

NORTH AFRICA

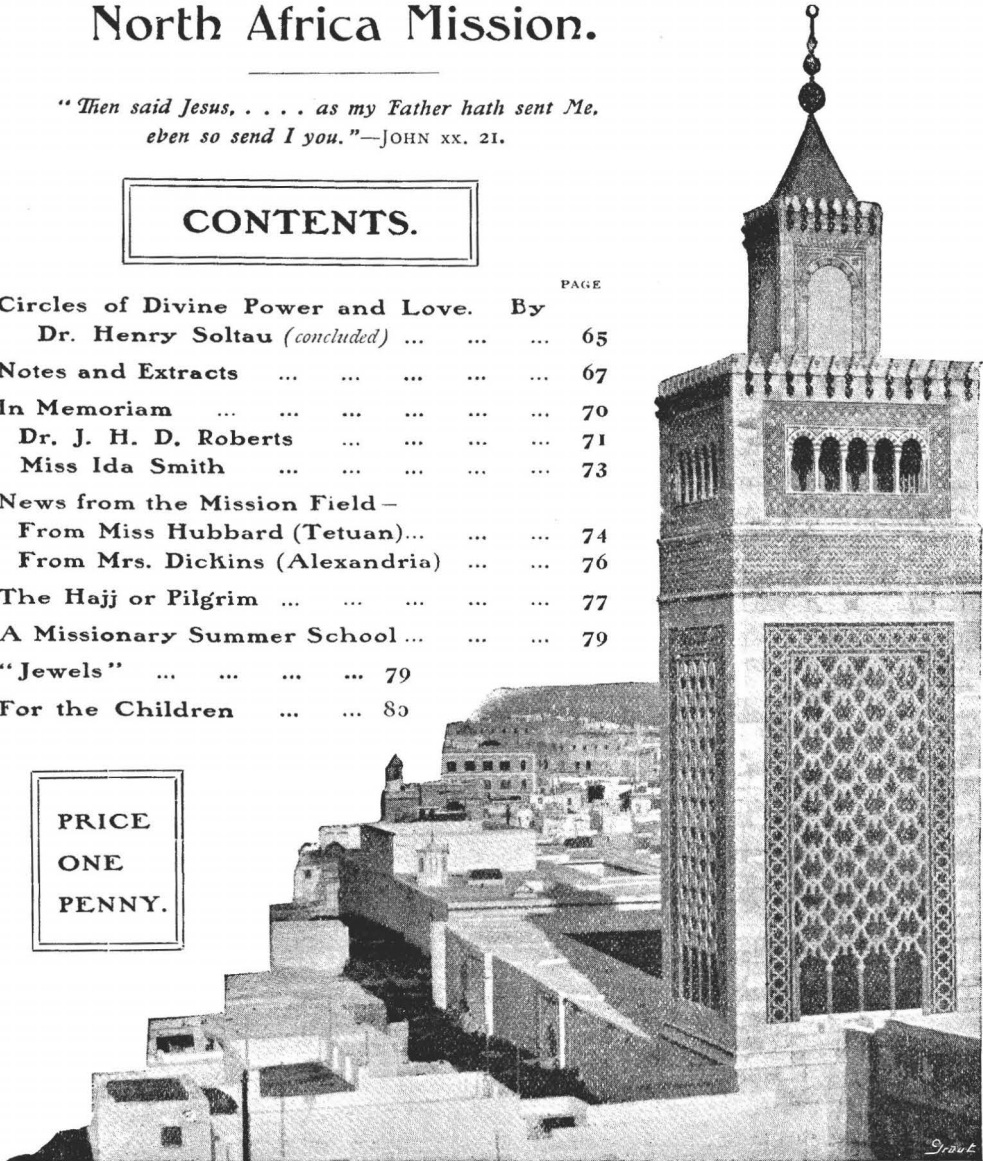
The Monthly Record of the North Africa Mission.

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

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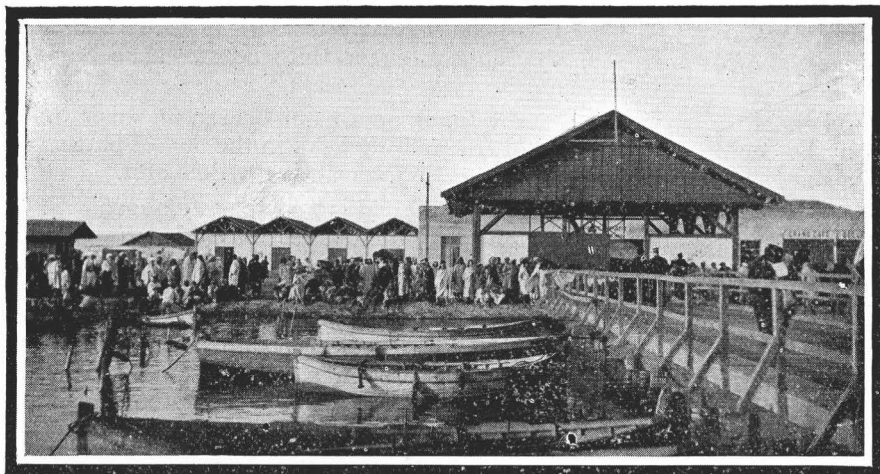


Photo by

[Mr. A. V. Liley.

