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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

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our readers a sufficient taste of its quality to make them purchase and peruse it for themselves. The author is no mere bookworm; for while he appears, on one hand, to be "a man covered with academic dust," he is, on the other, a field Church historian, who has found many sermons in the stones of the ancient buildings which he has personally inspected. The book abounds in incidental illustrative antiquarian lore, with one good specimen of which we conclude:

Walk out of our own front entrance and passing the iron gate which leadeth into the city, you find yourselves at once under the jurisdiction of the city police, because you are no longer in College, but are now on College Green. Now this word "Green," brings you back to the days of the Danish kingdom. Every Scandinavian settlement had attached to it a Green, or place of assembly surrounding a Thingmote, or hill on which the leaders or chiefs took their seats, and from whence the laws and determinations of the assembled freemen were proclaimed. . . . Now, exercise your imaginations. Remove every house from College Green. Sweep away this College and all its buildings. Remove the Bank of Ireland, and leave an open space down to the shelving banks of the Liffey. Place a steep hill on the site of St. Andrew's Church. Carve that hill out into terraces and call it the Thingmote, and then you have Hogges Green, or the assembly-ground of the Danes of Dublin as it existed 900 years ago.

We now say good-bye to Professor Stokes, congratulating him on his work, which we regard as highly creditable not only to himself, but also to the University of Dublin and the Irish Church.

COURTENAY MOORE.

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## Review.

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*James Hannington, D.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa. A History of his Life and Work.* By E. C. DAWSON, M.A., Incumbent of St. Thomas's Church, Edinburgh. With portrait, map, and illustrations. P. 448. Seeley and Co.

THIS is a delightful book. James Hannington was a man of no ordinary gifts, and the type of Christianity which he exhibited is far from being common. Almost everything he said or did, as his biographer remarks, was stamped with the impress of his own distinct individuality; and persons who knew little or nothing of the man himself might easily misapprehend some of his words and actions, although only for a time would any misjudge him, for his nature was attractive, and his mode of living spoke for itself. Those who knew him best appreciated him most. The excellence of his character, indeed, shone with an increasing brightness, so that he grew in esteem and honour as well as in affection. The village youths whom he taught and trained, the divines whose counsel he now and then sought, the trusted leaders of a grand Society, the companions of his "Mission" and Missionary labours, the intimate friends of his family circle, all saw and experienced his realness.

He was true to the core.<sup>1</sup> And he gave himself to serve Christ truly with his whole heart. His generosity, and unwearied labour, cheery, hopeful, modest, are points on which many of his friends delight to dwell. He has been happy in his biographer. Mr. Dawson was a College friend, and knew him intimately for many years.

Of his boyhood and youth little need here be written. He was rather wayward and erratic. He was a born naturalist. Taking his education as a whole, says his biographer, "we cannot feel satisfied that the best plan was adopted in the upbringing of the child. There seems to have been much liberty, checked by an occasional vigorous application of the birch rod, but little systematic teaching, or sustained and orderly training." Certainly not a prudent method under which to bring up any lad, especially "a headstrong and passionate boy with a marked individuality." When thirteen years old James was sent to school. With masters as well as boys he became a prime favourite; but he was a confirmed "pickle," constantly in mischief.

He once lit a bonfire in the middle of his dormitory; at another time pelted the German master with his rejected papers; and we are not much surprised to learn that, on one particularly unlucky day, he was "caned more than a dozen times," till, smarting in every inch of his body, he had serious thoughts of running away.

At the age of fifteen he was sent to the counting-house at Brighton, and there he remained more or less during six years. But pleasuring rather than "business" was the leading mark of this period. In the end, it was agreed that he was not the man for a commercial life. In 1868, when twenty-one years old, he went to Oxford. He was not an industrious student. The present writer has heard him, as a Minister of Christ, regret the missing of a golden opportunity. Nevertheless, he was being trained;<sup>2</sup> and the day on which he could rejoice in Christ was drawing near. In 1874 he was ordained by the Bishop of Exeter: it was required that he should remain a deacon for two years.

