

Kindly read, circulate, and do not destroy.

No. 3.—New Series.

March, 1905.

NORTH AFRICA

AND ELSEWHERE.

A Monthly Record of Work for God
and Testimony for the Truth.

*"Then said Jesus, . . . as my Father hath sent Me,
even so send I you."*—JOHN XX. 21.

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PRICE
ONE
PENNY.



Office of the North Africa Mission, 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

It was Founded in 1881 by the late Mr. George Pearse assisted by Dr. Grattan Guinness and Mr. Edward H. Glenny. It was at first called The Mission to the Kabyles, but gradually extended its sphere of operations to all parts and in some measure to all classes in North Africa, work amongst Mohammedans being its main business.

Its Object was and is to make known the Gospel of God's grace to those amongst whom it labours, and then to instruct them in the way of God more perfectly, that they may be intelligent and devoted witnesses to others.

Its Character is Scriptural and Evangelical, embracing Christians of various denominations who seek to be loyal to Christ and to God's inspired word. It seeks to encourage simple dependence upon God in all things.

LIST OF DONATIONS from JANUARY 1st to 31st, 1905. GENERAL AND DESIGNATED FUNDS.

GENERAL FUND.				DESIGNATED FUND.					
1905. Jan.	No. of Receipt.	Amount. £ s. d.	1905. Jan.	No. of Receipt.	Amount. £ s. d.	1905. Jan.	No. of Receipt.	Amount. £ s. d.	
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	30	0 3 6	19	1	2 2 0	76	7	7 10 0	
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	42	1 15 0	1	1	0 5 0	80	102 0 0		
	3	0 5 0	2	2	0 1 0	{ Co. Antrim }	2 1 0		
	4	0 2 6	3	3	0 5 0	{ Miss. Fd. }	82	9 2 0	
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	9	0 11 9	6	7	1 0 0	{ Watville St. Chapel }	12 10 0		
	60	0 2 6	7	7	1 0 0	{ Watville Street }	10 0 0		
	1	0 10 0	Publications	190 16 8		{ Dulverton }	1 10 6		
	2	0 10 0	Sundries..	2 2 9		25	B.C. Barnet..	0 14 8	
	3	2 0 0		£299 0 10					
	4	0 10 0							
Carried forward	£127 9 11					Carried forward	£487 2 11		

ADDITIONAL DESIGNATED DONATIONS

For period ending December 31, 1904.

Notice received too late for publication in February No.

1904. Dec.	No. of Receipt.	Amount. £ s. d.
31	1135	Cancelled
	1130	0 16 9
	1137	5 0 0

Sundries £5 16 9

Previously ackgd. £6 18 11

£2,290 19 6

TOTALS MAY 1 TO DEC. 31, 1904.

General Fund .. £2,378 0 6
Designated Fund 2,290 19 6

£4,669 0 0

TOTALS JAN. 1 TO JAN. 31, 1905.

General Fund .. £209 0 10
Designated Fund 550 14 8

£759 15 6



Ruins of Amphitheatre at Carthage, near Tunis.

Shut up to God.

THE promises and character of God are the food of faith, but, in order that faith may grow, it requires exercise as well as food. To this end God frequently takes from His children those human props on which they lean, and those channels through which His blessings flow, that faith may be really *in Himself*, and not in the instruments or channels that He uses.

We often think we are trusting in God, until He brings us into circumstances of perplexity and trial, when we find, alas! that our faith is very small, even if we have any at all. Then we begin to find that a naturally sanguine and cheerful temperament is not real trust in the living God, and, humbled and ashamed, we confess our sinfulness and seek that real faith, which is the fruit of the Spirit and the gift of God.

God's dealings with Israel illustrate how again and again the Lord sought to teach them to trust entirely in Him, by shutting them up to Himself.

When their hosts left Egypt they were followed by their former masters, and escape seemed impossible. They were shut in, and shut up to God. God had led them thus, that it might be so. Israel was sore afraid, and cried unto the Lord for deliverance, but probably more in despair than in faith. God came in, and thus they were taught that, when human help was shut out, God was their all-sufficient Deliverer.

The entire wilderness experience was an exercise of faith. The desert could provide neither food, water, clothing, nor protection, and they were without human resource. Could they have been more shut up to God than they were? Alas! their faith failed sadly, as ours often does, but God's faithfulness never failed. And the nation did in some measure learn to trust in God, especially some individuals.

In Psalm cvii. we have several instances of people who were at the end of all their natural resources. Their troubles seem sometimes to be specially connected

with their sin ; at other times this is not apparent. Is it not so with us ? Sometimes our trials are the result of our waywardness ; at others God permits them to come for our testing and development. In Psalm cvii. 5 and 6 we read :

1. Their soul fainted in them.
2. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble.
3. He delivered them out of their distresses.

Again it is recorded in a second instance, when rebellion was the reason for their being brought low, that—

1. There was none to help.
2. They cried unto the Lord in their trouble.
3. He saved them out of their distresses.

In the third illustration we find that because of transgression and iniquity they were afflicted.

1. They drew near unto the gates of death.
2. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble.
3. He saved them out of their distresses.

The fourth case refers to those whose *business* calls them into circumstances of peril and perplexity, without their being in any special sense faulty. In the ordinary course of their business they are brought into circumstances where—

1. Their soul is melted because of trouble, and they are at their wit's end (or margin), all their wisdom is swallowed up.
2. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and
3. He bringeth them out of their distresses.

This being shut up to God by the failure of all one's ordinary means of help leads to real prayer. Not, perhaps, what people call "beautiful prayer," but to prayer from the depths of the soul. We ask the Lord to teach us to pray—here is one way in which He answers us. He brings us into circumstances of intensest anguish, and then we learn to cry to God with reality, because we realise the desperate-ness of our need. There is none but God to whom to look ; if He fails us, we must perish. But in the instances given He did not fail, but in each case He delivered those, who cried to Him in their distresses.

When we ask God to give us a spirit of prayer, to increase our faith and conform us to Christ, He not infrequently uses trial as a part of His method of answering our prayers. John Newton, the writer in association with Cowper of the "Olney Hymns," brings this out in the following lines:—

I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

Yet more, with His own hand He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

I hoped that, in some favoured hour,
At once He'd answer my request,
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Lord, why is this ? I trembling cried ;
Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death ?
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith."

" These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy.
That thou mayest seek thy all in Me."

In justifying the ungodly, God has first to bring men to the end of their own righteousness, before they will submit to the righteousness of God. So also in sanctification we need to learn that in ourselves and in our own strength we cannot do anything to please God. Thus sanctification is not only by the Holy Spirit, by the Word of God, and by faith, but also frequently through sorrow and suffering. By painfully learning our own vileness and weakness, we are led to cling to the promises of God, that He by the Holy Spirit will work in us.

In service for God, likewise, we learn to come to the end of ourselves, to the end of our wisdom and strength. We may learn it all in God's Word, but it is seldom that we can do so effectually, until we have also learned experimentally, by failure and disappointment, our own utter insufficiency.

But sometimes it is possible to get to the point of having learned in considerable measure our good-for-nothingness, and yet to have learned in but small measure to lay hold of God's all-sufficiency. This is of all conditions the most sad. If God has shown us our incompetence, let us look to Him to show us His competence, and let us live in the joy and power of it.

What does it matter if I am poor, if I have an infinitely rich Friend? What does it matter that I am lacking in wisdom, if I have One who loves me, who is infinitely wise? What does it matter if I am weak, if I have One who loves me, who is infinitely strong, and ready to strengthen me? What does it matter that I am helpless, if I have an Almighty Helper who delights to assist me, so that I can say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

But we believers have all this and more. Then why are we cast down, why are we weak and foolish and poor? Perhaps because we are still trying to eke out a miserable existence on our own slender personal resources, instead of ignoring them, and drawing upon the limitless fulness of a God who is full of compassion. May God forgive our sin and folly, and teach us in His own way how to live by faith in the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us.

E. H. G.



Mr. Percy Smith wrote on January 30th, 1905, from **Constantine, Algeria**, a city most wonderfully perched on a huge rock nearly 3,000 feet above sea level: "We are having a severe winter for us. January has been a time of bad weather almost entirely. We had snow for three whole days, and a great deal of frost about the beginning of the month, and we have had two smaller falls of snow since.

"Our meeting for the Arabs on Tuesdays has been encouraging. The Jewish meeting, however, has fallen off almost entirely. This is, no doubt, owing to the severity of the weather, as the Jews rarely go out at night in bad weather. We have had, however, a good many talks with Jews in the shop, especially young men, all imbued with the idea that science and religion are diametrically opposed to each other. Three we have had in during the last fortnight. The keynote of all they had to say was this—'Miracles are impossible.' Although I believe that few persons are converted by argument, conversion being more of a moral than of an intellectual nature, yet argument may be the first step towards causing them to think more seriously."

Mrs. Venables writes in a recent letter from **Tripoli**: "Our patients as usual are numerous, and so many girls want to come to the classes that the number has to be limited. In the largest class, as four of us are engaged in it, we have fifty-five members, and an attendance of nearly fifty. We divide for the Bible lesson, and then we all look after the sewing; the little ones need a great deal of attention.

"Miriam (a native woman recently converted) is so intelligent, and shows the deepest interest in spiritual things. She is not afraid to be known as interested. Last week she explained my pictures to a woman who is not willing to listen much to us, but Miriam has a way of compelling attention. Please continue to pray for her."