Friends who have come to see the Pilgrims off, Tunis (see page 77).

Circles of Divine Power and Love.

By Dr. Henry Soltau.

"*The Earth* is the Lord's."—PS. xxiv. 1.

"*The Battle* is the Lord's."—I SAM. xvii. 47.

"*We* are the Lord's."—ROMANS xiv. 8.

(Continued from April NORTH AFRICA.)

The Circle of Conflict. "*The battle* is the Lord's." (I Sam. xvii. 47.) This also is a wide circle, and within it are found all the people of God, but here the conflict is largely a personal one, and Salvation is granted to those who bring God into the warfare by faith and prayer. From David the shepherd we again get our text. A lonely figure in a stupendous conflict, into which he has been thrust apparently by chance. He has just passed through a very depressing experience, for his brother has been slandering him and imputing unworthy motives, moved with envy and jealousy, not a good preparation for conflict. He has, moreover, met with discouraged and defeated friends, who say, "Have you seen this *man*?" It is the great *man* that fills their vision. But David never calls him a *man*. He sees him as a *Philistine*, the enemy of God and of His people—uncircumcised, unclean, the "*Beast*" defying the *Living* God. David is the first to bring God's name into the conflict, and at once he becomes the leader. King Saul was an inferior giant, head and shoulders taller than any other man of Israel, but quite unable to meet the giant himself. He offers David his own armour, which is also after the pattern of Goliath's—helmet of brass and coat of mail.

The Sauls in the Church to-day are trying to make us put on Philistine armour. David had an experience behind him that was more to him than any armour. In the wilderness among the sheep he had learnt God and His power. The lion had

leaped into the flock from behind the thicket, and David had gone to the rescue of the helpless lamb; when the lion turned upon him he took him by the beard, and slew him, with Divine strength. It was a secret desperate conflict, but he had come forth victor. The bear had been similarly treated, in God's strength, and now, he says, "this uncircumcised Philistine," the third beast, "shall be as one of them."

No helmet for his head, no coat of mail, no armour-bearer, no shield, no sword, but truly he could say, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle," "Thou art my shield," "Jehovah is my buckler," "Jehovah is my deliverer."

But now there is a stir in the camp. David is "compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses." Before him, the giant, the opposer of God, surrounded by his triumphant hosts, flushed with victory, encamped on the very ground "that belonged to Judah." Behind David, the discouraged host of Israel, the helpless king, the envious brethren. *Beside him and above him, God!* This is the missionary; alone, face to face with Satan's masterpiece, Mohammedanism, backed by the heathenism amidst which it dwells; one man, one woman, alone with God. "I come to thee in the name of Jehovah of Hosts. All the assembly shall know that Jehovah saveth not with sword and spear, for *the battle is the Lord's*, and He will give you into our hands."

David runs to meet the giant, out of his bag he takes one of the five smooth stones that he had found in the torrent bed, and, placing it in his sling, brings the giant to the ground.

"No sword, no spear, the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook."

God strengthened his arm, directed his aim, and sent the stone home to the mortal spot, but it was David's faith and prayer that brought God to his side.

In the apparently unequal conflict of to-day "the battle is the Lord's." The Philistines are "on the ground that belongeth to Judah," and must be driven out, for "the earth is the Lord's," and we have to see to it that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, that we do not accept Saul's armour. The enemy is defiant, he laughs at the staff, "Comest thou to me with staves?" The Word of God is both staff and bag of pebbles, and with these we can meet the giant in the name of Jehovah.

In John Bunyan's museum in the House Beautiful "they showed Christian some of the engines with which His servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod, the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps too, with which Gideon put to flight the army of Midian. They showed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath, and the sword also with which their Lord will kill the Man of Sin." We do well to linger long in this museum, the true missionary museum.

David's victory was complete, and ended in a song. Almost the same words were used as encouragement to the people by Jehoshaphat (1 Chron. xxii. 15). "The battle is not yours, but God's." In this case the steps to victory were taken by *all* the people under their king. A proclamation of a fast for all, humiliation, a great prayer, while all Israel stood before the Lord. A great promise, "Be not afraid or dismayed, for the battle is not yours, but God's; to-morrow go out against them, for the Lord shall be with you." A great volume of praise, followed by a great victory and great possessions, a great thanksgiving and great joy.

