

MATTHEW XXVIII

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

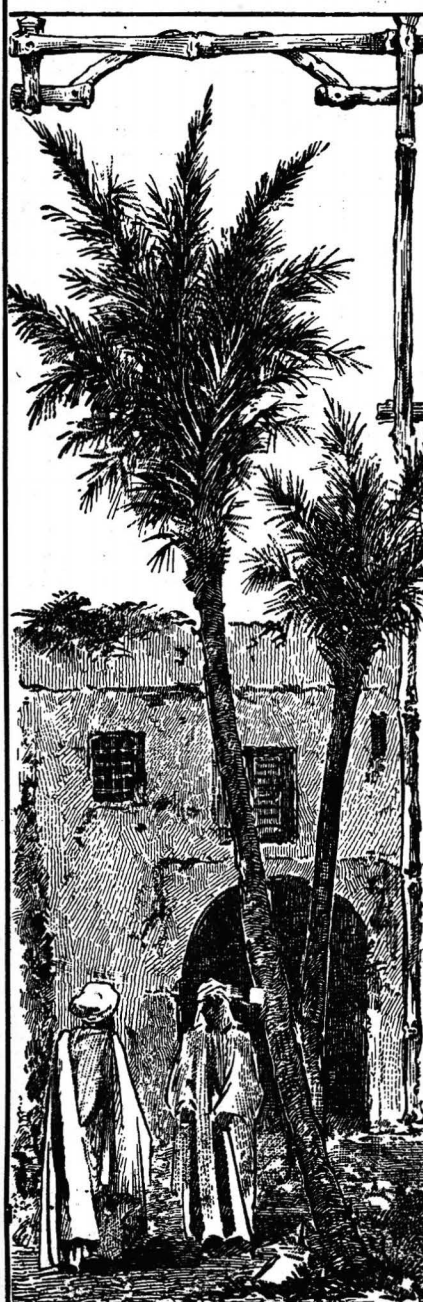
19. GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.

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OFFICE OF THE MISSION, PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

MOROCCO  
ALGERIA  
TUNIS  
TRIPOLI  
EGYPT  
SAHARA



# THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

## Mission Council.

J. H. BRIDGFORD, Christchurch.  
W. SOLTAU ECCLES, Upper Newwood, S.E.  
EDWARD H. GLENNY, Barking.

JOHN RUTHERFURD, Lewes.  
HENRY SOLTAU, Notting Hill.  
JAMES STEPHENS, Highgate Road, N.W.

## Office of the Mission—PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

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## Location of Missionaries.

MOROCCO.		Fez.		REGENCY OF TUNIS.		EGYPT.	
Tangier.		Date of Arrival.		Tunis.		Alexandria.	
	Date of Arrival.				Date of Arrival.		Date of Arrival.
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. GRISELLE ...	Oct., 1888	Mr. A. HOPE ...	Feb., 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 ...	Dec., 1901
<i>Spanish Work—</i>				Bizerta.		Shebin-el-Kom.	
Miss F. R. BROWN ...	Oct., 1889			Miss M. ERICSSON ...	Nov., 1888	Mr. C. T. HOOPER ...	Feb., 1896
Mr. A. BLANCO, <i>Spanish Evangelist.</i>				Miss R. J. MARKUSSON ...	" "	Mrs. HOOPER ...	Oct., 1899
Miss VECCHIO, <i>School Mistress.</i>				Susa.		Mr. A. T. UPSON ...	Nov., 1898
<i>Boys' Industrial Institute, near Tangier.</i>				T. G. CHURCHER, M.B., C.M., (Ed.) ...	Oct., 1885	Mrs. UPSON ...	Nov., 1900
Mr. J. J. EDWARDS ...	Oct., 1888			Mrs. CHURCHER ...	Oct., 1889	Miss VAN DER MOLEN ...	April, 1892
*Mrs. EDWARDS ...	Mar., 1892			Mr. H. E. WEBB ...	Dec., 1896	Mr. S. FRASER ...	Feb., 1901
<b>Casablanca.</b>				Mrs. WEBB ...	Nov., 1897	<b>IN ENGLAND.</b>	
G. M. GRIEVE, L.R.C.P. and S., (Ed.) ...	Oct., 1890			Miss R. HODGES ...	Feb., 1889	Miss I. I. REED.	
Mrs. GRIEVE ...	" "			Miss A. COX ...	Oct., 1892	Miss B. VINING, <i>Invalided.</i>	
Mr. H. NOTT ...	Jan., 1897			Miss N. BAGSTER ...	Oct., 1894	Mr. A. V. LILEY, <i>Prolonged furlough</i>	
Mrs. NOTT ...	Feb., 1897			Miss F. M. HARRALD ...	Oct., 1899	Mrs. LILEY ...	" "
Mr. H. E. JONES ...	Jan., 1897			<b>Kairouan.</b>		Mr. W. G. POPE ...	" "
Mrs. JONES ...	Nov., 1896			*Mr. J. COOKSEY ...	Dec., 1896	Mrs. POPE ...	" "
Miss L. SEXTON ...	Feb., 1897			*Mrs. COOKSEY ...	" "	J. H. D. ROBERTS, M.B., C.M. (Ed.), <i>Prolonged furlough</i>	
<b>Tetuan.</b>				Miss E. T. NORTH ...	Oct., 1894	Mrs. ROBERTS ...	" "
Miss F. M. BANKS ...	May, 1888			Miss G. L. ADDINSELL ...	Nov., 1895	Miss K. JOHNSTON ...	" "
*Miss A. BOLTON ...	April, 1889			<b>DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.</b>		Miss E. TURNER ...	" "
Miss A. G. HUBBARD ...	Oct., 1891			Mr. W. H. VENABLES ...	Mar., 1891	<i>Studying Arabic, etc.</i>	
Miss I. DE LA CAMP ...	Jan., 1897			Mrs. VENABLES ...	" "	Mr. D. ROSS.	
<b>Larash.</b>				Mr. W. REID ...	Dec., 1892	Mr. A. SHOREY.	
Miss S. JENNINGS ...	Mar., 1887			Mrs. REID ...	Dec., 1894	Miss R. COHEN.	
Miss K. ALDRIDGE ...	Dec., 1891					Miss A. PARKER.	

\* At present at home for deputation work.

**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.



*The Late Mrs. Flad, of Tunis (see p. 40).*

## The Divine Call for Missionaries.

Extracts from a sermon preached by the late C. H. Spurgeon, April 22nd, 1887, published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. (Mr. Spurgeon was a warm friend and liberal supporter of the North Africa Mission)

*"Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me."—Isaiah vi. 8.*



RETHREN, the heathen are perishing, and there is but one salvation for them, for there is but one name given under heaven among men whereby they must be saved. God in the glorious unity of His divine nature is calling for messengers who shall proclaim to men the way of life. Out of the thick darkness my ear can hear that sound, mysterious and divine, "Whom shall I send?" If ye will but listen with the ear of faith ye may hear it to-day—"Whom shall I send?" While the world lieth under the curse of sin the living God, Who willeth not that any should perish, but that they should come to repentance, is seeking for heralds to proclaim His mercy; He is asking even in pleading terms for some who will go forth to the dying millions and tell the wondrous story of His love.

Reverently, and with our hearts attent, let us gaze upon the VISION OF GLORY which Isaiah saw. It was necessary for him to see it in order that he might be brought into the condition of heart out of which should come the full consecration expressed in—"Here am I, send me." Observe what he saw. He saw, first, the supreme glory of God. Now, brethren, we know of nothing that will supply a better motive for missionary work or for Christian effort of any sort than a sight of the Divine glory.

God sits in calm glory, as a King, upon His throne. He whom we serve is able to give victory to His own cause. Here is an impulse for us in all warring for His cause and crown.

Isaiah saw also the court of the great King, the seraphims. They dwell near the Lord, and so should we. They are burning ones, for such is the meaning of the word *seraphim*. Jehovah, Who is a consuming fire, can only fitly be served by those who are on fire, whether they be angels or men. In the presence of that consuming fire, it is not possible for lukewarm or indifferent ones to exist; they would be utterly burned up. To act as courtier before the burning throne of God requires a seraphic or burning spirit, and if we become lethargic and soul-less we shall not be counted worthy to be employed on Divine errands. Far hence, then, let all coolness of love and slumbering of spirit be removed! May the Lord make us, like John the Baptist, burning and shining lights. Those who come near Him should be all in motion, quick, active, willing, awake, energetic, ready to fly upon the Lord's business with a mighty swiftness; in a word, sixfold should be their wings, that they may not tarry nor tire, nor linger, nor loiter on the way. Have we such readiness of mind as this? The seraphims have four wings

for adoration, and two for active service; four to conceal themselves, and two with which to occupy themselves in service. We shall serve God best when we are most deeply reverend and humbled in His presence. Veneration must be in larger proportion than vigour; adoration must exceed activity.

Let us now turn our thoughts to the VISION OF ORDINATION. By reason of the glorious vision which he saw there was no strength left in Isaiah. He was cast down as low as he could well go with a sense of his own utter worthlessness, and felt himself to be less than nothing. And this is our way to success; God will never do anything with us until He has first of all undone us. We can only rise to ability for the noblest errands by being emptied of all self-sufficiency, and filled with the all-sufficient Spirit.

