



MATTHEW XXVIII

18 AND JESUS CAME AND SPAKE UNTO THEM SAYING, ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME IN HEAVEN AND IN EARTH

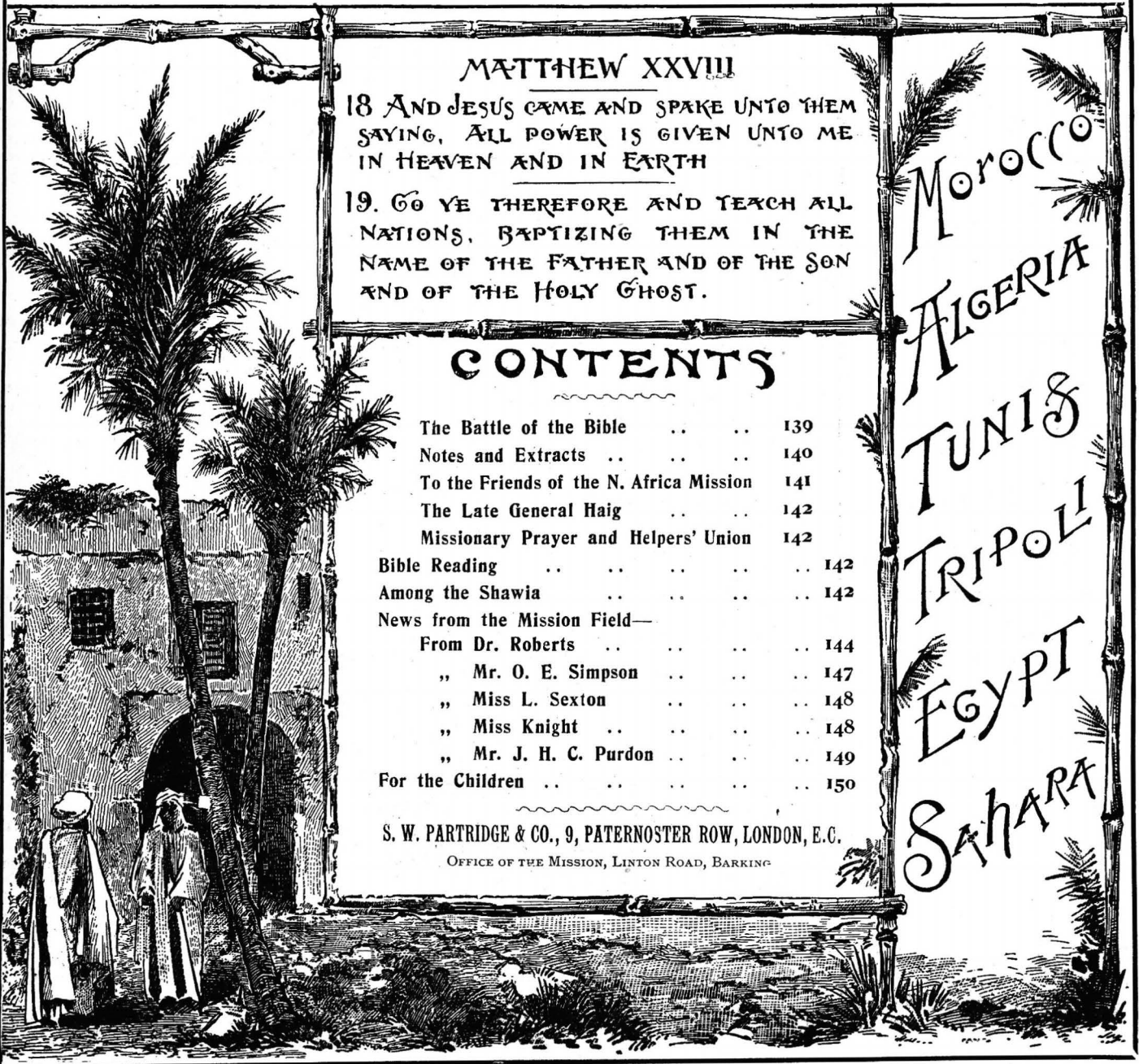
19. GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.

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S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

OFFICE OF THE MISSION, LINTON ROAD, BARKING



# THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

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## Location of Missionaries.

MOROCCO.	Fez.	REGENCY OF TUNIS.	EGYPT.
<b>Tangier.</b> <i>Date of Arrival.</i>		<b>Tunis.</b> <i>Date of Arrival.</i>	<b>Alexandria.</b> <i>Date of Arrival.</i>
Mr. W. T. BOLTON ... Feb., 1897	Mr. D. J. COOPER ... Nov., 1895	Mr. G. B. MICHELL ... June, 1887	Mr. W. DICKINS ... Feb., 1896
Mr. O. E. SIMPSON ... Dec., 1896	Mrs. COOPER ... Dec., 1897	Mrs. MICHELL ... Oct., 1888	Mrs. DICKINS ... " "
Mrs. SIMPSON ... Mar., 1898	Miss L. GREATHEAD ... Nov., 1890	Mr. J. H. C. PURDON ... Oct., 1899	Mr. W. T. FAIRMAN ... Nov., 1897
Miss J. JAY ... Nov., 1885	Miss M. MELLETT ... Mar., 1892	Mrs. PURDON ... " "	Mrs. FAIRMAN ... Feb., 1896
Mrs. BOULTON ... Nov., 1888	Miss S. M. DENISON ... Nov., 1893	Miss M. B. GRISSELL ... Oct., 1888	Mr. A. HOPE ... Nov., 1901
Miss G. R. S. BREEZE, M.B. (Lond.) ... Dec. 1894		Miss A. M. CASE ... Oct., 1890	Miss A. WENDEN ... Nov., 1901
Miss F. MARSTON ... Nov., 1895		Miss A. HAMMON ... Oct., 1894	Mr. A. LEVACK, <i>Designated.</i>
<i>Spanish Work—</i>	<b>ALGERIA.</b>	Miss F. HARNDEN ... Nov., 1903	<b>Shebin-el-Kom.</b>
Miss F. R. BROWN ... Oct., 1889	<b>Cherchell.</b>		Mr. C. T. HOOPER ... Feb., 1896
Mr. A. BLANCO, <i>Spanish Evangelist.</i>	Miss L. READ ... April, 1886	<b>Bizerta.</b>	Mrs. HOOPER ... Oct., 1899
Miss VECCHIO, <i>School Mistress.</i>	Miss H. D. DAY ... " "	Miss M. ERICSSON ... Nov., 1888	Mr. A. T. UPSON ... Nov., 1898
<i>Boys' Industrial Institute, near Tangier.</i>	<b>Algiers.</b>	Miss R. J. MARKUSSON ... " "	Mrs. UPSON ... Nov., 1900
Mr. J. J. EDWARDS ... Oct., 1888	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>	<b>Susa.</b>	Miss VAN DER MOLEN A. ril, 1892
Mrs. EDWARDS ... Mar., 1892	Mons. E. CUENDET ... Sept., 1884	T. G. CHURCHER, M.B., C.M., (Ed.) ... Oct., 1885	Mr. S. FRASER ... Feb., 1901
<b>Casablanca.</b>	Madame CUENDET ... Sept., 1885	Mrs. CHURCHER ... Oct., 1889	<b>IN ENGLAND.</b>
G. M. GRIEVE, L.R.C.P. and S., (Ed.) ... Oct., 1890	Miss E. SMITH ... Feb., 1891	Mr. H. E. WEBB ... Dec., 1896	C. L. TERRY, B.A., (Lond.), M.B., C.M., (Edin.), <i>Assisting at Headquarters.</i>
Mrs. GRIEVE ... " "	Miss A. WELCH ... Dec., 1892	Mrs. WEBB ... Nov., 1897	Mrs. TERRY.
Mr. H. NOTT ... Jan., 1897	<b>Djemaa Sahridj.</b>	Miss R. HODGES ... Feb., 1889	Miss I. L. REED.
Mrs. NOTT ... Feb., 1897	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>	Miss A. COX ... Oct., 1892	Miss B. VINING, <i>Invalided.</i>
Mr. H. E. JONES ... Jan., 1897	Miss J. COX ... May, 1887	Miss N. BAGSTER ... Oct., 1894	Mr. A. V. LILLY, <i>Prolonged furlough</i>
Mrs. JONES ... Nov., 1896	Miss K. SMITH ... " "	Miss F. M. HARRALD ... Oct., 1899	Mrs. LILEY
Miss L. SEXTON ... Feb., 1897	<i>Missionary Helpers.</i>	<b>Kairouan.</b>	Mr. W. G. POPE
<b>Tetuan.</b>	M, Mme., and Mdlle. ROLLAND.	Mr. J. COOKSEY ... Dec., 1896	Mrs. POPE
Miss F. M. BANKS ... May, 1888	<b>Constantine.</b>	Mrs. COOKSEY ... " "	J. H. D. ROBERTS, M.B., C.M. (Ed.), <i>Prolonged furlough</i>
Miss A. BOLTON ... April, 1889	Mr. J. L. LOCHHEAD ... Mar., 1892	Miss E. T. NORTH ... Oct., 1894	Mrs. ROBERTS
Miss A. G. HUBBARD ... Oct., 1891	Mrs. LOCHHEAD ... " "	Miss G. L. ADDINSELL ... Nov., 1895	Miss K. JOHNSTON
Miss I. DE LA CAMP ... Jan., 1897	Miss E. K. LOCHHEAD ... " "		Miss E. TURNER
<b>Larais.</b>	Mr. P. SMITH ... Feb., 1899	<b>DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.</b>	<i>Studying Arabic, etc.</i>
Miss S. JENNINGS ... Mar., 1887	Mrs. SMITH ... Sept., 1900	Mr. W. H. VENABLES ... Mar., 1891	Mr. D. ROSS, Mr. A. SHOREY, Miss R. COHEN, Miss A. PARKER.
Miss K. ALDRIDGE ... Dec., 1891	Mr. E. SHORT ... Feb., 1899	Mr. W. VENABLES ... " "	<i>Tutor.</i>
	Mrs. SHORT ... Oct., 1899	Mr. W. REID ... Dec., 1892	Mr. MILTON H. MARSHALL.
	Miss F. H. GUILLERMET, <i>Designated</i>	Mrs. REID ... Dec., 1894	

**Newman's Concordance.**—Through the kindness of a friend we are able to offer this excellent work at 7s. 6d. post free. It contains 750 pp. in clear, large type, and is bound in cloth boards. Published at 15s. The proceeds will be devoted to the Mission. Address the Secretary.