What encouragement for us to join together in united prayer and praise! What grand victories are near at hand!

The Circle of the Church. "We are the Lord's" (Romans xiv. 8). The same truth is taught throughout the whole New Testament. We are the special possession of the Lord, given to Him by God the Father, therefore *very precious* to Him. Given to Him, therefore *very safe*. Given to Him at great cost, therefore *very much loved*. John xvii. shows us this. In the last recorded prayer of our Lord before He went to the Cross, His heart is full of yearning love for His people, and the words, "*Thou gavest them me,*" recur again and again. We must belong to someone; we cannot belong to ourselves, "Ye are not your own." If we are our own masters, we are in bondage, the servants of sin; that would be our ruin. But God has given us Christ on Calvary's Cross, amidst the woës and agonies of death. His blood purchased us, as Israel was purchased by the blood of the paschal lamb.

What a blessed thing it is for us to belong to Christ. He gives us eternal life, and the Holy Spirit as our indwelling and enlightening power. We can thus fight against indwelling sin and be victorious in the conflict. He takes great pains with us because we are His. He humbles our pride, checks our self-love, severs us from the world with its snares and allurements. Because we are His He keeps us most carefully, not by taking us out of the world, but by keeping us from the evil. Dr. Adolph Saphir used to say, "Jesus could, if He chose, keep us without any trouble by transplanting us at once into that region where there is no danger, no sin, and no temptation. No one ever gave Jesus so little trouble as the thief on the cross, for He gave unto him eternal life, and then took him away at once out of all sin and sorrow."

The figures used of the relation of Christ and His people indicate care and keeping. Sheep must be fed, guided and protected; the vine must be cared for and pruned, the jewels must be kept in a safe place, the body needs to be nourished and looked after, and the bride expects everything from her Heavenly Bridegroom.

If these things are so, then from our side a full and glad surrender is the least that we can give Him. "*We are the Lord's.*" "*Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me.*"

Notes and Extracts.

Dr. George Grieve.

Amongst last month's notes was one surrounded by a mourning line telling of the great loss which had befallen the Mission through the "home-going" to the Saviour of Dr. Roberts and Miss Ida Smith.

Four days after their passing away another "home-call" came. Dr. George Grieve, who joined the Mission in 1890, and has since then carried on medical missionary work at Casablanca, died on March 27th after eight days' illness. He was taken ill with influenza, which in a few days passed into pneumonia, with complications.

We would ask all friends who read this to pray much for Mrs. Grieve, that she may be sustained and comforted of God in this time of heavy trial and shock.

We hope to give a notice of Dr. Grieve and to tell of his many years' service at Casablanca as soon as possible.

Arrivals.—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lochhead and family and Miss Lochhead reached London from Constantine on April 5th.

Birth.—At Constantine, Algeria, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Smith on April 14th, a daughter.

N.A.M. Prayer Meeting.—The monthly meeting for prayer is held in Room No. 44 of Paternoster House, 34, Paternoster Row, E.C., on the first Thursday in every month from 3.30 to 4.30 p.m. Tea at 4.30, after the meeting. The presence of friends of God's work in North Africa is heartily welcomed and is a great encouragement.



"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 C. M. G., "Astwell," 20, The Avenue, Eastbourne, price 12s., postage and packing case included. The proceeds will go to the funds of the N.A.M.



Picture Post-cards.—A new series of twelve different cards is now ready, price 4d. per doz., post free 5d. These have been chosen from interesting pictures which have appeared during the last few years in NORTH AFRICA, and include some from each of the five countries where the Mission is at work. Orders may be sent to the Secretary, N.A.M., 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



When we allude to the **Mohammedan regions of Africa** as being under special conditions, we must not be understood to say that missions in North Africa have no results. They are hampered by a great hostile religion, or prevented by an uncompromising political opposition. Yet in Morocco, Tunis, and Algeria, this year has been notable for some conversions of Mohammedans, and for extensive interest in learning of Christianity. In Egypt a systematic campaign has been begun for interesting Mohammedans in Christianity through lectures and literature. The effect has been good, and the truths scattered widely are as seed which can be caused to spring up if God will.—Rev. HENRY OTIS DWIGHT, J.L.D., in the *Missionary Review of the World*.



It is noteworthy that in the news recently to hand from the missionaries in Tunis, there is frequent mention of men coming and listening quietly and earnestly to the Gospel. They seem "almost persuaded," and promise to come again and hear more, but the promises are not kept! Why not? Because accepting Christ means giving up Mohammed, and that means being rejected of men and cast out by their Moslem friends. Surely here is "seed which can be caused to spring up if God will." Perhaps it needs more watering by prayer?