Miss Aldridge writes from **El-Kasar El-Kebir**, Morocco, on February 8th, 1905: "The army is still encamped just outside the town, and so in this immediate neighbourhood everything is very quiet. The mountaineers have made peace with the Kaid, and are now bringing their goods into market again; in fact, just at the present moment the whole country about here seems fairly quiet."

To the Friends of the N.A.M.

I, PALMEIRA AVENUE,
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA,
Feb. 15th, 1905.

DEAR FELLOW-HELPERS,

The work of evangelising North Africa is God's work, in which He has called us to help Him, and in which again we in our helplessness have to beg Him to help us to help Him. Too often we look upon it as simply our work in which we are to count on His assistance, forgetting that it is only ours as His servants. Since He is the Lord of the harvest, we may rightly go to Him for more labourers for His harvest, and for the maintenance of His labourers and His work.

If only we could always remember that the work is God's, it would be more easy to trust in Him, and we should by grace be more likely to ask ourselves what He would have us do to forward His plans.

If the work were merely our own it would certainly come to grief in face of the great difficulties that confront it, and it would be just as well it should; but if it is in reality His, though in part marred by our blunders, then in some way or other God will sustain and develop it. When we think of the mighty forces of evil arrayed against us, the work looks hopeless. What can we, a little band of

weak, poor, and unimportant people, do against the powers of Mohammedanism, Romanism, Judaism, and Infidelity, backed, as they are, by the forces of political influence and the mighty energy of the hosts of spiritual darkness? Unless God be our helper we must fail. But, if God be for us, who can be against us?

The past month has been one casting us much upon God. The charges for the repair and renewal of the mission station at Djemaa Sahridj, Algeria, are much heavier than was anticipated, largely through injustice which must be opposed. At the same time funds have been coming in less freely, so that our average receipts have fallen to about £150 a week since January 1st.

On the other hand, the Spirit of God seems to be working in Algiers as well as in some other places. At Djemaa Sahridj, among the Kabyles, the spiritual work is decidedly encouraging.

I must not write more this month, as already I have occupied much space for other articles. Join us in claiming from God the fulfilment of His gracious promises and the manifestation of His character. "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him." (Daniel ix. 9).

Yours heartily in Christ,

EDWARD H. GLENNY.

The Carpet-Weaving School at Cherchell.

In our annual report last October we referred to this new venture in Algeria by MISS READ AND MISS DAY, who last year began this school for teaching to Arab women and girls the old native industry of carpet-weaving. They are thereby helped to maintain their influence over girls to whom they have taught Christian truth, and of whom they might otherwise lose hold. It also enables them to provide honest employment for women and girls, who are in danger of slipping into paths of sin through the force of temptation under circumstances of poverty and loneliness. Miss Read and Miss Day have been greatly saddened by several cases that have shown the urgent need there is for providing such means of livelihood. Further, this work is of real value in bringing our sisters into close contact with

native men and women who supply them with wool, with roots and plants for vegetable dyes, and other commodities. Many of these people would be quite unreachd by missionary effort, but for the opportunities afforded by this industrial work, which brings them under the sound of the Gospel. These are some of the reasons justifying this special enterprise.

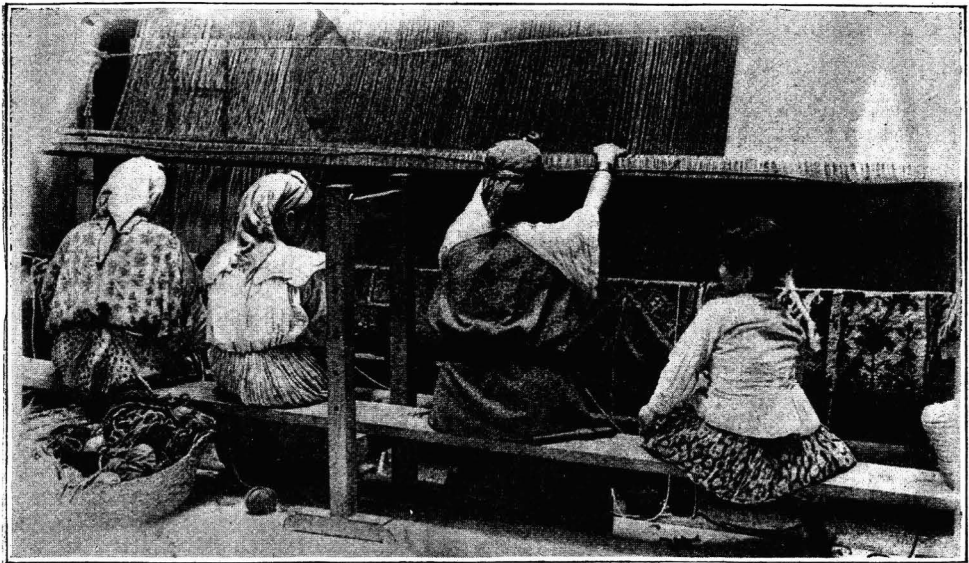
Miss Read wrote in one of her letters: "I am so thankful this work is started, for I have been most anxious about one of my girls who had gone into service in a European family. I feared by her conduct and dress that she would go wrong, and at last have got her entirely at the carpet school. She has come back to the Sunday School too; the week before last my subject had been 'The wages of sin is death,' and last Sunday, before

beginning the fresh lesson, I asked who could tell me what the last one was about, and K. said, 'I can, but I don't want another verse like that to-day, for I have been dreaming about death all the week and I knew I was not going to heaven.' This much to the astonishment of the other girls. One said, 'But you had only to *shahed*,' (witness that there is no god but God, and Mohammed is His apostle). She replied, 'That was not enough for me; I want to feel that God and I are friends.' So I left my subject to explain, 'Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our

a bad life has quieted down in the few months she has been at the carpet school. Mme. Ramoin (our French teacher in the school) gives a very good report of her conduct; she has thrown herself heart and soul into learning to weave the carpets, and has charge of a loom. If only for the result on this girl we are thankful for the carpet school; it has saved her from perdition."

Miss Day writes with reference to the actual weaving itself:—

"We have obtained some very remarkable results both as to work and to dyes. Except the very first rugs we turned out,



Native Girls of Algeria Weaving Carpets.

Lord Jesus Christ.' Will you specially pray for this girl that this may not be a passing emotion, but that she may come out boldly for Christ. She is fourteen years old and very intelligent. We thank God every day for the opportunities of this industry; you will understand how I feel about this one girl, and rejoice to know that she is under Miss Day's influence and safe from temptation, the more so, that I am not sure that her mother, being a widow, would not have encouraged her in a bad life for the sake of the extra money she would bring in. Poverty is an awful thing."

Miss Read added at a later date:—

"The girl for whom I had such fears that her mother was pushing her to lead

we are told that our work for thoroughness and art is not equalled by any other carpet school in Algeria.

"We ask prayer that we may be led step by step in a new departure which the Lord seems to have opened up for us. A traveller of a large fancy cotton manufactory has approached us, with a view to our making rugs in silkette and cotton for sale in hot climates. We are to make a small rug and submit to them with prices, and if it pleases they may make a contract with us. They have chosen our school as not being yet established in any other specialty, and their traveller says our work is more careful and regular than most.

"The governor-general of Algeria has

sent out a recommendation to the authorities, that they should encourage the natives to go back to vegetable dyes, and has promised prizes in the tribes for those who will plant or use them. It will be in favour with the governor that we have already begun to teach the children this method of dyeing."

The rugs and carpets turned out by the Cherchell mission school have won warm praise from many European purchasers, for artistic design, colour and quality of finish.

The accompanying illustration is from an Algerian postcard, and shows native girls weaving in a French carpet-school. There are several such institutions in Algeria, employing female natives under

French supervision. The weavers have a cleverly arranged seat, movable up and down in a frame according to the height at which they are working. Though this is not a picture of the mission carpet school itself, it conveys an exact idea of its operations.

Miss Read and Miss Day earnestly desire to be preserved from being too engrossed with the merely manual part of the work. They would fain keep to the front the spiritual objects of this undertaking, and ask Christians to pray that it may be so blessed of God that both converted and unconverted natives may thereby be helped to live honestly, and that it may be a distinct help in soul-winning work.

News from the Mission Field.

From Miss F. R. Brown (Tangier, Morocco).

I have been busy this week with Christmas feasts among the Spaniards, and distributing clothing among the poor of our flock, most of the garments having been made by the members of my sewing class during the year. Next week I hope to give another feast to a number of young girls who attend our meetings and my Bible class. There is a great deal of distress just now, many men being out of work.

The past week or two I have devoted the afternoons to distributing tracts and portions of the Scriptures all over the town and in the shops, and have met with some very interesting and encouraging cases of men and women inquiring and anxious to know the truth. There were just a few exceptional ones. I went up to a group of three standing in the street, two women and a man, and gave a tract to each of the women. The man spoke very rudely, saying he was a Roman Catholic, and that he believed in Jesus Christ. I said I was very glad to hear it, and that the tract I offered him was full of the Lord Jesus. "Oh! well, does it speak of the Virgin Mary?" "No, it does not." "Then I don't want it, I only want the Virgin." So he took the tracts out of the hands of the women and returned them to me.

