



MATTHEW XXVIII

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

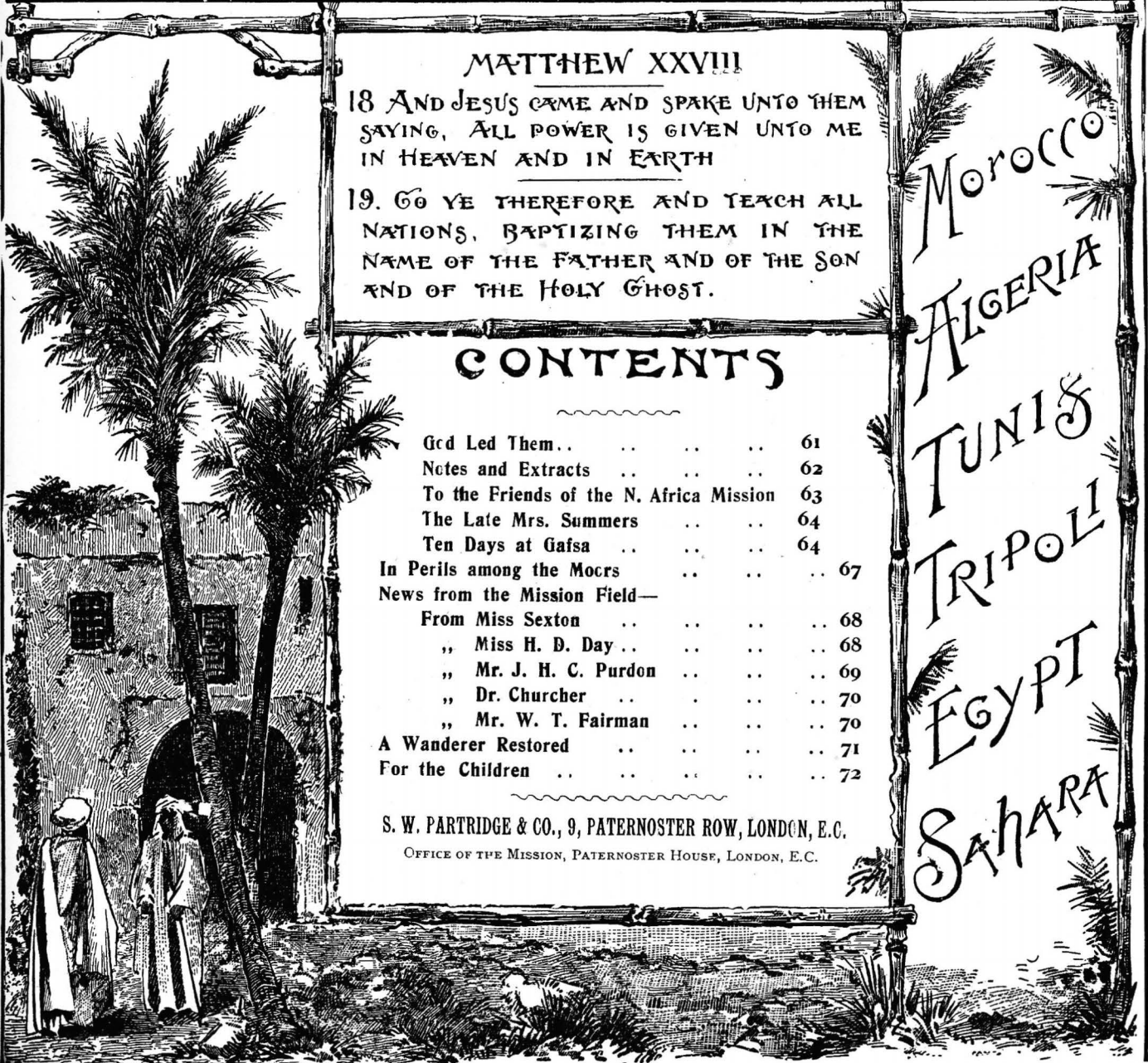
19. GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.

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



# THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

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## Location of Missionaries.

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

\* 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.

## God Led Them.

*"It came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them."*—Ex. xiii. 17.

*"And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night: He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night from before the people."*—Ex. xiii. 21-22.

*"Whether it was by day or by night that the cloud was taken up, they journeyed. Or whether it were two days, or a month, or a year, that the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abode in their tents, and journeyed not: but when it was taken up, they journeyed. At the commandment of the Lord they rested in their tents, and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed."*—Num. ix. 21-23.



**A**GAIN and again this wonderful guidance is referred to in God's Word. It was one of the Lord's greatest favours to His people, and one that was continued to them until their wilderness journey was over, notwithstanding all their failures by the road. Israel seems to have appreciated this mercy, for while they failed in many respects, they seem to have followed the cloud even though they may have been discouraged because of the way.

It is a truth that will bear repeating, that the Lord as really and as clearly guides His people now as of old; and if we fail to keep on the right track, it is because we are not willing to walk in it, and not because God is unwilling to guide us. We often pray to be guided, and this is right, but we need to pray ten times more that we may be humble enough and willing enough to be guided. It is here that the main difficulty lies.

It is interesting and instructive to notice when this wonderful guidance commenced. We read that when Pharaoh had let the people go God led them. It would seem to be implied that until Israel's redemption from Pharaoh's authority by the mighty arm of God was accomplished, there was no place for this special guidance. Of necessity the people had to go where Pharaoh sent them, and do what Pharaoh told them. Beside being delivered from the judgment of God by the sprinkled blood of the lamb, they had to be delivered from the dominion of Pharaoh, so that, as the Lord had ordered, they might serve Him.

Jehovah's challenge to Pharaoh was:—"Let My people go," Ex. v. 1, vii. 16, viii. 1, 20, ix. 1, x. 3. Six times Pharaoh refused, but on the seventh occasion, when the first-born were slain, he is coerced into yielding, and saying, "Go," Ex. xii. 31.

Do we all know the spiritual counterpart of Israel's experience? We have been sheltered beneath the sprinkled blood, are we also freed from sin's dominion? Have we reckoned ourselves with the reckoning of faith to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord?

It is when by faith we take our stand as liberated from the dominion of sin, that we should by faith also enter into the practical service of God, to be henceforth guided by Him in all our journeyings and in all our doings. But we have not a visible cloud to guide us. No, we are a spiritual people, and the Lord says He has given us an understanding. It is recorded of our Lord after His resurrection that He opened to His disciples the Scriptures (Luke xxiv. 32), and then that He opened their understandings that they might understand the Scriptures. The Holy Spirit has been given to all who believe, and it is His blessed work to open both our understandings and the Scriptures. Thus equipped with the infinitely wise Spirit to illuminate our poor minds, and the Word of God, we need not miss our way if only we are willing to be led, and content to go either by day or by night—if we are prepared to wait two days, a month, or a year, or to go forward at once. The Lord knows all our dullness, and will bring His directions down so that the simplest cannot fail to understand, if with humble and broken hearts we are willing, as little children, to be led on from day to day.

We are tempted to fear that the Lord does not guide now as manifestly and as clearly as He did of old, but He does. He gives us facts to consider and decide upon in the light of His illuminated Word by the help of His illuminating Spirit, and He will lead us forth by a right way until the wilderness is passed, and our feet stand within the gates of our heavenly home. Let us seek to make better use of our gracious unfailing Guide.

## Notes and Extracts.

**N.A.M. Prayer Meeting.**—The prayer meeting formerly held at Barking, on Fridays, at 4 o'clock, is now held at the new mission premises, Paternoster House, 34, Paternoster Row, E.C., on Fridays, at 5 o'clock. Will friends kindly note the alteration of the time? It lasts for one hour only, closing promptly at 6 o'clock. Secretaries of the Prayer and Helpers' Unions, and all friends of the Mission, are earnestly invited to attend. Their presence and fellowship in prayer will be a great encouragement at this time. Tea is provided at 4.30, to which all friends attending the Prayer Meeting are invited.

**Departures**—

**Mademoiselle F. H. Guillermet**, on May 2nd, for Constantine, via Marseilles and Tunis.

**Dr. and Mrs. Roberts** and child, on May 9th, for Tangier, by the P. and O. ss. *Egypt*.

**Arrivals**—

**Miss North and Miss Addinsell**, from Kairouan, on April 29th, via Marseilles.

**Mr. and Mrs. Blanco**, from Tangier, on May 3rd, by the P. and O. ss. *Oceana*.



**Dr. Churcher** writes from Susa on April 30th: "Our numbers for the month are: 314 in Susa, 104 at Djemal, 38 at Kala Kabeira, and 32 at Messaken. Total 488.

"I have given away during the last few weeks about fifty copies of the Gospel, and we are almost at the end of the last thousand of wordless books. One of the men who had a Gospel said to Mr. Webb afterwards: 'Is it true that I shall be put in prison as the people say, if I read this book?'

"The Sunday evening services in the Book-shop continue to be encouraging, and, as a good many soldiers attend, the good news is carried by them, later on when they have left the service, to distant places. I was encouraged a few weeks ago when in Kairouan; I stopped in a carpenter's shop to admire his work and speak a word to him about Jesus. He replied, 'Oh, yes, I know all about it, when I was a soldier I went to the meetings in Susa.' As to results, Jesus seems still to say, 'Have faith in God.'