MOROCCO.

Miss Brown, who left England on March 20th, arrived in **Tangier** on March 27th, having spent three days at Gibraltar *en route*. She has received a very warm welcome from her Spanish friends, and is delighted at being able to take up her work amongst them once more after her long enforced absence.



ALGERIA.

Day 8. **Monsieur Cuendet**, writing from **Algiers** early in March, mentions that the meetings for the Kabyles were being very well attended, and that the preaching of the Gospel was listened to attentively. He has become acquainted with a good many students through consulting them about Kabyle words and phrases, and these seem to be interested in his message. M. Cuendet writes: "People, natives and Europeans, are now more willing to hear the Gospel than they were before. The door is open as it has never been before, I think; it is the time to present the Truth to all the people throughout the country." Will friends at home pray that many of those who hear and seem interested may be brought to know Christ?



The visit of **Rev. Chas. Inwood** to several mission stations in North Africa has been greatly appreciated. Several missionaries write of the helpful times his visits have been to them. At **Algiers** all the English-speaking missionaries of Algiers and Kabylia met for a four days' conference, two meetings being held each day. One worker writes: "We all received blessings from the Lord, and each one seemed to receive fresh stimulus for the work. . . . It was really beautiful to see the unity and Christian fellowship amongst those gathered for the Conference—some thirty to forty missionaries, working amongst Kabyles, Arabs, French, Jews, and Spaniards. Several believe that a revival is coming on this land, and it seems as if God were preparing the way by sending first one and then another with special messages for the workers."



Mr. Shorey writes from **Algiers** that the work is going on very satisfactorily. He is delighted with the way the Kabyle boys at his class are learning texts and parables, and although they are sometimes difficult to keep in order at the class, when he can talk with them individually they are most interesting. Three remained one day after the others had gone, and one of them asked him if he ever prayed. After explaining that he often did so, he asked them about their prayers. They

always used the words of the first sura of the Koran. This enabled Mr. Shorey to show them the difference between repeating words and really praying, which they quite understood and appreciated.



Day 27. **Mr. Percy Smith** writes from **Constantine** on April 10th: "I have finished writing out the revision of the Gospel of John in the colloquial. I want to read it through this week with the Arab whom I employed to help me, and then it will be sent to be written in native script, and then photographed. We are hoping it may be ready to use in next winter's work." Will friends pray that this new translation may be a means of blessing to many who do not understand literary Arabic.



TUNISIA.

The workers at **Tunis** have much enjoyed a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Walker, of Leicester, and their daughter. These friends not only saw something of the work, but took part in it, Mrs. Walker addressing Miss Grissell's class for Arab women by interpretation, and Mr. Walker speaking at the Sunday service.

These visits of Christian friends to North Africa are valuable not only for the cheer and help they bring to the missionary there, but for the deepened interest of the visitors in missionary work which results from them. Knowledge of the work being done is largely the fuel which keeps the missionary fire burning, and it is impossible to know what the work is really like, and how much is being done until it has been actually seen.



Mrs. Liley writes from **Tunis** on Good Friday, 1906: "The Jews are keeping the Feast of the Passover, and for this purpose 1,875 lambs have been brought into Tunis. Few families buy a whole lamb—some take a leg, some a shoulder or other joint, while some say it may be dispensed with altogether, as times have changed and God no longer requires a sacrifice. But *all* are particular to put leaven from their houses, and unleavened cakes are prepared in great abundance.

"A few years ago I was keeping the Bible dépôt on the day before Good Friday. Some Jews in a café opposite were discussing the Christian feast, and one of them came over to ask me on which day we observed 'the death of Messiah.' I told him on Friday, and lent him a Bible to read the account to his companions. He seemed to think that to coincide with the offering of the passover lamb it should be observed on Thursday, and

that this was a proof that Christian faith rested upon an unstable foundation. Can any reader of NORTH AFRICA enlighten one as to which day was the one on which Jesus said, 'It is finished'?"



TRIPOLI.

Day 17. **Mr. Reid**, writing from **Tripoli**, on April 5th, mentioned that he has hired two small shops, which are to be made into one, for use as a Bible and book dépôt. Mr. Reid has for a long time been wishing to have such a place for meeting with native men and boys; and will value the prayers of Christian friends that it may be made a place of blessing.



EGYPT.