**Workers' Union for North Africa.**—This Union, established in Jan., 1893, has already rendered considerable assistance to the missionaries and their families on the field; more helpers are, however, needed, as the work is continually growing. Those desiring further information should apply to the Hon. Gen. Sec., Miss Tighe, The Priory, Christchurch, Hants. Miss Tighe would be glad to enrol any lady friends as "scattered members" of the Union in towns or districts not yet represented. Membership with this Union presents a form of service open to all ladies, however isolated their position.

**"Tuckaway" Tables.**—Will friends kindly make known that these small handy folding tables can be had, hand-painted with

flowers, wood-stained, either mahogany or walnut-wood, from A. H. G., "Astwell," 20, The Avenue, Eastbourne, price 10s. 6d. Postage, 1s.; packing case, 6d. extra.

The Missionaries of the North Africa Mission go out on their own initiative with the concurrence and under the guidance of the Council. Some have sufficient private means to support themselves, others are supported, wholly or in part, by friends, churches, or communities, through the Mission or separately. The remainder receive but little, except such as is supplied from the general funds placed at the disposal of the Council. The missionaries, in devotedness to the Lord, go forth without any guarantee from the Council as to salary or support, believing that the Lord, who has called them, will sustain them, probably through the Council, but, if not, by some other channel. Thus their faith must be in God. The Council is thankful when the Lord, by His servants' generosity, enables them to send out liberal supplies, but the measure of financial help they render to the missionaries is dependent upon what the Lord's servants place at their disposal.

# NORTH AFRICA.



*Camels in the Desert.*

## The Battle of the Bible.

*"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away."*—Matt. xxiv. 35.

*"The Word of our God shall stand for ever."*—Isaiah xi. 8.

*"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever . . . which by the Gospel is preached unto you."*—1 Peter i. 25.

*"For ever, O Lord, Thy Word is settled in heaven."*—Psalm cxix. 89.



THE fight of faith has ever been most fierce over the authenticity, inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Bible. Satan's frontal attack is to prevent men from hearing or reading it. When he fails in this he seeks by a flank movement to cast doubt on its authority and sufficiency. If its authenticity and full inspiration are admitted its authority seems a natural consequence.

The Church of Rome goes thus far; but, as Bible statements run counter to its teaching and practice, it denies their sufficiency by giving to its traditions a place that practically overrides the Scriptures that do not suit it. It also denies that ordinary persons are capable of understanding the Scriptures except as the Romish Church chooses to interpret for them. Thus the Word of God is made of none effect by its traditions and practices.

The Mohammedan professes to admit that the Bible is authentic and inspired; but, finding that it teaches truth that condemns his doctrines and ways, he maintains that the Koran, when it differs, supersedes the Bible. Further, the traditions of Mohammed's teaching and practice are considered inspired, and practically make not only the Bible of none effect, but in some measure their own Koran. Face to face with the difficulty, they declare that the Bible has been altered by Christians since Mohammed's days, which can be easily disproved by the ancient documents.

During the last few years there has been a very determined attack on the Bible in Protestant lands, which, strange to say, has come from men claiming to be Christians. They have specially denied the truthfulness of many of the Old Testament histories, and some have even gone the length of declaring that our Blessed Lord made untrue statements. These more extreme declarations are less calculated to do harm than the more moderate ones, as they are so manifestly foolish, as well as wicked. These loose and unproved assertions that the Bible is unreliable can be met without much difficulty; but unfortunately there are multitudes who are only too glad to find some excuse for living careless lives, and who catch at these statements, hoping that they will justify them in leading worldly lives, and in neglecting the things that concern their eternal salvation.

Whether, therefore, we labour among Romanists, Moslems, or nominal Protestants who discredit the Word of

God, we have a common battle to fight in maintaining the authenticity, inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of Holy Scripture.

If the Word of God is given free course, Romanism, Mohammedanism, Ritualism, and Rationalism must be defeated; they can no more stand in the presence of the authority of the Bible than the magicians did in the presence of Moses.

There are two main methods of vindicating the Word of God, each most valuable and having its place. First, by reasoning upon Christian evidence, and, second, by manifesting the power of the Word in life and preaching.

There has been a danger sometimes of setting one of these methods of Christian warfare against the other. This is surely a mistake. Both should go hand in hand, to be used as God may graciously guide and direct.

Our Blessed Lord was a mighty controversialist, as well as a mighty preacher, and Paul followed in His steps.

In the Bible we have an authority by which to settle all controversy and all dispute. If once this is abandoned men have either to set up their own opinion as the final appeal, or abandon themselves to the opinion of what is called the Church.

Thank God, whether men believe the Bible or not, it will stand for ever, and its promises and threatenings will be fulfilled. As prophecies and promises in the past have been verified, so will all others be accomplished in due time.

Here we have a firm foothold for simple faith. How delightful to rest in the truth and faithfulness of the Bible. What a mercy to have such a rock to build upon. How restful to be delivered from the doubts and questionings of those who have no sure foundation to stand upon.

We have rested on God's Word, and have found it true in our own experience, and in it, by God's grace, we will evermore rejoice.

E. H. G.

Jehovah is our strength,  
And He shall be our song;  
We shall o'ercome at length,  
Altho' our foes be strong;  
In vain doth Satan now oppose,  
For God is stronger than His foes.

The Lord our Refuge is,  
And ever will remain,  
Since He hath made us His,  
He will our cause maintain;  
In vain our enemies oppose,  
For God is stronger than His foes.

The Lord our portion is,  
What can we wish for more?  
By purchase we are His,  
And never can be poor;  
In vain do earth and hell oppose,  
For God is stronger than His foes.

The Lord our Shepherd is,  
He knows our every need;  
And since we now are His,  
His care our souls will feed;  
In vain do sin and death oppose,  
For God is stronger than His foes.

BARNARD. *Hymns of Light and Love.*

## Notes and Extracts.

**A Prayer Meeting** is held at the Office of the Mission, 31, Linton Road, Barking, every Friday, at 4 p.m., to which all friends of the Mission are heartily welcome. Tea is provided at the close of the meeting. A convenient train leaves Fenchurch Street Station at 3.28; there is also one from Kentish Town at 3.31.



### Departures.—

On November 8th, Miss F. R. Brown for Tangier.  
On November 13th, Miss A. Wenden for Alexandria.



**Pictures for Sale.**—G. R. Gill, artist, has kindly offered to paint water-colour pictures for the benefit of the Mission. Price 10s. 6d.; size 10 in. by 8. Mr. Gill would copy from photographs, if desired. His address is 72, Tytherton Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.



**Mr. Liley's Lantern Lecture** has met with a very kind reception. He has shown his slides thirty-six times during the autumn, and has had over sixty meetings altogether. Mr. Liley would be glad to make engagements for the New Year. He brings his own lantern, and all necessary apparatus.

**Canaries for Sale.**—Mrs. Rugg, 19, Dryburgh Road, Putney, S.W., has three cock and two hen canaries for sale, prices 6s. and 4s. 6d. The proceeds will go to Miss Grissell's dépôt work in Tunis. The birds may be seen at the above address.



**Mr. O. E. Simpson** writes from **Tangier** on October 14th: "We have some very interesting cases in the hospital. One at present is a young man who has just come from —, near Fez. He is a Riffian; his father and brother were killed by their enemies, when the latter was quite young. His ears were cut off, and a gash in the side of his nose shows their desire to take off his nose before taking his life; but he made his escape. In his travels or wanderings he stayed six months at the saint's place [near Fez]. While there seeking healing . . . he had a dream, in which, according to his tale, the dead saint appeared to him, and told him that he could not cure the malady, but that he was to go to the hospital of the Christians in Tangier, and they would cure him. After this dream he again took to his former habit of wandering, and finally turned up here."



**Mr. Cooper** writes from **Fez** on October 15th: "About three-quarters of an hour's walk from our house we have rented a room as a kind of Refuge. It is chiefly worked by L., who is helped by the others. It is close to the chief gate of the city,

and also to the large weekly market. He gathers in the visitors, and reads the Gospel to them. He also visits the sick in New Fez, which is in the same direction. If they have no friends, he gets them into the Refuge, and then, with the assistance of Si El Y. (who is really a very clear teacher of the way of life), he seeks to point them to the Saviour. One case which received teaching and loving care for three or four weeks proved fatal for the body, but his soul, we believe, was saved. His name was Si El H. On Wednesday morning, the 18th of September last, he passed away, confessing most plainly to L. and Si A. his trust in Jesus his Saviour."



We have been greatly cheered by the account **Mr. Summers** sent to us, a month or two ago, of the result of his investigation of the work done by the Fez colporteurs, and of his enquiry when on the spot, into the character of the men themselves. He had the opportunity of personal conversation with them and of catechising them each in the presence of the others. He confesses that he was prejudiced somewhat against them, but all his fears were removed, and he attests the reality of the Christian lives they are living, and of the work they are doing; he was also much struck with the grace they manifested during his rather searching examination of them.



Showing how little things are sometimes used for opening hearts, **Miss Addinsell** says: "During our absence from Kairouan in the summer, the only son of one of my women died of consumption. He was about twelve years old, and I had once taken him a paint-box and showed him how to colour animals. I had not received a very warm welcome at this house previously, but after the little boy's death they recalled this small kindness, and a genial greeting has invariably awaited me since. His sister, several years his senior, often seems to try and get me alone, and then I have some nice opportunities for pointing her to the Saviour. She herself opened the subject last time I was there."



**Mr. Purdon** writes from **Tunis** telling us that they have taken a room for the meetings, about which prayer was asked last month. He says: "It is in a very good locality to get in the men, and is a spacious stable, seven metres by seven, but dreadfully dirty. The landlord, however, has promised to whitewash it, but I am afraid that only means a 'lick' without a 'promise.' We hope to commence on Tuesday evening next, and have meetings four nights a week. We are (D.V.) to meet at the Halfaouine on Monday evening for prayer, and to arrange the programme. . . . We are giving L., the Jew who keeps our dépôt, half a franc a night to act as doorkeeper. We do trust you may find a place for our little effort in your prayers this month, asking that God will use the simple preaching of the Gospel in this way to the salvation of souls. L. is a splendid man for this kind of work, and his heart is really with us. He would come, I think, willingly and gladly without any pay."

## To the Friends of the North Africa Mission.

LINTON ROAD, BARKING,  
November 14th, 1901.