**Mr. Hooper** has lately received a cheque for £50 from a lady for the purpose of opening a school for boys in **Shebin el Kom**. He asks prayer for guidance in the organising of this work.



A "**Holiday Home**" for Kabyle and European children is at present being carried on at Point Pescade, quite close to **Algiers**, by **Miss Welch** and **Miss E. Smith**. To those who know how lady missionaries are at first regarded, especially by the natives, the fact that they trust them so absolutely as to allow, not only their children, but big girls of fourteen to go and spend several days with them, quite away from their parents, is one which gives the greatest satisfaction. It can only be the result of entire confidence, and to have gained this is surely a most important point "scored."

**Miss Smith** and **Miss Welch** receive a few children only at a time. They receive Bible teaching during their stay, they see what Christian lives "behind the scenes" are like, and they get plenty of fresh sea air, which should work wonders after the odours of the houses in Algiers, for these are not to be described in polite language! The children do not, however, live upon air only—as a matter of fact they have huge and healthy appetites, and if any of our readers would like to help to fill some of their hungry mouths, their gifts for this purpose will be gratefully received at Paternoster House.



**Miss Breeze, M.B.**, writes from Tangier (April 30th): "Our Tuesday numbers keep up well; that is far away our biggest day. Yesterday we had sixty-nine. There were thirty-five when **Miss Marston** gave the first address at 7.45, and a good

number of those who arrived by 9.30 went away because there were so many. As we had forty on Friday, we do our best to get some to come then."



**Students' Summer Conference, 1902.**—The executive of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union desire to extend to all student volunteers who are at present at home on furlough, a very hearty invitation to attend the annual Conference to be held at Matlock, July 22nd to 31st. Full particulars of the Conference may be obtained from the General Secretary, 22, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.



**Mrs. Dickens** mentions in her last letter two cases of cruelty, which are probably not by any means isolated instances even in Egypt. "We often meet with things in the homes of the people which are quite heart-breaking. A short time ago I visited the home of one of our children, and the neighbours told me of the brutality of the father to this child. He would tie her up by the hands, and beat her, and leave her alone in a room; he had lately put hot coals in her hands, and tied them together. I saw all the scars left by this treatment. This week a woman was so brutally beaten by her husband that she died. Truly we live where Satan's seat is, and unless we had faith in God we could not go on. He sustains us, and in His name we still go forth."



**Miss Markusson and Miss Ericsson** have just opened a book-shop at **Bizerte**. This will be used not only for selling and distributing the Scriptures, but for holding conversations and informal Bible-readings also. **Miss Ericsson** tells us that many have already stopped to read the verses in the windows, and a few have ventured to come in. She adds, "We would ask your prayers that this shop may be the means of helping many souls."



**Mr. Lilev** has asked that the following letter may be inserted: "Will you please allow me through the pages of NORTH AFRICA to tender my sincerest and most grateful thanks to those friends who have so kindly given me hospitality during the last eight months, when travelling and holding meetings on behalf of the mission? It would give me the greatest pleasure to write to those many friends who have been so kind and generous, but this is impossible.

I am deeply grateful to them, and their kindness has helped to strengthen my faith, refresh my soul, and renew my zeal in the Lord's service. The remembrance of these visits will always remain fresh in my memory, and when the Lord takes me back to North Africa I shall doubtless be often cheered by the thought of those warm-hearted friends who are praying for us and the work.—I am, yours sincerely in the Lord's service,

ARTHUR V. LILEY."



Before any Christian mission was established in Persia, there fell into the hands of an educated Mohammedan a copy of the New Testament, translated into Persian by **Henry Martyn**. This man studied the book, and meditated upon it for fourteen years, with the result that he became a convinced and earnest Christian. He begged for baptism from the Armenian bishop in Persia, who, however, fearing trouble with the authorities, sent him with a letter to the chief of the Armenian Church in Calcutta. The man left his home and travelled to Calcutta, seeking baptism. There he was passed over to the C.M.S. missionaries, who, when they examined him, were astonished to discover that he had so full and clear a grasp of Christian truth, acquired from no human teacher; but the Holy Spirit had been his instructor, and the Word of God had been his Guide Book.—*The Bible Society Reporter*.



In all our giving, of money, or service, or thought, we shall perhaps be able to arrive at a consecration which is complete because it is sane, if we lay more stress on giving to God than on taking from ourselves.—*The Student Movement*.

## To the Friends of the North Africa Mission.

TUNIS, *May 12th, 1902.*

DEAR FELLOW-HELPERS,— It is three years since I have had the privilege of visiting our mission stations in North Africa. At last I have found an opportunity of taking a short journey once again in the mission field, though my stay in the various stations will necessarily be very brief, and only extend to Tunisia and Algeria.

Thus far I have been able to see the workers and the work in Tunis, Bizerte, and Susa. The number of workers in this country has been somewhat reduced owing to the ill-health of several of our friends. Our sister, Miss Scott, has had to retire under the doctor's orders; Mr. and Mrs. Liley are at home on the ground of Mrs. Liley's ill-health; Miss Turner and Miss Johnston have also had prolonged furlough through ill-health; Mr. and Mrs. Cooksey have also had prolonged furlough, so that notwithstanding the arrival of some new workers the strength of the Mission has hardly been maintained. Still, thank God, the work has gone forward, and in Tunis itself, regular, if small, Gospel services have been held among the Moslems for some time, and when it is remembered that these services are without the attraction of a medical mission, or a magic lantern, one cannot but be thankful that Moslems should again and again be gathered, simply to hear the Truth. The result of these meetings must be a wide diffusion of the knowledge of the elementary truths of Scripture, and one Moslem who came some time since as an opposer is now a professed believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and expresses a strong desire to publicly confess his faith by baptism.

The Arab girls attending school seem to be making good progress in the knowledge of Scripture as well as in other directions.

The work amongst Italians has been diligently followed up by Miss Case and Miss Roberts, but as they are now away I have not seen very much of it during this brief visit.

The bookshops and halls form important centres for work both among the Arabs and Italians. Public distribution of religious literature is still forbidden, but the bookshops which have been opened to meet this difficulty have, perhaps, done a work that even the distribution would not have accomplished, as they give an opportunity for more deliberate conversations.

A Mohammedan convert I met when last here still maintains his profession, though in this case the man has not been baptised.

At Susa, in addition to another bookshop where meetings are regularly held, there is the medical mission, by which very large numbers of natives are reached.

I was present at the meeting at the bookshop last evening, when perhaps towards thirty Mohammedan men listened for a longer or shorter period—I should think on an average for three-quarters of an hour—while hymns were sung and addresses were given by Dr. Churcher, Mr. Webb, and Miss Cox. Amongst those present was a Moslem who has very brightly professed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and who seems to be a genuine convert. I was not able to stay to see the work of the medical mission and the "Baraka," where those coming from long distances are able to stay while awaiting treatment, but the good work which Dr. Churcher has for seven years been doing here has, I know, been the means of spreading the Gospel far and wide through the country.

It was interesting to meet again our good friend Mr. Smaggia, a whole-hearted and decided convert from Judaism, and to hear him give his testimony before Moslems to what Christ had done for him, and was able to do for them. The workers from Kairouan being absent, this station was not visited, but Mr. Smaggia maintains a faithful testimony there from day to day in his shop.

In Bizerta, Miss Ericsson and Miss Marcusson, two Swedish sisters associated with our Mission but supported from Sweden, have during the winter had the companionship of two or three friends from their native land. Here also there is a bookshop and a hall, and work is being done amongst Moslems, French and Italians. Two professed Mohammedan converts, one of whom has been baptised, have given a good deal of disappointment, and one of them seems to have quite gone back. We would ask your prayers for them, and also for our sisters that they may not be discouraged by the many difficulties which surround them. Just now large numbers of Italians are coming to them, and everywhere there seems an open door amongst them. The population of Bizerte is about 30,000, of which about half are said to be Moslems, 10,000 Italians, and 5,000 French. Our sisters being Swedish are regarded with more favour by the French authorities than English missionaries would be. Bizerta is a naval station which the French look upon as place of remarkable strength. Everywhere in Tunisia the anti-English feeling is terribly strong, and almost no reports with regard to England and English affairs are too absurd to gain credence.

Still, thank God, the work has of late not been interfered with, though it is always more or less hampered, but prospects are rather brighter in this respect than they were some time since, so far as the Government is concerned, though the advent of a number of Jesuits who have left France does not augur very well for us.

On the whole, notwithstanding the great difficulties which confront the missionaries in this land, there is a good deal of very real encouragement. The Gospel has been widely made known, prejudices have been removed, and some have been truly converted. We look forward with God's blessing to increased fruit as time goes on.

I have just heard the very sad news of the death of Mrs. Summers, who with her husband was for a number of years a member of our Mission. It may be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Summers were given over to the Bible Society over a year ago, so that Mr. Summers might act as the Society's agent in Morocco. Mrs. Summers has for a number of years had rather a weak heart, and two or three years ago we were rather alarmed by her condition. During the last month or two she has been seriously ill again, but we hoped she would recover. However, this was not the will of God, and she was called home to be with Christ on April 29th. We bespeak for Mr. Summers your very sincere sympathy and prayer. He is left with five young children, the eldest being only nine.