Day 18. **Miss Hodges** writes from **Alexandria**: "You know how great is the need of bearing up in prayer converts from Mohammedanism, for so many of them seem to be literally besieged by temptation, and such fierce temptations as the ordinary believer in England knows little of and is unable to understand. In conversation with a native lately, he said: 'The condition of his soul was like the English in Ladysmith, besieged on every side—nothing could come in or out except bombs thrown in by the enemy to destroy.' I should like to ask prayer for this besieged soul, tried in his family relations in a terrible manner; tried in pecuniary matters owing to the difficulty of finding work that would not be a hindrance to spiritual life, and so bring him into sin and greater bondage; tried in his religious life owing to the temptations and solicitations to return to Islam, and thus in a great measure remove many of his outer difficulties. Perhaps some who have passed through fiery trials and temptations may be led to take up this convert, and pray that he may be brought through and purified by these fiery trials to be a messenger to his own people, for which he is in many respects fitted."



Day 23. Very interesting news has been received of the professed **conversion of two Jews**, and also of **two Moslem women**, at a station where much blessing has been experienced recently. It is thought wiser to omit the name of the station, but friends can none the less join in thanksgiving to God for these indications of His Spirit's working. A missionary at the station writes: "The two Jews came to read. . . . After much explanation and reading they said they wanted to follow the Messiah. I frankly and fully

told them what it might mean to them to be followers of Jesus, and . . . we knelt down and commended them to the seeking Saviour. Each followed me in a brief word of supplication, saying he now accepted His Son Jesus as Saviour, and asking for forgiveness through His merits."



"On Thursday two women came for reading, both having been here before. One has been coming each Friday for some time. . . . An hour passed in considering the words of Jesus; then we asked: 'Are you ready to take Him now as your Saviour?' 'We are ready.' 'You know it means parting with the religion of Islam and the prophet Mohammed.

You cannot have two, all must go for Jesus.' 'We are ready.' We all gathered to witness their confession. As my wife sat down, one of them grasped her by the hand, saying that she had never heard it as she had heard it to-day. She had heard about it when a little girl, but that was so long ago that she had forgotten, but now it had all been told afresh, the old, old story of the Gospel. How simple it all seemed to hear them pray in the name of Jesus, but teaching and training will be needed to lead them on until the life which has been so simply received becomes strong and fruitful.

"Already we see many changes in the lives of some who a few months since were the servants of sin and shame."

In Memoriam.

As announced in the last number of NORTH AFRICA, the Mission has just sustained a very heavy loss in the deaths of Dr. Roberts, of Tangier, and Miss Ida Smith, who worked with him at the Tulloch Memorial Hospital.

It is only a few months ago that we recorded, with very sad hearts, the loss the work at Tangier had sustained by the death of Mrs. Boulton. And now it is from this same station that it has pleased God to call to Himself two more devoted workers.

Last year Dr. and Mrs. Roberts and Miss Ida Smith were in England for a few months enjoying a well-earned furlough. Before they left Tangier they had had quite a run of typhoid cases among the patients. The epidemic seems to have continued, and when they returned and resumed work in the autumn, there were still cases of typhoid, which came up to the hospital for treatment as in-patients. But during the last few months it would seem that the epidemic increased greatly among the natives, and also that the type of the disease became a more virulent one.

Of the sixty or seventy in-patients admitted during the last three months, some forty of the cases were typhoid. These were treated and nursed with such assiduity that, despite the severity of the disease, only some five cases proved fatal.

The Tulloch Memorial Hospital is a small building, with two large wards and several small ones, capable of accommo-

dating about twenty or twenty-four beds. Some eighteen beds are "supported," *i.e.*, kind friends at home subscribe £10 (in the case of one or two, £15) per annum for them. The work has always been carried on most economically, and despite the want of much that at home is considered necessary in the equipment of a hospital, a great deal of excellent work, both medical and surgical, has been done there, and God has owned the faithful preaching, and from time to time conversions have taken place among the patients. All these, both in-patients and out-patients, have heard the Gospel clearly proclaimed.

With the limited resources available, and without proper drainage system, the hospital is hardly suited for infectious cases, though it has served so well for ordinary purposes for some twenty years, since Dr. Churcher first transformed the stables of Hope House into the hospital.

Both Dr. Roberts and Miss Ida Smith saw in the typhoid cases which besieged their hospital doors opportunities for loving service for the Master. Both loved the people for Christ's sake, and delighted in serving them. In writing recently about the big draw on the bed-money made by the costliness of the extra milk which had to be procured, Dr. Roberts spoke exultingly of the way in which these typhoid patients, when convalescent, listened with real interest to the Gospel. Little wonder that they should

listen to the lips of those whose loving hearts and hands had nursed them back to health. The daily lives of nurse and doctor before them were object-lessons of Christian love.

One day a specially severe case came in, and in due course Dr. Roberts found the nurse's temperature was 104°, and that she had well-developed typhoid symptoms. Three days later he, too, went down with it.