DEAR FELLOW-HELPERS,—This is the season of the year when the climate of North Africa is pleasant after the great heat, and, therefore, the time best adapted for regular and vigorous work. All along the line the missionaries are beginning their labours for the cooler season, and from almost all quarters we hear that they are doing so with feelings of hopefulness.

At Shebin-el-Kom, in Egypt, Mr. Hooper has now the help of a native sheikh, converted from Mohammedanism, and sent to him by the C.M.S. missionaries in Cairo, because of the strong persecution there. His presence and testimony in the Book Shop has created a stir and interest, and has aroused considerable opposition. It is hoped that he may be kept humble, and be very helpful in the work. This is the time of year for itinerant evangelistic work, and our brethren would

be very thankful for special means to enable them to spend a good deal of time in it. Mr. Hooper and a companion could do excellent work of this sort, and Mr. Fairman and a companion would also be glad to itinerate and evangelise.

Mr. Hope is staying in Alexandria and helping Mr. Dickins. Mr. Levack will join him as soon as means are provided for his passage and outfit. Miss Wenden has been provided for by friends at Southend and King's Cross. She sailed by the P. and O. *Somali* yesterday, November 13th. Her time will (D.V.) be occupied in study and in helping Mrs. Dickins in the Moslem Girls' School.

Egypt being under the superintendence of Great Britain; its inhabitants seem to have a special claim upon Christians in England. Perhaps some of those who feel their responsibility in this matter, and are unable to go out themselves, would like to help to support those labouring in this land. Fifteen hundred pounds a year would maintain the whole of the work and workers that we have at present in Egypt. Those wishing to lay up treasure in heaven would find this a good investment.

Mr. and Mrs. Venables are back again in Tripoli, and they and Mr. and Mrs. Reid are now the only Protestant European representatives of Christ in the whole country, with a million or more of people. One of the Bible Society colporteurs has lately attempted to visit Benghazi, but was unable to land his scriptures. The country outside the city of Tripoli can hardly be called open to the Gospel, but the city alone needs more labourers, especially a couple of prudent but energetic lady missionaries. Please pray that such may be found and sent.

In Tunisia some of the Jesuits who have been expelled from France are seeking a home. This, we fear, is hardly likely to be helpful to the cause of Protestant missions.

Dr. Churcher reports seeing about 360 patients at Susa and its out-stations during October. This means many Gospel messages, as well as much medicine. Dr. Churcher has been visiting the important town of Sfax, where Dr. and Mrs. Leach were murdered a few years ago. He longs to see a station opened once again among the many thousands of Moslems that are congregated there. "Who will go for us, and whom shall we send?" was the cry of old, and is the cry still. Where is the Isaiah to answer "Here am I, send me"?

At Kairouan, Tunis, and Bizerta the labourers plod on. Constantine has been strengthened by the return of Mr. Short from Egypt, with his wife, formerly Miss Tiptaft; and it seems likely that Miss Harnden will also join the workers here. There seems a spirit of hearing among the people which is encouraging.

Among the Kabyles the workers at Djemaa are still finding willing listeners. Mr. Cuendet in Algiers has the joy of knowing that the whole New Testament in Kabyle is now not only translated, but printed and published. The Old Testament still remains to be dealt with.

Miss E. Smith and Miss Welch have their hands full of most interesting work amongst both Kabyles and Europeans in Algiers.

We heard lately of the baptism of some Spaniards at Tlemgen, by Mr. P. Simpson, from Spain. It is very cheering to know that God is working in the town where for so many years the N.A.M. laboured.

In Morocco there has been a great deal of sickness this autumn. In Fez, the mortality among the Jews was terribly high; about a seventh of the Jewish population are reported to have succumbed to fever. Small-pox and typhoid fever have prevailed in many places, as they are likely to from time to time where there is no proper idea of sanitation. Amidst sickness and sadness the servants of Christ labour on, and He who sent them and abides with them will see that they do not labour in vain.

Two of the native colporteurs from Fez have taken a very

extended tour into Algeria and through the north of Morocco. We thank God for these native helpers, and ask your prayers for them.

Mr. Liley has been holding numerous meetings with his lantern and slides, which have stirred up a good deal of interest. Mr. Pope and Mr. Cooksey have also had encouraging meetings in various places. At Tunbridge Wells Mr. Fairman and I had two meetings, and Miss E. Saunders, of 85, Mount Ephraim, has kindly consented to act as hon. secretary to a Prayer and Helpers' Union there, and has arranged to have a monthly prayer-meeting on the first Tuesday in every month at the house of Miss Twinch and Mrs. Caley.

During December I expect to be preaching in Dublin, and hope also to find opportunities to stir up further interest there. Mr. McCurry has already done excellent work in this direction, and this encourages us to hope to find still more friends for North Africa there.

Funds still keep very low, and faith is in constant exercise. We feel assured that He who tries our faith will, in due course, justify it in this and many other ways. Please join us in prayer that you may presently the better join us in praise.

I am thankful to say that the changes I wrote of last month are working satisfactorily, and that I am much better. I have been conscious of being upheld by the prayers of many, and would ask that I may still be specially remembered before the Lord.

Yours faithfully in Christ,  
EDWARD H. GLENNY.

## The Late General Haig.

The following notice is taken from the September issue of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*:—

"Few laymen have taken so active and practical a part in missionary work as Major-General Haig, who passed to his heavenly rest on July 27th. When a young Engineer officer, serving under Sir Arthur Cotton in the irrigation works planned by him on the Godavery River, his heart was drawn out towards the wild Koi people of the district; and in 1860, while Cotton wrote to the C.M.S. on their behalf, Haig held a prayer-meeting on the spot. The Society responded by sending out a promising young missionary, who is now well known as Canon Edmonds of Exeter; and the Mission has been carried on ever since, among both the Hindus and the Kois. After Haig had retired from Indian service he still watched over the interests of the Mission, and in 1881-82 he went out himself and superintended it while Mr. and Mrs. Cain took furlough in Australia. Subsequently, his missionary sympathies turned to the Moslem lands of Western Asia; and an article by him on Aden in the *Intelligencer* of December, 1882, led to the Society planning a Mission at that port, while an extract from it printed in a religious newspaper attracted the attention of Ion Keith-Falconer, who soon afterwards went out to found the Scotch Mission there. In 1886 Haig himself made important journeys on both sides of the Red Sea, and in Arabia, and also up the Persian Gulf to Baghdad, seeking openings for missionary enterprise. At that time, and for two or three years after, he was an active member of the C.M.S. Committee, and fruitful in suggestion. A proposal from him initiated the Thursday Prayer Meeting; he planned the Winter Mission of eight clergymen and laymen to India in 1887-88, and raised most of the funds for it; and he projected the scheme for Bands of Associated Evangelists. The internal controversies of 1887-88 (see *Hist. C.M.S.*, chap. 87) cost the Society the co-operation of Haig as a member of Committee; but although he felt unable to share responsibility for some of the decisions, his warm sympathy with the Society's general work never faltered, and even at a moment when he was most strongly opposed to Mr. Wigram's policy, he sent £20 to the funds for Uganda, as a token of unshaken fellowship. We thank God for his life and work, and honour his memory."

## Missionary Prayer and Helpers' Union.

### List of Secretaries.

DALSTON.—Miss Dawbarn, 29, Albion Square.  
BIRMINGHAM.—Miss Craggs, 66, Woodland Road, Handsworth.  
Miss K. Wright, Woodville, Handsworth.  
STRATFORD, E.—Mr. C. C. Volckman, 29, Temple Mill Lane.  
BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—Miss Robinson, } 85, Abbey Road.  
Miss Blacklock, }  
BURNHAM.—Mrs. King, Arnside, Barrell Road.  
STROUD.—Mrs. E. Apperly, Field House.  
BARKING.—Office branch.  
TUFNELL PARK.—Miss A. H. Gill, 72, Tytherton Road.  
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—Miss Blake, Rocklease, Atlantic Road.  
TWYFORD.—Miss E. Smith.  
DUBLIN.—Miss Fitzpatrick, 27, Upper Grand Canal Street.  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Miss S. E. Saunders, 85, Mount Ephraim.

Friends residing in any of the above districts, wishing to join the Union, should apply for membership to the Secretary of their district, but those residing where no branch of the Union has as yet been formed, who could form a branch, or would like to become "scattered members" should write to the Honorary Secretary, Linton Road, Barking.

The Mission needs now, as much as at any time in its history, more stated definite prayer, and prayer arising from hearts divinely influenced to pray.

## Bible Reading.

### A Command.

"Go and preach the Kingdom of God" (Luke ix. 60).  
"Go and teach all nations" (Matt. xxviii. 19).  
"Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15).  
"Freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. x. 8).  
"Arise, go . . . and preach . . . the preaching that I bid thee" (Jonah iii. 2).  
E. A. H.

## Among the Shawia.

BY MR. G. B. MICHELL.

(Continued.)

On Saturday, June 1st, Mr. Lochhead, Mr. Rouse, and I left Constantine by the 8.25 train for 'Ain Yagut, about forty-five miles on the Biskra line. For a part of the journey we had the unexpected company of the French priest whom we had met at 'Ain Fagrun. He seemed quite glad to see us. Mr. Rouse was reading a French New Testament, and the priest asked him was it a guide-book? Mr. Rouse promptly replied that it was—only for a heavenly journey, not an earthly one! and handed him Ephesians ii. to read. The priest read it, and several other passages too, apparently with much interest. There are so many French priests coming out into the light nowadays, that it is much to be hoped that a spirit of enquiry will arise in this man also.

On arriving at 'Ain Yagut we left the train, and rode to Medghassen—that is, Mr. Lochhead and I rode, and Mr. Rouse walked. The road was bad—a mere track through a low plain, and a good deal of it being over dried mud. We found the sun hot, too, but we were glad to see this part of the country—all Shawia land. According to Sir Lambert Playfair the inhabitants are the descendants of the ancient royal Numidian tribe—that of Massinissa and Juba. The monu-

ment, too, interested me very much. I presume it is an undoubted specimen of pure Berber construction, contemporaneous with such Punic and ancient Roman remains as are to be found at Carthage, and thus furnishing a means of comparison, which I think ought to throw much light on Carthaginian archæology. I have a strong suspicion myself that much that passes for "Punic" work is really Berber (*i.e.*, Libyan) with a Phœnician veneer only. I took two or three photographs of the tomb, which cannot now be entered, as a block of masonry has lately fallen in the passage. We then returned to the station, and continued our journey to Batna, another twenty and a half miles, by the 8.30 p.m. train. At Batna we put up at the "Hôtel des Etrangers."