To us it seems strange that when the labourers in the field are so few, some should be taken from us in their prime, while others are incapacitated by ill-health, and so few are offering to come out to take their places. However, God knows what is best, and He will see that His own purposes are carried out. Let us see that we are willing to do whatever He desires.

In the postscript of my letter last month I mentioned that a donation of £500 had come in to relieve a little the Mission's needs. I am thankful to say that the year ending the 30th of April, though a trying one, was a good deal ahead of the previous one. But we are still hard pressed for supplies, and shall be glad if you will unite with us in prayer that our gracious Heavenly Father will, as He has promised, send to His servants whatever they may need for the carrying out of His will and work.

I hope to be home again by the twenty-sixth of this month, after having visited as many as possible of the stations of Algeria, to which country I hope to proceed to-morrow.

I remain,

Yours heartily in Christ,

ED. H. GLENNY.



*The Late Mrs. Summers.*

### **The Late Mrs. Summers.**

The news of the home-going of our dear sister Mrs. Summers has bewildered me! A loving wife, a tender mother, and a faithful servant of Christ has entered into rest. Truly, God's ways are "past finding out"—our loss her exceeding gain.

We met in Doric Lodge, Bow, London, in 1888, and from the first we became friends; she was then Miss Ruby Fletcher. We lived and laboured together in the midst of the East London poor, visiting the lodging-houses in Poplar and Whitechapel, conducting mothers' meetings in various centres, and

meanwhile studying and preparing for the Foreign Mission field. With what enthusiasm and zeal our departed sister proclaimed Christ to the needy ones at home, I well remember. The same zeal she displayed when we together left our homeland in 1890, and went out in connection with the North Africa Mission to Morocco.

On our arrival she was most anxious to be able to talk to the natives, and she made progress in the study of the language above the average. After having lived in Tangier for a few months our paths separated; Miss Fletcher was called to Fez, where she laboured for a time with the late Miss Herdman and Miss Copping. She returned from Fez in the autumn of 1891, and was married to Mr. W. Summers in February, 1892.

Mrs. Summers was a kind-hearted, true woman, diligent, firm, and most thorough in all she undertook.

From that time she, with her husband, laboured in Egypt, bearing with him the burden and hardships of missionary life, the heat of the day, the cold of the night, privations and weaknesses which are known alone to themselves and our Father. But bravely and cheerfully she endured as seeing Him who was then invisible to her physical sense; now she sees His face.

In 1900 the British and Foreign Bible Society appointed Mr. Summers to the post occupied by the late Mr. W. Macintosh, so she with her five little ones went to live once more in Tangier, where years before she had first studied the Arabic language and become acquainted with her life-work.

Now she has fallen asleep, she has laid down her armour, she fights no more in the battle for Christ, she "rests from her labours, and her works do follow her." All our sympathies go out to our bereaved brother whom the Lord has called upon to part with his beloved helpmeet, to the little ones who are deprived of a mother's care, and to the Lord's work in that needy land which loses another brave witness for Christ.

EDITH MENSINK.

### **Ten Days at Gafsa.**

We have received very interesting and graphic accounts from Miss Grissell and Miss Tapp of their ten days' stay at Gafsa. Space, however, will not admit of the insertion of these in full; but the following extracts should prove encouraging reading to those who are interested in itineration work.

MISS GRISSSELL writes:—

It is very pleasant to be back in Gafsa again, one after another recognises me; and the remarks one overhears are not uncomplimentary, showing many of the people are not unwilling to hear, even if they know what you come for. "There is that good woman come back again! She reads from the Injil (Gospel) which was sent down to Saidna Aisa." I went into a house where I had been accustomed to visit, and was met with, "Ya, Mariam! ya, Mariam! how do you do? how do you do? are you well? when did you come? Where is the other, the short one, who came with you last time?" Poor Trachi, she asked how I was over and over again, and then added, "I have not forgotten Saidna Aisa. He is in my heart."

"Well," I asked, "what did He do?"

"He died for me to wash away my sins. There was a poor man who was ill and He healed him; He gives us Heaven; I've got Him in my heart"; all in one breath, and then she began again, "How do you do?" However, her welcome was very sweet, showing as it did she knew something of the Lord and His saving love.

We have had some difficulty to find suitable rooms, and tonight we have got into an *aly* (a little upper flat) of two rooms

and a kitchen, which seem fairly clean; but as they are not as unenterable as I should like, I got a boy who promised to sleep in the room we reserve for our Moslem visitors who will surely come to-morrow morning, that we might have someone to call if anything should alarm us. He went to lie down, but in about half an hour I heard him calling me, and on going to him heard that an uncle having died he thought he could not stay. He was all in a perspiration with fright, poor lad, so I felt it was no use remarking on the sudden death of the uncle, and let him go!

When coming to look at this house for a second time this morning a little party of men who had saluted me at the top of the road followed me in, and when I had made my arrangement to pay the large sum of three and a half francs per week for our house I opened my New Testament and explained to them their need of Salvation and the Way. They listened nicely, and all begged me to take the house rather than a shop, so that they might come and hear quietly, and their earnestness decided me that we might trust and not be afraid about its want of security. Staying at the little hotel was very dear work, and a shop I felt would be almost too much for me to manage alone as my dear companion cannot yet speak Arabic.

Miss Tapp, I am glad to say, finds not a little amusement in this rough life of small comfort, but I must own to tire of it very quickly and guess she will as the days go on, so we shall doubly appreciate our comforts when we return to them.

*April 4th.*—I cannot be too thankful that the Lord has given us this quiet house. The men have been coming in all day, and I do not think we seem likely to have any trouble with the French authorities. It is most helpful for our work, though us-ward, it is far from perfect.

A good-sized scorpion took his walk round our room this morning. I was occupied with the men in the room opposite, and my friend who saw him did not like to disturb us or he could have been killed; however, she called out in time for us to see him go into his hole, and as he refused to come out again we walled him in with mortar! The most interesting man to-day was a poor one, who could not read; he told me he lived in a village some way south of Gabes, so he begged for a book, saying, "If I tell them what you have told me they will not believe without the book." Of course, I supplied him with it and tracts.

From there we went to my old friend Trachi's, and again I was more assured that her one hope of heaven rests on Christ. The firmness with which she stands to her simple faith, the satisfaction with which she speaks, and the interest with which she listens, all convince one. "If you never come again, Mariam, it will be all the same, I shall know Christ died for me." I tried to show her that Christ having paid the price for her, she belonged to Him, and must live for Him. "I know, I know," she replied; "I used to belong to Satan, but now Saidna Aisa has bought me." God bless her! I feel sure His Spirit has carried on a quiet work in her heart begun some seven years ago at our first visit, and we shall yet see poor dirty Trachi clothed in the white garments, standing before the Throne.

*Tuesday.*—The busiest day I have had, for so many came, and quite the best day, for the men were attentive, and Miss Tapp kept the boys out. In the midst of dinner two men came, and not liking to lose the opportunity I went and explained the Gospel further to them. Up to half-past four relays continued to come at intervals, till I was too tired, and had to make the excuse I must go out. One man (whose name I afterwards learnt) came back and found me alone; I asked him:

"Well, tell me what you have understood?"

"I understand that Christ redeemed me with His life that I might go to heaven," he replied, and he continued to answer my questions, "Why with His life? Why was He able to redeem so many," etc.? And when he failed I explained again. He had learnt the Ten Commandments from a tract of Mr. Purdon's, and they evidently pleased him. Presently I asked him, "With such a Saviour is any one else needed? Do you think I need anything more?"

"No; you have the Living, you don't want the dead," was the reply.

One noticeable feature of this visit has been the desire to hear about Christ Himself, an Old Testament story or example they did not want to listen to, it was always, "Tell us about Saidna Aisa," and they have heard an outline of the principal events of His life. Two or three have taken opportunities of returning alone to hear more fully.

I went to say good-bye to Trachi, and she said to me: "If you don't come back for twenty years, Mariam, it will be all the same, I shall not change," meaning from her trust in the Lord Jesus.

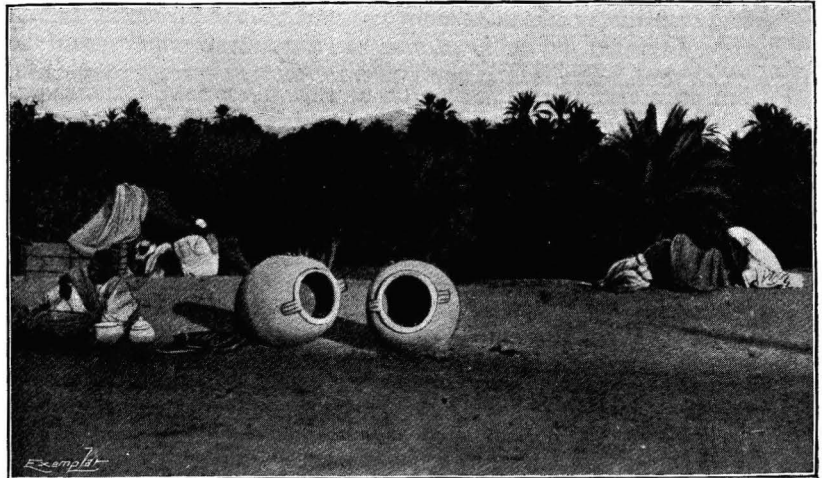


Photo by ]

*In the Souks at Gafsa.*

[Miss Tapp.]