In the year 1875 he preached his introductory sermon in St. George's Chapel, Hurst. Mr. Dawson has given an admirable account of his ministry in Hurst. Early in the year 1882 he offered himself as a Missionary. During the past four years the conviction had been steadily deepening within him, we read, "that his constitutional gifts and aptitudes were such as to qualify him in a special manner for work of toil and danger among a savage race." He sought for guidance. "When the C.M.S. appealed for more men" he wrote, "I seemed to hear the Master asking, 'Who will go?' and I said, 'Lord, send me.'"

Of his Missionary journey in the year 1882-3, a full account was given by Hannington himself, after his return to England, in three numbers of *THE CHURCHMAN*.<sup>3</sup> In June, 1883, he was at home again. About the Bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa, it seems, Mr. Wright had corresponded with Bishop Steere in the year 1880, and in the year 1884 this scheme was revived. By the personal influence of a man of high character, who would have authority to command and wisdom to organize, the widely scattered churches might be bound together. Who should be the Bishop?

<sup>1</sup> "Hannington was sensitively conscientious and trustworthy. Hatred of a lie was inborn and inbred in him. . . . His word was in the most rigid sense his bond. This fidelity of mind was developed in him very early."—"Life," p. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Here is a statement of one Sunday: "7 a.m., Holy Communion; 9 a.m., chapel; 10.30, Varsity sermon by Dr. Goulburn; twenty-mile walk with E. Ashmead-Bartlett; 5.15, chapel; 7.30, service in St. Mary's; 9 p.m., Greek Testament lecture under Burgon."

<sup>3</sup> *THE CHURCHMAN*, vol. ix., "My Journey in Africa," pp. 161, 282, 333.

The post [says Mr. Dawson] demanded a man of dauntless personal courage, tact, spirituality of mind, and prompt, business-like habits—a man who coupled gentleness with a strong personality. Hannington had proved that he combined these opposite characteristics in himself to a very remarkable extent. The eyes of the Committee naturally turned to him. His health had so rapidly improved during the past six months that Sir Joseph Fayre, the climatologist, gave it as his unqualified opinion that he might now return to Africa with a good prospect of being able to live and labour there for many years.

It was under the influence of no shallow self-confidence, says Mr. Dawson, that Hannington undertook this great responsibility. He knew that “not merely energy and courage, but tact, guidance, and patient endurance not only of toil, but what is far harder to bear, of contradiction, would be required of him.” The day after his consecration, we read, he had occasion to call at the C.M.S. House. A well-known member of the Committee met him on the staircase, and greeted him with, “I must *congratulate* you, Bishop Hannington;” to which he replied half-humorously, yet not without serious meaning, “*Commiserate* me, you mean.”

The consecration took place on St. John Baptist's Day, 1884. The four months which he spent in England after his consecration were employed in organizing and making preparations. He was of course in much request, and was invited to many places. In a letter to his wife mention is made of an Undenominational Conference, arranged by Canon Basil Wilberforce, at Southampton, as follows :

Well, we had a curious gathering down here. On arrival I found myself forming one of a select party—the Canon, Mr. Spurgeon, Lord Radstock, and the Earl of Lichfield. Every word of the conversation (after they had got to the end of cross-questioning me, which took about an hour) seemed worth listening to. On Thursday we commenced with prayer at eight; conference at eleven. . . Afterwards Lord and Lady Ailsa and Lady Mt. Edgecombe came to lunch, and spent the day. They all seemed bright Christians. Spurgeon and I had a good time together, and I enjoyed his society immensely.

Writing to a Sussex friend about this time, the Bishop stated, as in a letter to Mr. Dawson, that he had a commission from the Primate to exercise episcopal functions in the Holy Land, adding as a postscript, “Pray for us.” Mr. Dawson well observes that this request was seldom absent from Hannington's letters; but the word *prayer* was never with him “a conventional platitude.” The thought of 2 Corinthians i. 11—helping by prayer—was indeed a leading note of his Christian life.