The next day, Sunday, was a time of much gaiety at Batna, as there was a great horse-racing meeting going on for two days. Batna is entirely of French origin, and contains very few resident natives. It is evidently intended as a sort of health resort, and is laid out to attract foreign visitors. But the Shawias from the mountains round come in to the market at Batna, and as they are great horsemen, there were great numbers present for the races. As the festivities, however, were going on about two miles out of the town, and we had no desire to see anything of them, we saw nothing. We spent a quiet morning of prayer, Bible-reading, and hymn-singing together, and in the afternoon we sallied out to look for some natives. Near the market-place we found some *cafés* and small shops where there were plenty of Shawias, Arabs, negroes, and "Beni Mzab," the heretical Muslim tribe, who do most of the trading in Algeria. In one *café* we had some very interesting talk with a mixed party—to whom, of course, the Gospel was an entirely unheard-of message. We then walked outside the town, and met great numbers of gaily-dressed Shawias returning from the races, mounted on superb horses, and looking every inch the descendants they boast themselves to be, of the ancient Romans. They are tall, spare, fine-featured men, with the characteristic nose and bright eyes of their forefathers. Even the sordid poverty of their usual dress, and their dirty, bronzed, and unkempt persons, cannot hide the aristocratic bearing of the men who took to the impregnable fastnesses of the Aurès Mountains rather than submit to the domination of the plundering hordes from Arabia.

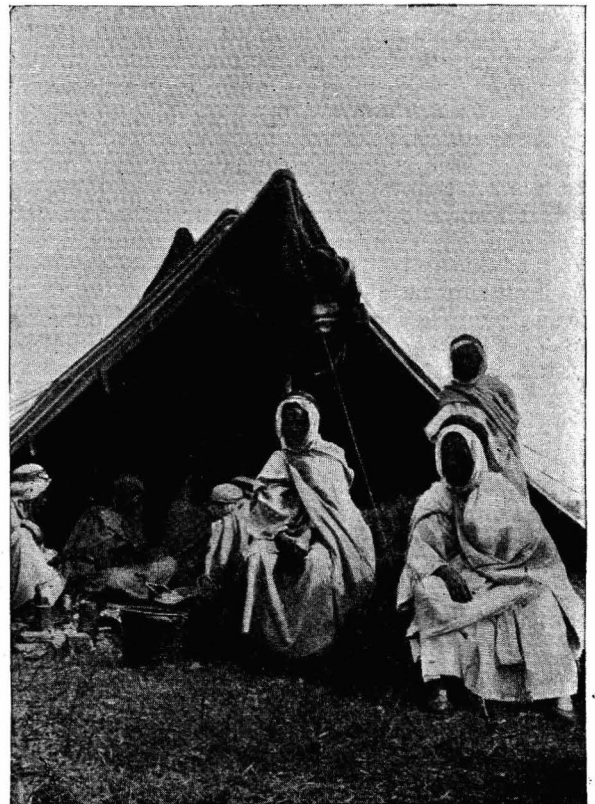
We met two men who were very friendly and communicative. They told us that the mountains were perfectly safe for European travellers. The inhabitants are very numerous, and live in tents, though they have given up their nomadic habits. In many cases they have well built stone houses near their tents, but they use them only as storehouses, and live in the tents themselves. We asked whether we could count on finding hospitality among the duars if we should be overtaken by night. The men replied that, especially in the eastern part of the Aurès range, *i.e.*, among the 'Amamra living near Khenchela, the Shawia are if anything, too hospitable!

Like other "Roumis," these children of the Romans allow their women the greatest liberty; so much so that the mistress of the tent directs the entire household, the husband not pretending to say who shall be received or not! When a traveller asks for shelter the goodman refers to his wife, who entertains the guest, the husband leaving his place for the night to the visitor. The women are said to be very beautiful, and extremely immoral. Since the earliest times of the Arab invasion they have never adopted any of the practices of Islam, and Sidi Abdullah cursed the women, saying, "May a Shawia woman's pot never boil!" My informant seriously told me that the effect of this curse is still so strong that he had known a partridge he had shot, and given to a woman to cook, to remain on the fire for two days at a full boil, and still be perfectly raw! Sir Lambert Playfair, in his edition of "Murray's

Guide," says that the Shawia cannot be called religious, but merely superstitious. He relates that at an entertainment given in his honour by the Caid of 'Ain Beida, the lady members of the Caid's family sat at table, unveiled like any European women, with the men—a thing unimaginable in any proper Mohammedan district. Another "Roumi" characteristic of the 'Amamra Shawia, we were told, is their growing grapes, and making and using wine. I take it this shows their superior intelligence and industry, and not necessarily their greater depravity, for the vaunted Mohammedan sobriety is merely theoretical. The chief wealth of the Shawia consists in wool and horses, which they bring to the markets. In the plains, too, they grow a great deal of corn.

We were not able to penetrate into the mountains themselves, as we were pushed for time, but we kept to the road along the foot of the Aurès range. Leaving Batna at 4.30 on Monday morning, Mr. Lochhead and I on bicycles, and Mr. Rouse by the coach, we rode through beautiful undulating country, nearly due east, twenty-three miles to Timgad, passing through Lambessa, once a flourishing Roman town, and now a French convict establishment. I must not attempt to describe Timgad. I took four photographs of the principal remains. I can only say that the whole city, streets, shops, temples, baths, forum, theatre, gateway, etc., etc., are clearly visible, most of the walls being three or four feet high. We found it intensely interesting. Mr. Lochhead also found some response from the "contremaitre" in charge of the excavations, an Italian, who was grateful for the promise of an Italian New Testament.

After having visited Timgad, Mr. Rouse had intended to return to Batna, but an enticing account in Murray's and Joanne's "Guides," of prehistoric megalithic remains in the mountains, about three miles off the road a little further on, induced him to come on another stage with us, in order to see



"Dwellers in Tents."

them. Mr. Lochhead and I rode on then to 'Ain Tuffana, the "half-way house" on the coach road from Batna to Khenchela, and about nine miles from Timgad. On the way we halted at a spot called Er Rebaa, near a bridge over a river which works a mill owned by a Frenchman. Here was a native *café*, where we found a number of Shawias, who received us kindly. Others soon gathered, and we soon had quite a congregation listening with deep interest to the Gospel message. One or two could read Arabic, so I gave them a few of my lithographed tracts. They were most grateful, and urged us to stay. Indeed, just as we were starting on again, they insisted on stopping us till a party of five or six men, including a "taleb," or reader, could come up with us, and hear us all over again. These were people whom they had sent for to a considerable distance while I had been talking to them. It was most encouraging to see their eager interest. I felt deeply grieved to think I could not leave them the Word of God in their own language, nor stay longer to tell them more than the simple outlines of the good news of salvation, but still more so at the thought that, in all human probability, these eager listeners will never have a chance of hearing it again.

We arrived at Tuffana at 5.30, and put up at the *auberge*, which was simply a small cottage with a yard at the back, where the horses are kept to supply the coach relays. There is also a flour mill, run by two young Frenchmen, who lodge in the *auberge*. The accommodation was very meagre, and the company none of the best. Besides the landlord and his wife and little girl, there were the two young millers, and another individual, a Frenchman, who seemed to be a sort of foreman of road-labourers in the Chellia Mountain near by. Unfortunately the numerous glasses of *absinthe* he was indulging in rapidly rendered him very objectionable. We were asked to join "the family" for supper, to which we agreed; but we were sorry for it, as the language became very coarse, and then very offensive, about Protestants, the English, etc., until words began to run high between the landlord and the drunkard. So we left the table and walked up the road to meet Mr. Rouse, who arrived at 8 o'clock. Just opposite the house was a Shawia tent, to which we made our way, and met with a kind welcome. The inhabitants were much interested in finding I could speak a little of their language—though, of course, it was not Shawia I spoke, but the few words of the Tunisian Jebali, that I know. The two dialects resemble one another so closely that they were convinced I knew more Shawia than I would acknowledge! But the drunken man followed us here, and upset all attempts at serious conversation.

Since my return to Tunis a notice has appeared in the French journal, *Le Promeneur*, giving a very garbled account of our doings at Rebaa, pretending that the native employés at the mill had become so supercilious since the English had told them of the might of England, and the decay of France, and

what great things the English were soon going to do for the Algerians, that the miller was quite afraid, and his aunt (presumably our hostess at Tuffana) had walked all the way to Batna to beg the authorities there to hunt out these mischief-making English! This is pure fiction, as, of course, we said nothing whatever about the English, and the landlady at Tuffana saw us safely into the coach for Khenchela the next day. I have no doubt the disreputable Frenchman I have spoken of, carried a plausible story to Batna, and put it into the mouth of the woman—for the sake of effect.

Tuffana lies at the foot of the Chellia Mountain, the highest peak in the Aurès range—indeed in the whole of North Africa, being 2,331 metres, or 7,648 feet, high. It is thickly wooded with cedar and other trees, and it is said to be densely populated also—as, indeed, is the whole Aurès range.

The next day, June 4th, we left Tuffana at 10.30 by the coach, for Khenchela. Mr. Rouse left at the same time for Rebaa, whence he was to visit his megalithic village, and then go on to Timgad, and there pick up the evening coach for Batna. We were sorry to lose his company, and a little apprehensive for his safety, alone in these little frequented parts, on foot, and ignorant of the languages of the people. But we have since heard of his safe arrival at Constantine.

We put our bicycles on the coach, as we were told that the road for nineteen kilometres had been recently very roughly macadamized, while the land on both sides had been lately under water. But we were sorry afterwards, as we found the ground quite dry, and the paths alongside the road were quite practicable for bicycles. The day was extremely hot, and the coach also contained four other passengers, three Moors and a negro. So at the "half-way house," at Foum-el-Zeis, we left the coach, got down our bicycles, and rode on to Khenchela. The first part was not bad, but the last four kilometres up to Khenchela was a terrible climb, and the heat was so great that when we arrived at 5.30, I was quite exhausted. On the way we passed a great many parties of Shawia, all mounted on horses or mules, and looking very gay and cavalier-like. They had mostly been to the market at Khenchela; the others, principally women, having been to the celebrated hot baths there are near Khenchela. We should have much liked to go to see these ancient Roman baths, but our time was too short. But it is interesting to see the Shawias keeping up the reputation they had in Corippus' time (about A.D. 580). He says, "The Aurès band comes down from the lofty mountains not on foot, but they fight on horseback" (Johannid II., 146).