MISS TAPP writes:—

*April 1st.*—3.30 a.m.—Cruel! The only train to Gafsa starts at 5 a.m. It is an eight hours' journey, and the rate of speed is so rapid that the guard can comfortably walk along the footboard to examine the tickets *en route*! Really it is a luggage train with three passenger coaches attached. The line runs partly through the desert; the few stations seem planted down anywhere, with perhaps only a handful of tents or a distant farm in sight. It was impossible to buy anything to eat, so we arrived in a ravenous condition. Gafsa is beautifully situated—an oasis surrounded by high mountains. There is a plentiful water supply, so the palms and other forms of vegetation are luxuriant.

Our domain consists of two small rooms and a tiny kitchen; it is as well that our furniture is a minus quantity. Moving in is not a very serious undertaking. Beds are quickly set up, straps nailed across a corner act as a wardrobe—of a sort, while nails supply the want of a dressing-table! The uses of nails and newspapers (knife cleaners, mosquito nets, etc.) are absolutely unlimited when on a tour. . . .

*April 4th.*—Our boy turned up all right in the morning in spite of the uncle; he seemed rather ashamed of himself. . . . The boy has consented to sleep here to-night, but it remains to be seen whether he will do it. He has armed himself with a candle.

*April 5th.*—The boy succeeded in facing out the night, with the help of his candle. Early this morning there was a knock at the door. Ali was heard saying, "By the head of the Prophet there *was* water in the milk." Another boy had brought us some milk the day before, much to Ali's disgust, who resented this attempt to poach on his preserves. The night was fairly quiet, except for a huge spider, which fell into our reservoir, and a locust which flopped about aimlessly, and finally subsided into the water bucket! Gafsa would be a happy hunting ground for a student of Nature. Ordinary mortals find the abundance of animal life embarrassing!

About twenty-five men came this morning. Several had been before, and the attention was much better. Miss Grissell read the story of the Crucifixion with them, but very few can read at all decently themselves. All the college hopes to come to-morrow, so we may expect an exciting time, as the boys are generally the most controversial of all.

*April 6th.*—Quite an excitement last night! About 1.30 a.m. we were aroused by a mysterious sound as if someone were moving about in the court. We lit up, the noise promptly

stopped, which looked suspicious. However, after a prolonged survey of the scene, we discovered the cause—a cat!

About twelve boys came this morning; they go to a French school, and yet they did not know whether the sun goes round the earth or vice versa! The people seemed anxious to buy Gospels this morning. It would be fatal if we gave freely here, as we should be promptly besieged with applicants. The books would be torn up in many cases; we found one of our tracts treated in this way, on the doorstep this morning.

A man who has been several times before had a nice talk alone; he sees the reasonableness of the Sacrifice for sin, although he may not yet accept the personal message. The row outside was rather trying to-day; once or twice we had to interfere to disperse the boys who wished to charge the staircase.

At Trachi's house we received a warm welcome. A wretched piece of matting with an old sheet over it was produced for us to sit on. The house has evidently been a lovely old place—pillars with carved capitals round the open court, and the *sakeefa* (entrance hall) with stone benches, now used as a stable! Trachi does seem to understand in her simple way that Jesus has bought and saved her.

"Whom do you belong to now?" "The Lord Jesus." "And to whom before?" After a pause, "Satan. I am the Lord's slave now."

It was touching to see how firmly a poor ignorant woman had grasped, when so many of the men with their vaunted superiority find it impossible to receive the Truth.

*April 7th.*—We had quite an exciting incident last night. We were having evening prayer, when we heard a scrambling noise along the roof, exactly as if a man in climbing down had slipped rather quicker than he intended. Of course we rushed out and really expected this time to discover a burglar, but only found that again the cat was the culprit! We felt a great desire to fling something at the beast, but, unfortunately, there was nothing handy. Really its vagaries are too tiresome.

This morning we had about thirty or more young fellows. One who was the most intelligent asked really thoughtful questions. How could the death of Christ help us if His life were taken from Him? How could the death of one man involve the salvation of many? Both questions suggested the subject of the Divinity of Christ.

To-day we are suffering from a desert sand-storm; the whole oasis is almost blotted out by sand; at times we can hardly see the nearest palms and the mountains have been invisible all day. The wind is tremendous and the fine sand penetrates everywhere. This evening the lights on the palms were



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[MISS GRISSELL]

Miss Grissell talking to some men on a bridge near Gafsa.

exquisite, the storm was passing over, and the setting sun tinged the trees with a wonderful reddish glow.

Later we went to a village near, where we met a man who had heard two years ago. He defined a sinner as "one who does few good things." Of course he did not belong to this category, but his wife and relations were delighted with Miss Grissell's practical advice to him, as to loving his wife and not striking her, etc. It was most comical to watch his efforts to read, his grimaces would have been more in keeping with some tremendous athletic exercise.

*April 9th.*—About twenty-five men came this morning and listened well. . . . We are much encouraged by the interest in Gafsa, and we feel very thankful for God's loving care since we have been here. Surely there is no keener pleasure than to help in telling of His mighty love to those who have few or no opportunities of hearing; to play our part in the great army of His witnesses, who fall into line at our Captain's bidding.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,  
Who follows in His train?"

Our efforts may be very feeble, but if we are obedient we can trust our Commander. His plan of campaign is ever victorious.

*April 10th.*—On our last morning we had great encouragement in the return of the man to whom we wished to give the Testament. His name is Ahmed, and he had evidently studied his Gospel in the two days, as he knew most of the stories. It was more than mere reading, for he asked the meaning of the seed sowing, and especially of Peter walking on the sea. "Troubles will come in life, Sidi, but if you look up, Jesus will help." "I like that, He is alive and can help."

He took his Testament and promised to write to Miss Grissell. We felt it was worth while to have come if only for that man and Trachi. We can only pray that those who have the Word will search for themselves, and so follow on to know the Lord. We have sold about twenty-six Gospels.

We packed up all our belongings and cleared out of the house in good time. Ali asked for a certificate, which we have given him. He has really been a splendid boy, and has stood by us in any little difficulty. We were most anxious to meet our friend, the railway guard, on our return journey, and we had reserved a marked Testament on purpose for him. To our disappointment he was not on our train, nor on the down train at the crossing, so we were beginning to despair, when at last the third luggage train brought our man to the very carriage door. It was a real answer to prayer; we should have

been so sorry to have been unable to keep our promise. We arrived at Sfax at 8 p.m. The hotel which gave us no breakfast, when we started ten days ago, had become bankrupt in the meantime. All the other hotels were crowded and we were obliged to tramp round to five before we could find room!

"Come to our town," said an African chief to Mr. Wright Hay, of B.M.S. in the Cameroons. "Come to our town, we are hungry."

"When I arranged the caravan for the journey," said Mr. Hay, "a voice asked within me, 'What if they are not hungry after all; your journey will be in vain.'" But a deeper voice answered: "What if they are not hungering for the Bread of Life? There is One who is hungering to give them that bread. Go and minister to the hunger of the Lord Jesus." That gladdening thought upheld me throughout that journey, in all its weariness and danger. "You are ministering to the hunger—of Jesus."—*Regions Beyond.*



## In Perils among the Moors.

FROM TWO OF THE FEZ COLPORTEURS.

Some little time ago a journey lasting for ninety days was taken by two of the Fez colporteurs among the tribes lying to the east and north-east of Fez. A translation of their account of the tour has been sent by Mr. Cooper, and reveals very simply the dangers they must have encountered. The extracts below give evidence as to what manner of spirit they are of.

*Wednesday.*—Our caravan, which is about fifty strong (consisting of Riffs, Fezies, five Kaids, and soldiers going to the military camp), assembled soon after dawn. We were told by the Berbers that the direct way to T. was "cut" by people who were raiding on all who passed that way, so we turned towards G., where we pitched our first camp. The villagers supplied us with supper, and we gave them a present of sugar in return. M. spoke to them of the entrance of sin into the world, and God's provision by sacrifice, Abel's offering, the punishment of the sinner, etc. Then B. opened his large reference Bible and read aloud John viii. 44, Matt. xxv. 31-46, Mark vii. 4-24, Luke, chapters i., ii., and iii. All listened attentively.

*Thursday.*—We gave three portions of Scripture to the students before starting. We passed several large villages, but we could not stop to speak at them, owing to the disturbed state of the tribes just here, which necessitated our keeping with this large caravan. Outside one of these villages we saw a party of "road cutters" (that is, highwaymen). We crossed a small river and entered a thicket, where we found a man who had just been murdered; his body was still warm and the blood oozing. We arrived before sunset at S., after a hot and trying day. We asked the students of the mosque for water, and invited them to drink tea with us. As we sat together a soldier who had heard the reading last night came requesting us to read again. On hearing this the students said, "If you have anything to read, let us hear it," whereupon B. read Psalms c. and cv., and M. spoke to them at some length about King David, after which M. sold them books.

*Friday.*—We separated from our caravan and engaged a *zalat* to conduct us to the Upper M., a place of 2,000 inhabitants. [Let me mention here that it is a recognised custom amongst the Berbers in parts of Morocco for travellers to engage a tribesman, to whom they pay a certain sum to see them safely through the territory. This system is known as *zalat*. At M. our brethren pitched for the night in the Suk or market-place. Several persons came and asked them if they had anything for sale. M. replied that he had books, and requested them to sit down and listen. B. read Genesis iii. 1-20, after which they bought a combined portion of Genesis and John.—D.J.C.]

