

scarcely think of anything else. One day some of his own cattle were standing at the door of his house and his wife asked him whose they were, but his mind was so full of Indian alphabets and words that he said he could not tell. He was so good-hearted that he never could keep money. If he had it he always gave it away, and the consequence was that his friends kept it from him as much as possible. On one occasion, when the treasurer of the parish paid him his salary, the latter, knowing the missionary's habits, tied it up in a handkerchief and twisted it into a number of knots, so that he should not be able to untie it before he got home. On his way he called on a poor woman, and, seeing that she was in need, took out the handkerchief and began untying the knots; but they were tied so tight that he could not get them undone. After a few vain attempts he threw it all to the woman and said, "Here, my good woman, take it, I believe the Lord designs it all for you!"

The habits of this good man were of the best. His whole heart was with God. Whenever he visited a house he would not leave without saying a prayer, and as for himself he used to set apart whole days for prayer and fasting. At the age of forty-two he began to preach to the Indians. This was in the year 1646, fifteen years after his arrival in America. Every one who has attempted to learn the language of the Indians has found it a hard task. Most of the words are so long that one man who tried to learn the language said that they must have been growing from the time of Babel. But Eliot persevered until he was able to speak to the Indians in their own tongue. He lived among these Indians, and was as a father to them. It was, too, at a time when the whites and Indians hated one another and carried on great and terrible wars. But Eliot's life was always safe. He tried to teach the Indians to be peaceful, and to live in towns like the white men. Under his directions they built a town, and he called it Nonanetum. According to the custom of the times, this town was surrounded with a stone wall and a ditch. Here he established quite a little Christian community, amongst whom prayers were continually said. But, of course, there were Indians who opposed his work, and did not wish to be civilized. They ridiculed his "town building," and worked against him. Still he persevered in his good work until friends began to help him in England.

This they did by forming the New England Society in 1649, the oldest missionary society of modern days. This great man seems to have had all the ideas of a true missionary, for, among other things, he saw the importance of "native help," and trained two of the most promising from among the Indians to be themselves missionaries. But the unsettled

state of the country regarding the whites and Indians gave him great trouble, for deadly strife chilled all Christian feeling and brought back to some of his Indians the natural feelings of the savage breast. But the fearless missionary had done his best. He saw that the Indians had souls, and that those souls ought to be saved, and his work among them is one of the noblest examples of missionary work that we have.

A little more than two hundred years ago, as the flowers of the early summer were blooming, and the foliage of the Indian forest had burst forth into freshest green, this eminent saint of God lay dying. His thoughts were all for the Indians and the work he loved so well. Here are his last words. "There is a dark cloud upon the work of the Gospel among them. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant that it may live when I am dead. It is a work that I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that word *my doings*. Alas! they have been poor and small and lean doings, and I will be the man who will throw the first stone at them all . . . Welcome joy! Come, Lord, come!"

## THE SUDAN MISSION—THE NIGER.

BY N. W. HOYLES, ESQ., Q.C., TORONTO.

(Continued.)

**I**N September, 1890, Mr. and Mrs. Brooke left Lokoja, the former suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, and went to England.

They returned to Lokoja in May, 1891, accompanied by two young Cambridge graduates, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Callender. Dr. Battersby, with Miss Clapton, who had previously joined the mission, and Miss Lewis, the two former invalided, had left Lokoja before their arrival, and the Rev. Eric Lewis left from the same cause immediately after.

Three months later, in August, Mr. Roberts was ordered home, and Mr. Callender had a bad attack of fever, and the following month Mrs. Brooke had a severe illness. Mr. Callender left in October, not, however, on account of his health, but for domestic reasons; and Mrs. Brooke and Miss Griffin came home in January, 1892, leaving Mr. Brooke alone.

Thus, during the thirteen months from April 4th, 1890, to May 4th, 1891, five out of the six European missionaries who arrived on that date had returned home, one of them a second time, and of two additions to the staff meanwhile, one had also returned home. Only one, the secretary and joint leader of the Sudan mission, had remained out all the time. But on the 25th June, 1891, he passed away to his rest. His first symptoms were those of severe fever, but when these disappeared those of cerebral