Isaiah made a confession of sin while thus prostrate, and he felt also a deep sense of the sin of the people among whom he dwelt. I do not think a man can be a good missionary if he winks at the sin that surrounds him. Unless it stinks in his nostrils, unless it makes his soul boil with holy indignation, how can he speak as he should the message of his God? Familiarity with evil too often takes off the edge of tender feeling; men readily cease to weep over the sin which is always before their eyes. You may look upon the superstitions of Rome till you almost admire the gallant show, and I suppose you may regard heathen temples till the majesty of their architecture may make you forget the infamy of their purpose; but it must not be so: we must feel that we dwell among a people of unclean lips, and we must bear their sin upon our hearts, repenting for them if they will not repent, and breaking our hearts over them because their hearts are as adamant against God. Only in such a frame of mind shall we be fit to go forth in God's name.

Fellowship with the great sacrifice, the application of one of the coals which consumed the ever blessed Jesus, is the way to make our lips ready for preaching. In order to be prepared for service we want to be touched till we feel the fire. We need fellowship with the pangs and woes of Christ; we need to feel as if we, too, wished to be consumed for others, as He was consumed for us. The disinterested love which made Him die must come and influence us, that we may be willing to die for others. We want just that.

When a man is prepared for sacred work he is not long before he receives a commission. We come then to think of THE DIVINE CALL. I feel in my soul, though I cannot speak it out, an inward grieving sympathy with God, that God Himself should have to cry from His throne, "Whom shall I send?" Alas, my God, are there no volunteers for Thy service! What, all these priests and sons of Aaron; will none of these run upon Thine errand? And all these Levites, will not one of them offer himself? No, not one. Ah, it is grievous, grievous beyond all thought, that there should be such multitudes of men and women in the Church of God who nevertheless seem unfit to be sent upon the Master's work or at least never offer to go, and He has to cry, "Whom shall I send?" What out of all these saved ones, no willing messenger to the heathen! Where are His ministers? Will none of them cross the seas to heathen lands? Here are thousands of us working at home. Are none of us called to go abroad? Will none of us carry the Gospel to regions beyond? Are none of us bound to go? Does the Divine voice appeal to our thousands of preachers and find no response, so that again it cries, "Whom shall I send?" Here are multitudes of professing Christians making money, getting rich, eating the fat, and drinking the sweet; is there not one to go for Christ? Men travel abroad for trade; will they not go for Jesus? They even risk life amid eternal snows; are there no heroes for the Cross? Here and there a young man, perhaps with little qualification, and no experience, offers himself, and he may, or may not, be welcomed, but can it be true that the majority of educated, intelligent Christian young men are more willing to let the heathen be damned than to let the treasures of the world go into other hands? Alas, for some reason or other, I am not going to question the reasons, God Himself may look over all His Church, and finding no volunteers, may utter the pathetic cry, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

Now comes the last point, THE EARNEST RESPONSE. The reply of Isaiah was, "Here am I, send me." Now, brethren, if at any time the mission field lacks workers, should not that fact make each man look to himself and say, "Where am I? What position do I occupy towards this work of God? May I not be placed just where I am because I can do what others could not?" Some of you, young men especially, without the ties of family to hold you in this country, without a large church around you, or not having yet plunged into the sea of business, you, I say, are standing where, in the ardour of your first love, you might fitly say, "Here am I." And if God has endowed you with any wealth, given you any talent, and placed you in a favourable position, you are the man who should say,

Perhaps I have come to the kingdom for such a time as this; I may be placed where I am on purpose that I may render essential help to the cause of God. Here, at any rate, I am; and I feel the presence of the glorious God; I see the skirts of His garments as He reveals Himself to me, I almost hear the seraphic wings as I perceive how near heaven is to earth, and I feel in my soul I must give myself up to God. I feel in my own heart my indebtedness to the Christ of God; I see the need of the heathen, I love them for Jesus' sake; the fiery coal is touching my life even now; *here am I*. Thou hast placed me where I am; Lord, take me as I am, and use me as Thou wilt." May the Divine Spirit influence some of you who greatly love my Lord till you feel all this. Then comes Isaiah's prayer for authority and anointing. If we read the passage rightly we shall not always throw the emphasis upon the last word, "me," but read it also thus, "Here am I, *send* me." He is willing to go, but he does not want to go without being sent, and so the prayer is, "Lord, *send* me. I beseech Thee of Thine infinite grace qualify me, open the door for me, and direct my way. I do not need to be forced, but I would be commissioned. I do not ask for compulsion, but I do ask for guidance. I would not run of my own head under the notion that I am doing God service. *Send* me, then, O Lord, if I am to go; guide me, instruct me, prepare me, strengthen me."

There is a combination of willingness and holy prudence. I feel certain that some of you are eager to go for my Lord and Master wherever He appoints. Keep not back, I pray you. Brother, make no terms with God. Put it, "Here am I; send me—where Thou wilt, to the wildest regions, or even to the jaws of death. I am Thy soldier; put me in the front of the battle if Thou wilt, or bid me lie in the trenches; give me gallantly to charge at the head of my regiment, or give me silently to sap and mine the foundations of my enemies' fortresses. Use me as Thou wilt; send me, and I will go. I leave all else to Thee; only here I am, Thy willing servant, wholly consecrated to Thee." This is the right missionary spirit, and may God be pleased to pour it out upon you all, and upon His people throughout the world. By the love and wounds and death of Christ, by your own salvation, by your indebtedness to Jesus, by the terrible condition of the heathen, and by the awful hell whose yawning mouth is before them, ought you not to say, "Here am I; send me"? The vessel is wrecked, the sailors perishing; they are clinging to the rigging as best they can; they are being washed off one by one! Good God, they die before our eyes, and yet there is a lifeboat, staunch and trim. We want men! Men to man the boat! Here are the oars, but never an arm to use them! What is to be done? Here is the gallant boat, able to leap from billow to billow, only men are wanted! Are there none? Are we all cravens? A man is more precious than the gold of Ophir. Now, my brave brethren, who will leap in and take an oar for the love of Jesus, and yon dying men? And ye brave women, ye who have hearts like that of Grace Darling, will not ye shame the laggards, and dare the tempest for the love of souls in danger of death and hell? Weigh my appeal in earnest and at once, for it is the appeal of God. Sit down and listen to that sorrowful yet majestic demand, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and then respond, "Ready, aye ready; ready for anything to which our Redeemer calls us." Let those who love Him, as they perceive all around them the terrible token of the world's dire need, cry in an agony of Christian love, "Here am I, send me."\*

### Notes and Extracts.

**N.A.M. Prayer Meeting.**—As mentioned in the honorary Secretary's letter on page 40, before this issue is in the hands of its readers, the office of the Mission will (D.V.) have been removed to Paternoster House, 34, Paternoster Row, E.C. The prayer meeting is to be held there on Fridays at five o'clock. It is hoped that all friends of the Mission will make an effort to attend the prayer meeting during the next three or four weeks and thus show practical sympathy with the work, and personally take part by this means in God's work in North Africa. Secretaries of Prayer and Helpers' Unions within reach of the City are earnestly invited to attend. The meeting will close promptly at six o'clock.



**Pictures for Sale.**—Mr. G. R. Gill, artist, who is much interested in the Mission, has kindly offered to paint water-colour landscape pictures for the benefit of the Mission. Size 10 in. by 8; price 10s. 6d. Orders and remittances should be sent to the office at Paternoster House, E.C.



**Hand Painted Texts**, of any size, with or without flowers, etc., or birthday and other cards, can be ordered from Miss Vining, Office of the North Africa Mission, Paternoster House, E.C. Proceeds to go to funds of the Mission.



**Confectionery.**—Miss Shelbourne, of 53, Hova Villas, Hove, Sussex, who has so successfully and systematically carried on the sale of work and fancy articles for several years past that she has been enabled by this and other means to raise the support of two missionaries, is now endeavouring, in connexion with the Hove and Brighton auxiliaries, to undertake the support of a third, as mentioned several months ago. She has started a new department of missionary trading, and will be pleased to receive orders for cocoa-nut ice at 1s. 3d. per lb., and for chocolate creams and other fondants at 3s. per lb., post free. Being home-made, these can be warranted pure.

**Mr. Percy Smith**, in a letter dated Constantine, February 17th, says: "We went out into a *dwar* near here on Wednesday last, and had arranged to stay for a day or two, but the snow has stopped us for a while. If fine, we shall probably go next week. There are six small villages close together with a good number of inhabitants. A market is held there once a week, so that we should have a good opportunity for preaching the Gospel.

"We had a good meeting for the Jews last Wednesday. There were nine present. The meetings are rather conversational, and a fair amount of interest is taken. We get them without asking them to come now, as the meetings are so well known."



**Mr. Jones**, of Casablanca, in his diary to hand in February, says: "Three young *talebs* visited us to-day (January 21st). After Mr. Nott had taken our photographs, we had tea together, and spent quite a happy afternoon. We ask your prayers for these young men; they have been visiting us on and off for two years or more, and have heard the Gospel repeatedly, but still hold tenaciously to the Mohammedan creed."