*Saturday.*—We sent a courier at dawn to arrange for a *zalat* to meet us outside M. Whilst waiting his return we read with several students, and before leaving we gave them a complete New Testament, and a copy of Matthew and Mark. Our *zalat* said the country was very disturbed, and that he could not guarantee us safe conduct, so we had to engage three others. At a large village the people tried to rob us, but our guardians secured us after some altercation. We reached T. at sunset. Si O. having heard of our arrival, came to welcome us. He and a friend of his, and our four *zalat*, spent the night with us in a fundak. Si O., a professed believer for several years, opened the Bible and read to all present. We consulted Si O. as to our next best move. He urged immediate departure, as the town was just then overrun with lawless Berbers who were doing much damage; even the Kaid had not been able to appear in public for days. Acting on this advice we prepared for an early start.

*Sunday.*—Took leave of Si O., with whom we left several portions of Scripture. Our *zalat* conducted us to the M. boundary; one of them came on with us to the M. province, where

we were handed over to another *zalat* to see us through their territory. On entering the G. province we were told to go alone. When our *zalat* left us, we sat down to rest a little. Feeling our loneliness and danger, we opened our Bibles and read Ephesians vi. Then we prayed for the armour and for guidance. On a previous occasion when we were in danger in the Sus, Miss Herdman, with whom we were travelling, called us aside and read this chapter, and we were delivered, so we followed her example. We had barely finished praying when a man came up, saluted us kindly, and gave us information as to the way we should take; and by following his direction we arrived safely, but late and tired. At a Suk in T. we met with some Government people and Kaid M., who is known to us, and who showed us much kindness.

*Tuesday.*—We journeyed to I., a large village with houses and gardens, resembling a town, the population about 1,000. Here we found several who had a slight knowledge of the *Injeel* (Gospel), having heard it from Sidi S., a baptised believer, who formerly resided in this place. A Si M., who entertained us kindly, had a surprising knowledge of the New Testament, of which he possessed a copy. He had been taught by Sidi S., and had heard it from M. on a previous visit. A number of people gathered round us in his house at night, and were very attentive to the reading. Si M. professed to accept Christ. . .

*Saturday.*—We started early. We had not gone far when we came upon a Riffian caravan, and to this caravan we joined ourselves, and travelled till midday without seeing an inhabitant or place of dwelling. At Wad M. we rested about half an hour, and again continued our journey until an hour after sunset before we reached a small village. Several of our party went in search of water, for we were all very thirsty. They discovered that all the villagers were absent, and, as we afterwards learned, had gone to the caves on the mountain sides, which are safer for themselves and their animals at night. Only a little water was obtained, with which we made some tea. We had to do without bread. Whilst thus engaged M. overheard the Riffs conspiring to kill him and B., and take our mules. M. called B. aside and told him of the conspiracy. We then sat together by the packs to see what would come of it. The Riffs did not know that we understood their dialect, as we only conversed with them in Arabic. As they came forward with a noosed rope to strangle us, we bowed our heads on the packs, and began to pray aloud to God in the name of Jesus to deliver us from these sinful men, or, if not, to receive us unto Himself. They stood laughing. While we were yet praying we overheard one say to the other, "Do you hear whistling?" Then there was a pause, and again it was heard; so they dropped their ropes and ran for their guns to defend themselves from a raid. The whistle was a signal given by a band of robbers to come upon our caravan. The Riffs had to fight for an hour before help came from the villagers, who came down armed from their caves. They sat by us till dawn. Thus God saved our lives in answer to prayer in the name of Jesus.

*Sunday.*—We had hoped to rest to-day, being Sunday, but we were obliged to travel with this caravan. Our course lay by Wad el K. for four hours; three hours more over a plain, and we reached K., and were welcomed by Kaid S. [This man was baptised by Mr. Cooper in Fez.] He secured a room for us, and got the people to come and hear us teach daily. He seemed very happy, and sent many salaams. Si A. had gone to the mountains with books. We remained the guests of the Kaid until midday Tuesday.

## News from the Mission Field.

### Morocco.

From Miss Sexton  
(Casablanca).

April, 1902.—Our numbers are increasing in the dispensary. One day as many as seventy-four patients came, and frequently we have two rooms crammed with Moors and Jews awaiting the doctor's arrival. About half an hour before he comes, the flag flying from the top of the hospital as a signal to all, far and near, that the "house of medicine," as they call it, is open, is lowered, and either Mr. Nott or Mr. Jones gives the address, the Gospel invitation, needed for their souls' good so much more than medicines for their bodies. Then Dr. Grieve comes, and the actual medical work begins. Some of the diseases and wounds that call for help are most loathsome and revolting, and one begins to understand a little, a very little, of the Saviour's love and pity as, when He trod this suffering earth, and was followed by sick and diseased folk, He, moved with compassion, put forth His hand, and *touch*ed them! Horrible sores, some of them, from which one would involuntarily turn away with a shudder, and which call for all one's fortitude to examine them, but when He was here, He *touch*ed them.

One young Moorish girl I knew was suffering from blood poisoning. A fearful sore she had; it was sickening to look upon it. Skilled surgical treatment was really needed, but then, the girl was secluded, and her husband would not hear of her coming to a public dispensary. In vain I pleaded; it was all to no purpose; he was obdurate. So I took her a little permanganate of potash to be used as a wash, and, marvellous to relate, it acted like a charm. She completely recovered, and is now quite well. I fully expected her to die. No European lady would have recovered in a case like that. And, what is better still, she is deeply interested in the Gospel, always welcomes a visit, and asks to be told about "Sidna Aisa."

"Señora, can't you give me some medicine to make my hus-

band love me?" is the pitiful question which has been put to me lately by several women. "He hates me, señora, says he will divorce me and get another wife; and I, whatever shall I do if he does? Hasn't the *tabeeb* got some medicine to make him love me, señora?" "Well, no; we don't exactly keep that kind in the 'house of medicine,'" I answered; and looking round the filthy, dirty huts, and glancing at the ragged, untidy women before me, I thought it was not much wonder if their respective husbands did not regard them with affection, and threatened to get other wives in their place. "But I will tell you what to do to make your husbands love you, if you like, and that will be just the same as medicine." "Oh, yes, yes—let us hear what that is." So they crowd round to hear "the voice of the oracle," and I proceed: "In the first place, as soon as your husband goes out in the morning, you must get up and sweep the hut, lay down clean matting, and shake the cushions and mattresses. Then clean the tea-tray, rub it up, and make it shine like gold. Wash the glasses also, and clean the teapot. Put the water on to boil, so that when Si Mohammed comes in he will not have to wait long for his tea. Then wash your own dirty face and hands, put on a clean garment and your best sash, arrange a nice kerchief on your hair, and put on all your necklaces, earrings, and bracelets. When all is done, and the time comes for your husband to return, just sit on a cushion and look sweet. Try that, and you will find he will love you, and talk no more of divorcing you." The women gaze at each other in doubt at first, then smile, and finally scream with laughter. "Good, señora," they answer, "we will try that." This afternoon, as I gave this prescription in one of the better class, but most dirty and neglected looking houses, to a deeply interested group of women, the master himself came in—a noble-looking old man with a long white beard—and reclined on a mattress, gravely listening. "Thou hast the truth, O my daughter," he cried; "that is the medicine to make us love our wives."

### Algeria.

From Miss H. D. Day  
(Cherchell).

Up at the top of a long narrow street in the Arab quarter of Cherchell is a house which we visit often. According to native custom, being women, we do not knock at the front door, but walk in and find ourselves in a passage, with an old sack hanging as curtain to shield the women from the sight of their neighbours' husbands between the time when they have heard the call "Triq" (make way), and are vanishing into their rooms and dropping their curtains over their doors. In this house are four rooms, each with a different family. We simply lift the sacking, cross the courtyard, and enter a nice clean room, and step eagerly forward to the bedside. The bed is high, on a level with our shoulders, and seems almost like a small room, separated as it is by pretty muslin curtains. The muslin curtains just now, though, are thrown wide back, for there is a little woman on this bed who has heard our footsteps, and is eagerly watching. We climb on a chair and kiss her, but she is most anxious that no time shall be lost before we unroll a big bundle that is by her side, and kiss, too, the little pink and white face which does not look at all mummy-like, though the body does, wrapped as it is in swaddling clothes. From the front of the bed, suspended by cords, hangs a gay cradle with a long string attached, and whether she is up on her bed or sitting on the floor by the fire cooking she can rock the cradle with it.

Now, long before this rigmarole is finished, you will have guessed who the woman is, and whose the baby, that every day for three weeks one or other of us should have paid this visit. Of course, *Yamina* is this happy mother, and we have a kind of joint share in the baby.

By the time you get this, little Abdallah will be more than a month old, and we hope still bonnier than he is now. Thank God with us for giving dear *Yamina* this blessing, and ask Him that the child may grow up in the fear of the Lord and be a joy and a comfort to her. She needs so much your prayers and sympathy; the coming of the baby, instead of drawing her relatives nearer to her, seems to have separated them from her more and more; they were so angry that she would not call on Mohammed to help her and repeat the "witness," "There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." Her elder sister told her she deserved to die.