A little lower down the same road I went to the door of a barber's shop, and gave several tracts to one man to give to those inside, and then passed on. Presently a boy came after me with a little book in his hand, and a message from his master in the barber's shop, asking whether I would read his book if he read mine. So I took it. Its title was "Los Crimenes de Dios" (The Crimes of God), a most awful book. It made me shudder to read it. This is what these poor anarchists read and believe in. I pray he may read the tract and portion of God's Word which I left with him, and that the Holy Spirit may speak through them to his heart.

Will you please pray for these anarchists? There are numbers of them in Tangier.

How inspiring it is to read of the Spirit's work in Wales! May its blessed influence reach us in this dark land!

Feb. 10th, 1905.—We feel encouraged in the Spanish work; good numbers are coming to the meetings and classes. I have twenty young women attending my Bible-class this winter, and prayer is being made without ceasing to God to bless His work.

We are having nice cool weather, which makes one enjoy work, and I am feeling very well, praise God.

From Miss Jay (Tangier, Morocco).



AT the time of my return to Tangier last autumn I found everything greatly changed, and the country in a much worse state of anarchy than when I went away. The government having now no power to control or punish the tribes, more especially those around Tangier, the latter have for a long time been causing grave

trouble in the neighbourhood; murders and robberies are of frequent occurrence and always go unpunished. No Europeans are now allowed to go any distance beyond the town, no one goes out after dark, and even in the daytime the men are all armed. As one Moor said lately, "It is more dangerous now to live in Tangier than it was even in the Riff country." Everything is extremely dear, as on account of the roads being all infested with robbers very little produce can be brought into the market from the surrounding villages; the poor are therefore suffering greatly, numbers of them having scarcely any food or clothing, and the distress all around is sad to see.

In the lane where my house is situated I also found great changes. During my absence, Sid Menebhi, the great examiner for war, has erected a large house close to mine; it is surrounded by a high wall and is so large and so strongly built that it resembles a fortress more than a house. Here Menebhi now resides with a large number of followers, so that my quiet lane, which used to be so suitable for the girls' school, is now always

thronged with Moors. I spent a considerable time after my return in looking for a more suitable house in a safer situation; however, up to the present time I have not been able to meet with one, as the rent of the only place suitable for the work was much too high. So I felt it must be God's will for me to return to my old house for a time, and I have been living there again since October. After repairing the damage done to it by the many rains last winter, I commenced in November to gather my girls together into a weekly class. At present, while the lane is crowded with men, I do not like to bring the children round the house oftener than once a week. . . They come every Tuesday for the whole morning, and I make special arrangements that they may return home safely; as they stay so long we have time to go over everything, and keep them up in all they have learnt. We commence always with a Bible lesson, on which I afterwards ask them questions. The numbers coming each week are most cheering, and they are delighted to return. Twenty came the first morning, and every week since then the number has increased, so that now there are nearly forty girls coming regularly. In many cases the mothers have brought their daughters and asked me to admit them, and last week I was specially pleased that the widow of Hadj Ali brought her grand-daughter, begging that she might be allowed to come regularly. Hadj Ali was well known to many of us, as for years he accompanied our honoured friend, the late Mr. W. Mackintosh, in his ceaseless missionary journeys. It was a grief to me to hear when I returned that this warm-hearted faithful Moor had been drowned; he lost his life seeking to rescue a child who had fallen into the river.

I found several of my elder pupils had been married during my absence, and I have been visiting them in their own homes and received a very loving welcome from them all.

I have also been busy amongst my old friends, most of whom are again coming to see me regularly. The blind man comes every Saturday, and he lately took away one of the colloquial Arabic Gospels to the fokih of his village, and they are now reading it together. Poor old Rahma, now also quite blind and very feeble, comes each Sunday when the weather is

fine, and the mother of the late Kaid Mohammed* also comes frequently to see me. She loves to talk to me of her son, whose death she ever mourns, and she always brings with her some little present of fruit or flowers because I knew him. I feel hopeful that she also is trusting truly in Jesus; the Kaid, her son, taught her much and read the Gospel with her. She always hears gladly, and comes sometimes when the children are here to listen to the Bible lesson, and before Christmas, when we were so busy getting ready for the treat, she helped me very much with needlework.

The girls were so good about their treat, and really unselfish. I told them what a beautiful box of toys our kind friends had again sent us from Malden Hall, and then I asked them what I should get them for the feast. The elder girls after some talk amongst themselves said, "Buy nothing at all, Tabeeba, you do not know how expensive everything is now; think how much so many of us will eat, and do not spend all your money on us, the toys are quite enough." It was so pleasant to see how earnest they were about it, and that they were not thinking of themselves at all. The poor Spaniards also had a treat here on December 30th and shared in the generous gift of toys, and were also most thankful for the warm clothing sent by friends at home.

Aiweesha and her beautiful baby boy came to stay with me for two days just before Christmas, and they come frequently to see me. Her husband is most kind to her, he continues steadily at his work, and they have a happy little home. Poor old Rahma also came for Christmas, but was taken ill, and though better is still very feeble; she is longing to go to be with Christ, and is ready whenever He calls her. Her trust in Him is very bright and simple, and she often says, "I shall see Him soon." I was able through the kind help of friends at home to rebuild her hut, which had quite fallen to pieces during my absence, and her gratitude for this is very great; she is now safely sheltered from the cold and rain.

Lately I have given away several copies of Luke's Gospel in colloquial Arabic, and

* A native Christian colporteur, who died through violent treatment received from fanatical Moors nearly three years ago.

always find them well received. One afternoon a Moor called to see me, and said that Aiweesha's husband had shown him one of these books, he had read part of it, and had come to ask if I would give him a copy for himself. He was an old man, refined and intelligent, and a good reader. His wife and two children were with him, and as it was late when they arrived, and they had come a long distance, I invited the family to supper, and to remain the night in the room in the garden. They were very pleased to stay with us, and it gave me the opportunity for a long talk with them. It was exceedingly interesting to find that the old man was Raisuli's fokih, the robber chief having been brought up at his school. "I taught him all he knows," he proudly said. The Moors all have a great amount of reverence for Raisuli, and this old fokih had numberless anecdotes to tell me about him, all tending to illustrate his supernatural powers! The fokih himself was greatly interested in the Gospel; we talked long together of Jesus, he asking most interesting questions; when he left he promised, if possible, to come again soon and hear more, and he carried away with him the precious volume he had come to obtain. We are so thankful thus to get the Bible amongst different classes of the people, for the present state of danger and anarchy in the country only proves how sorely the people need the Gospel, that they may learn to trust in Christ as the only Saviour, and to obey the commandments of the Prince of Peace. We would ask friends at home to pray more earnestly than ever for this unhappy land.

Be True.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., 1808-1889.

The Society for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures.

The North Africa Mission has great cause to be thankful to this Society for the help it has given to its missionaries from the very beginning. The late Mrs. Robertson was our very good friend, and, practically whenever missionaries were in want of Scriptures for free distribution, she was ready to send them a grant of two or three pounds with which to purchase them, and distribute them amongst the people.

Since Mrs. Robertson's death, Mrs. A. E. Pridham, who had formerly been her helper, has taken her place, and our missionaries speak in grateful terms of her kindness, in from time to time sending them funds for the free distribution of the Word of God. But free distribution needs to be done with care, and where missionaries are located in one place they are soon able to supply all the readers in that neighbourhood, because so few in North Africa can read. To distribute widely one needs to travel widely, and, of course, this means expense; in fact, the expense of travelling to distribute the Scriptures with discretion is much more than the cost of the Scriptures themselves.

We have lately heard of an interesting case of the son of a sheikh from Fez who, after travelling to Mecca, was on his return attracted by seeing in Egypt a shop with the announcement outside—"Food for the Souls of Men." He went in to see what this could be, and discovered that it was a Bible shop. He was given a Bible, and also conversed with, and there seems good reason to believe that he has really received Christ as his Saviour. It was a tremendous revelation to him to see the inside of a Bible, and after reading a portion he came back and spent half a day in discussing the truths of Christianity. He became deeply interested, and something in it appealed to him, and he said, "I don't care what it costs, I am going to find out the truth and follow it." For five days his mind was in a turmoil of conflicting

thoughts, but at last he came to tell his instructors that he had found peace, and was a believer in Jesus. His old servant was bitterly opposed to his coming to the missionaries, but he was sent off elsewhere for a time, and the convert is now practically in hiding. Before he went he was given one of the Bibles supplied by the "Society for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures." He has read through and carefully studied the New Testament, and when last heard of had read through the Old Testament as far as Isaiah, making notes as he went along, and comparing Scripture with Scripture. It was all to him so wonderful, and it is delightful to hear him tell about the depths he has been exploring and the treasure he has been finding.

This case of blessing deeply interests us because, though those who gave him the Bible in Egypt are not connected with the North Africa Mission, the man himself comes from Fez, where our labourers are working, and where they and native converts are constantly praying for God's blessing on the people.

Those who wish to help this excellent work should send their contributions to Mrs. A. E. Pridham, The Chesils, Christ Church Road, Hampstead, N.W.



"There is such a thing as leaving our first faith as well as our first love."

"Great faith is simple faith. If you are seeking great faith, remember, the simpler it is the greater it will be."

"Believers are great unbelievers. They are slow to believe *all*."

"Very much of unbelief consists in believing half of what God tells us, and not the whole."

ANDREW BONAR, D.D.

The late Mr. James Wright.

Successor to the late Mr. George Müller, of Bristol.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day?" (2 SAM. iii. 38.)