**Miss Breeze**, writing on March 6th from the Women's Hospital, Tangier, says: "We are fairly busy, as we have now five medical days per week. Last Tuesday we had about sixty patients, although it was a wet day. We also have six in-patients. A man came the other day to know if we can take in his daughter, and has now gone back to Mogador to fetch her by steamer."



**Mr. Fairman**, of whose itineration in the Delta, with Mr. Fraser, an account is elsewhere given, had to abandon the work last month, owing to an attack of dysentery. He was able to return to Cairo, where Dr. Lasbrey, of the C.M.S. Medical Mission, very kindly treated him in his own house. He soon recovered under the careful attention, but on starting work again had a slight relapse. We are thankful, however, to learn from later news to hand that he has now quite recovered and resumed his journeyings. Prayer is asked for him and his companion in this important branch of work. Mr. Fraser, writing on February 17th of their itinerating experiences, says: "We had some very blessed and happy times, and one felt that the Lord was answering the prayers that were being offered by so many friends and fellow-workers in England and Scotland."

\* Readers are recommended to procure the whole sermon, No. 1,351, from the publishers at address mentioned above, or from the office of the Mission. Price one penny.

**Mr. Hooper** writes, February 15th, from **Shebin-El-Kom**: "Our meetings are keeping up as usual. We get from twenty to thirty every night, except Saturday, which day we hold as our rest day. Our leading opponent just now brings his own Bible, and follows our reading and address, after which he asks questions on the same subject and leads the discussion."



**Lady Missionaries' Training Home**, 15, Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.—It is desired to draw the attention of all who are interested in the training of missionaries to this excellent Home. Several of our missionaries now in the field were trained there.

Ladies from all Evangelical denominations are received, and trained either for the home or foreign work. The course comprises Bible study, systematic teaching in theology, Christian evidences, religions of the world, etc., evangelistic and sick visitation, and the holding of Gospel, women's, and girls' meetings. Also medical lectures, and practical dispensary work. In some cases arrangements are made for hospital training.

The fees for board, residence, and lectures are £30 per annum, *i.e.*, £10 per term, payable in January, April, and September.

Applications should be made to the Hon. Sec., Miss Forrester-Paton, Mar's Hill House, Alloa, N.B.

## To the Friends of the North Africa Mission.

I, PALMEIRA AVENUE,  
WESTCLIFF, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA,

March 12th, 1902.

DEAR FELLOW-HELPERS,—The past month has been a good deal occupied with arrangements for moving our offices and the probationers. The latter are now provided for at Highgate Road, and the offices will, by the date that this is published, be at Paternoster House, 34, Paternoster Row, E.C. The rooms in this building which we are to occupy, are Nos. 41 and 44, on the third floor, and can be reached by a lift or by the stairs of No. 33 or No. 34, Paternoster Row. We shall still have premises at Linton Road, Barking, for storing and other purposes, but all correspondence should be directed to The North Africa Mission, Paternoster House, E.C. We again ask your prayers that these changes may be blessed to the furtherance of the work.

Mr. Cooksey, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Liley are still endeavouring to awaken a wider interest in the needs of North Africa by taking meetings in various parts, and Miss Bolton and Mrs. Edwards are using their stay at home for the same purpose. It has been my privilege also to take a few meetings, with the same object in view. We realise, however, that it is only as God graciously uses the messages of His servants that any permanent interest can be aroused, and so we need to pray as well as work. Some twenty-five millions of Moslems are living north of the Soudan, between the Atlantic and the Red Sea, and more than half a million of them die every year, very few of whom have ever heard the Gospel.

We do not plead for a sect or even for a mission, but for these poor, sinful, and deluded people, whom Christ has commanded His Church to evangelise, and who will soon be beyond the reach of our voices.

A lady, who might be looked upon as a decidedly spiritual person, said a few days ago: "Why should not Christians live comfortably? The mistake is to set one's heart on these things."

It is quite true, the mistake is to set our hearts on earthly things; but suppose our living comfortably means the world's remaining unevangelised, and sinners dying without hearing of Christ? "Doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know

"**All Nations**" Prayer Union.—This Union issues a neat little prayer-list for its members. The secretary is the well-known active advocate of Missions, Mr. W. Roger Jones. The motto of the Union is, "Helping together by Prayer" (2 Cor. i. 11). On day fifteen for the months March, June, September, and December the Mission to be prayed for is the North Africa Mission, and members of the Union are asked not only to pray for the general subject of the day, but also specially for workers in that particular field who are known to them or in whom they are interested. Perhaps some N.A.M. workers may feel led to reciprocate this kind help, and pray specially for members of the "All Nations" Union on these days.



Under the title "**A Druse Episode of Mount Lebanon**," Mr. J. Rose, of Sandhurst, Camberley, Berks, contributes a most interesting article to THE BAPTIST, February 28th. There are about 150,000 Druses in Lebanon and Bashan, and they seem to be as hard to reach with the Gospel as Mohammedans. The mysteries of their religion are little understood, and there is much need for prayer that missionaries may be called of God, and sent out to preach Christ amongst them. A few notable conversions have taken place, and persecution for Christ's sake has been patiently endured by the converts.

it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

What a mercy it is to know that God is faithful, and that whenever His Church fails He will raise up servants to do His work from some unexpected quarter. Yet those who are slack in His service will suffer eternal loss of honour and blessing.

We are giving as an article a part of a sermon preached by the late C. H. Spurgeon, and would recommend our friends to purchase copies for distribution, as it is calculated to stir up the hearts of God's servants to renewed missionary zeal.

The work in the field is going on vigorously, as the weather is now favourable, and will be for the next three months, after which the hot season begins.

We would specially ask your prayers for the native converts and native workers. It is through them that the most effective work can be done. They need the guidance and spiritual support of the missionaries, but they understand the native mind better than we can, and they appreciate the native difficulties.

Counting on your continued prayerful co-operation,

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD H. GLENNY.

## The Late Mrs. Flad.

I AM sure the readers of our paper would like to be drawn in sympathy with us by hearing something more concerning our friend Mrs. Flad, who has just lately been called from us into the presence of Him whom she loved to serve below. Hers was a life whose sweetness made itself felt far outside her family circle, and therefore the miss in the home is too great and too sacred for any words of mine to depict (though I was an intimate friend). I know her life entered into everything which her husband undertook, and that their lives, so full of earnest work for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, were one. We can but thank God for the grace which enables Mr. Flad to take up again bravely and cheerfully a work which has increased difficulties now that he is without her, who was such a true helpmeet. The large Jewish school for girls and boys will miss a mother, who took individual interest in them. I have stood in amazement and seen her, surrounded with her girls at work on their different embroideries, crochet, or knitting, skilfully, by a word or a turn of the needle, helping

one after another, and all the time making her influence felt and keeping control. She, indeed, seemed made for the important position she occupied, and its many-sided needs never seemed to overtax her ingenuity in meeting them.

She lived in touch with the Giver of wisdom, and received from His liberality; therefore, all who turned to her for advice found her ready. Prayer was her delight, and all who knew her were accustomed to kneel with her in supplication over any difficulty that arose. She rarely came to see me that we did not together put what we had been talking about into the Lord's hands, and I could tell of prayers answered that she and I together offered at the mercy seat. God had endowed her with many gifts, but with them all she was retiring and perfectly simple and natural. Such a fully occupied life, and yet she manifested the charm of always having plenty of time to take interest in what interested you. As a speaker at meetings, she delighted everybody, as she told, in her simple, true way, of her love for her Jewish women and girls. A letter from London tells me that Mr. Wilkinson remarked, on hearing of her death, that he should never forget her loving, earnest manner as she told her tale at Keswick a few years ago. I remember her at a drawing-room meeting we had together at my home that year, how she pointed out the superior attractions in the Jewish women over our Arab friends, remarking, laughingly, that she loved the one best, but I the other, and we never could agree on the subject. She is now at rest from these many labours which made her life so happy and lovable, and we cannot wonder that the Lord called so sweet a soul home to be with Himself. Could she speak to us, she might use the words of the bride in the Canticles: "It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth." It was in perfect peace that she went from us; her mind, during her short illness, was constantly occupied in repeating verses and hymns she loved.

"You cannot keep me," she gently said to her husband, as he was using every effort to subdue the fever which was exhausting her strength. No, he could not, but she is being kept for him, till the day when they shall together cast their crowns at the Saviour's feet.

Great sympathy was evinced in Tunis; numbers—English, French, Germans, Swiss, Jews, and one Arab—following from house to church, and from church to cemetery. I was stopped by people in the street anxious to know the hour of the funeral, that they might join us at one place or the other. A poor Jewish man, a shoemaker, went to Mr. Flad one day during her illness, at the usual hour he received those who wished to hear the scriptures read, and on Mr. Flad saying he felt he could not do more that morning than pray with them, this shoemaker knelt down, and, for the first time in his life, led them all in prayer in the name of Christ. Later he told Mr. Flad how he had felt drawn to return to the grave, and there he had knelt down and thanked God he had known Mrs. Flad, and all he asked was that he might be "landed where she had gone."