Instead of going in to see her and taking her little things for herself and baby, they have left her alone, although they knew her husband was out of work and that she had nothing laid by. We have done what we could to replace them and cheer her up; as a rule we give little to her except Christmas and such-like presents, so that she may not be lifted out of her station, and that people may not say she professes to believe for what she gets. But at such a time all other considerations must be laid aside, and we have done our best to provide for her and nurse

her back to health and strength. It is doubly a source of joy to us to see her and the baby getting strong, for had it been otherwise her people would have said it was the curse of God. Her sister Cherifa, who was "almost persuaded" some years ago, has been frightened back by them into all the old beliefs. Her baby came three weeks before Yamina's, but it is a poor little mite, crying day and night, and she herself can only just get about. She has dragged herself as far as the *marabout's* grave outside the town several times to pray for health for herself and her baby, and burnt candles and given bread to the poor, but, poor girl, she gets no stronger. She lives opposite Yamina with her grandmother and eldest sister, and we go in to see her frequently, and do what we can to help her.

They were all very much annoyed because Yamina named her baby Abdallah instead of Mohammed, as is the custom for the eldest boy. Sometimes fervent Mohammedans give all their boys that name, varying it in pronunciation to make them distinguishable. 'Yet Abdallah is a beautiful name; it means "Servant of God."

In all things not touching the faith we encourage Yamina not to oppose her mother-in-law, in dress, food, and general manner of life; so baby's hands and feet are dyed with henna

paste (which has antiseptic and healing properties) because it is the custom, but when she tied a charm copied from the Koran round his neck to keep him in health Yamina cut it off again. They gave the customary fête on the occasion of baby's first bath when he was seven days old; before that he had only been rubbed with oil.

You might think it strange that they should give a feast of couss-couss and meat with the father out of work, but it is not expensive, as each guest makes a small offering to the mother in money to cover expenses, and also to the nurse, and these offerings help to pay her. She brings a lot of sweet-smelling wild plants—lavender, peppermint, rosemary, nettle, balm—which they boil up, and then they wash the baby in the water. On the bed is a dish of corn and eggs, and a candle, which is also the nurse's perquisite. I asked the meaning of these certain things which are used in preference to others. The eggs are put there that his heart may be white like the eggshell, the candle that he may be as beautiful as light, and the corn that he may always live in plenty.

His mother already tells her baby that when he can walk he is to come to Temple every Sunday, and go to the French School and learn to read and write, and then be a colporteur and evangelist. She can anticipate no higher honour.

## Junisia.

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

April 21st-27th, 1902.—I find it difficult to select from this week's events what will interest you most. I shall tell you first about Omar, as we would like you to remember the matter in prayer. He has been here many times this week, besides coming to all the meetings, at which he is regularly present. On Tuesday last he interrupted me when reading to say that he wanted to ask me an important question. He said, "Now, I have faith, firm faith in my heart; I believe in Christ who died for me; not as the Moslems do, by coupling Him with all the other prophets. I don't believe in the other prophets, *only* in the Messiah." "But," I said, "surely you believe in Moses and David, etc., and you know we need their words." "I don't mean that," he said. "Their words are very good, of course, and very strengthening to read; but I mean that *they* couldn't save me; I have no faith in them as saviours. Christ is the One for me, for He died on the cross to save me. Now that I have faith I want to have faith with works. I want to come every Sunday and break the bread and drink the wine with you to commemorate the death of the Lord Jesus, for did He not tell His disciples to do this?" "Sidi," I said, "you remember I told you you might come and see us worship the Lord, but you know you cannot join, for this is not the first step. The first step is baptism, so that you may confess before men that you are Christ's." "Well," he said, "I want to be baptised, but I don't know how to do it by myself. Will you come with me?" I then explained to him more clearly what baptism was, but added, "Nevertheless, don't you think it would be better to wait a little until you hear more of Christ's words? So far as I am concerned, I should feel disposed to baptise you, but my fellow missionaries who are here longer than I am (I being the youngest) are of opinion that no one should be baptised, as I told you before, for time is the only way we can tell if a person really believes." "Well," he said, "if you wish me to wait, I will wait, but I don't see why I should not do at once what Christ tells me to do, for I know myself that I am knotted to Christ by a firm faith, and you believe me to be a Christian." I tried to make him content to see that it was better to wait, but I must say it was against my own conscience; yet the other missionaries would feel it

was too soon. It is only two months or so since he professed to believe, I think. "Sidi Omar," I said, "I will ask Lilla Miriam (Miss Grissell) and Lilla Hammon and Sidi Michell when he comes back from Nabeul, and you shall go to see Sidi Michell, for he it is who will, I think, baptise you." This is how it hangs. . . .

He has just been here again now. He says he was an *Aisawee*, that is, a member of that sect of Islam which eat scorpions and nails, and roll themselves in the prickly pear, etc., etc., besides having many religious rites. To-day I was reading with him Matthew viii., 18-34. It fitted in beautifully, as, indeed, have all the previous chapters, to his circumstances. He says that already the men have begun to ridicule him about not going to mosque and zaouia (praying places at saints' tombs), and the seances of the *Aisaweeya*. "But," said he, "what is that? Nothing more or less than words, and they don't do any harm; but," he said, "I have no doubt they will cast me out of the Souk (the market), and give me no more business (he is a leather commission agent); but," he said, "if I die of hunger I will still hold on to the way of Christ. I don't fear them." Please remember this man in prayer. He himself always asks for prayer together when he comes to visit me.

Little Manooby came to me on Tuesday night for the magic lantern. He asked for the picture of the Lord in the boat, preaching to the people about the Sower, which I was so glad to hear he had seen at one of Mr. Liley's meetings. It was very nice to see how he had come under the influence of God's word before. While I was explaining to him about the stony ground hearer, and how he faded because of trial, such as people laughing at him, etc., he said, "Ah, that is just like Sidi Beddai, for when he went out of the meeting last Saturday night all the men laughed at him, and called him *Massahyi*," etc. (*i.e.*, a Messiahite). "And what did Si Beddai do?" I said. "Oh," he said, "he never minded one bit, nor did he return any answer." This is very encouraging, as it is the first evidence I have heard from an outsider that Beddai has stood boldly in public, and for this we praise God; it looks as if he was witnessing and prepared to bear reproach for Christ's sake outside our houses.

Having on Friday morning found Geneena, our servant, with one of my boots on, she explained to me

that she was heating it, as they polished so much better when warm! Whatever size her feet are, her legs are too fat to close the upper of any boot over them. The other day I was startled by having an Arab veiled woman call after me, "Missy Burdy!" (Monsieur Purdon). Being veiled I did not know her, but recognised an old pair of my wife's button boots (but, of course, unbuttoned, the flaps hanging out like butterfly's wings), groaning under the overwhelming pressure from above. I knew it was Geneena.

*April 28th-May 4th, 1902.*—You will doubtless like to hear about Omar first of all. He saw Mr. Michell yesterday for an hour, and is to go to read with him next Tuesday, and for a little time until Mr. M. gets to know him and sound him. I don't know what Mr. Michell's opinion is about baptising him, but I think he is of opinion that he should be kept waiting. Omar told Mr. Michell his story very simply and nicely, and how he wished to come to the Lord's table. Yesterday afternoon, when he was with me, he said that his heart told him that to break the bread and drink the wine would be a blessed thing, and rejoice his heart. "And now I will tell you how." Then, taking up his cup of Arab coffee, he said, "Why do I like to drink this coffee?" (at the same time taking a little, *making a terrific noise in sucking it up out of the cup*, according to Arab ideas of etiquette!) "It is because it belongs to you, and you are my friend and dear to me. I could get a cup of coffee at the café for a sou, but *this* I enjoy much more, because you and I drink it together, and it belongs to you; so," said he, "to eat bread and drink wine in itself is nothing, but because the bread and wine are in a particular way exclusively belonging to the Messiah, and He is my Friend, and very, very dear to me, I feel there will be blessing in taking it; and, besides that, did He not tell His disciples to do so?"

Mr. Michell at his interview asked him, "Tell me how it was that you came to be drawn to the Messiah, because so many people are driven away when they hear our words. How was it you were not like them? What drew you instead of driving you away?" Omar answered, "It was this, that Christ died on account of my sins; that word pleased me very much, and, although I know the Koran says the contrary, I see now that the Gospel is older than the Koran, and that its words are true."

[Omar was baptised at Tunis on Monday, May 12th, and joined the missionaries in partaking of the Lord's Supper on the same day.]

#### From Dr. Churcher (Susa).

You will be interested to hear that we have done

##### A DAY OR TWO'S WORK AT SFAX.

Leaving here last Thursday week, after seeing the patients, we (that is, Miss Cox, Mr. Webb, Mrs. Churcher, and myself, with Frush, an Arab who used to work with us) travelled by carriage to El Djem. Next morning, having hired a café for tenpence,

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

##### ITINERATION IN THE NILE DELTA.

It is a matter for regret that the whole of Mr. Fairman's thirteen-page account of his second journey with Mr. Fraser cannot be inserted. The following interesting incidents are, however, taken from it:—

The first place we visited from Zagazig was a village called El Kanayat. It is situated due north of Zagazig and about one hour's donkey ride away. As we entered the village we were met by a native *ghafeer* (watchman), who wanted us first of all to visit the Omdî. We went, however, first of all to a

and sent round a crier to tell the people, we saw thirty-five patients, and had good opportunities for preaching. Miss Cox had a group of reading people at a distance. Mrs. Churcher had a group near the café, to whom she spoke sitting on the ground, and Mr. Webb and I spoke and doctored in the café.