From the first, Miss Smith's case was pronounced, humanly speaking, hopeless, for complications at once manifested themselves. The French doctor who attended Dr. Roberts considered his case less grave, and expected recovery, which, however, was not to be.

The loving kindness of our Heavenly Father in making provision for his children was seen in the timely arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Scott Challice on 18th March. As mentioned in the last issue of NORTH AFRICA, they had joined the Mission, and were proceeding to Tangier to get experience of the work on the field. When they left Liverpool they knew nothing of the illness. The voyage proved an unusually long one, but they landed at Tangier in the nick of time, and were able to do all that medical skill and unremitting care could suggest during the last five days of life. In addition to help from their fellow-workers at Tangier, Miss Banks crossed from Gibraltar and Miss Hubbard from Tetuan to help in the nursing. Miss Ida Smith's two sisters, who were at the time carrying on a mission at Barcelona, were telegraphed for, and at once crossed over, and were with her for several days before the end.

Despite every care and attention, and all that loved ones could do, Miss Smith passed away on the night of 22nd March, and Dr. Roberts, in the early morning of 23rd March, within a few hours of each other, less than a fortnight after laying down their almost unceasing toil for the sick natives.

A further ordering of God's providence was the presence of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Morgan, who landed at Tangier on the same day as Dr. and Mrs. Challice. They were able to cheer, and by their sympathy help much the grief-stricken workers.

On March 24th Mr. Morgan conducted the funeral service. The two coffins, covered, as is the custom there, with white cloth, and wrapped round with the "Union Jack," through the kindly thought of the officials of the British colony, who were all present, were placed in the large room of Hope House, where Sunday by Sunday services are regularly held. After an address from Mr. Morgan, the procession passed slowly down to the Christian cemetery. Here again faithful words, and words also of hope and comfort, were spoken, and two hymns were sung.

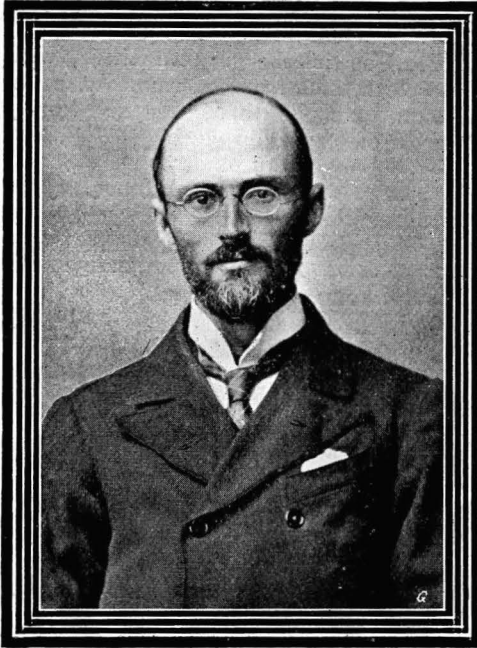
Then were laid to rest till the resurrection morning the mortal remains of these two loved workers, in the land where for Christ's sake they had counted not their lives dear unto themselves, that they might testify of the grace of God to Islam-deluded souls.

J. H. Digby Roberts, M.B., C.M.

Dr. J. Howard Digby Roberts joined the North Africa Mission in 1896. Born in 1871, and brought up by truly Christian parents, he could not tell the time when he first trusted the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. It was when at school at Lausanne that he first made a distinct stand as a Christian, and after a mission held in the town by Mr. Edwin Arrowsmith, at which one of his school-fellows was converted, he helped in starting Bible readings among the boys of the school. At the age of eighteen, the death of his father necessitated his giving up the engineering career that had been contemplated, but his way was shortly afterwards opened for studying medicine. From the first he entered upon his studies with the idea of medical missionary work.

In 1890 he began his five years course at Edinburgh University, and worked hard and ploddingly throughout the whole curriculum, graduating in medicine and surgery in 1895. During his course, he took regularly a ward service every Sunday morning in one of the surgical wards of the infirmary, and for some time was a Sunday-school teacher among the "city arabs" of the Cowgate. He also helped in other mission work.

After taking his degree, he intended to



The late Dr. Roberts.

spend another year in study, but was led to take up work at the Midway Medical Mission in New Kent Road, London. Here he gained experience in both spiritual and mission work.

On being accepted by the North Africa Mission, he decided to go to Tangier, rather with a view to seeing if this station would suit his health, for though quite well usually, he was not of a robust constitution.

Whilst studying Arabic, he helped in the Tulloch Memorial Hospital work. In the summer of 1897, when Dr. Terry had for various reasons to return to England, Dr. Roberts took on the whole work of the hospital, and continued it till his death.