At Khenchela we stayed at the "Hôtel de France." Khenchela is a pleasant little place, situated at a sufficient height to make it fairly cool. The French have laid out good streets, well shaded with trees on both sides. I should think it would be a good place to reside in, but it is so small that all one did would be well known everywhere.

## News from the Mission-Field.

### Morocco.

From Dr. Roberts  
(Tangier).

[The following extracts are from the account which Dr. Roberts has sent of a journey to Fez, Mequinez, and Wazzan, undertaken by himself and Mr. Bolton, in the early part of the summer.]

It was with great interest that I started out on my first long journey into Morocco after a residence of rather more than four

years in Tangier, and the routine of hospital life. We, *i.e.*, Mr. Bolton and I, left Tangier with three mules and a horse—one mule for each of us and one for medicines. They had to be lightly laden, as two of them had to be ridden by Bushaib, the hospital servant, and myself. In our camping place for the night we enquired for milk, but were told we could have none, as the next tribe was at war with them, and had that day taken all their cows. That night all the men of the village were on



the watch with their guns in case of an attack; we committed ourselves to God and were glad when the morning came and nothing serious had happened. During the heat of the day we tried, if possible, to get under the shade of trees, which are a rarity in this bare country, to rest both man and beast. The second night we pitched at a place called El Khamis; and when speaking to the people of Christ and the salvation through Him, we soon found out they knew a good deal in their heads of the gospel message from seed sown by several missionaries who have camped in this large centre of villages.

Next day we arrived here before noon in Larais, where we pitched just outside the old walls, covered with storks and other birds. The morrow being Sunday, we decided to spend the day of rest here, and we had the privilege of fellowship round the Lord's table with the American missionaries, a baptised native Christian whom we had met in the town the day before, Miss Parkinson, and a Spanish Christian gentleman.

Early on Monday morning we were up and away, and passed through very pretty cork-oak forests; such a delightful change to the usual bleakness of the country. These we soon left behind us, however, and for the rest of the journey to Fez we had very little shade. Nothing very much occurred on the road to Fez, which we reached on Friday. At one or two stopping-places we had opportunities of preaching the Gospel. In one halting-place I was asked to medically attend the slave of a Kaid who was pitching in the same camping place, and I was able to give a few words of testimony to the other slaves and servants, but they did not want to hear. In several places we passed locusts in clouds, and on the ground dead in festering heaps, which emitted the most offensive odour. It was rather a new experience for me to cross the Sebou River, the largest river in Morocco, about 100 yards wide, in a large boat, with baggage and animals altogether. One day I almost had a bath of liquid mud, for my mule went down under me in a quagmire, and if it had not been for the kind services of one of the muleteers, a black man, who carried me on his back to terra firma, I should certainly have got in a fine mess. At last we reached Fez, at about 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, and were met by one of the native evangelists, who guided us to the district near Mr. Cooper's house, which, I am glad to say, we reached in safety through the narrow streets, not before my mule, with his load on, had knocked one or two passers-by sprawling into shop-doors or bye-lanes. We unloaded in a native fondak (inn), and went to find our brother, whom we almost passed unrecognised in the dark, semi-lighted alley to his house. We were glad to meet again and have the prospect of doing some work together.

The first morning we went the round of our missionary friends. After dinner we went to see Bushaib, at the fondak, where he and our other muleteer, Hamed, were putting up with a native evangelist, and we found the latter reading the Scriptures with some men whom he had invited in to share his mid-day meal. After drinking tea with them, I was taken to see the brother of another native evangelist, who was very ill and in great pain. I was glad to be able to give him at least temporary relief, and he was very grateful, and often said that God just sent me in time to help him. I was constantly in attendance on this poor sufferer during our stay in Fez, and left him much better, although not quite well. What was the most cheering feature about his case is the fact that before his illness he would not listen to his brother reading from the Word of God; but now he listens and drinks in all that is read, and is near the Kingdom, and I am quite expecting to hear he is really converted. He has two daughters, nice, simple girls, who, we may hope, have accepted the truth.

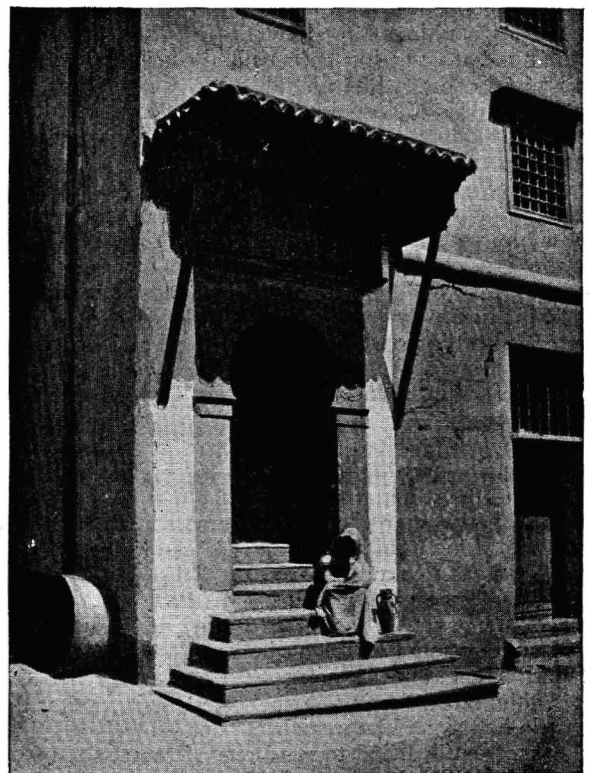
Towards the cool of the evening we generally took a walk out at one of the gates, always accompanied by a Moor, usually

one of the native evangelists, as it is considered unsafe to go outside the walls alone; so in this way, with an occasional day in the country, we were enabled to see something of Fez and its neighbourhood.

On our first Sunday in Fez, we had a nice gathering in the mission house of all the missionaries, where we had fellowship and worship together, making one feel very thankful that we were able to worship and adore the only true God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, in this city of 100,000 souls, and all Moslems. In the afternoon I was sorry to miss being with the native evangelists as they gathered together for fellowship and study of the Word, but I had to go and see some patients who were needing attention; and I came in just as they were finishing, and was glad to hear them reading their weekly report of work done.

On Monday, as it was out-patient morning for men, I saw the patients with Mr. Cooper—about thirty-seven in all. I was struck with the better class of men that seemed to turn up in comparison to Tangier. One man had a strange story to tell to-day. He was a soldier, and when away during the "Aid el-Melood" (Birthday Feast of Muhammed), his son was stolen. So on his return he sold his good clothes, and went into the country as a poor man, searching for his lost boy. He succeeded in finding him, but had to buy him back for seventy dollars.

On Tuesday, the women came in for medicines, and I was asked to see some special cases, and they were quite willing to see me, although a man! They do not seem to mind a doctor, for on several occasions I was asked to walk into the hareem and see the sick womenfolk there. One day, being asked to see a shereefa (noble lady), who was ill, I was rather amused when, from behind a long curtain, a leg was extended, and then an arm for me to examine, and from this I was expected to



*A Gateway in Morocco.*

give my opinion. This, when given, viz., extreme corpulency from want of exercise, rather disappointed the patient and her friends! Miss Mellet, Miss Denison, and Miss Greathead attend to the wants of the women, who on Tuesdays and Fridays crowd to the doors as early as five o'clock. One morning when I was there no less than ninety passed through their hands. During my stay I was able to attend some of the more difficult cases, which were kept for me to see. It was rather striking how soon they got accustomed to my moving in and out amongst them, where before the very shadow of a man's figure made them frightened and cover their faces. One day I even ventured to take a snap-shot of them all.

On Wednesday, a few Jews came for medicine. Mr. Cooper confines himself to a few men, as the women came in such crowds and made such a noise that it was impossible to preach the gospel to them. Who should I see amongst them but a patient I had treated in Tangier; he was delighted to see me, and invited us all up to his house in the Jewish quarter on the following Monday. One of the native evangelists looks upon it as a special branch of his work to come and speak to them. He was included in the invitation, and when he did not come it was very pleasing to see the genuine disappointment of our Jewish friends, and to hear them speak very kindly of him, saying how different he was from other Moslems.

On Thursday, we were so busy in the market getting animals for our return journey, that I was not able to be with Mr. Cooper to help him with the out-patients. I just returned in time to visit a *shereef*, who had sent a message to me through the ladies that he would be very glad if I could help him. So Mr. Cooper and I went to his house, which was a very grand one, and found my patient, a man of about forty-five, reclining on a gorgeously covered mattress, supported by a rather well-dressed female slave, evidently his favourite, whom he called Fateema. He was a holy man in name only, for his whole bearing and face told of anything but a holy life. We found he was in a good deal of pain, so towards evening we called again, and I gave him a hypodermic injection, at which he was much alarmed at first; but he benefited considerably, and had a good night's rest. The first day Mr. Cooper was able to speak a few words of gospel truth to him. The next day they made us an elaborate breakfast, of which we partook, out of politeness; at the beginning we had scent poured over us till we were quite wet, and then before leaving we were smothered with smoke or incense. Bushaib was with us, and when our host saw him eating but small quantities, he pressed him, saying, There is a blessing in eating the food of a shereef (holy, or noble man)! I attended him for several days, Bushaib usually accompanying me, to help me with poulticing, etc. Always before entering the house I had to cry the Arabic words meaning "make the road," so that the women could all get into hiding before a man appeared. I was enabled one Sunday morning to speak to him plainly, the topic coming up by his asking what we did when we had prayer, for I had told him we were going to pray, or have a service. I left with a promise from him that he would show me on the morrow in the Koran where it said Muhammed was an intercessor, and I promised to show him where it said the same of Christ in the New Testament. Needless to say the former promise was not kept. I showed him, however, the verse, "We have an advocate (in Arabic "intercessor") with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." I wanted to leave him the gospel of Matthew to read, but he would not be content with that, so I left him my Arabic Bible, rather fearing he might destroy it. After this he got a little better, and he was always out when I called to see him; consequently I had to send one of the slaves to search for my Bible, which I rather prized, and I was relieved to see it brought down. I saw this man several times afterwards in the street, and he was always very friendly and shook hands.

In the afternoon we went to the prayer meeting which is held by turns in the missionaries' houses. This week it was at the Americans.

On Friday and Saturday I was busy with seeing to patients amongst natives, Europeans, and missionaries.

