

Gordon's that he resolved to devote his life to the natives of the Sûdan.

This step was taken in no mere burst of youthful enthusiasm, as the sequel has abundantly proved.

From that distant land, with its teeming multitudes to whom the Gospel story has never yet been told, he had heard a cry—not the cry of the heathen for help, but the cry of the Saviour Himself for sympathy, of the Master Himself for service—and he hastened to follow it.

Singular tenacity of purpose runs through the record of his life. Young, ardent, high-souled, heroic in his zeal and devotion, into his seven and twenty years events to fill an ordinary lifetime have been compressed, and his great ability and singular gifts marked him out as a typical pioneer missionary.

The complete closure of the Nile route compelled him to seek other means of entrance; he penetrated some distance southward through Algeria, then he tried the western side, and got 500 miles into the interior from Senegambia. He next ascended the Congo and its northern tributary, the Mobangi, where he came upon sad traces of Stanley's expedition, and, after braving untold risks and dangers, was finally, owing to the ferocious cannibalism of the natives, compelled to retire.

He then returned to England, and, after conference with the C.M.S. committee, went out to try the Niger route, not as a C.M.S. missionary, but with permission to make use of the society's stations and steamer, and with the hope that his investigations might facilitate proposals for an extension northwards. The result of his visits to all the C.M.S. Niger stations, as well as of his personal intercourse with Mohammedans at Lokoja and elsewhere, was a deep conviction of the importance and inviting character of the whole field, and also a desire that his proposed mission to the Sûdan should be a distinctly C.M.S. mission, and he himself a full C.M.S. missionary. He accordingly went out as a C.M.S. missionary in full connection as joint leader with the Rev. J. A. Robinson, of the Sûdan and Upper Niger mission.

The Rev. Eric Lewis and Dr. Harford Battersby were also appointed to this mission.

Of these four, Mr. Wilmot Brooke and Dr. Harford Battersby went out entirely at their own charges. Mr. Brooke was accompanied by his young wife, and Mr. Lewis by his sister, Miss Lewis.

On February 8th, 1890, the party sailed from Liverpool, and on April 4th, Good Friday, 1890, when the church was praying to God, in the language of the Collects, to have mercy on all men, for He made them; to be gracious to His family, for which His Son Jesus Christ was content to suffer death upon the cross; and to enable each member of His holy church in his vocation and ministry to serve Him, being

governed and sanctified by His Spirit—on that day the little band entered Lokoja.

The following extract from an address of Graham Wilmot Brooke before leaving England will be of interest, and perhaps not without some practical lessons for ourselves:

"It is very painful to come, as I have myself done four times, straight from scenes of Moslem or heathen darkness to the bright, well-taught Christian circles at home, and when telling of the horrible scenes just quitted, the havoc wrought by Satan, where he fears no rival king being proclaimed, to note the kind and ready hearing given everywhere, the very general desire to hear more, and to contrast this universal curiosity with the rare, rare instances of real sympathy with the unevangelized, or practical effort to give them that same chance of hearing the good news which the most ignorant and abandoned in our own slums have waiting within, at most, a mile of their doors. This feeling at times comes over the isolated worker among the heathen with overwhelming power. I specially recollect a time of great difficulty and trying isolation on the Mobangi, a northern tributary of the Congo, when I was detained for months at one spot on the river bank, unable to advance or retire, or get news of the outer world, with horrible scenes of blood being enacted continually at our very doors, surrounded for hundreds of miles by the fiercest and most shamelessly wicked savages. Week by week great canoes would pass up the river, filled with slaves, who, their captors unblushingly admitted, were taken to be eaten—a statement which I found out to be only too true when I went myself to the same places later on. Walking up and down among our huts in this weary waiting time, the mind turned from the wild scenes of wickedness around to the happy Christian circles in England, the innocent lawn tennis parties, music parties, etc., alternating with Bible readings and conventions where God's desire for the heathen is fully set forth, and the results of neglecting them explained. Was it strange that, with the thoughts colored by the desperate wickedness around, the remembrance of the prosperous ease at home should now and then recall the story of one who played his fiddle while Rome was burning?

"The paucity of results from such abundant missionary information seems to us sometimes as if much of the 'missionary interest' at home were not altogether genuine.

"Genuine or not, we must all admit this much: that unless some radical change comes over the church in this country in regard to God's demand for personal service, a very great number of hundreds of millions more must drift into eternity before the light ever reaches their lands."

With regard to the distinguishing principles of the mission, the following quotations from a paper signed by G. Wilmot Brooke and J. A.