During these nine years he developed greatly. With patient perseverance he tackled the many knotty problems of running a hospital for in- and out-patients, with a minimum of outlay; dealing with the difficulties of prescribing for almost every form of disease in a difficult foreign language; performing surgical operations with all too few instruments; treating fellow missionaries when ill; preaching the Gospel daily in Arabic; taking turn with fellow-workers in conducting Sun-

day services and prayer-meetings; managing native servants in hospital and home; receiving visitors; keeping accounts; writing reports; corresponding with supporters of beds, etc., etc., etc. All this work he got through, and got through well. Though quiet and retiring by nature, he sought and found daily strength for his manifold duties.

In 1898 he married Miss Tregillus, who went out to Tangier at the same time as he did, and in her he found a true helpmeet. In the home and in the hospital she proved herself a devoted wife and fellow-helper.

Dr. Roberts had the joy not only of preaching the Gospel to Moslems, but also of seeing some become truly converted. An outstanding case of conversion was that of the hospital servant Bushaib, who died three years ago. Bushaib's widow was also brought to Christ, and Dr. Roberts baptised her. Her life has since proved the reality of her faith. From time to time others, patients in the hospital, gave proof of conversion, and at the time of blessing some two years ago, there were quite a number of cases of those seeking Christ. Dr. Roberts took endless pains to instruct the native servants he employed, making time to read with them, often daily, in addition to the morning services and prayers.

But what won the hearts of his patients and fellow-workers was his gentle, Christ-like spirit. Under his quiet manner there was a real forcefulness and "grip," and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ and his personal devotion were shown unmistakably in all he did, as well as in his manner and his words.

He had a thorough knowledge of the Word of God, and a real enjoyment in prayer. Daily communion with God resulted in a love for souls and love for service, and love also for the Moors he treated, despite their sin and crooked ways.

As to his medical skill, his success in treating the typhoid cases gives good evidence.

But his life of glorious service for others is now over, and the worker has passed triumphantly to his Saviour and Master. It is pathetic that the messenger, in his case as in Miss Smith's, should be the

very disease they had saved so many patients from. For those left, it is difficult to realise that he has gone. Many are the friends who feel overwhelmed with grief for their own loss, as well as for his wife and fatherless children. These, as also his mother and sisters (one of whom, Miss L. E. Roberts, is a member of the Mission working in Tunis), and his brother, we would commend to the earnest prayers of our readers, that they may be comforted and sustained. Mrs. Roberts, borne up by unwavering trust in God, and truly a missionary at heart, has decided to stay on in Tangier, and has, in fact, already recommenced some of her various classes for Moorish women and girls.

Miss Ida Smith, Nurse at the Tulloch Memorial Hospital.

Miss Ida Smith, who on March 22nd passed away from earthly service for the Master, at the age of twenty-six, was not, technically speaking, a member of the North Africa Mission, inasmuch as no papers of application had been sent in. It was her intention, when home on furlough, to apply for membership, but it was decided, owing to changes at the home end of the Mission, to postpone the application for a time. Whilst her name did not appear in the published list of members of the Mission, she was very really a worker, and was on the staff of the Tulloch Memorial Hospital; one might almost say she was the nursing staff, or, at any rate, the chief part of it. Whilst others rendered help in the dispensary and dressing-room, and in taking services and evening prayers, the bulk of the nursing work was undertaken by Miss Smith, and admirably she managed it.

With her, nursing was almost a passion. She perfectly revelled in it. Early left an orphan, she took up nursing when old enough. The chief part of her training she obtained in Halifax Infirmary, but before completing her course she was taken seriously ill with pleurisy and pneumonia, with renal complications following and persisting. She partially recovered, but was forbidden by the doctors to attempt further nursing work. This was a bitter disappointment to her, but she took it as God's planning for her and acquiesced.

Some time afterwards, while still ailing, she accompanied her sister, Miss Edith F. Smith, a devoted worker of the Children's Special Service Mission, working chiefly in Spain, to Tetuan, in Morocco, where she was kindly helping the Tetuan workers in their branch of work among the Spaniards. In the warmer climate Miss Ida Smith's health improved, and after some months, when a nurse was much wanted at the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, it was agreed that she should tentatively take up work there.

She soon got into full swing, and in a very short time acquired enough Arabic to communicate with the patients. Her whole heart was thrown into her work, and her health further improved, until she seemed completely restored and raised up for the work she was so fitted to do.

Her delight was great when she found herself able to speak enough Arabic not only to talk to the men individually, but to take evening prayers in turn with other workers. And thus for four years she laboured for the Master in the hospital, getting through an enormous amount of work.