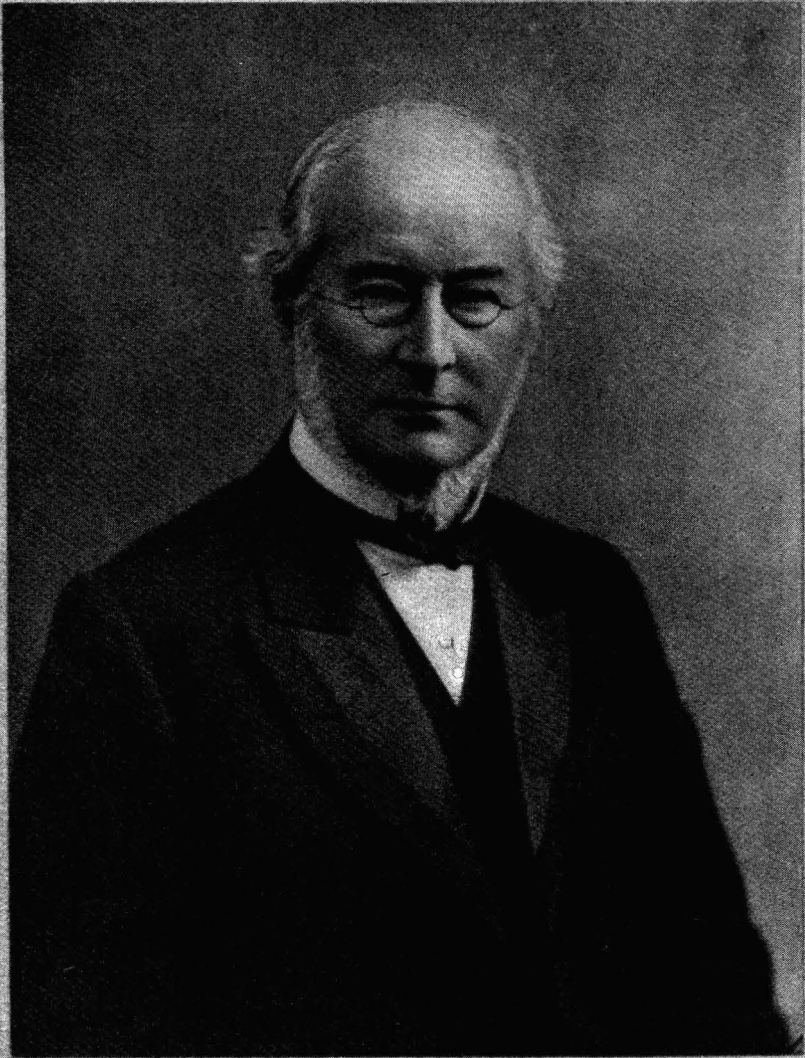
Mr. James Wright has been called to higher service. On Sunday, January 29th, 1905, his King sent for him to come to Court. Though in his seventy-ninth year, he looked considerably younger. His firm, elastic tread, his bright and happy smile, gave the impression of one still full of vigour, and his energy and alacrity made one feel he was young in spirit, whatever his age might be. It was he and the late Mr. Heath who conducted the service when my wife and I were married at Clifton more than twenty-seven years ago, and he reminded me that some of his earliest efforts in preaching were made at Barking in the mission room which my father superintended. Mr. Wright was then residing in London for a time, but this must probably have been about fifty years ago. Now his earthly ministry has closed. He might well have said, like Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing" (2 Timothy iv. 7, 8).

Mr. Wright was not so widely known as he deserved to be. For many years he gave himself so thoroughly to the work of the Ashley Down Orphan Homes and the kindred Scripture Knowledge Institution, that he had but little time to spare to visit other places. He was a fluent and beautiful speaker and an able expositor of God's Word, and most diligent in his ministry in Bristol; but one is almost disposed to regret that such a powerful ministry was not used in a wider field, so that a larger number might have profited by it. No doubt, however, he was guided in the path he took.

It was a most difficult thing to follow a man like George Müller; and even though Mr. Wright had been associated with the work from 1859 until Mr. Müller's death in 1898, there were many who wondered whether the work would go on as before, and whether supplies would be sent as in the past, without the issue of appeals, in response to prayer and faith.

Mr. Wright, with a beautiful combination of humility and courage, said, just after Mr. Müller's death, "I have been asked again and again lately, and have heard that it is being asked, 'Will the Orphan Work go on?' I have only a few words to say about that. First, *it is going on*. Since the commencement of this year we have received between forty and fifty fresh orphans, and this week we expect to receive more. The four other objects of the Institution, according to the ability God gives us, are still being carried on. The next thing is, that my beloved fellow-labourers and myself believe that 'known unto God are all His works from the foundation of the world.' Another thing we know is, that He Himself knows what He will do, and we believe that what He will do will be worthy of Himself. We don't know much more, and we don't want to."

For seven years since then the work has gone on. God has shown Himself strong on behalf of His servant who put his trust in Him. At the time of Mr. Müller's death the Orphan Homes were not full, as only those who had lost both parents were admitted. Since then this rule has been relaxed, and some of those who have lost only one parent are received. Consequently there are more orphans in the homes than when Mr. Müller died. The funds for the orphan work also have been well maintained, and during Mr. Wright's period of direction they have been



THE LATE MR JAMES WRIGHT
Successor to George Müller of Bristol.

Photograph by Mr. Frank Holmes, of 81, Whiteladies' Road, Bristol, reproduced by permission.

even more-abundant than before, through some specially large legacies coming in. The other branches of the work have also been maintained.

Soon after Mr. Müller's death Mr. Wright invited Mr. Bergin to join him and assist in the direction of the work. They had known one another for many years, and this last seven years has been a time of happy co-operation. Now Mr. G. F. Bergin is left to superintend and direct the work, as Mr. Wright was left in 1898. At the funeral, Mr. Bergin mentioned that the 23rd Psalm was the last portion of Scripture that Mr. Wright's nurse read to him before he closed his earthly journey. How often it is that at the end of life even great men come back to the simplest truths! Mr. Spurgeon, not long before he died, said, "My theology now is in four little words, 'Jesus died for me.' I do not say that this would be all I should preach were I raised up again, but it is enough to die upon—Jesus died for me." So this prince among the people of God came back to the 23rd Psalm with Jehovah his Shepherd, and "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," closing with "the house of the Lord for ever."

Mr. Wright was a splendid man of business, prompt, quick, alert, and of sound judgment, yet a man of true and simple faith, and full of sympathy and love. Not long before his death he pressed Mr. Bergin's hand in his and said, "O my brother, how I love you!" This, from one so fearless and bold, gives a wonderful combination of love and strength. When he realised the gravity of his illness, he was quite satisfied with God's ordering. He remarked, "God doeth well. I would not alter one thing He hath done." When his wife was called home some years since, he said to one sympathising with him, "As to Mrs. Wright, it is far better; as to myself, it is well." Thus then, and to the end, he rejoiced in the will of God being done.

As to the work going on, Mr. Bergin said at the funeral, as Mr. Wright said seven years ago, "The work is going on. Since Mr. Wright's death nine more orphans have been received, and two apprentices had been sent out. They intended to carry on every branch of the work. The Lord knew as to the future. As long as He should help them and permit them to engage in it, they would joyfully put their shoulders to the burden of carrying it on."

During Mr. Wright's association with the work, from 1859 to the date of his death, 10,741 orphans had been received into the homes, and at the date of his death there were more in the homes in residence than there had been for twenty years.

George Müller was born in Prussia in 1805, just one hundred years ago. In his early days he was a heavy drinker, robbed his father, forged letters, and was imprisoned for living at hotels in luxury without the means to pay. To those who knew him in later years as the holy man of God, the man of faith, prayer and good works, this seems almost incredible; but when God revealed His love to him in November, 1825, when he was twenty years of age, he was converted, and the whole course of his life was changed.

In some respects this wonderful change reminds one of the conversion of John Newton, and it should encourage us to count on God to enable us to lead lives of holiness, faith, and service; for if God could out of such raw material make so eminent a saint, there is hope that He may do so again with us also.

In 1832 Mr. Müller came to Bristol with Mr. Henry Craik to undertake pastoral work. In 1834 he began the Scripture Knowledge Institution; in 1836 the Orphan Homes were founded, and ever since, for about seventy years, this work has been going on. Its great feature is that it is carried on without the ordinary appeals for funds or having recourse to worldly expedients. The great resource

*Hours affectionately
George Miller*

By Permission.



in every emergency is God. Prayer to God and faith in God are the great means used. Mr. Müller felt that God's people needed to be specially re-taught that God is the same gracious living God as He was in the days of Abraham, Moses, Saumel, David, and Elijah, and that He still answers prayer as of old. So that there might be no doubt about the truth of this, he determined to refrain, not only from doubtful and unlawful expedients for obtaining money, but even from some means that might be right and legitimate, so that it should be clear and undeniable that the answers to prayer were indeed God's answers, and not some accidental coincidence, or the result of some merely human arrangement. Mr. Müller did not think it wrong to ask the Lord's people to help financially in the Lord's work, but he himself took the higher ground of not appealing to men, even Christian men, that the faith of the Church of God might be strengthened in the faithfulness of God and in the willingness and power of God to answer prayer.



Mr. Henry Craik.

In this ministry he was greatly blessed. Hudson Taylor, Spurgeon, Quarrier, Miss Macpherson, and thousands more, learned through George Müller to trust in God and draw upon Him in prayer in a measure that they would not have done but for his example. They did not all follow him in all his ideas, but they more or less caught the great central idea of the return to the primitive principles of prayer and faith, as practised by eminent saints in Old Testament and apostolic times.