The memory of the just is blessed, and dear Héléne Flad leaves with us the memory of a sweet life, full of love and usefulness, because consecrated to the Master's service. She was ever thinking of others, and I fancy would not like me to close without some word for those left here below, on whom sorrow will some time surely fall. For her, let me remind you of some lines of Mr. Charles Fox, which I have seen proved true in this time of trial; he wrote—

"Oh, store up God's great love within thy soul:  
So suffering never shall exhaust thy joy,  
So darkness shall but draw out star by star  
God's mercies, till the lap of heaven o'erflows  
With waiting worlds of light the *sunshine* hid."

M. B. GRISSELL.

## Report of the North Africa Workers' Union for 1901.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-HELPERS,—It is time to send the annual report, and I wish to thank you very warmly for your kind help. The garments sent were, on the whole, very good this year. The money some members sent instead of work I spent in flannel underclothing, always much needed. Our missionaries all ask that their hearty thanks may be conveyed to the kind workers, and that they may be told how much their labour is appreciated. One writes: "We do not know what we should do without the help of the Workers' Union." Another: "The parcel from N.A.W.U. is one of the greatest treats to us at Christmas time." I am sending some of the letters of thanks round to the local secretaries, to show how much our Union is valued. Please do not forget to let me have all parcels early in October. We greatly need more helpers, either as local secretaries or scattered members. I shall be glad to give any information required.

The amount received from members was £23 14s. 10d.; and the amount spent in postage, duty, and flannels, etc., £23 18s. 7d.

Yours very sincerely,

LOUISA E. TIGHE.

THE PRIORY, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

February 28th, 1902.

### LIST OF LOCAL SECRETARIES OF WORKERS' UNION.

- Basingstoke*.—Miss M. A. Smith, Rose Hill.  
*Bedford*.—Miss Rundall, 35, Waterloo Road.  
*Birmingham*.—Mrs. Hill, The Hill, Perry Barr.  
*Clevedon*.—Miss Hodgson, Norham, Victoria Road.  
*Clifton*.—Miss Clapham, Chudleigh House, Whiteladies Road.  
*Croydon (West)*.—Miss M. Chapman, Westwood, Oakfield Road.  
*Eastbourne*.—Miss Gurney, Granville Lodge, Granville Road.  
*Edinburgh*.—Mrs. Porteous, Eastwell Lodge, Priestfield Road.  
*Finchley*.—Miss Rose Hill, 5, Elm Park Road, Church End.  
*Guernsey*.—Miss Eva Roberts, 2, Almorah Villas, Mount Arrivé.  
*Hazelhatch (co. Dublin)*.—Mrs. Warren, Peamount.  
*Herne Bay*.—Miss Ethel Gore, Beacon Lodge, Beacon Road.  
*Hove (Brighton)*.—Miss Grey, 32, Goldstone Villas.  
*Hythe (Kent)*.—Miss Southsee (for Mrs. Lampert), Park Lodge.  
*Liverpool*.—Miss J. Merrick, 120, Bedford Street.  
*London (Upper Clapton)*.—Miss Tucker, 255, Evering Road.  
*London (Upper Holloway)*.—Miss A. L. Smee, 54, St. John's Park.  
*London (Hornsey)*.—Miss Aldwinckle, 11, Wolseley Road, Crouch End.  
*London (Streatham Hill)*.—Mrs. Bagster, 21, Palace Road.  
*Norwood (Upper)*.—Miss Dalton, 39, Woodland Road.  
*Norwood (South)*.—Miss Lambert, 11, Sunny Bank.  
*Portrush (co. Antrim)*.—Mrs. Macaulay, Strandmore.  
*Redhill (Surrey)*.—Mrs. G. Code, Tregwynt, Station Road.  
*Tunbridge Wells*.—Mrs. Morrison, 13, Claremount Road.  
*Toronto (Canada)*.—Mrs. Hoskin, The Dale.  
*Wantage*.—Miss Clark, Emerald Hill.  
*Weston-super-Mare*.—Miss F. Blake, Rocklease, Atlantic Road.

## A Sketch.

It was far away north of the Dark Continent, on a night about the middle of November, and while in the colder climes of the hemisphere the land lay in frost, snow, or thick dangerous fogs, here it was soft and mild like an English summer. The place was flooded with silver moonlight; deep shadows here and there showing up the lights of the little oriental town of S—— as it lay girded by the deep blue Mediterranean, with the two long arms of its port gathering into quiet safety the few vessels that had harboured there. How white and glistening all those flat roofs looked, interspersed with the turreted minarets and cupolas! To the left waved a deep crimson flag, with star and crescent clearly visible in the moonlight, telling without doubt under whose spiritual dominion the inhabitants lived and died. On the terrace of one of the houses stood two figures side by side, with bare heads, in that silver light. Their eyes were riveted on a narrow street, winding through a portion of the town below. Up this incline moved slowly, yet joyously, a little crowd of men and boys, each carrying a small lighted candle. In the centre was a young man dressed in a long flowing blue robe, with his crimson "fez" adorned with its indispensable blue silk tassel, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Here comes the bridegroom," said the younger of the two figures, "Bachira won't be long now." A short while later, another crowd is seen—this time of the closely-veiled, black-robed women and girls, preceded by two persons carrying great sprays of coloured candles, in shape something like a human hand. This *cortège* moved to the sound of the weird marriage call, made by the women themselves in rapidly passing the fingers up and down against the lips, and then crying aloud. The young bride, about fifteen years of age, silently walked in the centre of the group, supported on either side by one of her female relations. A corner of her brilliant gold-embroidered cap peeped forth from beneath the white silk haick which enveloped her from head to foot. These were all on their way to the bridegroom's home, where Bachira, after four days of painting, dressing, feasting, etc., was being escorted. From her mother's house below and other dwellings round about the same shrill festive cry was echoed till the night air vibrated with the sound.

"Poor child!" sighed the elder of the two figures on the terrace; "now will begin for her *life* with all its jealousies, sorrow, and loneliness. That man may have two, or even three wives already, and if this new one does not happen to please him, he may cast her off at will."

But hark! What is that? They bent forward to listen, as the atmosphere was rent by sounds of a very different nature—wild piercing shrieks, alternated by long, low wailings, that told of the near presence of the Angel of Death.

"He has gone then. Poor H. passed away into the blackness of darkness for ever. I thought the end was near this morning when visiting them, as his wife and several of the women had already begun to tear their cheeks till the blood flowed. Oh! sister, this awful religion of Islam! Without a Saviour from sin, without pardon, without hope in this world or the next. If only God's people in the homelands knew more of the terrible needs of these Mohammedans for the Gospel, surely, *surely* there would not be so many millions of them still left without a witness." And the tears glittered in her eyes as she spake.

"Let us ask Him again, here and now," said the other. And there on the terrace in that flood of silver light, amid the mingled cries of rejoicing and mourning, they two knelt and prayed, as they had done so many times before, that the Lord of the Harvest would call, separate, and send forth more labourers into His vineyard (Isaiah vi. 8).—A. L. C. (Susa).

## Faith for a Sixpence.

The following touching incident—illustrating the simple faith of a little child—which happened to Mr. John Shrimpton, may perhaps be the means of strengthening the faith of some children of a larger growth.

I was walking along the streets of London one cold and wet night with a desponding friend, trying to cheer him, and longing to see a spark of hope kindled in his heart. In our walk we arrived at Victoria Station. While talking together a little child stepped forward, and said, "Any lights, sir?"

"No, Topsy," I replied; "I don't want any; I don't smoke."

"Oh, but please, sir, do buy a box!" she persisted in a pleading tone.

"No, no; run away, Topsy," I continued; "I have no use for lights."

But still she persisted. At last, seeing her earnestness, I asked her what she did all day, and at what time she was going home, for it was then past ten o'clock.

"Oh," she replied, "I go to school in the day, and after four o'clock I come out here."

"But why do not your father and mother take care of you?" I asked.

"Father has run away, and mother is ill in bed."

"And what do you come out here for?"

"I come and stay here till I have taken sixpence."

"But you don't always take sixpence, do you?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

"But you won't get sixpence to-night."

"Yes, I shall, sir."

"Well, how much have you now?"

She seemed inclined not to let me know; but I said, "Come, Topsy, you must tell me all about it." So, half afraid, she drew some coppers from a pocket in her cotton dress, and counted out threepence-halfpenny.

"Well now, you will never get sixpence to-night," I said.

"Oh, yes, sir," she answered, "I shall. I always take home sixpence."

"Now, Topsy, tell me what makes you so sure of getting sixpence."

For some time she would not answer, but after a little pressing she said:

"Because, before I come out I kneel down by mother's bed and say the Lord's Prayer, and mother says our Father will help me to get sixpence, and He always does."

"Oh, but I thought you said your father had run away?"

"Don't you know, sir," she simply asked, "that we have a Father in heaven?"

"Yes; but you don't mean to say He hears you about a sixpence?"

"Yes, He does, sir; and He will send me sixpence."

"Well, if I were to give you twopence-halfpenny, what would you do?"

"Why, sir, I should run home to mother, because my Father had given me all I asked for."

