfather a strength almost superhuman that enabled him to do and bear what few stalwart men can endure. The texture of the ancient stock reappeared in the modern tree. He was consequently fond of athletic sports; gunning, boating, and the hardest games were natural to his conscious vigor.

Hannington inherited another trait from his grandfather—a devoted attachment to his mother; and this filial love, that transfigured her with a peculiar radiance, was the magnet that gave a true poise to his character, a true direction to his life. Not only so; but the heart that learned the expansive, expulsive, explosive power of a noble, ennobling

* "James Hannington: A History of his Life and Work." By E. C. Dawson. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., Publishers, N. Y.