New Year's Day, 1885, was the last day of his sojourn in Palestine. He had done much work. Mr. Fitch, his Chaplain, remarks that he “was so kind and genial everybody loved him. Wherever he went there was a brightness. On board ship all loved him. Wherever he went in Palestine the people complained that their time with him was too short.” On January 24, the Bishop arrived at Frere Town. “There was a grand welcome,” he wrote, “and the moment we could get a little quiet we knelt down and thanked God.” The whole of his working-staff in Central Africa consisted of 12 clergy, 11 laymen, and 4 ladies, wives of missionaries—27 in all. An excellent map in the volume before us, with the stations clearly marked, shows what an enormous extent of country these workers were scattered over. One of his earliest cares, we are told, was to arrange for the building of a church that should be worthy of the headquarters of the Mission. Writing to Mr. Wigram, he says :

And now, be frightened, and talk about “new brooms;” but we have quite decided to appeal for a new church. I won't fulminate by this mail, but we must have a decent church. Not a tin ark or a cocoa-nut barn, but a proper stone church—a church to the glory of God; and so, in spite of famine and other difficulties, let us strike for it now.

On Sunday, February 1st, he was enthroned. The next day he left in the *Henry Wright* for Zanzibar, to visit the Sultan and Sir John Kirk. He was also anxious to have a talk with Bishop Smythies. He wrote as follows :

The Bishop held a Confirmation. Mitre and Cope. Address very good. After the services of the day, in the cool of the afternoon, I had a long talk with the Bishop ; with all his ritualism he is strong on the point of conversion, and is very particular about Baptism and Communion not being administered before conversion, either to heathen or professing Christians.

Interesting letters from Frere Town, official and otherwise, are here published (pp. 318). The following passage occurs in a private letter to Mr. Eugene Stock :

I am simply boiling over with passion at the gross neglect of East Africa at the May Meeting. Does such a place exist in the mind of the Committee? If it had ever entered my head that no representation was to be made, I believe I should have slipped home the night before and back again the following day, had it only been to have shouted, "*East Equatorial Africa needs your prayers.*"

On Hannington's style when writing to his intimate friends his biographer makes some pertinent remarks : "The golden rule to be observed in reading his private letters is to remember that his emphatic diction *must not be taken too literally.*" He was well aware that his friends understood him. In a letter to the present writer, for example, in 1884, touching the omission of certain expressions in his journals, Hannington referred to himself as a "harum-scarum" sort of person ;<sup>1</sup> but then he knew his correspondent very well.

The Bishop was soon called upon to consider the condition of Taita. The Missionary at that advanced post—Mr Wray—owing to a prolonged famine, which had brought down the anger of the tribes upon his head as the possible cause of it, was in much distress and sorely tried. The Bishop resolved to go to the front. At the pretty Mission Station of Rabai the people were expecting the Bishop, and a tumultuous welcome awaited him :

The firing of guns, and the dancing and shouting of the excited natives continued without intermission from six o'clock until ten. The Bishop says : "I joined in one of the dances—a kind of puss-in-the-corner-drop-handkerchief—to the immense delight of the natives. Henceforth we are friends."

The travelling party numbered about a hundred, as they had to carry with them a month's food for the starving people, besides their own goods. The first day's journey, as is usual, had its full share of troubles :<sup>2</sup>

The first time nothing goes right ; nobody seems to know what to do or where to go, so some one has to show them. Gaiters, shovel-hat, and apron have all been laid aside for the journey, and so, unmindful of dignity, we rush hither and thither for firewood and light the fire ; then with a mallet, not without much shouting, we manage to erect the tent ; next the bed, a mysterious puzzle which entirely defies an African head ; and so, pushing one boy in one direction and one in another, we do the thing for ourself, and by eleven o'clock we are ready to lie down and get some rest. Soon after two a.m. we begin to get under weigh again.

Part of the march, referred to by Mr. Johnston as that "terrible journey"—a dismal road, passing through closely-packed thorn-bushes—

<sup>1</sup> "St. Aldegonde is one of the least conventional men of my acquaintance," says one of Mr. Disraeli's characters. Some of James Hannington's sayings and doings were undoubtedly very eccentric. But his was a strong character, with a good deal of common-sense ; and the expression "Jim Hannington all over" was never, in any year of his life, used in connection with what was bitter or mean.