Mr. Henry Craik, Mr. Müller's first co-worker in Bristol, was called home in 1866 after thirty-four years of happy fellowship. I remember attending his funeral and being at school with his sons at the time. Mr. Müller was spared to live to the age of nearly ninety-three; Mr. Wright survived him about seven years only, and he too has reached Home. Now Mr. Bergin continues the work and testimony for God. Jesus Christ remains the same for him as for those who have preceded him, and He is the same for us also. May he and we too comprehend the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, and thus rest in His compassion and faithfulness.

EDWARD H. GLENNY.

Mr. James Wright's Last Message to the Church.

Monday, 23rd January, 1905.

"It would be impossible for me to acknowledge individually a tenth part of the loving words, prayers and acts of which I have been the recipient; so I desire to take this opportunity to express my heart's thanks in this public way.

"At the same time the Lord ministers to my soul, and though I find it difficult to exercise continuous thought, I have indescribable joy in three aspects of our adorable Saviour's work (Heb. ix. 24-28).

"1st. In His appearing in the end of the age to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, thus triumphantly meeting every personal need of my conscience as a guilty sinner.

"2nd. Then in His present appearing before the face of our God for us, thus bringing heaven's peace into my soul, in regard to all present things, cares and needs.

"3rd. And then in the certainty of His appearing the second time without sin unto salvation, which is the hope of my heart."

Suggestions to Home Helpers.

By One of Themselves.

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty."—
1 COR. i. 27.

It may be that some have been asking themselves, "How can I become a home helper for the North Africa Mission?" As they read Mr. Glenny's article in last month's magazine their hearts longed to do something in this work. To many it seems that their opportunities are so small; if only they had a circle of friends around them interested in foreign missions, then it would be easier. Another thought which arises is, that this being an interdenominational mission, it is difficult to get friends to help, as each one is interested in the foreign mission work in connection with their own church or chapel. These are really no difficulties to those whom God has called to this work for Him. May I make a few suggestions from personal experience as to how to become a home helper?

First, there must surely be a whole-hearted surrender to the Lord to be used by Him as He will, realising it is "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

Secondly, there must be prayer and faith. Prayer for guidance and wisdom, prayer that hearts may be touched to help, and again that all may be done for His glory. Faith in the Living God, who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

Work is the practical outcome of prayer and faith. Many mighty works have had but very small beginnings. It is often the weak ones whom God calls into His service. Gideon belonged to a poor family in Manasseh, and he was the least in his father's house. The little lad who surrendered all to Jesus Christ was the instrument in the Lord's hand of supplying the need of five thousand men, besides women and children.

Our Auxiliary started in a very small way, by interesting a few friends, sending them diaries from the missionaries and the monthly magazine; then came a few donations, and subscriptions, and one or two asked for boxes. At the end of the first year just over £6 was realised. This

was in 1893. Our total last year amounted to £215.

What are the methods of our work? We chose our own missionary to support, so that we might come into personal contact one with the other and know of her work, so as to pray more intelligently; and we kept friends interested by sending her diaries to them.

Meetings and a small sale are held twice a year, our own missionary speaking at these when home on furlough; at other times other friends from the field address the meetings.

Work is sold all the year round, either by means of the missionary basket or by taking orders. Then there is the making and selling of jam, pickles, marmalade, and confectionery. These latter are ways of increasing the funds besides the receiving of money.

Through reading a diary once a month at a small mothers' meeting of about seventeen women, four of them asked for collecting boxes. They afterwards suggested they should sew at the meeting and sell the garments to help the funds. One mother undertakes the cutting out, etc., and takes the work ready prepared for the women to sew. During last year the mothers have given over £5.

Are there not many who could help in some way? "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Let the prayer be personal, and God will reveal His will. May we all remember that no one else can fill the niche which God has prepared for us.

E. S.

"Allah Yeftah!"

(May God open to you!) is the nice-sounding remark which falls constantly from a Mohammedan, when asked for help; but it really means, "Go away, for I can't or won't do anything for you." I suppose all of us would go as far as this with our good wishes for those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death in North Africa; but if this be *all* we do, the poor Arabs might quote to us our Master's question, "What do ye more than others?" DR. T. G. CHURCHER, *Sousse*.

Short Account of an Educated Enquirer.

By Miss A. L. Cox (Sousse, Tunisia).

Sidi Abd-es-Salaam (the name meaning "Servant of Peace") is an elderly Mohammedan gentleman of about sixty-five years of age. He comes of an old and highly respected Meccan family, and is very proud of his descent. Tall, grave, extremely courteous, rosary in hand and religious phrases continually in his mouth, he would greet us with a kindly smile and ready welcome on meeting him.

When we first came to Sousse and were seeking a teacher for Arabic, we were directed to this sheikh. He came several times a week, and long and interesting were our conversations on Bible and Koran. After a time, however, he began to be afraid, and told us that his friends, some of the chief Sousse men, were asking why he went so often to a Christian house; did he mean to become a *kafir*? (an unbeliever). But he had replied, "Fear not for me, am I not among you as a father? See my grey hairs. Ah—h! La ilaha ill' Allah, Mohammed rasool Allah." (There is no deity but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God).

Thus the poor old man, right against his convinced conscience, testified again to the old lie for fear of man. Still, he came to us. One day the Holy Spirit spoke very plainly to him concerning his need of a Saviour to secure pardon of sin, such as Mohammed and the Koran could never give. His eyes filled with tears as he exclaimed, "Great words, great words; thou hast the truth, *I want rest*, rest of heart. When I lie down at night, I dread to think of God because of my sin, and I want a mediator between me and Him." He was quietly shown 1 Jno. ii. 1, which greatly impressed him.

When the day for reading next came round, no sheikh! Where was he? And we had been specially laying hold of God for him, and hoping for great things. But Sidi Abd-es-Salaam came not, and weeks passed by. One day we met him outside the town, and, looking all round to see if any one were within hearing, he whispered, "I can come to you no longer, and

please do not go to my house any more. My friends are now saying that I have turned Christian, and carry a cross!"

He hurried away. Months passed, and we saw nothing of our old friend, save an occasional meeting in the town, when he would look as if longing for the earth to open and swallow him up. But we prayed on.

Ramadhan, the Moslem fast, passed by, and the Kaid (native governor), who is one of Abd-es-Salaam's great friends, went away to Tunis city. Then we had a visit from the sheikh, who came all trembling with fear, and asked that we would let no one into the house while he was there. Then followed a history! He had been thrust out of his position as law-secretary, and had been told that since he chose to work for the Christians he could no longer be associated with Mohammedans. He had again witnessed to the false prophet, and so had recommenced work. But they still doubted him. On the last night of the Fast, which is a great occasion, a gathering of the chief men was held at the Kaid's house, and Sidi Abd-es-Salaam was charged to bring forward his Christian books. He refused, but when pressed, produced one from his pocket, viz., "The Balance of Truth," by Dr. Pfander. This they hailed with triumphant expression of hatred towards the Messiahites. "Take it from him, destroy it, the unbelieving document," they cried. "Stay," said one, more thoughtful than the rest, "let us see what it contains concerning the Koran! Ah! look! it says Jesus was the son of God! Blasphemy! Burn the book!" "Yet hold," said another, who had seized it to examine, "dare we destroy a work that has such words in it as these—" Bismillah errahman errahim"? (In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful—a special Koranic formula). And so they disputed and wrangled on far into the night, while our poor old teacher sat in an agony of suspense and perplexity between what seemed to be right, and the fear of man.



Minaret of Zeitoona Mosque, Tunis.

But, alas! the fear of man triumphed, and though still hungering after rest and assurance of pardon, he remains to this day to all appearance a Moslem among Moslems. Dear friends, who read this miniature biography, and who may think such a case almost hopeless, *will you for Christ's sake* unite your eager prayers with ours to the God of impossibilities, that in this soul the Truth may yet triumph, and that right soon Sidi Abd-es-Salaam may become a whole-hearted follower of the crucified and risen Son of God, and a mighty means of blessing to other Mohammedans?



Dr. Churcher reports: "The number of patients for January was just over 370, and the meetings in the bookshop have been very encouraging."

The **Sousse Medical Mission** has now been carried on by Dr. and Mrs. Churcher, with other N.A.M. workers, for nearly ten years.

"Elsewhere."

Mission Work at and around Barking.

It is generally found that practical experience in soul-saving and soul-tending at home is the best preparation for similar work in the foreign mission field. It was this idea that led Dr. Grattan Guinness and the late Mrs. Guinness to fix on Bow in East London as a centre for training young men, thinking that in such a neighbourhood they would obtain such testing and experience in practical Christian work, as in some measure to fit them for work abroad. With the same idea various missions have sent their missionary probationers to the Home of Industry, conducted by the late Miss Macpherson, at Bethnal Green, that they might gain experience in dealing with souls.

The North Africa Mission found at Barking, for twenty years its home centre, an active Home Mission carried on by its Hon. Secretary, which supplied a valuable testing and training place for those desiring to go forth to work in the Barbary States. Some people wondered why the North Africa Mission should remain there, but they probably did not realise the importance of such testing and training.