It is needless to say that the twopence-halfpenny was speedily produced, and suitably acknowledged by the little one, who merrily tripped away home. I turned to my friend, who all this time had stood by without saying a word; our glances met, and my only remark was, "There, H——, you have got your lesson." We forthwith separated—I to my bachelor chambers, he to be led into hope and brightness by the faith of a little child.

Are there any who may read these lines who are fearful and desponding? Reader, have you trusted like this child? Her faith was great, and its greatness consisted in its simplicity. It was trust in the heavenly Father, without a doubt.





*The Date Harvest in North Africa.*

## News from the Mission-Field.

### Algeria.

From Mrs. E. E. Short  
(Constantine).

Last week I had rather a new kind of work, or, rather, sphere of work. I went with Mr. Short by train to the nearest Arab village, named E——. I wanted to see if it were possible to find an opening amongst the women and girls. We prayed much that the Lord would open up the way before us, and He truly answered prayer. The first opening came through some little children calling out, "Give me a *sou*." I called them to me, and talked to them, passing round some figs that I had with me. At last I asked them if I might go and see their mother. This amused them greatly, but nevertheless they took us, one or two going before to tell of our coming. On our arrival I found a number of women sitting at the door of a large hut. They gave me rather a noisy and rude welcome, as I told them who I was and what I wanted. But they quite changed as I took out my Scripture picture

book, and spoke to them of God. They listened so quietly and attentively, and when I stopped asked for more. Singing about God, too, was quite a new thing to them. As I left they gave me a warm invitation to go again.

Our next open door was an Arab *café*, but I could not very well go in, so Mr. Short went, while I sat on a low tree a little further off to watch. While sitting there, there came along two little boys with a top. I began to talk to them, and soon we were looking over the picture book together. Other children, seeing something was happening, came running up; afterwards some young fellows and a man or two. Mr. Short had joined me by this time, and finished by telling the parable of the "Prodigal Son."

As we went home that night we felt that our journey had not been in vain, and we trust that soon we may be able to repeat the experiment, and that others may be brought under the sound of the Gospel.

### Tunis.

From Mrs. Purdon  
(Tunis).

This year the Christmas treat, which Mrs. Michell gives each year to the girls of the Moslem girls' school, had to be postponed till the beginning of February on account of two cases of smallpox in the house where the school is held.

It was a great disappointment to the children, who had been looking forward, for weeks, to the presents of garments and dolls which they knew they would receive, but when, at last,

the house had been disinfected, and it was considered safe to allow the children back again, they were greatly delighted, and all arrived on the morning of the feast looking so bright and pretty, and all dressed in their best clothes.

The photograph will give you an idea of what a nice class of girls are attending school, but it cannot show you how pretty they looked in their bright coloured garments, or how excited they were as they took their places in the schoolroom and saw the decorations, and the table covered with dolls and other little things.

It was a great encouragement to find that they had not forgotten what they had been learning before Christmas, and they were able to sing the Christmas hymn ("Hark! the herald angels sing") very nicely, although their eyes and minds were very much occupied with the pretty things in the room.

After Miss Grissell had said a few words to them, welcoming them back to school, Mrs. Michell and Miss Hammon gave out the bright, warm blouses, which the girls themselves had worked at during the previous school term, and the beautiful dolls which kind friends in England

had dressed and sent out. It was a pleasure to see the faces of delight of some of the girls. They are so fond of dolls dressed in English style. There was one special treasure, a doll which could "speak," and this was given to a little child, called Zebaida, as a reward for improvement in conduct and attention. It was so pretty to see her delight, she was half afraid to take such a wonderful creature in her hands at first, but her fear did not last long, and she was so pleased with it, showing it to all the other girls, and making it "talk."

There were other little presents, and cakes and oranges, in which the mothers of the girls shared, and a scramble for nuts out in the court, and then all the treasures were wrapped up and taken home, and the little treat was over.

But although that day is passed, yet we hope that the pleasure and good are not yet passed. These little ones have so few pleasures, and so little love shown them, that such an occasion is a bright spot in their lives, and to be remembered for a long time.

The school is going on regularly now. Will you who already take an interest in this work for the Master, still continue to pray that what these girls hear so constantly, and the Bible words they learn so correctly, may bring life to their souls, and true joy and abiding love into their lives?

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

Feb. 23rd.—This week we had our first meeting at the Dépôt since Mr. Michell left. Miss Grissell was to have spoken, but as Lozato came down also to invite the men in, she insisted on my speaking.

We had about a dozen in, I think. Of course, we did not commence with that number, but one and another dropped in. One Arab who came in was very fair and nice in his manner. He argued a good deal, but as most of his questions touched on the subject of salvation, the answers involved very clear statements on the way of salvation.

Towards the end he made some remarks about Mohammed which he said were in the Koran. When I handed him the Koran to show them to me, he said he could not touch it, as he had not washed. "Well," I said, "I won't ask you to; but the Koran says only 'None shall touch it save the cleansed,'



Photo by Mr. Purdon.

\*  
Pupils  
of the  
Moslem  
Girls'  
School,  
Tunis.  
\*

so you can repeat the verses to me." He said the word "touch" implied also "repeating." So I said, "Very well, we have finished now. Come next Wednesday, and wash yourself before you come!" He wished to continue on another line; but as his "uncleansed condition" was only his excuse for not being able to prove what he said, we dismissed the meeting. The subject had mainly been, "How could it be that God became incarnate and died?" and they all listened beautifully for quite twenty minutes, while we tried to show them, by word and illustration, what the death of The Word incarnate meant to us sinners.

We cannot carry on the meeting as we did at Rue du Pacha, our old shop, as the street is quite a French one, and not many Arabs pass along it, so that it takes about half an hour to collect a meeting. We commenced by singing, accompanied by the baby organ (kindly lent by Miss Jones); but so many Italians collected round the door that we thought it wiser to stop, lest we should be accused of causing an obstruction in the street. One of those two apparent inquirers was present, and very openly spoke to the others, affirming that Christ had truly opened the way to God by His death on the Cross. I expected the others would have turned on him; but no, they made no remark. The other man has found work (both were out of work), and so cannot come save at times, and I believe Miss Grissell has very often had them at her house. The first man came also to me with B. last night to a little meeting I have arranged to have in our Arab room, at 6.30 each Saturday evening. The night was very wet, and we are hoping more did not come on that account only. I got B. to write me out some cards of invitation, in Arabic style, with which he himself invited several men; but none, as I have said, turned up. The card is as follows:—

"NOTICE.

"General reading of the Revealed books in the house, Rue Ben Mahmoud, No. 1. I ask from your excellencies that you will grace (our gathering) the eve of the 1st day, 5½ hours from midnight, French time.—From your Brother, Monsieur Purdon, and Peace (be on you)."

It sounds respectful, at all events!

This said man prayed himself, after we had spoken together

on Repentance for one and a half hours, asking God, for Christ's sake, to forgive him. I said "Amen," so he commenced again, using the same words, and again I said "Amen," whereupon he commenced again; and so, as I thought maybe he takes "Amen" to mean "Encore," I remained silent, and so he ceased. Poor fellow! I do hope he is true, and not playing the hypocrite, or expecting to make godliness a way of gain.

I spoke to my porter boys about Samuel last Tuesday, and how he was dedicated to God, and of God's call to him.

Their interest was as deep as their inattention the previous week. The change was very encouraging. I had thirteen, and all were good and attentive. Their remarks are not always appropriate. While I was telling how Samuel ran to Eli each time he heard the voice, and how Eli denied calling him, one of them burst in with, "Just like the Carakooz!" (*i.e.*, the native theatre, where all sorts of wonderful things happen).

The Arab who brings us bread each day is reading the Gospel. I asked him to come yesterday, but I suppose the rain prevented him also.

## Tripoli.

From Mrs. Venables

(Tripoli).

March 8th.—The Medical Mission is regularly crowded; twice the number of women we used to have come now. Often the door has been closed before time, the rooms being full. Many of these attend several times, but we sometimes wonder where all the people come from, considering how numerous the fresh cases are each day. It gives splendid opportunities for delivering the message, and, thank God, some among them are intelligent, and listen attentively; but only those who have had similar people to deal with can understand the stupidity of others. Even the simplest directions about medicine seem beyond them; one is tempted to think what is the use of teaching them. How *can* they understand? We do need grace to be patient, and to repeat over and over again the simple facts of the Gospel. This shows, too, the need of more workers, that there may be no hurry.

In the houses we have many friends, and a few who will listen to the teaching, though one only who seems sincerely desirous of being taught. I fear her ideas of sin are too shallow to appreciate God's great gift to her, yet what she says often gives me some encouragement.

The sewing class numbers about the same as a year ago—nearly thirty. Most of the members are very regular, some taking pleasure in learning the texts, etc. The girls trust us, and are slowly being influenced. Please pray for all our work.

From Mr. W. Reid

(Tripoli).