This gives perhaps just an idea of one week spent in Fez, which may be taken as an example of the other two or three weeks we spent here. On the remaining Sundays I spent in Fez, I arranged to be present when the native evangelists gathered in the afternoon, and I was much stimulated by their prayers, and the eager way in which they read the Scriptures.

On Monday we started off for Mequinez. Not being very sure of the safety of the road, we were glad to catch up a Government soldier who was carrying a letter to the Kaid (governor) of the district, to prepare him for the soldiers who were to be placed half-way along the road to keep it open, and prevent it being "cut," as they call it when highway robbers block the road. So we looked on this as the good hand of the Lord with us. We had a very hot journey through to Mequinez, which we reached on Tuesday. We were glad to stay with our brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who are nobly working alone in this bigoted town, where one can hardly go outside the doors without being cursed and called the most horrible names. They have a small house in the Jewish quarter, and here, by the means of medicines, they attract some Moslems to come and listen to the words of life. We were cheered to find that one man, an *adil* (lawyer), had recently made profession of Christianity, and we were specially interested in him, as he is the brother of a *kaid-el-mia* (centurion), who was baptized in Fez a few months ago. I spent Thursday in Mequinez, and had dinner at the house of our former servant, and was interested to see his family—father, sisters, wife and little daughter—of whom I had heard so much. On Friday, after several hours' wandering amongst the old ruins, we returned only just in time to make a hurried departure to reach our night's camping place on the road to Fez. This we reached when quite dusk. We arrived back again at Fez on Saturday, and remained there till the following Friday, when we said good-bye to the capital city with a stronger feeling than ever that a medical missionary is much needed there. We were now accompanied by Mr. Summers and Mr. Miller and their men.

On Saturday we were up early and got to our camping place about three o'clock. It was situated in a good centre for work, there being a cluster of villages around. At five o'clock I began to see patients, whilst Mr. Bolton gave out the medicines, and we were busy till 8 o'clock, when the shades of night began to fall. Whilst this was going on Mr. Summers was on one side of the *keitoon* (hospital tent) and Mr. Miller on the other, preaching to the people who gathered round. On Sunday, we had a nice little service together in our tent, and spent the day quietly till four o'clock, when we had promised to give out medicines. So I began by cutting out a bullet from a man's back, and later on he brought me half a sack of barley to show his gratitude. I wanted to keep the bullet, which was a large one, and as one remarked, "belonged to the Government," but others wanted it too, for it was not to be found when I came to look for it. After that I saw over seventy cases. While this was in progress the Gospel was being proclaimed on both sides, and Mr. Summers had a number of men round him, some being readers.

Next day, Monday, we crossed the *Sebou* about ten o'clock, this time on horseback, as we were miles higher up, and pitched our tents at a village near by called *El Mazeria*. Here it was very hot. Towards evening we had hoped the sick would come for medicine. A dozen or so did, but a number of men came out of curiosity to see us, and this gave opportunities to all of us to witness to the truth. I tried them with a scroll of Arabic texts I had with me, and the reading of these was a

means for opening up conversation on various phases of truth, such as sin, repentance, Christ's finished work, etc., etc. The people in this place were very bigoted, and being in the land of shorfa (holy men) they gave little heed to the Gospel.

On Tuesday we moved on to the next river (Wargha) reaching it at ten o'clock. We camped in a fig grove at a place called Dar Sheik ben Isa. It was very hot, registering in one of the tents over 103 deg. In the evening a number of patients were attended to and spoken to at the same time; but we began to find it was really getting too late on in the summer to do such work, the heat being too much. On Wednesday we started out with the intention to camp a few hours outside Wazzan, and do some medical mission work there, but we reached a native market, Sok el Arba, where we dismounted and bought a few things. On returning to our men they told us some wild mountaineers, all armed, had come down and examined the loads on our animals, and passed on. Then a Riffee (a native of the Riff country) went up to one of our men who was also a Riffee, and told him that we had better not go by the lower road, for five men had gone on to waylay us; so we took the upper road, and decided it was safer to go right through to Wazzan. We arrived, hot and tired, at three o'clock. We were not allowed to pitch our tents, and felt quite like outcasts. We decided the best thing was to go to a fondak (inn) where we unloaded our animals, and whilst some of us remained to guard our goods, others went off to see if the Jews would let us a room for a day or two. At last a room was obtained about twelve feet square, in the corner of a courtyard, which seemed swarming with Jews and Jewesses. There was an open drain near by that was by no means too sweet. We four occupied these quarters and tried next day to do some work. We hired another room to see patients in, but this did not turn out to be a success, as very few Moors came. As it seemed impossible to do much work amongst the people, and it was by no means safe, several men still watching for us in the town, it was decided next day that we should start out for home that evening. This we could not do until we had secured a guard to take us through what was considered unsafe country. We succeeded in getting a man to go with us, but he had not gone very far when he wanted to turn back, we found out afterwards he had heard that two men had gone on before to rob us. He took us a roundabout way, and so we escaped. We were not able to do much work on our way back. We spent Sunday at El Kasar, and arrived in Tangier on Tuesday morning, very thankful for the protecting care of our gracious Heavenly Father from accident, pestilence, and the hands of wicked men, during our eight weeks' journey.

**From Mr. O. E. Simpson  
(Tangier).**

According to promise, I sit down to write you some of our experiences. When we left Tangier our dear Father was leading the way, though our hearts were somewhat fearful, for the heavens were dark and rain was falling; but, being very desirous to get into El Ksar and from there on to the work, we started, and after two days in mud and water, reached our "desired haven." The two rivers at the entrance to the city were on the rise, and, had we been delayed an hour longer, crossing would have been impossible for the next two weeks.

On the Lord's Day after our arrival rain set in, and such a flood as the present generation had never known before swept down upon the town. For days people had to forsake the ground-floors, taking everything upstairs, or finding shelter elsewhere from the rising water. Only two parts in our half of the town were free from the muddy flood. The drains in the houses overflowed, filling the lower rooms and running into the streets. We were thankful that our house was situated on higher ground; even then it came within a few feet of the

door. Cattle and wild boar were carried into the sea. In God's good time, however, the water abated, contrary to the prediction of a noted saint that the city was to be carried away by an inundation. While we were waiting for roads to dry up and rivers to go down, God sent us £4 from America; by these gifts we were enabled to complete our camping necessities.

Having purchased animals and borrowed a tent, our journey commenced in reality. Our first camp was four hours out at the village of an old friend. One of the horses slipped on a stone, and rolling backward over a steep bank, landed, pack and all, in a tree covered with thorny vines. By cutting ropes and vines, and removing the load, the creature slid to the level below, where he got up with no bones broken, much to our joy and surprise. On counting up our mercies, we found that only the small jar containing our dinner was smashed, and the bucket had refused to retain its shape. Mrs. Simpson had dismounted to walk up the hill, and was thus spared what might have been a serious fall. The greeting of friends and happy service for the Master soon made us forget the bent bucket and spilled dinner. Several times they came, asking Mrs. Simpson to sing and play on the accordion, which gave another opportunity for telling of Christ. A neighbouring *fokih*, while searching for the sarsaparilla plant, was attracted by our man to the tent, and I was called to speak with him. When he opened the bundle which he carried on his back, a Gospel of Matthew (except the first five chapters) was brought to light. He said he had received it from Miss Jennings some time before, and he paid very close attention while I took him over the old story of salvation for all through faith in Christ. At his earnest request I gave him a book containing a portion of the Old and New Testaments. Please remember him in your prayers.

From this camp we moved to the market of Lalla Memuna (a noted woman saint), where our tent was pitched about 100 yards from the saint's place. The first few days were quiet at the tent, as people were taken up with the yearly Moosim of Sidi Bsilham, which commences at this place. The many different sects were here shining forth in all their glory. The Humacha (or head-choppers), in crimson gore, drew the largest crowd, and the other exercises which go to make up such an occasion were in full progress. Fully a thousand tents dotted the hillside and filled the valley. The following days brought us golden opportunities for the Master. Before five o'clock in the morning and on until late in the evening people were asking for medicine. Some wanted to send out a public crier at their own expense to gather the needy to be treated, but our time was all too short for this, for as it was we were kept busy. As a rule, we never give medicine the day we move, but this time they would not take "no" for an answer; and a man with his teeth chattering with ague touched our hearts, and we gave to the eight who had been waiting since early dawn. Accepting the invitation of an Algerian Moor to stop at his village, we pulled up camp, and, after three hours, rode into his little piece of land, where we had over seventy patients in one day from the surrounding country. Our host showed no little interest, and again and again asked about Christ, the Way of Life. I pray he may find it to be even as it was told him—a new heart and new life by faith in Christ, the Prince of Life.

On Friday we lightened our loads by sending the medicine chest and books into El Ksar, and thus made travelling easier. Monday night found us again with friends on the Sebou River. Our acquaintance, who was the sheikh of the village, gave us a royal welcome, killing a sheep, and loading us with needed articles of food for the road. The money paid for crossing in lighters was returned to us, and on our return trip nothing was charged. Tuesday was a day of rest, the heat being very

intense. Wednesday night we stayed with Kaid Ben Druse, who has just been released from the Tetuan prison, having spent over five years there in obscurity. On Thursday we entered Mequinez, just in time to escape a merciless band of robbers. A man just a little way behind us was "relieved" of his animal.

Mr. Taylor met us just outside the city walls, and took us to his home, where we were his guests during our stay in the old city of Mequinez. Different things and places were seen, among which were the ostriches of the Sultan, and the underground caves, where the Christian captives were kept while building walls and houses for Mula Ishmael. How sad would be the tales, were the walls given a voice, of pain inflicted, oppression endured, and the death which ensued!

God's blessing is resting upon the efforts of His servants there. Mr. Taylor baptised a man in our presence. The candidate was Si A., now in a shop, but formerly a scribe of the Sultan. His position was taken from him because of his friendship with the Christians. An excuse that he wanted a protection paper was hatched up by his enemies, which proved successful in ousting him from his means of a livelihood. Si A.'s brother, Kaid S., has recently been baptised in Fez by Mr. Cooper. Taking leave of the friends, we pressed on to Fez, and arrived in safety, in spite of the roads being empty and the men "like devils," as a woman told us. Mr. and Mrs. Welliver gave us a hearty welcome to their home. In the afternoon we went down to the prayer-meeting at Mr. Cooper's house, where we met the rest of the friends.