<sup>2</sup> Thomson, p. 63 ; Johnston, p. 48.

was one of fierce heat. "I retched with the intense heat," wrote the Bishop. "The sun literally seemed to bake one through."

The description of Kilima-njaro is graphic. "As we topped a rise," wrote the Bishop, "suddenly before our astonished gaze flashed Kilima-njaro in all his glory! How lovely the great mountain looked!"

In the middle of April the Bishop brought his whole party safely through to Rabai, and he himself went straight on to Frere Town, praising God for one of the most successful journeys, as a journey, that he ever took. He had enjoyed, he wrote, "most excellent health almost the whole way, during a tramp of four hundred [probably five hundred] miles. May its result," he added, "be the PLANTING OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST ON KILIMA-NJARO." This has been the result, says his biographer; a Mission Station being now established at Moschi in Chagga, where Messrs. Wray and Fitch do outpost duty.

At this portion of the biography (p. 358) we come to the Bishop's decision, made after careful consideration, touching a journey by the new route westward—that journey in which he met his death. From this point to the end the biography has an interest which has seldom, if ever, been equalled in works of this kind.

Arrived at his house in Frere Town, the Bishop thought much about the westward route. As he compared his experiences on the journey so happily completed with those of his terrible march from Zanzibar to the Lake in the previous year, he was filled with a kind of triumph. What if it were possible to push straight through, as Thomson had done, to the north end of the Nyanza! Lives might be saved, incalculable suffering averted! Such an idea, in Hannington's mind, formulated itself rapidly. The way was not only healthier; it was shorter. The Masai, he thought (and with justice), might be managed. There was no reason to suppose that the Ba-ganda would offer any opposition to an approach from the north-east; and *this*, as Mr. Dawson remarks, was the weak link in the chain of thought.

On July 23rd the fatal journey was begun. The Bishop led the way out of Rabai at the head of a caravan two hundred strong. On the 11th of August, at Kikumbuliu, he wrote to his wife: "There is a remote chance of this reaching the coast. I have found a man who says that he is going before long, so you may get it. The burden of my song must be Praise, and the teaching of every lesson has been Trust." It is a characteristic letter. And here all correspondence ceases. His friends heard no more of him till the telegram from Zanzibar on New Year's Day, 1886, told of his arrest "within two days' march of U-Ganda." Happily the Bishop's pocket-diary, with its daily jottings, has been recovered by a Christian lad at Rubaga, who bought it from one of the band that murdered him. Happily, also, his native friend, the Rev. W. Jones, who accompanied him as far as Kwa Sundu, kept a journal. From these two sources, providentially preserved, showing much of what occurred from day to day almost until the end, Mr. Dawson has compiled an interesting narrative, adding to what may be called the romance of Missionary travel a striking and stimulating chapter. At one place, we read, the caravan was harassed by three bands of Masai—the third gang was satisfied:

But now the Masai [Mr. Jones writes] seemed bent on robbery. They threatened our men with the spears, and teased and insulted everybody. All of a sudden a cry was raised that the women should leave the boma. They at once retreated, and the El Moran [warriors] stood to their spears. As many of our men as were bold enough held their guns in readiness, but more than half of our strength was away, as the men were hunting by the lake. Happily the riot was quelled somehow, and nothing came of it.

The Bishop writes, "I strove in prayer, and each time trouble seemed

to be averted." The Masai expressed their admiration. As they examined him closely, stroked his hair and smoothed his beard, and then drew back to contemplate his manly and well-set figure, rivalling their own tall race in height, they would murmur, "Lumuruo Kitó!" (A very great old man!) At another place Mr. Jones's journal says:

On September 18, about mid-day, we came across a herd of elephants. The Bishop saw an opportunity of supplying the hungry caravan, and at once charged them. A cow elephant in return charged his lordship furiously. While the Bishop was thus engaged with the elephants two rhinoceroses started up and made straight towards where he stood. . . . Just as the cow elephant was charging the Bishop the rhinoceroses got in between, and the elephant at once turned her attention to them. . . . And now, from the top of my rock, I witnessed a very singular spectacle. The Bishop running and volleying the elephants, the elephants chasing the rhinoceroses, a leopard hunting my dog Tom, and the caravan-men dashing down their loads and scattering in every direction before the great beasts. . . . The Bishop bagged his elephant.