In the mission at Barking during the last thirty-five years some eight or nine hundred persons have been gathered into church fellowship and about two hundred and seventy still remain as worshippers and workers. Besides this, branch missions have been established in Essex at Dagenham, Rainham Road and Tilbury Docks, where between one and two hundred more have been gathered in and where over one hundred still live and work. So that altogether about a thousand have been received, and of these three hundred and fifty to four hundred are still living and standing fast.

The Sunday schools in these mission churches number eight or nine hundred on the books, and six or seven hundred in average attendance.

Many of the missionaries of the N.A.M. have taken an active part in much of this work and been blessed to the con-

version of some souls, and in the shepherding and feeding of others. Some friends, who came to Barking and joined the church, became interested in the mission, and eventually went out to North Africa.

Mr. Brunton, assisted by a number of earnest brethren, now cares for the work at Barking. Mr. Wray, converted in the Gospel tent at Barking, has for a number of years given himself to the oversight of the missions at Dagenham and Rainham Road, while Mr. Caswell, who was led to decision at Barking years ago through Miss Bolton, one of the N.A.M. workers now at Tetuan, takes the lead in the mission at Tilbury Docks.

Like the N.A.M. these missions aim to take Scripture as their sole guide, to welcome all who love and obey the Saviour, to avoid worldly methods of working, and to win souls to Christ.

Besides those who have gone to the foreign field, some have become workers in the Evangelisation Society and the Open Air Mission, others have gone to help and strengthen other missions. Several have become hospital nurses, and some became colporteurs.

Deeply interesting instances might be given of cases of conversion among various classes, for which there is not space at present. Prayer is asked that the Lord's blessing may continue to rest on the work, and thanksgiving for signs

of fresh awakening. During the last few weeks thirteen from the Dagenham mission have been baptised at Barking, nearly all being young men and young women converted during recent months. Six more are desirous of thus professing their faith.

At Tilbury the small hall is crowded, and a new one is being obtained at a cost of about £350. Here also the workers are cheered by frequent cases of conversion. Work among the hundreds of Mohammedan sailors has been attempted, but at present it is in abeyance for want of some one who can speak their Indian languages. Is there any one, who cannot go to the foreign field, who could take up this work at home?

At Barking also, during eight days this year, seventeen persons, mostly young people, expressed a desire to come to the Saviour.

The cost of this home mission work, with which the North Africa Mission has been so closely connected, has been provided independently of N.A.M. funds. About £500 a year is needed. The neighbourhoods are poor, and only about half of this amount is raised locally, leaving £250 to be provided from outside.

If any friends, without decreasing their gifts to the N.A.M., could help in this direction, we should be very pleased to receive their gifts for this part of the Lord's work. EDWARD H. GLENNY.

In the Wilds of Morocco.

Perilous Missionary Journey of a Native Evangelist.

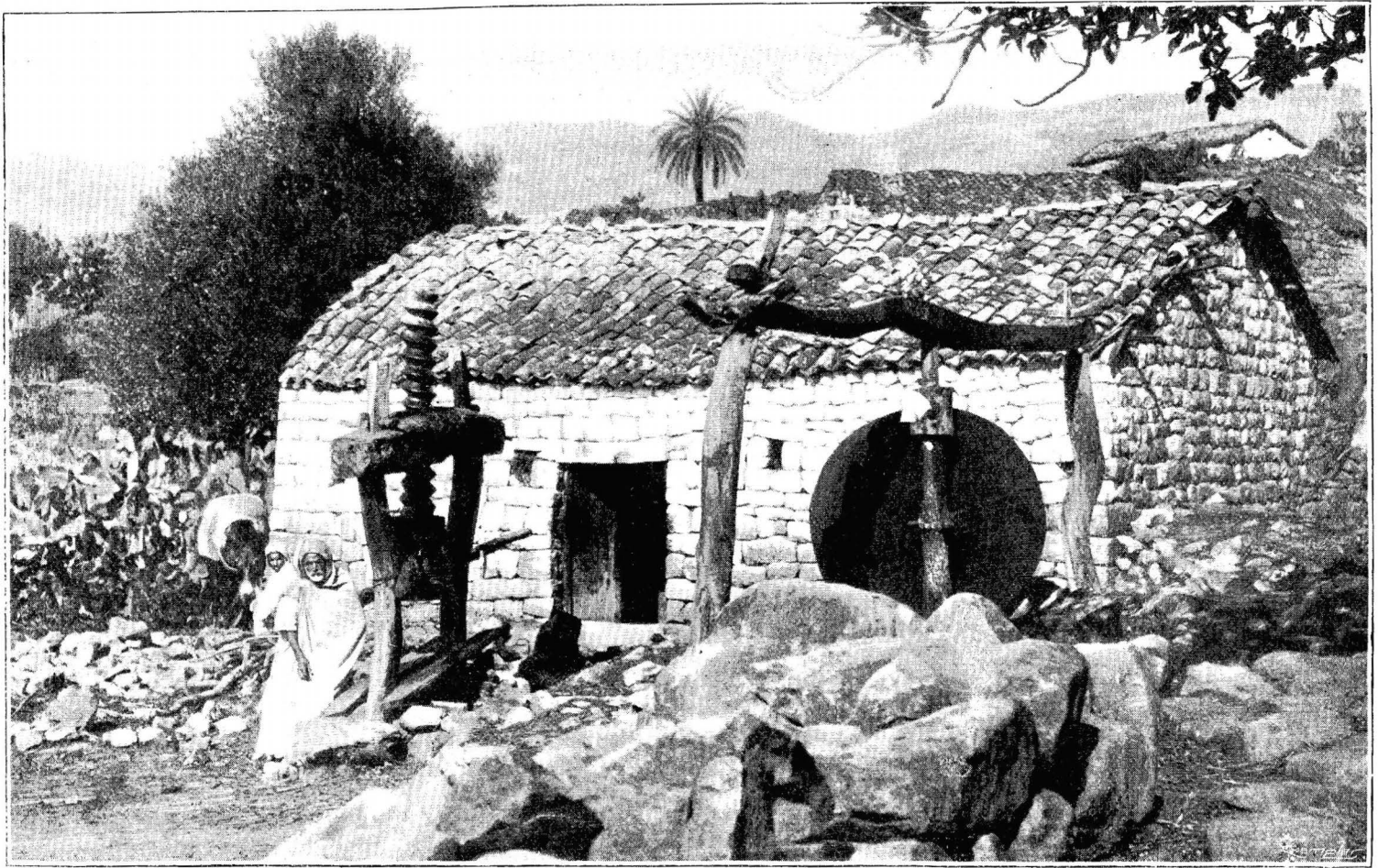
Letter from Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of Fez, to a prayer-circle at Birmingham.

Fez, January, 1905.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Oh! for the pen of a ready writer, that you might be made to see the guest of our home this evening! A thin, worn face, "skin and bones" in reality! Rags, filth, an odour all too odoriferous, and a bent, weary back! But an empty sack, which carried thirty pounds weight in Gospels and Bibles when it left us nearly two months ago, on a straighter back than that which brought it home empty. The guest sat at the table with us. I forgot the beggared appearance, and almost the odour, as I saw the Lord

before us in that bowed, hungry form. Nothing to eat from early morn, and a long mountain road, in the present keen cold, had been traversed since then. We feared lest illness follow too hearty a meal taken after twelve days of living on a quarter of a bag of coarse flour, with the exception of a few scraps. So a basin of soup was first warmed, then half a loaf and two eggs eaten with a cup of hot tea. Another half a loaf, and still unsatisfied! Then we thought he had better wait till morning for the remainder of the meal, lest a frame, always so fragile and full of fever, feel the change from hunger too



Kabyle Cottage in the village of Djemaa Sahridj, Algeria.

Kabyle dwellings have gabled and tiled roofs, unlike the flat roofs of the Arab houses. This picture shows also a native olive-press and mill. Great numbers of olive-trees enrich Algeria and yield the finest oil.

keenly. I hope to send home the sheep-skin bag, which a poor shepherd boy gave him twelve days ago out of his own poverty, partly filled with ill-smelling native flour, and upon which our guest had subsisted many a long mile since.

You will remember we told you of M.'s baptism recently, and asked your prayers as he started out on the most dangerous of his many danger-filled journeys, to sell the Word of God in places unknown to Europeans—unmarked on the map—where even the Jew is not found, seven days south-west of Fez and Mequinez and towards Casablanca, among the mountains. No Gospel truth had ever penetrated to some of these parts, and the Berbers hated even the book of the foreigner. We knew partially what the dangers and hardships must be, but he was ready to start when the opportunity offered with a native guide, who would pass him through the tribes for the first five days of the road. We had asked you to pray for him on Saturday evenings. The sight of a single sixpence on his person would be a quite sufficient reason for any wild mountaineer to kill him. He would be in a land without law, and again further on where an iron hand ruled. (He told us that he saw a man dead by the roadside for stealing a vegetable marrow, his body left there thus two days to intimidate the people.) The Mohammedan mosques, the one resting place for all travellers in Morocco, were closed to him as a Christian. No Moslem would let him sleep in any sacred building with the foreigner's religious books, telling that Jesus was the Son of God. In one place of danger a man took his jilab (outer garment) ere he would allow him shelter. Not one night could he sleep because of the cold. Had he taken proper covering he would certainly have been murdered on its account. Sometimes he plodded through high mountain roads deep in snow, through which he had to cut his own path, step by step.

