

medans around this place which could be traced directly to his work, yet that he did a work which will affect, not this mission only, but missionary work throughout the world. At any rate, I can say for myself that I have learned more from him as regards missionary principles than from any other man."

On March 1st, Mr. Brooke had repeated paroxysms of fever, but on the following day he seemed better. On March 4th, Mr. Bako and Mammy Peters (an old church member spoken of in previous letters) called, and joined Mr. Williams in prayer. Even whilst they were praying, there seemed to be improvement in some of the symptoms. He said to Mr. Williams, "There is one thought that troubles me much; it is curious and I cannot understand it: why it is that, whenever I am preparing to advance with the work into the interior, God sends sickness and other things to prevent me?" During the night Mr. Brooke was rather restless, and Mr. Williams prayed with him, after which he repeated two pieces of poetry, one beginning with the words "He knoweth," by Charlotte Murray; the other beginning with the words, "Only one step more." Mr. Williams, the faithful native agent, who was with him, writes: "God alone knows how happy I was under the glorious picture of a Christian homeward bound. My face was bedewed with tears of joy when I arose from my knees. I thanked God, and took courage, that death, through Christ, has no power over the believer."

During the morning of March 5th, he seemed better, and even advised Mr. Williams to go away for a time. Mr. Bako and Mr. Thomas came up during the day. In the afternoon he had a very severe paroxysm of fever, and, in spite of treatment, the temperature never went down, and he breathed his last about 10.45 p.m. All through he had been nursed with unremitting care by Mr. Williams, assisted by Willie John, the hospital assistant, and it may be said that all that human care could do was done for him.

In the C.M.S. *Intelligencer*, S.G.S. writes the following touching "In Memoriam":

"That life and death speak loudly to us all. They show the highest mental and moral gifts, the prime of life with its vigor and opportunities, laid simply and wholly upon the altar of Christ, and this, not as a sacrifice, but as a matter of course. He believed that Christ called him and he went. Nothing had as yet been attempted for the Sudan, when he stepped forward, like Jonathan of old (I. Sam. xiv.), knowing that 'there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few,' and, as the Lord's command was real to him, so was the Lord's presence: Wrapped in this, as in invisible armor, he passed unhurt, untouched, through scenes of horror, and vice, and peril. His countenance betokened the quiet, 'stayed' mind (Isa. xxvi. 3)

of one who trusted in Jehovah. Counting not his life dear to himself, there was yet no foolhardiness about him. He realized that he was the servant of Christ, a 'man under authority'—authority restraining as well as prompting, guiding as well as calling, paramount in its claims, and demanding the careful exercise of every faculty. To one whose holy zeal was the outcome of simple faith and loyalty, the quiet, seemingly unconcerned, attitude of Christians at home, in view of the perishing heathen abroad, was a matter of sorrowful amazement. The writer can never forget how he spoke of those who were content to dwell in their 'ceiled houses,' while the house of the Lord lay waste; how he gave utterance to the oft-stifled feeling of disappointment that sometimes rises at the small result of home efforts, and unearthed the cause of these results—small blessing at home because small care for the work abroad; how he drew a picture of the great enemy lulling Christians to sleep, while their fellow men, far away, were going down to destruction; how he imagined, with all reverence and solemnity, the Lord Himself standing sadly in the midst of heathen multitudes, mute, because there was no consecrated human voice by which He could speak. With deep sorrow did he on one occasion tell the crowd who had assembled to hear him speak that he had heard of no fruit of his previous visit. 'When I came back here,' he said, 'I enquired if any one had yet gone out to the heathen. I was told, no. I shall not describe to you any more the sorrows of heathendom. It is of no use. What you need is to get into sympathy with Christ.'

"Real sympathy with Christ—that is what He Himself commended in Mary, of Bethany. Not the costliness of the gift lavished on Him, but the sympathy which responded to what was in His heart and mind as He sat at the table in the house of Simon the Pharisee, and which led her to do 'what she could' without thought of measuring or sparing. And this is the great lesson of the life of Graham Wilmot Brooke. His talents and his opportunities are not given to all. But all may enter into the same sympathy with the Divine Master, placing with willing obedience what they have at His disposal. And though his work on earth is finished, the glorious fruit of it is still to follow. The harvest reaped goes to feed thousands, and to be the precursor of other harvests, and what he has been enabled to do on the Upper Niger is but a small earnest of the blessings we may look for in God's good time

"As truly as Hannington gave his life to purchase the road to Uganda, and *has won it*, so truly has Graham Wilmot Brooke laid down his life that Christ may be preached through the length and breadth of the Sudan. And shall he not win it, too?"

And so for the present the story of the Sudan