At about 10 a.m. we left for Sfax. On arriving there we arranged cheap terms at the hotel, and inspected the room in town which had been secured for us by writing. On Saturday morning we visited the *Controler Civil*. He was polite, but advised us to do nothing. He said we should see the *Commissaire* of Police and the *Maire* of the *Municipalité*. This we proceeded to do, and then started our work. Miss Cox made up

##### A BOOK-SHOP

in one corner of the room, Mrs. Churcher had the medicines at the back, and I was also at the back, seeing patients. Mr. Webb was to the front with Miss Cox. We did not need to send round the crier, as Frush, being a Sfax man, knew some people, and he also went to some cafés and told the people there. During the morning of Saturday we saw thirty-two patients, and on our return in the afternoon thirty-two more. Some books were sold, many wordless books given away, and nearly every patient took away a tract with his medicine.

Sunday we decided not to give medicines, so after attending the Temple we opened the room again both morning and afternoon, and had good attendances. The afternoon was especially interesting, as we had

##### A NATIVE DOCTOR,

who, together with a friend, both of them old men, had a very instructive talk with Miss Cox. The friend was very fair and open, admitting almost with tears his sinfulness in God's sight.

Monday was a busy day; we gave away

##### FIFTY TICKETS IN THE MORNING,

and fifty in the afternoon. At times Miss Cox had quite a good gathering in front of her listening to the Gospel, beside those who had come for medicine.

On Tuesday we left for Enchir, a place ten kilometres from El Djem. We had told the people on the way down when to expect us, so a crowd was waiting, and after lunch we had a Medical Mission in the open air. I

##### CONSULTED SITTING ON THE WELL.

Mrs. Churcher had the medicines on the ground against a wall, and Mr. Webb and Miss Cox spoke sitting on the ground with a crowd around them. We saw fifty-three patients here, and slept in El Djem. On Wednesday we again saw patients in El Djem, forty-five being treated. In the middle of our work a Frenchman and another European came up, so we explained to them what we were doing. We halted for lunch at Kerker, where I saw six more patients and we preached to about thirty. We arrived in Susa by moonlight, and were ready for the Medical Mission the next Thursday morning. We were all very thankful, I think, for the Lord's goodness and blessing to us during the trip.

## Egypt.

Greek café in the village, where we sat down and drank some lemonade. We soon had a number of men around us, all of whom were very anxious to know what our business was. They were enlightened as to this by hearing a lad read *Psa. i.*, and by myself reading to them *1 Cor. vi. 9-11*, in which passage of Scripture various types of sinners are spoken of as being unable to inherit the kingdom of God. I applied these words to my hearers as I went along with very pointed and personal illustrations drawn from native life and customs, which caused not a little wincing on the part of some of them. As all admitted sinfulness and asked what was to be done, it was my

joy to point out to them that, although they were tainted with these self-same sins, there was no need for despair. The Corinthians had been in an exactly similar condition, but Paul says of them: "But ye were washed, but ye were sanctified, but ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the Spirit of our God"; therefore, if they would repent of and abandon their sins, and turn to and trust in Jesus Christ, the great Physician, the only Physician for the sin-sick, they too might be washed, sanctified and justified. The message seemed to sink into their hearts. The Greek bought a copy of the Psalms.

We passed on to another place in the same village, and sat down outside a small native café, inside of which were a few men playing at *Taula* (a sort of backgammon). At first it looked as if we were to be treated to the cold shoulder. None of the men in the café paid the slightest attention to us. Nothing daunted, however, by their attitude, and lifting up my voice a little so that those inside might hear, I commenced talking to a couple of men who had seated themselves on the ground near us. This time I read from Prov. i. By and by, as I proceeded, the men inside began to get interested, and the brother of the Omdi, who was amongst them, came out and sat down by my side. This was the signal for a general abandonment of the games inside. Some came outside, others crowded to the window of the café just behind me, and for an hour and upwards I had a most attentive audience, whilst I discoursed on the solemn subject of sin and its effects. The brother of the Omdi gave great force and emphasis to my statements, and especially to some quotations I made from the Scriptures, notably Gal. vi. 7—"God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap"—by recalling incidents in the lives of some of those who were listening, and addressing them by name, pointing out that some present weakness or distress could all be traced to the working out of this spiritual law. "Oh, ruin! ruin! What shall we do?" They listened with joy to the message that Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. Although this man could not himself read, he was so taken with the word that he purchased a copy of the Bible and presented it to a young man who could, telling him to read it to the others. A sheikh bought a vowelled New Testament. In addition to these we got rid of several other portions and tracts.

On another day, in another village some distance further north of this, we had quite a different reception. In addition to our books being objected to *in toto*, and all that we had to say laughed at, my chief opponent told me that, after having heard what I had to say, he had but one desire. "I do not want to go to heaven if you go there; neither do I want to go to the Fire if you go there (he rather implied by his tone and look that he thought I would); I will go neither to your heaven, nor to your hell." We did not leave him, however, until we had from the Scripture and from the Koran silenced him on the points of the divinity of Christ and His atoning death. Thus we left him and his companions with the doctrine of Christ and Him crucified ringing in their ears. The Lord grant that it may sink into their hearts and bring about their salvation. . . .

The last few nights of our stay in Abo Kebir, the Lord opened a wide door for us to enter in amongst the few Copts who reside in the town. Night after night they gathered in the house first of this one and then of another, eagerly listening to the Gospel message, concerning which, although nominally Christian, some of them were most deplorably ignorant. They had many questions to ask on such subjects as confession, the sword piercing Mary's heart, Simeon blessing Mary, who was the elder son of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the divinity of Christ (some made as much objection to the doctrine of the divinity of Christ as the Moslems), election, baptism, the salvation of infants, fasting, prayer, intercession of saints, etc. This is a list of questions asked, or difficulties propounded for solution, in one evening only! The result of our work amongst these Coptic Christians was that they promised to meet together once at least every week for the reading and meditation of Scripture and for prayer. Please pray for these men. Their native priest never visits them more than once in the year, and then only to ask for money; and they are but rarely visited by a missionary or evangelist. As a result their Christianity is scarcely even a name. I trust that our visit and the work we were enabled to do amongst them will be used by the Lord to bring about a true work of grace in their hearts. When we left we were implored by them again and again to come back and settle amongst them to open schools for their children and a place for worship, as well as to work amongst the Copts and Moslems of the town and district.

## A Wanderer Restored.

The following is a translation of a letter from one of the Spanish converts in Morocco to the missionary who had been the means of his conversion, she being at present in England.

He had for some time been wandering from Christ, but has now returned.

L-----,

February 24th, 1902.

DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,

After desiring for you peace in the Lord and equally for your dear family, the present is to give you the news of my return (submission) to the Lord God. I have asked pardon for all my guilt and sin, and He has made me again the same J— with a new heart. My new heart makes me take the pen, to let you know this good news, so great for you and for all the Christians who have been praying for me, and great also for me, for the Lord is in my heart again, and has given back to me the same peace I had before, and tranquility of spirit; and that my letter may serve in your country to show what the Lord Jesus has done for me. You know my life before believing, and after having believed, and since. All this I say, that you may, if you want, testify by me, that no Chris-

tian may permit anything in his heart which is not of the good Jesus. I was a true Christian, and, prompted by my bad heart, permitted a little weakness, until in everything I was weak. Being weakened, I permitted all the evil in my heart; and it seemed to me that I did not need the Lord, for I had everything I wanted. Without God this cannot be. When I thought myself better off and gaining more, everything went wrong. Why? Because the Lord was calling me, and I was disobeying. Because of this all steps I tried to take in advance turned backwards. I used to think myself happy (fortunate), but without the Lord no one can be happy.

Dear mother in the Lord, I had decided to abandon my family and not enter my home again, and when in this thought a light from heaven fell upon me, wounding me in my heart. It brought me to my house humbled (tame), and I decided to humble myself and ask pardon of our Lord. I went to the chapel to humble myself before all the church, and thanks, glory, and praise to our Lord God, who gave me pardon and peace and tranquility in my soul. Apart from God there is no peace. Remembrances to all your family, and you receive the love of this son in Jesus Christ.

J— V—.

John xi. 35, 36, 39, 43.

## For the Children.

NORTH AFRICA MISSION,  
PATERNOSTER HOUSE,  
LONDON, E.C.,  
May, 1902.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Although I have now been back from North Africa for some weeks, there are still many things that I saw there which I should like to tell you about. Most interesting of all, perhaps, was my visit to Djemaa Sahridj, for it was quite different there from anything else I had seen; so I want to tell you a little about it in this letter. I was only there for an afternoon and two whole days. Although it is only about eighty-one miles from Algiers, it takes nearly a whole day to get there and another to get back. This is because the connection between the train and the post-cart is so bad that people must stay some hours at Tizi Ouzou, where the change is made. It is a very pretty drive from Tizi Ouzou to Mekla—the French village about a mile from Djemaa Sahridj—but the cart is the most rickety thing you can imagine, and was full of Kabyles the day I went. Such a huge one got up on the front beside me that I thought I should be squashed to atoms. Fortunately he was fairly clean.