In January a black boy was brought to us with his right arm in a terrible condition. Some time during Ramadhan he had

fallen and hurt his hand. His people tied it up and left it alone for over a week. When they took away the filthy bandages, the fingers fell off, and when the father brought him to us the long bones of the hand were quite bare, and the smell of it was terrible. After consulting with the resident doctor, Mr. Venables decided to let the father and son stay in our house for a week or two, so that the arm might be dressed every day. The case seemed hopeless; but, thanks to good food, medicine regularly administered, and regular dressing, the arm is now almost well. While the father and boy stayed in the house they were the subjects of much talk, and the cause of many a "What God hath willed!"

On Feb. 4th we commenced a weekly meeting for Jews, and it has been well attended up to the present.

The medical mission is specially well attended just now. The men pay good attention to the preaching, and it is clear that much of the old bigotry has disappeared, and many have come to look upon us as having some authority even in matters of religion. Discussion has become more common, and is carried on in a much better spirit.

At times, as I think of the things I have said of Mohammed and Islam, I wonder I am alive to tell the tale. And yet in reality only a very few seem to bear ill-will to us: rather is it otherwise with most; they at least respect us, and frankly acknowledge the practical part of our testimony amongst them. In spite of all their immorality, they are not too low to appreciate kindness and patience, and our not returning evil for evil.

With regard to S. [the native convert], I do not know what the people generally think he comes to us for. But lately a better-class man told the people that S. before he came to us was like the rest of the Arabs, but that now he is an honest, straightforward, cultivated man.

## Egypt.

From Mr. Levack

(Alexandria).

The report of one's work for the past month could be summed up in one word, viz., Study. Week in and week out, Arabic claims the lion's share of one's time, and rightly so, for it is no mean foe, and is worthy of one's best steel.

Every Sunday sees some of us engaged in English work in the German Hospital, in connection with the sailor patients. In this work hardly a Sunday goes by without some token of blessing. Some have professed conversion, others have been manifestly impressed, and others, while assenting to the truth, have gone away with steeled hearts. Truly, we see exemplified the truth of the statement in 2 Cor. ii. 16, "We are to the one the savour from death unto death; to the other the savour from life unto life."

The responsibility of declaring the truth as it is in Christ

has been more than once impressed upon us. One man to whom I spoke personally, and who seemed quite strong, had been called from time into eternity before another week had passed.

The service generally lasts about three-quarters of an hour, after which we have the opportunity of speaking a few words personally.

I have also taken meetings at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute. Here I have heard of the conversion of one soldier. The messages delivered were listened to with attention.

For this work, during the first year of our experience out here, we cannot but give thanks to God. The services tone us up for the incoming week, and bring us in touch with the needs of men, thus keeping before us our life's object of witnessing for Christ.

From Mr. W. T. Fairman  
(Alexandria).

ITINERATION IN KALIOUBIYEH.

As soon as the month of Ramadhan was over—the month of fasting during which the bigotry of the Moslems is greater than at any other time—our work commenced. We decided to make our first journey an itineration of the province of Kalioubiyeh, which forms the apex of the Nile Delta. Our plan of campaign was to visit each *markaz* of the Province (each province is divided into so many sections for local governmental purposes, and the chief town of each section is called a *markaz*), staying in each place a few days and visiting every day, by means of our bicycles, one or more villages in the district. Our journey lasted twenty-one days; during which period we were enabled to visit nineteen different places. Some of these we visited more than once; and in all we were enabled to bear testimony to the saving power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to call the people to faith in Him. Our audiences varied in size from six to over one hundred. In most, if not all, of these places, some portion, or portions, of the Word of God were sold, and if we failed to sell to anyone, we left at least one portion behind us in the hands of a man whose powers of reading we had tested, and who, we believed, would be likely to read and preserve the portion given to him. Our sales of Scripture and tracts have been small, partly because there are but few Copts (who are nominally Christian) in the province, but mainly, I feel, because of the extreme poverty of the people. Mr. Fraser and I have been greatly encouraged by the way in

which we and our message has been received. Almost without exception we have been listened to attentively and respectfully by those who gathered around us; and though our message may not have been accepted, and we cannot speak of souls believing in Christ unto everlasting life, yet we have felt again and again as we went away from a village or township behind us, that the verbal testimony and the printed word left there would receive thoughtful reconsideration and reading, and so we have felt that our toil was not in vain. Ours it is to sow. God's it is to give the increase. And we may be well assured that He will not suffer a single word of His to fall to the ground and die fruitless. "It shall accomplish . . . it shall prosper."

We have found our "bikes" exceedingly useful. There are some very good agricultural roads intersecting the province which are kept in good condition. Where these do not exist there are foot tracks along which a bicycle can easily be ridden, although at times the way may be exceedingly rough. Our twenty-one days' experience has proved to us that the bicycle is one of the most useful adjuncts to the outfit of the missionary in Egypt; enabling him to go wherever he may wish, and so reducing the expenses of itineration considerably.

Our bicycles have caused some excitement, for as yet they are novelties to the great majority. Many and various have

been the names given to them: "iron donkey," "donkey of the road," "evil spirit of the road," being the most frequent.

"Wallahi!" said one old woman we passed one day, lifting up her hands in astonishment and calling upon her companions to look. "Wallahi! We have lived and we have seen!"

The excitement and the interest aroused by our appearance on bicycles in a village has done us more good than harm, however, for they have often attracted an audience in what otherwise seemed a deserted village.

For brevity's sake I propose merely to give an incident or two from our experiences in each centre.

Our first *markaz* was Kalioub. Here we were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Pennings, of the Dutch Mission, which for the last thirty years has done a noble work here principally amongst the Copts. A little church of some twenty members has been formed, and services are held twice on Sunday, and twice or thrice during the week. On my first Sunday in Kalioub I preached twice to a congregation of over forty men and women, who accorded me a most attentive hearing. I

preached again to them the following Sunday morning, and spoke at two of their week evening meetings. It was a source of great joy and refreshment to my own soul to be able to have fellowship with and minister to a little native evangelical church.

The mission has also a very prosperous boys' and girls' school, and another boys' school in a village on the Nile at the Barrage. But perhaps the work that interested us most of all, which seems most calculated to bear abiding fruit in the future, is the little orphan home founded by Mr. Pennings about two years ago. At the time we

visited Kalioub there were, I think, eighteen or nineteen orphans in residence, one of these being a girl and seven or eight Moslems. When each child is received the relatives have to sign a paper renouncing all legal rights over the child in the future, thus leaving the missionary a perfectly free hand in dealing with it. They all looked very bright and happy in their home, a special building standing in a large piece of ground next the mission house. A married teacher and his wife live with them and superintend them. And they receive a good education as well as daily instruction in the Gospel. Already one could see the change which constant Christian influence and training had wrought in their young lives, the harbinger of better and greater things. Mr. Pennings himself is responsible for the upkeep of this orphan work, and for the provision of all that is needed he simply trusts in the Lord. He deserves all the prayer and sympathy we can give him. From Kalioub five villages were visited.

Our next stopping place was the *markaz* Nauwa. Here we shared the bedroom of a Greek who "runs" a general shop. On our first night, whilst we were waiting for our supper, we were enabled to have a very good meeting in the room set apart as a *café*.

Mr. Fraser and I were seated in this room waiting and

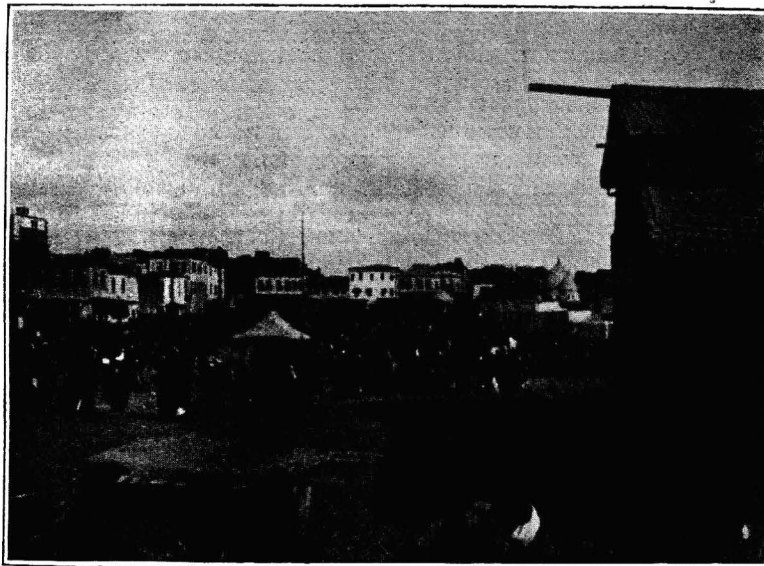


Photo by

Benha, Kalioubiyeh, Nile Delta. /

[Mr. Fairman.]

chatting with a couple of Copts, when suddenly a number of Moslems came in and seated themselves, one of whom immediately began to question one of the Copts on religious matters. The whole attitude of the man and the trend of his questions made it quite clear that he had heard of our arrival, and this was his way of getting into controversy with us. We found out afterwards that he was a brother of the Omd of the village. At last he asked the Copt this question: Who is God? How would you describe Him? The Copt's answer not satisfying him, he forthwith proceeded to give an answer himself, composed of various Koranic sentences: "God. There is no God but God. The One God. The Unique. The Eternal. The Everlasting. He has no partner. He was not begotten, neither doth He beget. The Merciful, the Compassionate." As he made this statement he turned suddenly to me, saying, "Is it not so, monsieur?" I replied, "Yes. Very good. But I have a more important question to ask you." "What is that?" "Yes, it is true God is one God, eternal, holy, just, good. But how will you prepare to meet Him in the resurrection day?" "By doing many good works." "If you trust in your good works you will go to hell." "Why?" "Because all your good works are full of sin." This immediately led to a long discussion, and I was enabled to press home the truths of man's sinfulness and the utter futility and impossibility of attempting to please God and merit salvation by our works; and finally to hold up to the view of them all Christ Jesus as the only way of salvation. They tried their hardest to draw me off into a discussion of the claims of Mohammed, but I was enabled to keep from this, and to press home my main truth, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, Who gave Himself a ransom for all." In this manner for one hour, or perhaps more, I had a grand opportunity of placing the Gospel before ten men, eight of whom were Moslems. At last they could stand it no longer, and seeing I would not discuss Mohammed they silently rose, and without the customary salute, went out into the night. During our stay here we visited six villages, viz., S., T., K., A., K., and E.