Kwa Sundu was reached on October 4th, and on the 11th the Bishop decided to proceed to the Lake with fifty men, leaving Mr. Jones in charge of the rest of the caravan. On November 8th three members of the Bishop's party reached Kwa Sundu with a dreadful report: "The Bishop and his party have been killed!" The pathetic story of the following period is worthily told; but we refrain from quotation, and even from a summary. On October 29th the last entry was made in the little pocket-diary. Mr. Dawson writes:

It seems that until the very end Hannington had little or no suspicion that Mwanga was concerned in his arrest. He looked forward to the return of the messengers sent to U-Ganda as the signal for his immediate release. On Wednesday, the 28th, there had been much drumming and shouting among the natives. When the Bishop's men asked the meaning of the demonstration they were told that the king had sent word that Mzungu (European) should be allowed to proceed to U-Ganda. They were much relieved, and hoped that their trouble was over. Probably the same story was told to the Bishop on the following day as an excuse for hurrying him out of his prison-hut to the place of execution.

When, therefore, conducted to an open space without the village, he found himself surrounded by his own men, we can well imagine that he concluded that the worst was over. "He was not, however, left long in doubt as to the fate which was in store for him. With a wild shout the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan-men, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. In that supreme moment we have the happiness of knowing that the Bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man. As the soldiers told off to murder him closed round, he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage. Drawing himself up, he looked around, and as they momentarily hesitated, with poised weapons, he spoke a few words which graved themselves upon their memories, and which they afterwards repeated just as they were heard. He bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the Ba-Ganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his own life. Then, as they still hesitated, he pointed to his own gun, which one of them discharged, and the great and noble spirit leapt forth from its broken house of clay, and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

Many reviews of this "Life" have already appeared, and most of them have had some special feature. The review presented in this magazine —with which Hannington, as a contributor, was linked—has one particular

note ; it is written by a clerical friend residing not many miles from Hurst, who met Hannington from time to time in the Chapter of the Rural Deanery, and who esteems it a privilege to add somewhat of personal testimony to his Ministerial career in Sussex. In the gathering at the Vicarage, Brighton, January, 1879, when the Bishop of the diocese (Dr. Durnford) spoke to such Clergy of the Deanery as were about to have a *Mission* in their parish, we sat side by side. Hannington's conversation, as a rule, easily and naturally moved to spiritual things. On one occasion, we remember, after a week-night service, he was (to use a dear and honoured friend's word) "jocose" and full of anecdote ; but before we retired to rest he spoke without reserve of the phases of spiritual life. After his return from Africa in 1884, as Mr. Dawson remarks, many of his friends noticed a great change in him. He was quieter and more tender (*πάθει μάθος*). The discipline had been blessed. But many things which we heard each year, of his Ministerial devotion, testified how truly he was—to quote the Burmese saying of Judson—"Jesus Christ's man." And the happy experience of many whom he exhorted and rebuked illustrates what was said by Madame de Staël about her friend M. de Montmorency : "He only sought to do good to my soul."

The present writer has requested his venerated friend, the Rev. Carey Borrer, Rector of Hurstpierpoint, and the Rural Dean, to supply him with a few reminiscences.