Djemaa Sahridj is a large Kabyle village quite high up among the mountains, with a still higher hill above it. From the Mission Station you can see the hills all round, and at the time when I was there the country was in all its beauty, for the trees were just out and the hedges were full of young ferns and flowers—beautiful yellow jessamine was growing wild. You might think that it would be a lovely place to live at, but I think you would very soon get tired of it, for soon the dreadful heat of summer would come, and all the green would be burnt up, and you would be too utterly "stewed" even to care to play.

Now I must tell you about the people: there are a great many hundreds living in the village, for it is really quite a large place. They are a different people from the Arabs, and speak the Kabyle language instead of Arabic. They are the aborigines of the country; that means that their forefathers were the first to live in the country; but they are greatly mixed



up with the old Greeks and Romans, and a little with Arabs and negroes too. A Kabyle girl's name is Lachrymæ; it means "tears." Do you know what lachrymæ means in Latin? I am glad to say the Kabyles are not nearly so lazy as the Arabs, and often work hard in their fields. Most of them are, however, very poor, although some are well off.

In this photograph of two little girls which I took for you while I was there you can see how they arrange their dress. It is a very simple one, generally white (but dirty), with a girdle round the waist. Their heads are tied up like the Arab girls' with a coloured handkerchief. You see how untidy their hair is—their mothers do not mind much about keeping them tidy. This little baby boy on the back of the little girl had on such a short, dirty garment, that Miss Smith put on the nice little shirt you see, so that he should not look too dreadful to have his photograph taken. The men dress more like the Arabs, but generally they do not wear a turban round their fez caps.

You would perhaps like to visit one of the houses. If you had come with me you would not have stayed long inside, for it was in the afternoon, and the women were making their food. They had a little fire in the middle of the floor, and as there are no chimneys the smoke made one's eyes smart most frightfully. The houses are built of clay and stones, and have red tiled roofs. Outside from a distance they look pretty enough, nestling among the green, but they are miserable and dirty inside. There is only a low door—if you are tall you must stoop to go in—so of course it is rather dark. The furniture is very limited indeed. Instead of store-rooms, can you guess what they have? Great big things made of mud and manure, etc., and then dried. These stand in the rooms. They have three openings, one in the top, one in the side near the top, and one quite near the bottom. They keep their grain in these, and use the top, middle, or lowest opening, according to how much is in the vessel. The openings are round holes which just allow a person's hand to go in. I am so glad the flour and meal I eat are kept in a cleaner thing, aren't you?

Our missionaries have been at Djemaa longer than anywhere else, and they have a large work going on there. About fifty little girls come one morning; then there are two boys' classes and a young men's class, and a women's class. In another village near there is a class for girls and young women. Two days a week medicines are given to the sick people, some of whom come from a great distance. Besides this, the ladies visit in Djemaa Sahridj, and sometimes they go off to other villages to speak of the Lord Jesus. So they have lots to do, haven't they? I think we should all help them as much as we can, and I know that they would very much like us to help them by prayer. Thank God there are a good many people at Djemaa who are not believing in Mohammed any longer, and who have taken Jesus to be their Saviour. If you are never able to go out to Algeria to see them, you can meet them in a much more beautiful land, and there their garments will be "spotless white." Make sure you are going there, for how dreadful it would be if some Kabyle children got in and you were shut out!

I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,

R. I. L.

### Some Things to give Praise for.

We have to praise God this month for the conversion and baptism of a man called Omar, in Tunis. You can see what Mr. Purdon says about him on page 69.

We also have to praise God for a native of Morocco who has been converted at Susa, in Tunisia. He is a soldier, and it will be very hard for him to confess Christ openly.

LIST OF DONATIONS FROM APRIL 16th to MAY 15th, 1902.  
GENERAL AND DESIGNATED FUNDS.

GENERAL FUND.			1902. No. of May Receipt. £ s. d.			1902. No. of April Receipt. £ s. d.			DETAILS OF LEICESTER AUXILIARY.			DETAILS OF BRIGHTON AUXILIARY.		
1602	No. of April Receipt.	£ s. d.	Brought forw'd.	808	2	9	Brought forw'd.	166	1	8	Mr. J. BOLTON, 106, Evington Road, 23, Sussex Square.			
16	5945	0 2 6	13	5992	0	10	30	3858	2	0	Designated Receipt, No. 3841.			
16	5946	0 2 6	14	{ Readers of "The Christian" }	8	18	30	3859	1	0	No. of Receipt. £ s. d.			
17	5947	2 0 0	15	5994	0	10	May	1	3873	0	5	59	1	0
17	5948	0 5 0	15	{ Buckhurst Hill }	1	0	1	3874	2	13	1	55	2	0
17	5949	3 0 0	15	5994	0	10	5	3875	20	0	0	{ Bradford Y.W.C.A. Bridlington Y.W.C.A. }	2	0
17	5950	0 5 0	15	5994	0	10	5	3876	6	0	0	58	0	6
18	Glasgow	0 18 0	15	5994	0	10	6	3877	4	10	0	{ Melbourne Hall Misny. Union }	2	13
18	5952	5 00 0	15	5994	0	10	6	3877	4	10	0	60	0	5
18	5953	0 10 0	15	5994	0	10	8	{ M.H.B., Blackheath }	8	0	0	61	0	5
19	{ Friends at Eastleigh }	2 10 0	Total	£819	0	9	8	3879	50	0	0	{ Redhill Y.W.C.A. Helpers Together }	3	18
19	5955	0 10 0	Total, May 1st, 1901, to April 15th, 1902	4442	19	1	8	3880	2	10	0	64	1	5
21	5956	0 17 1		£5261	19	10	10	3881	3	0	0	65	5	0
22	5957	2 0 0						3882	0	10	0	Amount previously acknowledged		
22	5958	0 10 0						{ Missionary Pence Association }	4	15	2	£20 13 0		
22	5959	0 10 0						{ Missionary Pence Association }	3	3	0	Amount previously acknowledged		
22	5960	5 0 0						{ Missionary Pence Association }	0	11	0	£87 1 11		
23	Clayhidon	0 14 0	DESIGNATED FUND.					{ Missionary Pence Association }	0	10	6	* This amount was designated for the work of Miss Bolton and Miss Hubbard at Tetuan.		
23	5962	25 0 0	1902. No. of April Receipt. £ s. d.					{ Missionary Pence Association }	0	10	3	DETAILS OF GLASGOW N.W. AUXILIARY.		
23	Bournemouth	1 17 6	16	{ Highgate Rd. Bible Class }	1	0	0	{ Readers of "The Christian" }	8	15	0	Mr. T. NELSON, 19, Argus Street, Springburn.		
23	Lymington	0 12 3	16	3832	50	0	0	14	3889	13	2	Designated Receipt, No. 3844.		
23	5965	0 5 0	17	3833	1	4	6	14	3890	6	5	No. of Receipt. £ s. d.		
24	5966	0 19 6	23	3834	18	15	0	14	3891	1	5	57		
24	5967	4 3 0	23	3835	0	10	0	14	3892	5	0	58		
24	{ Tunbridge Wells }	5 10 6	24	3836	30	0	0	Total	£310	7	8	59		
25	Sale of Work	3 0 0	24	3837	0	10	0	Total, May 1st, 1901, to April 15th, 1902	3008	17	9	60		
25	5970	1 0 0	24	3838	10	0	0		£3319	5	5	61		
25	5971	0 12 6	25	A Friend	3	10	0					62		
28	{ W. London Auxiliary }	3 3 0	25	{ Salford Dock Misn. Yng Men's Class }	12	10	0					Amount previously acknowledged		
28	5973	2 0 0	25	3841	1	0	0					£0 14 0		
28	{ Friends at Cheltenham }	1 10 0	25	3842	1	10	0					Amount previously acknowledged		
29	5975	1 0 0	28	3843	4	0	0					£13 0 11		
31	Shrewsbury	4 13 6	28	3844	0	14	0					£385 5 11		
May	2	5977	0	1	0	0	0					TOTALS, MAY 1ST, 1901, TO APRIL 30TH, 1902.		
3	5978	0	10	0	0	0	0					General..... £5017 19 11		
6	5979	0	10	0	0	0	0					Designated 3177 19 5		
6	5980	0	6	6	0	0	0					£8195 19 4		
7	5981	1	0	0	0	0	0					TOTALS, MAY 1ST, 1902, TO MAY 15TH, 1902.		
7	5982	0	5	0	0	0	0					General..... £243 19 11		
8	5983	0	5	0	0	0	0					Designated 141 6 0		
8	5984	150	0	0	0	0	0					£385 5 11		
8	{ Thornton Heath }	0	18	0	0	0	0							
8	5986	2	2	0	0	0	0							
10	5987	2	2	0	0	0	0							
10	5988	72	0	0	0	0	0							
12	{ Missionary Pence Association }	0	1	11	0	0	0							
12	5990	0	10	6	0	0	0							
12	5991	2	10	0	0	0	0							
Carried forw'd.	£808	2	9	Carried forw'd.	£166	1	8							

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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THE ADDRESS OF THE MISSION IS NOW

**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 50.**