From Nauwa we went to Tonkh, and from that centre several villages were visited, in one or two of which we had gatherings of one hundred men or more. Leaving Tonkh we stayed at Benha for two days. Here we had the pleasure of enjoying fellowship with the little native church in connection with the American Mission, attending the Saturday evening prayer-meeting and the Sunday morning service. The American Mission is doing good work, having large boys' and girls' schools here, a medical mission twice a week, and a resident native evangelist. At the present time new buildings are in course of erection, which when finished will provide a suitable home for all the work. From Benha we visited the village of E., on our way back to Tonkh, and here, to a little group of six, we preached Jesus for over an hour. With our visit to this place we brought to a close our work in Kalioubiyeh.

In a few days we shall again be starting out, this time to visit the province of Sharkeyeh.

The importance of itinerant work in the Delta has been pressed home upon our hearts by this journey more and more. It appears to us to be *the work* that needs to be done ere we can hope to see much result to the labours of the Lord's servants in this country. That there is a Gospel most of these people know. What that Gospel really is none of them know. Some of them have some vague consciousness of spiritual need, but the great majority are supremely content with what Islam offers them, and none have any idea that only Christ can meet and satisfy the spiritual needs of man.

I would ask for prayer for this work that God's richest blessing may rest upon it, and that all that is necessary in the matter of supplies for its efficient conduct may be forthcoming.

## The Oil Tree in the Wilderness.

We have just returned from a pleasant morning's outing in the country, where we had gone for a few hours' rest and change of scene. We left the train at a new station, one we had not tried before, and soon found ourselves among acres of olives, and hidden away in the midst of them were two orange gardens, their trees laden with golden fruit. So lovely was the one we entered that it made a great contrast to the olive grove surrounding it, for the olive tree is, to my eyes, most disappointing. It makes no show from the distance, for its leaves are so small and grey. This morning we were right among them, and it is the fruit season, consequently the acres of grey trees were no longer desolate and dreary, for there was the hum and stir of life beneath them, and patches of red and blue (women's dresses) showed up picturesquely in the distance. The olive pickers were busy at their work, and very interesting we found it to watch them.

This is what we saw:—Under the tree to be stripped of its fruit was spread a large brown cloth. Two tall ladders enabled the pickers to reach the outspreading branches, while another man was in the midst of the tree. All the men were wearing ram's horns on the three middle fingers of the right hand; the horns were not large, and were squeezed on to fit the fingers, but it gave the hand the appearance of claws. Instead of following the old-fashioned method of beating the tree, the arm was outstretched over the branch, which was passed through their hands so that the horns stripped off the juicy black fruit, which fell in showers all around. There were little children taking their part in the work by picking up the berries which fell over the cloth and throwing them back into it, and then presently the cloth would be gathered up and all the shining berries added to the piled-up heap close by. We remarked that there was wealth in those kilometres of olives this year, to which the men assented, and one of them, taking up a berry in his hand, squeezed it, and showed us the pure oil that came out, and it was evident that life-sustaining power was there too.

The scene set my mind working as we walked away, and the first thought that came to me connected with the olives was Noah's dove bringing back her message of peace, because judgment had fallen and God's wrath against sin was appeased. Then came the Mount of Olives, from which our Lord ascended. God's wrath in judgment had fallen on Him, and He had made peace for us and was returning triumphant to His Father. The olive always carries the symbol of peace. What a fitting place was the Mount of Olives for Him Who at that moment was leaving a legacy of peace behind Him.

He has gone into heaven, and asks us, His followers, to carry the message on, but, first of all, we must be made oil trees, that will bear precious fruit, such fruit that a little contact with some poor, needy soul will act like the pressure on the berry, and the oil of the Spirit will flow out to supply the need. We took up a berry or two and noticed the beautiful bloom some of them had, not all alike, and I could not help wondering what bloom the Lord could see in the fruit of my life, or which others could see that would bring Him glory. The Lord speaks in Isaiah of planting the oil tree in the wilderness, and just now He is working at His plantation, but, sad to say, He has not oil trees enough to plant out. There are still miles of wilderness without a single oil tree. He Who plants guarantees the supply of oil for trees planted in unfavourable soil, and says, "In Me is thy fruit found," only the tree is needed, and presently the desert land will yield the oil of joy. The message supplied by the oil of the Spirit is sure in its fruition to give the oil of joy.

Maybe you have been found a disappointing tree, but if you let the Lord plant you in one of His wilderness places He could make you "a green olive tree of goodly fruit" (Jer. xi. 16).

M. B. GRISELL.

## For the Children.

24, CITE SAMANA, TUNIS,  
March 8th, 1902.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You would, I expect, like to hear a little about Kairouan this month.

The city of Kairouan was considered by the Moslems to be one of the holiest in the world. They would not allow Christians into it, as they consider that we would defile their holy places. But some years ago the French were at war with this country, and, although they prepared for a stout resistance, the city was opened to them, without a blow being struck. It is said that they put their horses into the Grand Mosque, as Cromwell did in Winchester Cathedral. The French have made a rule since then that all visitors who get a permit from them may go into the mosques of Kairouan. This is not allowed in other parts of Tunisia. I visited the Great Mosque three times while I was there, besides several other interesting places. I wonder if you know that these countries of North Africa were once Christian, as England is to-day. In the first few centuries after Christ, there were a great many here who believed in Him. At one time there were hundreds of Bishops here, so there must have been a great number of Christians. There are traces of Christianity in the Great Mosque, for on one of the steps leading up to the minaret from which the call to prayer is given, there is a fish carved in the marble. You know that long ago the fish was a Christian sign. There are a great many pillars in the Mosque, and many of the capitals of these are carved in the old Greek and Roman style, so that it would appear that they have been found by the Mohammedans, and used by them in building their Mosque. They are not at all particular about things matching, and have even used stones with Latin writing on them, some of which are turned upside down!

In another part of the town there are some enormous anchors, and these are kept locked in, though, I assure you, they are a great deal too heavy for anyone to run away with in a hurry! But the people there say they are Noah's anchors; I suppose they think they belonged to the ark. But how foolish and mistaken they are! Even if anchors could remain from then till now, and be found thousands of miles from where they were used, we know that the ark did not need any anchor; God Himself took care of it, and brought it where He wished.

We also saw the place where one of Mohammed's "companions" is said to be buried. They say that three of Mohammed's hairs are buried with him, but they do not quite agree as to what part of the dead man's body the hairs are placed near! Is it not dreadful to think of people believing nonsense like this, and when they are told the truth refusing to believe it?

For some years now there have been missionaries in this city of Kairouan, and we ought especially to rejoice at that, because at one time, and not so very long ago either, it would have been thought quite impossible that missionaries should go there. This should encourage us to pray that other "closed" cities may soon be opened to the messengers of Christ.

At present there are two ladies, Miss North and Miss Addin-sell, at Kairouan. Until about a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Cooksey were there, and then there was a Bible shop, where Mr. Cooksey spoke to the men about Christ. There was a boys' class then, too, and also a class for women. But at present the chief part of the work is at the school for Arab girls. Here is a picture of them, from a photograph taken a little while ago by Mr. Webb, of Susa. You see the big black-board from which they learn their lessons. I went down to the school twice, first when they had their little feast, and the second time to see the school as it is usually carried on. It is held every morning, except Sunday, from half-past eight till about eleven. They have needlework first, as they like that best, and it helps to make them come in good time to have what they like best first. Afterwards they have reading; but they are not so far on as the girls here in Tunis, for the school has not been opened nearly so long as this. Last come the hymns, verses, and Bible lesson. They can say a good number of verses, and had almost finished learning the whole of the ten

commandments when I was there. I will tell you one verse they are taught. It is this: "Swear not at all, etc." I do not think you would need to learn it specially, but they do, for even little mites swear, and they very often swear by their heads, which is one of the things mentioned in the text. A little girl who was begging from me the other day kept saying, "Poor, poor, by the Lord, poor." It is dreadful to hear them saying, as they do so constantly, "by the Lord." While I was at Kairouan, the girls in the school were telling the Bible stories they had learnt instead of having a lesson, and the ladies told me that they gave them very nicely in their own words. This shows that they really under-

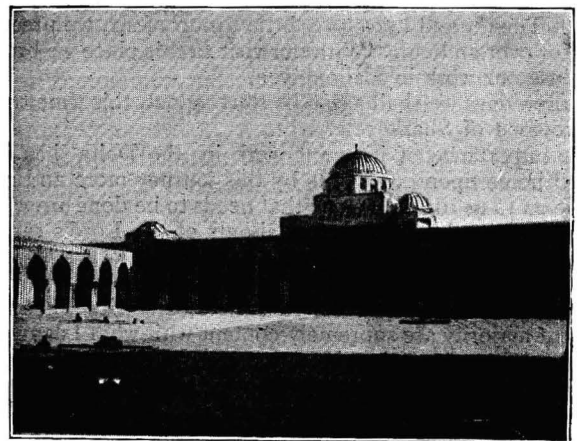
stand them, and attend to what they are taught. Some of them, we hope, will one day decide to follow Christ.