About a month ago he managed to get a letter brought to us by which we knew he was penniless among strangers. But we were utterly powerless to reach him by any means, or even to know his whereabouts. So you can imagine our anxiety and increasing intercession. Last evening we were considering the possibility of sending out in search, or even to know

where his grave might be, if indeed the corpse of one who bore the Bible was not left to the dogs. But the question of expense arose, and it would involve much. None other could go on foot as he had largely done, or without a guide to pass from tribe to tribe. . . .

After preaching Jesus to some seventy women this morning, and medically treating one hundred and fifty, we set off to invite the native converts, *with their wives*, to a native tea-drinking with us, the *first* meeting of the kind ever held in Morocco, in this land of the "veiled" system, at which one husband might see the face of another's wife. But this is only the answer to prayer, and the result of much teaching. It will cost them something!

We reached home after dark with our little David, all rather tired. Soon after I heard my dear husband answer a knock at the door with this greeting, "Peace be on you, peace be on you! Welcome, welcome! Come in." I knew but *one* could call forth so hearty, so grateful a tone. M. had returned, and we have been gazing into the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, which speak volumes, and listening to the story of his *wonderful* escapes and *many* hardships that would fill a book, and take far too long for you to hear. Now he has retired to rest *warm*, the first time for two months, and fever has come on him. Little wonder! One of the converts, who himself a week or two ago had no food to eat for fifty-six hours, said "Come to my home as guest," but we replied, "No, no! M. is *our* guest for to-night." We coveted the honour. We shall be glad to be even *near* in glory to one so faithful to his Lord. To-night he said,—“Well, if I had died, that would have mattered little; the Lord could have carried on His work by others. The seed has been sown in *new* soil, even if a hard one.” Pray for the seed and the sower.

Khanifra, from whence M. has just returned, is a small, unwallled town, situated on both banks of the Umm Rabea (meaning "mother of grass") river, among the snow-covered mountains of the Zian district. The place itself is warm because of the many hot springs about. The stream is narrow and swift, and bears on its bosom rafts of timber thrown into it to be used for building purposes at Morocco City, Casablanca, and other

towns. The governor of the Zian tribe is *Mohammed oo Hamoo, the great Berber chief, who rules with a despotic hand. He has eleven sons, each wearing green cords wound about the head, and a gold ring in the right ear. A son and his family, relatives and retainers form a village. Thus those eleven villages dot the surrounding country and testify to the greatness and power of the reigning head. Sons and horses constitute power among the tribesmen. None dare pick up an article not his own for fear of death, as tests have been made, and the unwary one falling into the trap is led away to die. The evangelist, M., saw the corpse of a slave of the governor lying on the bridge two days, his life taken for a theft of a few dollars. This seems to be *the* great sin in the governor's eyes. Would that all sins were also disliked; but alas! it is not so. This chieftain has never seen the Sultan of Morocco, though he has a daughter in his Majesty's hareem, and has many soldiers with a kaid (or captain) under him, living in the town. His body-guard is composed of strangers gathered about him, as he does not trust his own people. He provides each one with a horse, wheat, and so much cash. These guards are bold, dashing horsemen, and when any one shows fear, he is dismissed.

Royal summons to the court has been received by this governor several times, but he has never complied. He wears only a coloured rag about his head with the knot tied on his forehead; but his name inspires awe and fear in the heart of the Berber. Jews and foreigners are not allowed to trespass on his territory.

There are many thousands of Berbers south and west of Fez, veritable heathen, not even repeating the Moslem prayers, or fasting in Ramadhan. Some relics of Christianity are to be found among them. The women never work in wool on Sunday, and many tattoo the sign of the cross on the chin. The doors into these tribes are effectually closed, and no missionaries are forthcoming with a knowledge of their native Shilha to tell them in their own tongue the wonderful grace of God in Christ Jesus. Pray for them. The Gospel Missionary Union, of Kansas, U.S.A., has made a beginning, and is looking forth to this large field of labour. We have patients from all parts of the country, Arabs and Berbers, at our dispensary, to whom we give the Gospel; but we ask you to bear up the open sore and great need of Morocco in your daily prayers.

Yours for Morocco's perishing ones,
ELIZABETH AND O. E. SIMPSON.

Europeans in North Africa.

The French.

When the late Mr. George Pearse commenced this Mission in Algeria, he always had in view the French colonists, as well as the natives. As, however, the McAll Mission took up work amongst the French colonists, the N.A.M. felt that it might leave this branch of the work to them.

An excellent work was commenced in the city of Algiers, and for a number of years was carried on with some measure of success. But some years since, the McAll Mission was compelled, by shortness of funds, to give up its work in Algeria. This was continued for a time by an independent evangelist, but he in his turn relinquished it, and at the present time there is no special evangelistic agency in operation amongst the three or four hundred thousand French people in Algeria. There are, of course, something like twenty French pastors scattered over the country, but they are almost entirely occupied with attending to the Protestant community and with their official duties, and can attempt practically very little work of evangelisation.

Some of the converts gathered in by the McAll Mission are still to be found in Algiers and other parts. Mr. Moore, also an independent missionary, has

* This name is equivalent to Mohammed ben Hamoo, i.e., M., son of H. The syllable "oo" is instead of the Arabic *walad* (child or son), which is pronounced in the colloquial Arabic of Barbary as *wald*, and even *old*, and when borrowed by the Berbers is shortened into "oo" in their dialects.—[ED.]

gathered together a few French converts. Several of our missionaries seek to do a little amongst the French as opportunities offer, and God has graciously used them to the conversion of some. Miss E. Smith and Miss Welch have had some specially interesting cases in Algiers, and in other stations too there have been conversions. There is, however, great need for some more definite work to reach both the French in the cities and those in the scattered villages, and now that the feeling of the French towards the English is so much more cordial than in years gone by, it would seem as though the time had come for some fresh efforts to be made to reach these people who are largely left without the Gospel.

Notes and Comments.

French Conversions in Algiers.

Miss Emily Smith wrote from Algiers on January 25th, 1905:—We are having a new experience in our work among the young women and girls of the French Bible class. The blessing seems spreading without our being its apparent cause, or our working.

Two more have professed salvation, one an utter stranger who said she had found Christ through the words of her work-room companion, (one of the girls converted some two years ago). She seemed strangely aroused, and prayed with an unusual emotion and reality. Last Sunday the tears fell all through the class, though her face was radiant. There is a hush and earnestness in the meeting that makes us believe an unseen force is at work. It is surely a breath of the Spirit of Life passing over us. We hear the girls speak openly of this in their homes, in many of which the Bible is now read nightly by the whole family. We pray earnestly that we may be led by the Spirit to do what He wills or to stand aside and let Him work. Will you ask for earnest and believing prayer that a revival may reach us here and sweep all before its power? Pray too for us; we are not very strong, and the work is great.



Philosophers in Tunis.

The following lines occur in the diary of Mr. J. H. C. Purdon, of Tunis:—A Mohammedan came up to me in the street and said, "I want to oppose you, for you must know I am a philosopher of no mean skill. I have a very good brain and know an immensity, indeed, I may say everything." "The street, sir, is manifestly not the place," I replied, "but here is my card, which will specify a place and hour.

As to your being a philosopher, I do not know; but when we hear you we shall be able to satisfy ourselves. I have never heard any great man profess to know everything, and I had thought such words as yours were out of keeping with philosophy. I remember reading that Malik ibn Annas, the founder of the sect of the Malakiya, in answer to a list of about forty questions submitted to him, replied 'I don't know' to twenty-eight of them. Your excellence, I gather, professes to be greater than he." To my amazement, the man candidly said, "You are right," and took the card, asking leave to bring some well-known friend; but neither came on Saturday. We had, however, three students present, one of whom seemed both intelligent and tolerant. We also had two Jews, one of whom I have known for a considerable time, and who is what the French would call *très sérieux*. The other was, I imagine; a newspaper reporter, and as we seem to be under surveillance by the authorities at the present time, I suppose he wanted to be acquainted with our doings.



Continuance of the Work in Fez.

Early in January our Fez missionaries feared they might again have to leave the city and their loved work. We asked for praise last month that this was prevented and the work not interrupted. Our friends' joy was great. All was quiet and the people so friendly, with the work in full swing. Mr. Simpson wrote on the 26th January that the French ambassador entered the city that morning. Shops were closed (the sign of a holiday), and the people, soldiers and officials were out to receive him. In the same letter Mr. Simpson adds:—"Two students from the Karween (the great

Mohammedan mosque in Fez) are coming to read with me, and one seems in earnest. The native evangelists are going on with the work of preaching and teaching. T. reads daily with the — (an enquirer), and they were here to read with me for over an hour to-day. *I wish we could find someone who would make us a present of £5 or £10 for books in Arabic, on theology and the like, for use here in Fez.*"

Perhaps some friend, who knows the value of and rejoices to possess a sound theological library, will wish to have the privilege of supplying such works in Arabic for the use of our European and native brethren in Fez. The Mission Office will gladly receive gifts and see to the ordering of the books.

The Amphitheatre of Carthage.