"I knew James Hannington more or less from his childhood. But as his family, when they first came to Hurst, were somewhat rigid Baptists, the intimacy was not great, and the lad was not baptized by me, nor until advanced youth. Indeed, from disparity of years I can scarcely say I knew him until the time that his father was led to seek communion with the Church of England, and James went to College. After he was ordained I knew really but little of his inner feelings, until I had the gratification of being able to offer him the Curacy of St. George's Chapel,<sup>1</sup> which the Bishop had licensed for services. From the time that he came into the parish to work I found I had a coadjutor who would zealously work for our Master. He was ever ready to help me in every good undertaking, and he ever brought an amount of cheerful earnestness which won its way with everyone. I must say that at the outset he had some—what I should call rather extravagant opinions, which I have reason to believe he considerably modified in later days. For instance, and it was the only disagreement he and I ever had, he introduced a Mission hymn-book into St. George's without consulting me ; but it was not that which I complained of—for I ever desired to give the Curate in Charge all reasonable liberty—but it was the style of hymn—very well suited, perhaps, for grateful hearts on conversion and rejoicing in the salvation they have found in Jesus Christ, but very unsuited to a general congregation. I know he felt it deeply ; but he loyally obeyed, and I believe he never used the particular hymns that I felt it right to object to. On the other hand, as an instance of how I valued his co-operation, I may mention that in the autumn before he came as curate I had made acquaintance with Canon Ellison, and had determined to set on foot a temperance society. So soon as James Hannington came I felt I had by me the very auxiliary that I desired (as neither my brother curate at the church nor I had any experience in temperance work, and neither of us then were teetotalers), and that under God's blessing the cause would

<sup>1</sup> The opening service at St. George's was preached by me, not by "Mr. Methuen" (*Life*, p. 39). I find in my diary, "1867, December 1st. To St. George's Chapel, where, to my inexpressible satisfaction, I preached the first sermon."

be energetically worked. It proved so ; and Hannington's influence was felt, and is felt to this day. Indeed, I thankfully say, from the time he took charge of St. George's it was a centre of spiritual life to the parish. It was at Hannington's request that I consented to a Mission being held at the church. Due preparation was made, and an excellent Missioner came to us ; a man more of Hannington's mind and ways of thinking than of my own.<sup>1</sup> And considerable benefit by God's goodness followed from it—and the fruits have not died out. From this time a real love and intimacy sprung up between us. We lived together as a father with a son ; and he never tired of giving me any help I needed. He was always at the church when we had any extra service. I gave him free license to visit, not only in a conventional district connected with St. George's, but through the length and breadth of the parish. He suggested a workman's club, and I was thankful to revive what has twice died here. But *his* plant still thrives. When he left first for Africa I mourned and missed him. I met him on his return as he reached St. George's ; he seized my hand and kissed it ! After that he resumed the charge of the chapel and district, and frequently spoke to me of the expected Bishopric. And when he took his second and last farewell of me he came up to my sick-room to say good-bye, and knelt at my feet for a blessing. I said, 'Dear Bishop, I should receive blessing from you !' but he insisted on it, and he received his old friend's prayer—which never ceased for him day by day until the time we knew not whether his spirit was in Paradise or still struggling in faith and charity upon earth. His last letter to me was from Bethlehem, on Christmas Eve, 1884, enclosing an olive twig from Jerusalem. He would have me marry him and baptize all his children. It was a painful duty and gratification to help put up a really beautiful tablet to his memory in the parish church on St. Andrew's Day last. His memory will never die here ; and it is that of a man who was in earnest in trying to win sinners to the Saviour, who was ever cheerful, jocose in a very quiet but telling way, a pleasant companion in the homes of rich or poor, and whose sermons were always listened to with interest and profit by us. He never wearied in his tender sympathy with the sick and needy. I am grateful to God for the work he did among us. To God be the praise.

"CALEY H. BORRER."

## Short Notices.

*Through Unknown Ways.* The Journal-book of Dorothea Trundel. By L. E. GUERNSEY, author of "Winifred," "The Foster Sisters," etc. John F. Shaw and Co.

This is an excellent gift-book for young ladies, a worthy companion of "Lady Betty's Governess" and other interesting historical Tales by the same author. The time is that of James II., and Baxter is introduced. Dorothea is happily married.

*Church Missionary Intelligencer.* December, 1886. C.M. House.

The current number of the *Intelligencer* is rich in matter of exceptional interest. "The late Captain Maude" is admirable. Principal Moule's sermon at Bishop Parker's consecration, of high value, has these sen-

<sup>1</sup> With regard to the "Revisiting Mission" (*Life*, p. 169), the Missioner came on Hannington's invitation, not on mine. I recommended that he should pass his time at St. George's. But he preached for us on the Sunday, at my desire.