Will you unite in praying for all in Kairouan who have heard of the One Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life?

I remain, your affectionate friend, R. I. L.



*The Mission School, Kairouan.*



*The Grand Mosque, Kairouan.*

**LIST OF DONATIONS FROM FEBRUARY 15th to MARCH 15th, 1902.**  
**GENERAL AND DESIGNATED FUNDS.**

GENERAL FUND.			1902. No. of Feb. Receipt.			1902. No. of Feb. Receipt.			1902. No. of Feb. Receipt.			DETAILS OF DUBLIN AUXILIARY, No. 2.				
1902	No. of	£ s. d.	1902.	No. of	£ s. d.	1902.	No. of	£ s. d.	1902.	No. of	£ s. d.	Designated No. 3671, 3755- Miss FITZPATRICK, Hon. Sec., 27, Upper Grand Canal Street.				
Feb.	Receipt.		Brought forwd.	Feb. Receipt.		Brought forwd.	Feb. Receipt.		Brought forwd.	Feb. Receipt.		No. of	Receipt.	£	s.	d.
18	5812	0 7 6	10	5860	2 2 0	21	3724	0 4 3	11	3769	0 1 0	1		0	10	0
18	5813	1 10 0	10	Stroud	1 11 5	21	3725	0 8 0	11	3770	18 0 0	2		0	10	0
18	5814	0 18 0	10	Maidenhead	0 14 2	21	3726	1 0 0	11	3771	3 7 0	3		1	0	0
19	5815	0 2 6	11	Bangor	5 0 0	21	3727	1 6 9	11	Dunoon S.S.	1 0 0	4		0	5	0
19	5816	1 0 0	11	5864	1 0 0	22	3728	0 10 0	11	{ Stockwell } { Orphanage }	2 6 8	5		0	5	0
19	5817	1 0 0	11	5865	5 5 0	22	{ Readers of } { "The Christian" }	7 0 0	11	3774	5 0 0	12		0	10	0
19	5818	4 0 0	11	5866	3 0 0	24	{ M.P.S. Association }	3 11 2	11	3775	0 8 0	12		1	0	0
19	5819	2 2 0	12	5867	10 0 0	24	3731	1 0 0	12	3776	0 1 0	12		0	5	0
20	5820	1 0 0	12	{ Cumberland Hall }	2 0 0	24	3732	15 0 0	12	3777	0 5 0	14		1	7	6
21	5821	2 2 0	13	{ Y.M.C.A., Plymouth }	0 14 0	24	3733	1 0 0	14	3778	1 7 6	15		10	1	0
21	5822	0 10 0	13	5870	0 10 0	24	3734	2 0 0	15	3779	10 1 0	15		10	0	0
22	5823	0 10 0	14	5871	0 10 6	24	3735	1 0 0	15	3780	10 0 0	15		3	0	0
22	5824	0 10 0	15	Grays	3 0 0	24	{ Watville St. S.S. }	10 0 0	15	{ Clarence Pk. School }	0 15 3	15		1	2	0
22	{ Readers of "The Christian" }	24 1 6	15	5872	0 10 0	25	3736	1 0 0	15	Enmore	1 2 0	Total ..... £322 1 7				
24	5826	6 0 0	15	{ Nicholas Rd., Bristol }	1 1 0	25	3737	10 0 0	May 1st, 1901, to Mar. 15th, 1902 ... 2487 5 8			DETAILS OF LEICESTER AUXILIARY. Designated No. 3756. Mr. JOHN A. BOLTON, Hon. Sec., 106, Evington Road.				
25	5827	5 0 0	15	West'n S.M.	2 7 0	25	3738	0 8 6	Total ..... £289 7 3			No. of Receipt. £ s. d.				
25	5828	10 0 0	15	5877	1 1 0	25	3739	0 5 0				35 ..... 0 5 0				
25	5829	2 0 0	15	Winchester	1 10 0	25	3740	0 12 0				36 ..... 0 18 7				
25	5830	1 0 0	15	5879	0 15 0	25	3741	0 7 2				37 ..... 1 12 0				
25	5831	0 5 0	15	Total ...	£177 2 3	25	3742	0 8 0				38 ..... 0 12 0				
26	5832	0 13 3	15	May, 1901, to Mar. 15th, 1902 ...	4144 13 0	25	3743	1 0 0				39 ..... 0 12 0				
26	5833	0 10 0	15	Total ...	£4321 15 3	26	3744	3 0 0				40 ..... 1 6 6				
26	5834	1 1 0	15	TOTALS—MAY 1ST TO MAR. 15TH.		26	3745	6 0 0				Amount previously acknowledged ..... 43 5 11				
27	{ Vale of Leven R.B.H.U. }	0 15 0	15	General	£4321 15 3	26	3746	22 0 0				£48 12 0				
March	1	5836	0 5 0	Designated	2809 7 3	26	3747	0 10 0								
1	5837	1 0 0	3	Total ...	£7131 2 6	26	3748	0 10 0								
1	{ Vic. Forth U.F.Ch. }	2 0 0	3	DESIGNATED FUND.		27	3749	0 7 1								
3	5839	1 0 0	3	1902. No. of Feb. Receipt.	£ s. d.	28	3750	1 0 0								
4	5840	1 0 0	3	17	3715	13 0 0										
4	{ St. George's Tabernacle }	10 0 0	3	18	3716	30 0 0										
5	5842	2 2 0	3	18	3717	0 10 0										
5	5843	1 1 0	3	19	3718	1 0 0										
5	5844	5 0 0	3	20	3719	1 0 0										
5	5845	2 0 0	3	20	3720	0 5 0										
6	5846	1 0 0	3	20	3721	1 0 9										
6	5847	1 1 0	3	20	3722	1 0 0										
7	5848	0 5 0	3	21	3723	0 4 9										
7	5849	1 0 0	3	Carried forwd.	£48 0 6											
7	5850	1 0 0	3	Carried forwd.	£265 7 2											
7	5851	25 0 0	3	Carried forwd.	£265 7 2											
7	5852	0 12 9	3	1	Da enham	0 7 8										
7	5853	0 9 2	3	1	Dagenham	0 10 0										
7	5854	0 11 6	3	1	3753	1 0 0										
7	5857	1 5 6	3	3	3754	2 0 0										
7	5857	0 10 0	3	3	3755	1 10 0										
8	5858	0 10 0	3	3	3756	5 6 1										
10	5859	1 1 0	3	5	3757	15 0 0										
Carried forwd.	£133 19 2		3	5	3758	10 0 0										
			3	6	3759	1 0 0										
			3	7	{ M. H. B., Blackheath }	8 0 0										
			3	7	3761	50 0 0										
			3	7	3762	1 0 0										
			3	8	{ City Rd. M'rs's Hall }	10 10 0										
			3	8	3764	0 5 0										
			3	8	3765	0 10 0										
			3	10	3766	1 0 0										
			3	10	{ Y.W.C.A. Southend }	14 0 0										
			3	10	{ Y.W.C.A. Barnet }	5 0 0										
			3	Amount previously acknowledged	279 3 8											
			3	£289 4 8												
			3	Amount previously acknowledged	10 6 9											
			3	£13 13 9												

**A FORM OF BEQUEST.**

I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer for the time being of "THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION," for the purposes of such Mission, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ Pounds sterling, free from Legacy duty, to be paid with all convenient speed after my decease and primarily out of such part of my personal estate as I may by law bequeath to charitable purposes, and the receipt of such Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

# NOTICE !

**WILL ALL FRIENDS OF THE  
NORTH AFRICA MISSION PLEASE NOTE**

## **Change of Address.**

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**REMOVAL OF OFFICE OF MISSION.**

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FROM DATE OF ISSUE THE ADDRESS OF THE MISSION WILL BE

**Rooms 41 and 44, Paternoster House,  
33 and 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.**

The Address, North Africa Mission, Paternoster House, London, E.C.,  
is sufficient for Letters.

**Registered Telegraphic Address: "Tertullian, London."**

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**For change of time and place of Prayer Meeting, see page 39.**