The work of which Mr. Cooper is in charge is most interesting. I met most of the men employed for the first time. . . . I was present at the meetings which Mr. Cooper has with the men in the little room, and enjoyed them much.

We entered El Ksar on Friday, and left for Tangier the following Thursday. The trip from Fez was tiresome and weary, but His loving care was manifest on every side. How nice to get into a house after being a pilgrim so long, with only a tent, with flapping curtains, hot winds, and luke-warm water!

I feel sure that the best way to reach the multitudes is by itinerating with the aid of medicines. People came great distances and from all directions to receive medical treatment.

#### From Miss L. Sexton (Casablanca).

October, 1901.—A poor slave that I spoke of some time ago has lately died. She used to lie, poor soul, the picture of loneliness and neglect, on a ragged and dirty old mattress, in a dark and gloomy corner of a *very* dark and gloomy room belonging to her mistress. Only once did I get the chance of putting before her the Gospel, and that was on one day when her mistress happened to be absent; for she never cared to hear the Lord Jesus spoken of, and always tried to change the subject. But when Michada (the slave), heard of a Saviour for her, the poor, desolate creature listened eagerly, and, as far as one could tell, responded gladly. To-day I have been again to see the mistress, but she is very cold and indifferent.

Yesterday afternoon I had a most difficult task, namely, to pay a visit of condolence to a family on the death of one of its members. I always dread that, for it is so hard to know what to say in the way of comfort. One of the saddest sights is to see a gathering of mourners, rocking themselves backwards and forwards, and to hear the weird, melancholy wailing. It sounds so awfully hopeless, as indeed it is. This was for a boy, a bright, intelligent lad. We knew him well, as he came to the dispensary sometimes. He had a fearfully bad arm, a most revolting sight. Some time ago his *fokih* (schoolmaster) had struck him with a bar of iron, and the disease was the result. Perhaps the lad had been inattentive or troublesome, and no

doubt he deserved some correction, but these *fokih*s are merciless, and really sometimes half kill their scholars for the most trifling offences. Dr. Grieve wanted the boy to come into the hospital, and have his arm taken off, but he was unwilling, and would not realise that this was the only way to save his life. So he got worse, died, and, yesterday morning, was buried. Batool, one of his sisters, seems to take an interest in the Gospel, and asked to hear the "words of Sidna Aisa" again.

This month I have got an entrance into some new houses and huts, for which I praise God. The medical work is going on as usual. The numbers fluctuate very much. Sometimes the waiting room is packed full, at other times there are rather few. We have not recommenced the women's class yet, but Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Grieve's girls' class is in full swing.

I am still proving the promise true, "My God shall supply all your need."

#### From Miss Knight (Tetuan).

Miss Knight, who for some years has helped in the work at Tetuan, sends us the following diary:—

Monday, September 2nd.—As Miss Hubbard and Miss de la Camp are busy preparing for their journey to-morrow, I have undertaken to help in any way I can in the Dispensary during their absence. By so doing we are hoping to keep it open for the people, with Mr. Miller's kind help for the men. The first batch this morning consisted almost entirely of Riffs, men and women. At 5.30 I was awakened by two of them knocking at the door, asking for admittance for themselves, their wives, and children. We discovered that they had come from a place called Zarhoun, beyond Fez, had been eight days on the road, and were going on to the Riff. Poor things! they looked tired, and many of them were suffering from fever, and one wondered how they managed to walk day after day. They had medicines for the bodies, but I fear one visit would have but little effect. Medicine for their souls, too; but, alas, how little can go into such empty, ignorant minds at one hearing? How thankfully one remembers that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and that the Divine Power is behind every word spoken in His name. So the seed is sown in faith.

Tuesday, September 3rd.—Last Saturday very few of the Jews came for medicine. When they do come they get such a straight talk that it is some time before they will venture again. One of the few was a girl, sister of a neighbour, whose husband is very bigoted. The girl listened well all the time, but later a little incident occurred that I am afraid would obliterate anything that had entered. Miss Banks put some carbolic into the drain, as a disinfectant only; and at this the girl seemed frightened and imagined all sorts of things. It was all explained, but it was no use. The next day one of our Spanish women told us she had been crying almost ever since, because her friends told her we had done this in order to turn her from her own religion and make her believe ours. If that was so, why did we not do it when they were all present? If it is possible for Jews, with the Old Testament in their hands, to believe such things, how can one wonder at the ignorant Moslems' credulity concerning spirits?

Wednesday, September 4th.—This morning few came to the Dispensary, comparatively speaking—perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three—the majority of these from villages far and near. One woman was rather incensed because medicine was refused for a child ill in the village from which she came. She kept reiterating, "But you have seen her twice; she has so and so," apparently being under the impression that every patient is individually remembered. With great difficulty she was persuaded to go this time and to bring the child when next she came. Fever has been so bad, and our fresh stock of quinine just out from England is so nearly exhausted, that we have to be

very careful of it; and so it happened that one woman who wanted some to take with her to a neighbour was refused, when she (unwisely, from her point of view) told us she had lost the last on the road. It is sold in the town, so she could get some if it were badly needed. This morning I had the pleasure and privilege of giving away for the first time a gospel in Arabic. The man himself said he could not read, but I suggested he should take it to the *fokih* of his village, for he came from far. You can imagine how I pray it may be indeed the word of life to some in that village.

*September 13th.*—We had fifty visitors this morning to the Dispensary. Twice the women's room was crowded, two or three little girls sitting on the floor, a nice number of men together, and then smaller groups of each. Some of them have, of course, been many times pursuing a course of medicines, and in this way hearing the way of salvation explained over and over again. Others, perhaps, coming from villages, hear but once, and one wonders sometimes how much the more ignorant ones carry away, when it takes, as it does occasionally, two people to make them understand "three times a day after food," or that "the child must be brought for the *tabeeba* to see before medicine can be given." I was amused the other day with a woman who was told to go away and bring a bottle back. "But," said she, "where am I to get a bottle? I live a long way off. Give me one." But Miss Banks, who is more accustomed to their little ways—I am always being taken in—was firm. "No, you must go and get one. You can buy one in the shops." "But where am I to get a bottle from? I am a poor woman. How should I have money to buy a bottle with? Give me a bottle." This went on at intervals for a long time; but at last when she found the others were getting their medicines and departing and she was being left, she called

out, "Ah, *tabeeba*, here's a bottle. Give me my medicine," at the same time pulling out a good-sized bottle from her waist-belt!

*September 16th.*—Thirty patients this morning. The last four were rather better class young girls, with whom Miss Banks had a very good time. They seemed to be interested in the reading, and listened well. From one of them came "the other-side" of a picture concerning a family whom we have been helping lately. *Our side is this.* When we returned from Tangier the whole of this family was down with fever—one of the children with typhoid, and the rest malarial. The mother was very bad and practically starving, for the father seemed to care nothing at all whether she lived or died. For more than a fortnight Miss Banks went to them every day with quinine and the necessary medicines, giving it to them herself, so that there was no mistake about its being taken; and besides that, they had milk and bread for I think all that time, until, indeed, they were all on the high road to health and strength again, by the grace of God and the means used. That is our explanation. That of the family itself is, that when they were so ill they got a snake, and the snake they steamed, and the steam from the cooking snake they inhaled, and thus they were cured. But do you understand the reasoning hidden beneath? The medicine and food from us were given in the name of Christ, and rather than be beholden for anything to that name which is above all others, they will do such things and invent any story. Again and again we have been told that So-and-so was cured by some charm or some native medicine, so that it need not be ascribed to remedies given in the name of the Messiah. Can you imagine, not the indifference and apathy only, but the resistance there is in this land to Christ the Son of God?

## Zunisia.

From Mr. J. H. C. Purdon  
(Tunis).

*October, 1901.*—We have settled our little room now for Arab visitors, and already, thank God, have had two. Sidi B. called on me early in the week, and suggested would it not be a good plan if I had someone who would bring Arabs along to my house to talk about the way of salvation. Of course, I said such a course was admirable, and he suggested that perhaps he could do it. Accordingly this week he brought me a man of very good family and well educated, who had for a long time wished to visit one of the missionaries. He had never happened to have the opportunity, and said he was very pleased to hear what we had to say for ourselves. He was excessively nice, and talked so sensibly that it was quite a pleasure to listen to him. We discussed the Koran and traditions until he agreed that he was not in a position to judge for himself the truth of Islam or the interpretation of the Koran. Then we talked over the Gospel, the death of our Lord Jesus, the meaning of what it was to believe in Him, the forgiveness of sins, and power given by God to overcome sin, and the necessity for weighing the matter in view of death, which might come any day. He explained his position, his hope, and his views of what would be necessary to find out the truth, and promised to come again. Of course, none of us ever believe such promises till we see them fulfilled! He stayed for two and a half hours talking, and never once lost his temper or became excitable. The next man B. brought two days later—a nice young fellow, who had been to Mr. Liley a couple of times, and knew consequently some of the Gospel.

We read the third chapter of John, and talked of the necessity and effect of the new birth. He asked most intelligent questions, and listened very patiently for about two hours, B. explaining anything I had badly expressed. It is so nice to feel able now to talk in Arabic, without that dreadful strain to recall the language, and consequent slowness of speech, but I still am greatly hampered in understanding.

*November.*—That man of good family and education came again this week. It appears he was first of all a designer of dress and decorations for Arab weddings, etc., but that profession having fallen out of use he became a lawyer after some years of study. He has a long story of how he was dismissed from the Law Courts, wrongfully, on account of jealousy, but it seems to me it is far more likely it was for bribery on his part. He says he is a man, however, of private means, and doesn't need to work. Of course, we are sceptical of all statements made by Arabs until we see what object is behind them. After he finished relating his history, we had a talk about the new birth and eternal life, and he appeared greatly astonished at such a doctrine, and said that never before had he heard such an idea. He seemed, notwithstanding, to take the meaning in, and was able to distinguish between it and conscience, which they apparently call *nafs hereem* ("the precious spirit"). A man's evil inclinations they call "a bad spirit." This time also he stayed about two hours.

B. brought me a couple of others, too, with whom I had very interesting conversations, and I tried to press home the parable of the Lord Jesus about the good and bad trees and their fruits.

## For the Children.

NORTH AFRICA MISSION,  
BARKING, LONDON.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Here are some short pieces from the missionaries' letters, which I hope you will think interesting.