The illustration on our opening page is from a French postcard, and shows the amphitheatre as it now is, after the excavations carried out by the French, especially during the last decade. The marble column and cross have been erected in memory of the noble lady Perpetua (contemporary with Tertullian) and other martyrs of the North African Church, who were slain on this spot in A.D. 202. "The dimensions of the amphitheatres are inferior to those of the amphitheatres of Arles and Verona, and fall very far short of those of the Coliseum at Rome."*

Twenty-one churches are known to have existed in or near Carthage in the early Christian Era, and most interesting

remains of some of these are now laid bare. But the destructiveness of the Arab population is responsible for the loss of many precious monuments. "When a French explorer visited Carthage in 1859, and said to a native workman, who was breaking a marble monument, 'You are destroying the tombs of your forefathers,' the man asked, 'Did they know Mohammed and the true God?' and on being answered 'No,' proceeded with his work of demolition, pulverizing ancient carvings to make cement!"* In 698 Carthage was finally taken by the Mohammedan invaders under Hasan, governor of Egypt, who destroyed the city by fire. It has never since been rebuilt. Its ruins lie about ten miles north-east of the city of Tunis, with which they are connected by a railway.

M. H. M.

* Lloyd's "North African Church," (pp. 407-411).



Bedouin Girls of the Regency of Tunis.

For the Young. The Bedouin Girl.

BY MISS HAMMON (TUNIS).

It was in a low-pitched, camel's-hair tent that our Bedouin girl first saw the light. Perhaps the parents would have been more gratified had the stranger proved to be a boy; still the little one was welcomed with the customary cries of joy and sundry festivities, and she was honoured with the name of Aisha, the favourite wife of "the Prophet."

Baby was not troubled with over-much washing, for no Arab woman would be so foolish as to break through the rule that a new-born child must not be washed for seven days, and even when at the end of that period ablutions were safely accomplished, water was far too scarce and precious in the desert for them to be often repeated.

So baby grew day by day, carried about on her mother's back at first, and then, as the little brown limbs became more sturdy, trotting around in the sand among fowls, camels, goats, dogs, and other accompaniments of a Bedouin encampment. Her soft dark eyes never filled with tears over copybooks and sums, though she had bigger troubles unknown to happy English children. Soon she had to take her share of daily toil, gather firewood, churn butter by shaking it backwards and forwards in a goatskin, bring water in a large pitcher from a distant spring, with now and then the delight of spending a long day with her brothers as they pastured the goats, when, with brown legs unhindered by her one scanty blue garment, she scampered over the wide plain. Autumn brought the olive gathering, when she joined the other girls in collecting into heaps the shining berries as the men showered them from the trees on to the ground below.

In spite of these pleasures it was a hard life, often made much harder by heavy blows given for slight offences which would pass unnoticed if committed by her brother—but *she* was "only a girl!"

Now she has reached the age of fifteen, and is on the eve of the great event to which she has learned to look forward ever since she understood anything. She is to be married! Some of her former

playmates, younger than she, are already matrons, and to remain an old maid would be too disgraceful! So an old woman, well known as a skilful matchmaker, has been called in, and with her help an eligible partner found. At first there was some trouble in arranging the dowry, the parents of the bridegroom-elect being unwilling to pay the large sum asked, but the matchmaker, unwilling to lose her share of the profits, has so cleverly enlarged upon the girl's beauty and capability, that all is now satisfactorily arranged. To-morrow the wedding festivities will commence, and on the seventh day a gaily-dressed camel will be brought to the tent entrance, and Aisha will be hidden away in a curious shawl-covered erection on its back, and conveyed to the bridegroom's "gourbi" (hut), escorted by cavaliers beating drums and wildly firing muskets into the air. The bride hidden in her cage will see nothing of all this, nor of the "fantasia" (show) held on reaching their destination. She will hardly be deaf to the noise, but probably she will be too preoccupied to notice it much, for her poor little heart will be beating to know what her unseen husband is like. Have they lied when they told her he was young and good-looking, and will he turn out to be old and ugly, as happened in the case of her young friend the other day? And will he be pleased with her and kind to her, or will he be hard and cruel and beat her whenever he happens to be in a bad temper, like many men she has seen among her relatives.

Shall we not hope, dear readers, that a happy lot is in store for her, and shall we not also pray that the Good News of joy and peace may soon reach her tribe, and that the Lord may hasten the glad time when "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose"?



Miss F. M. Banks left Southampton by North German Lloyd steamer on February 21st, returning to Gibraltar after furlough.

The recent breakdown in health of our esteemed friend, **Pastor J. W. Harrald**, has necessitated his taking a rest at Mentone. We are glad to be able to report that he is now rather better. **Miss F. May Harrald**, of Tripoli, is staying for a time with her father who needs a daughter's care.

THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

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LOCATION OF MISSIONARIES.

MOROCCO.		ALGERIA.		Bizerta.	
Tangier.	Date of Arrival.	Cherchell.	Date of Arrival.		Date of Arrival.
J. H. D. ROBERTS,		Miss L. READ April, 1886	Miss M. ERICSSON Nov., 1888
M.B. C.M. (Ed.) ...	Dec., 1896	Miss H. D. DAY April, 1886	Miss R. J. MARKUSSON Nov., 1888
*Mrs. ROBERTS ...	Dec., 1896	Algiers.		Susa.	
Mr. W. T. BOLTON ...	Feb., 1897	<i>Kabye Work—</i>		T. G. CHURCHER,	
Miss J. JAY ...	Nov., 1885	Mons. E. CUENDET ...	Sept., 1884	M.B. C.M. (Ed.) ...	Oct., 1885
Mrs. BOULTON ...	Nov., 1888	Madame CUENDET ...	Sept., 1885	Mrs. CHURCHER ...	Oct., 1889
Miss G. R. S. BREEZE,		Miss E. SMITH ...	Feb., 1891	Mr. H. E. WEBB ...	Dec., 1892
M.B. (Lond.) ...	Dec., 1894	Miss A. WELCH ...	Dec., 1892	Mrs. WEBB ...	Nov., 1897
Miss F. MARSTON ...	Nov., 1895	Mr. A. SHOREV... ..	Nov., 1902	*Miss R. HODGES ...	Feb., 1889
Mr. H. E. JONES ...	Jan., 1897	Miss E. ROSS ...	Oct., 1904	Miss A. COX ...	Oct., 1892
<i>Spanish Work—</i>		Djemaa Sahridj.		Miss N. BAGSTER ...	Oct., 1894
Miss F. R. BRGYN ...	Oct., 1889	<i>Kabye Work—</i>		Miss K. JOHNSTON ...	Jan., 1892
Miss VECCHIO, School Mistress.		Mr. D. ROSS ...	Nov., 1902	*Miss E. TURNER ...	Jan., 1892
Casablanca.		Mrs. ROSS ...	Nov., 1902	Miss E. LOVELESS ...	Nov., 1902
G. M. GRIEVE,		Miss J. COX ...	May, 1887	Kairouan.	
L.R.C.P. & S. (Ed.) ...	Oct., 1890	Miss K. SMITH ...	May, 1887	Mr. E. SHORT ...	Feb., 1899
Mrs. GRIEVE ...	Oct., 1890	Constantine.		Mrs. SHORT ...	Oct., 1899
Mr. H. NOTT ...	Jan., 1897	Mr. J. L. LOCHHEAD ...	Mar., 1892	Miss E. T. NORTH ...	Oct., 1894
Mrs. NOTT ...	Feb., 1897	Mrs. LOCHHEAD ...	Mar., 1892	Miss G. L. ADDINSELL ...	Nov., 1895
Tetuan.		Miss E. K. LOCHHEAD ...	Mar., 1892	DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.	
Miss F. M. BANKS ...	May, 1888	Mr. P. SMITH ...	Feb., 1899	Mr. W. H. VENABLES ...	Mar., 1897
Miss A. BOLTON ...	April, 1889	Mrs. SMITH ...	Sept., 1900	Mrs. VENABLES ...	Mar., 1897
Miss A. G. HUBBARD ...	Oct., 1897	Miss F. HARNDEN ...	Nov., 1900	Mr. W. REID ...	Dec., 1892
Laraish.		Miss F. H. GUILLERMET ...	May, 1902	Mrs. REID ...	Dec., 1894
Miss S. JENNINGS ...	Mar., 1887	REGENCY OF TUNIS.		Miss F. M. HARRALD... ..	Oct., 1899
Miss K. ALDRIDGE ...	Dec., 1891	Tunis.		Miss F. DUNDAS ...	April, 1903
Fez.		Mr. A. V. LILEY ...	July, 1885	EGYPT.	
Mr. O. E. SIMPSON ...	Dec., 1896	Mrs. LILEY ...	April, 1886	Alexandria.	
Mrs. SIMPSON ...	Mar., 1893	Mr. J. H. C. PURDON... ..	Oct., 1899	Mr. W. DICKINS ...	Feb., 1896
Miss L. GREATHEAD ...	Nov., 1890	Mrs. PURDON ...	Oct., 1899	Mrs. DICKINS ...	Feb., 1896
*Miss M. MELLETT ...	Mar., 1897	Miss M. B. GRISSELL ...	Oct., 1888	Shebin-el-Kom.	
*Miss S. M. DENISON ...	Nov., 1893	Miss A. HAMMON ...	Oct., 1894	Mr. W. T. FAIRMAN ...	Nov., 1896
Miss I. DE LA CAMP ...	Jan., 1897	Miss R. COHEN... ..	Nov., 1902	Mrs. FAIRMAN ...	Feb., 1897
		Miss H. M. M. TAPP ...	Oct., 1903		
		<i>Italian Work—</i>			
		Miss A. M. CASE ...	Oct., 1890		
		Miss L. E. ROBERTS ...	Feb., 1899		

IN ENGLAND.—Miss B. VINING, *Invalided.* Mrs. D. J. COOPER.

* At Home.