The first I give is from

**Mrs. Upson.**

It was written just a little before she left Alexandria. She is now living at Shebin-el-Kom, and so is not able to teach in the girls' school any more, but I am sure that she would like you to pray that God may make her a blessing to the women and girls at her new home. This is what she has written:—

"I have longed very much lately to be able to tell my little ones a Bible story, and after repeating one very brokenly to Mrs. Dickins the other day, she said, 'Why not try to tell it to the girls? They would help you with the words.' So the next afternoon I called one small child to me who always helps in making me understand the others, and told her I wanted to tell her a story.

"I had got about half-way through, pausing now and then to make sure she was understanding, when suddenly she threw herself back in the chair, and shook with laughter. I think I had said something very wrong, and she called the other girls up and told them what I had said. I made out to be very distressed, and when she had recovered herself enough to see my serious looks, she stroked my face, and said, 'Never mind, never mind; say it again,' and I had to repeat the word two or three times after her, before all the others who had now gathered round.

"My little helper is a very sweet child, but so high-spirited. She will be with the other girls until she cannot keep quiet any longer, and then she comes and sits at my feet on the floor. We are very much afraid she will become blind. Her eyes are very bad; she cannot see to thread her needle. Her home is a very wretched place, and we think she is motherless and fatherless. Will you pray that this lamb may be gathered into Christ's Fold?"

This next bit is from Tunis, from

**Mr. Purdon.**

"I thought of trying another way of getting at the Arab shopman underneath us, who refused the Bible a little time ago. I wrote out the fifty-first Psalm in Arabic, and asked him if he would like to see how David prayed. He declared he hadn't time to read it, and that, even if he had, he would not like to take it, as possibly, being written on a slip of paper, it might fall on the floor, and that would be so dreadful that he would not like to run the risk. He assured me that whenever he saw any paper in the street, out of the letters on which you might make the name of God, he took it up, and put it by in some place to keep it from disrespect. Of course, I tried to coax him to take the piece I had written, but it was no use."

This man, who is so very particular about taking care of the pieces of paper, very likely tells lies, and curses and swears without thinking that it is at all wrong to do so. He is rather like the Pharisees, I think, don't you? I know of people in this country too who are a little like him, though not quite so silly. They are very particular to do honour to the Bible, and give it a good place in their rooms, but they are not nearly so particular about obeying its precepts. Do you remember this verse in one of St. John's Epistles: "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth?" "Let us not love" God or the Bible, or the souls for whom Christ died "in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." I do not mean that we are never to say we love God,

or that we are *not* to do honour to the Bible, but only that words of love and acts of honour are of no use unless there is a heart of love, and a spirit of honour underneath, prompting them. Do not let us be like that foolish man in Tunis.

There is one more piece which I think you might like. It is about the women at Casablanca, and is from

**Miss Sexton.**

"On Wednesday afternoons we hold our women's class. Between twenty and thirty generally gather, coming, the greater number, from the huts just outside the town walls. They are very ragged, and some fearfully dirty, wearing garments that have never been taken off from the day they were put on, and are now just dropping off in rags, piece by piece. We measure them, and cut out garments of unbleached calico, tacking them together, and then teach them to sew. Sitting on a length of matting on the floor, they clumsily and painfully put the needles in and out with fingers totally unaccustomed to the task.

"Some of these women are regular studies in their way. There is Zahara, a great, rough-looking creature, whom we nicknamed 'The Terrible' when first we knew her, on account of her fighting propensities and great, deep voice, like a cracked trombone. How that woman has changed! Great, coarse bully though she used to be, she is just the one to turn to now when there is a disturbance to be quelled. She opens the door and stamps in, marches straight up to us, and then, after a loving, bearlike hug, sits close beside us, constituting herself our guardian and helper. When repeating texts, her eagle eye quickly spies out the one who is not paying attention, and calls her to order; and when a stranger comes in, and misunderstanding our motive altogether, *demand*s a garment 'because the Sultan pays you to give them to us, and you must do so,' she it is who will explain matters far better than we could—that the Sultan has nothing whatever to do with it, our object being to gather them together and teach them the 'words of Jesus Christ,' as she puts it.

"Then there are three sisters, who remind one of naughty children in an infant class at home. They are very loving and affectionate, and they really want to be good (sometimes), but they *will* giggle and chatter and play. It's not a bit of use scolding them; they will repent and promise amendment, but five minutes after they are just as bad again. Last Wednesday it was necessary to separate them, and not allow them to sit together. 'Ye have need of patience' with such as these. Yet it's impossible to be very angry with them; they don't mean to be troublesome, and are very grateful for their garment, and susceptible to a little kindness.

"Another, called Fatma, has been coming regularly for some time. Bright, intelligent, and loving, she is one whom it is a pleasure to teach. She does not want to go home at all, she says. She would like to sit there sewing and learning of the Lord Jesus all the time. 'But you must go, Fatma,' we tell her. 'What about your husband? He will want his supper, and also his wife. You must go back to your hut.' She smiles, and says, 'Yes, but it's nicer here.'

"These women are, for the most part, lower in intelligence than children of five years of age at home. The Gospel must be told them in the simplest language, and the easiest texts and hymns repeated again and again."

There are several things mentioned in this letter which you might pray for, and I will not repeat them, as our page is already full.

I remain,

Your affectionate friend,

R. I. L.

**LIST OF DONATIONS FROM OCTOBER 1st TO 31st, 1901.**  
GENERAL AND DESIGNATED FUNDS.

GENERAL FUND.			1901. No. of			1901. No. of			1901. No. of				
1901. No. of	Oct. Receipt.	£ s. d.	Oct. Receipt.	£ s. d.	Oct. Receipt.	£ s. d.	Oct. Receipt.	£ s. d.	Oct. Receipt.	£ s. d.			
Brought forward. 108 14 2			Brought forward. 253 10 1			Brought forward. 157 2 2			DETAILS OF BRIGHTON AUXILIARY.				
1 W. Thurrock	4 5 3	14 Edinburg <sup>h</sup> ...	1 14 9	29 Northamptn	1 7 1	23 ...3503 ...	0 12 6	Mr. W. HOSRE, <i>Hon. Sec.</i> ,					
1 ...5380	0 10 0	15 Stratford ...	1 0 0	29 ...5479	0 5 0	25 ... Brixton ...	1 12 6	23, Sussex Square.					
2 { St George's	5 0 0	15 ...5429	1 1 0	29 { Y.M.C.A. ...	0 12 6	25 Dagenham ..	1 10 6	Designated Don. No. 3509.					
Cross Tab.	5 0 0	15 ...5430	0 10 0	Wakefield } ...	0 12 6	25 ...3506	1 0 0	No. of					
2 ...5382	1 10 0	15 ...5431	2 10 0	29 Sunderland	1 14 2	26 ...3507	18 15 0	Receipt.					
2 HXYNL ...	5 0 0	16 ...5432	0 10 0	29 ...5482	2 0 0	26 ...3508	0 10 2	£ s. d.					
3 ...5384	2 0 2	16 { Devonshire	1 11 4	29 ...5483	0 19 1	28 ...3509	6 2 9	55					
3 ...5385	1 1 0	House } ...	1 11 4	30 Green Lanes	0 17 8	28 ...3510	1 0 0	Amount previ-					
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4 ...5389	1 1 0	17 ...5437	1 1 0	Total ... £272 2 1			28 { Y.W.C.A. }	12 10 0	<u>£10 6 9</u>				
4 ...5390	2 2 0	17 ...5438	10 0 0	May to Sept. 908 0 10			S. John's }	12 10 0	DETAILS OF				
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5 ...5392	1 0 0	17 { Wood-	0 13 6	DESIGNATED FUND.			Total ...	£242 13 7	Designated No. 3517.				
5 ...5393	0 5 0	bridge C.E.	0 13 6	1901. No. of			May to Sept. ...	983 18 1	Mr. S. S. McCURRY, <i>Hon. Sec.</i>				
7 { Salford Dk.	4 3 1	18 ...5441	1 10 0	Oct. Receipt.			£1226 11 8			3, Spencer Villas, Glenageary.			
Mission }	4 3 1	18 ...5442	50 0 0	£ s. d.			TOTALS FOR 6-MONTHS.			No. of			
7 ...5395	0 15 0	18 ...5443	1 0 0	1 ...3473			0 1 0	General			Receipt.		
7 ...5396	1 0 0	18 ...5444	0 15 0	2 ...3474			15 0 0	£1185 2 11			£ s. d.		
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7 ...5402	0 6 0	19 ...5448	0 10 0	4 ...3480			15 0 0	HEREFORD AUXILIARY.			929		
8 ...5403	0 5 0	19 ...5449	0 10 0	4 ...3481			1 0 0	General Nos. 5384 and 5436.			930		
8 ...5404	1 0 0	21 { Readers	0 10 0	5 ...3482			30 0 0	Miss COLLINS, <i>Hon. Sec.</i> , 31,			931		
of "The	2 2 0	of "The	1 2 6	7 ...3483			2 0 0	York Place, White Cross Street.			932		
Life of	2 2 0	21 ...5451	4 11 6	7 ...3484			0 5 0	No. of			933		
Faith" }	2 2 0	22 ...5452	5 0 0	8 ...3485			15 0 0	Receipt.			934		
9 ...5406	0 10 6	23 ...5453	0 10 0	8 ...3486			0 6 10	£ s. d.			935		
10 { Orient St.	1 5 0	24 ...5454	5 0 0	9 ...3487			1 0 0	93			936		
Mission }	1 5 0	25 ...5455	0 10 0	9 { Highgate			1 0 0	94			937		
10 ...5408	0 5 0	25 { Lansdowne	4 4 0	Road B.C. }			1 0 0	95			938		
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10 { C. E. Mtg.,	0 7 0	25 ...5458	0 5 0	10 ...3490			5 0 0	97			940		
Geneva }	0 7 0	25 ...5459	1 14 4	14 ...3491			1 0 0	98			941		
10 ...5411	0 5 0	25 Sidmouth ...	1 1 3	15 ...3492			4 0 0	99			942		
11 ...5412	0 10 0	25 ...5451	2 12 0	16 ...3493			0 4 0	100			943		
11 ...5413	1 0 0	25 ...5452	5 0 0	17 { M. H. Bd.,			8 0 0	101			944		
11 ...5414	7 7 8	25 ...5453	0 10 0	Blackheath }			8 0 0	102			945		
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**PERCY LUND, HUMPHRIES & CO., Ltd.,** 3, Amen Corner, London, E.C.; and The Country Press, Bradford.  
**OFFICE OF THE MISSION,** Linton Road, Barking, London.