Nursing at home, with regular hours off, and relays, and every convenience at



The late Miss Ida Smith.

hand, is child's play to the management of a mission hospital. Besides attending to the marketing of native food, squaring accounts with native servants daily, giving out medicines, doing surgical dressings, chloroforming for operations, admitting new patients and accident cases, taking temperatures and keeping the charts, watching critical cases, etc., there come to the nurse's hand a hundred and one odd things to be attended to. Lamps often need special overlooking, native servants keeping up to the mark, splints must be improvised and padded, blankets purchased, charcoal bought when cheap and stored up, mattresses re-stuffed or disinfected, refractory patients calmed down, etc., etc., and any or all of these things may have to be done at most inconvenient times.

In the midst of such duties, Miss Ida Smith won her way with patients, by her sunny spirit, efficient nursing, and unstinted labour for them; and, better still, she won a hearing for the Gospel, which is often no easy matter with Moslem men.

The strain during the typhoid epidemic must have been dreadful for her, but without a thought for herself she seemed to look upon it as being a time of special service, and wrote to her friends asking them to pray that she might be able to

reach the hearts of each one of these patients, and miss no opportunity of leading them to Christ.

During her short illness, she was, strangely enough, conscious the whole time, despite the fatal symptoms, and she greatly enjoyed having favourite hymns sung to her by her sisters and friends, herself joining in some of the words. She prayed much, and was constantly thinking of the patients she had left.

Mrs. R. C. Morgan, who visited her, describes, in the *Christian* of April 5th, the impression the scene made on her, and gives a sketch of her life in the *Christian* of April 19th.

Her eldest sister, who was the means of her conversion, when she was quite young, writes of her: "Her private life was one of *continual shining* for the Master; she was a precious sunbeam, lent for a while." Her fellow-workers and all who knew her give the same testimony.

During her residence in Tangier she lived in Hope House with the late Mrs. Boulton, who, it will be remembered, so recently as December last passed away.

What our Heavenly Father does is best. For such lives of bright service we give thanks to God, but to our short-sighted human view it would seem that the work can ill spare them.

News from the Mission Field.

MOROCCO.

From Miss Hubbard (Tetuan).

February 9th, 1906.—For the past week we have not had very much direct work amongst the people, for they have been keeping their Great Feast, and that means such a great deal of work for the feminine part of the population, that they have no time to come to us during the first few days, and we do not care to go to them. Last Sunday in every family a sheep or goat was killed, and for the women that meant cleaning up the house again, cooking, preparing part of the meat for drying, etc., etc.; and so the feast week is well advanced before the women are free to get out and enjoy themselves by visiting their friends, walking

out to the saints' places, and so on. But this morning, as to-day is the sixth day of the feast, we opened the dispensary again, and fifty-one patients came, so evidently they were ready.

After the service with the men, two of them continued reading the Gospels I had left lying in the room, and before they went very earnestly asked if they might be allowed to take them home to read them. That was the very purpose for which they were left there, only I did not say so. After trying to find out if they wanted the *inside* of the books or the *covers*, and being assured they wanted them to read and not to destroy, I said they might take them. We get suspicious, for when a man very carefully examines

the *binding* of a book, and, being satisfied that it is strong, asks if he may take the book, it usually turns out that he wants the covers for his own papers, but has no use for the printed matter!

February 10th.—This afternoon, just as we were returning from a walk, we heard a funeral coming out of the town gate, and as we are not “believers”—*i.e.*, in Mohammed—we stood back, instead of meeting it in the narrow road. As the procession came out of the gate, they first turned aside a few minutes for prayer at a saint’s tomb, and then came on down the road, turning off to the grave a little way before coming to where we were standing. Only men attend funerals, and of these there was a big crowd, men and boys, chanting in turn. They came along at a good pace, no order among them; the body was about in the centre of the crowd, lying, rolled in white linen, on the open bier, which the men carried on their shoulders. When they reached the grave, in a minute the bier was empty and was carried off by one man, while all the rest gathered round the grave chanting their prayers. I knew that the body of a dead Moslem is always laid on its side, facing Mecca, but did not know till to-day that before the grave is closed a *fokih* gets into the grave and uncovers the face and hands, and leaves them uncovered. We came away, leaving them all singing the chant which always reminds me of “Oh, Baal, hear us!” and which is so sadly different from the words we associate with those who sleep in Christ, as from time to time we stand by their resting places: “Oh, death, where is thy sting? oh, grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Sunday, February 11th.—I had a very small class this afternoon—only ten present—it being the last and great day of the feast. One of the first girls who came in to class told me that her elder sister—one of my old girls—had just to-day lost her baby boy, a year old. He had been ill eight days with a cough, and to-day he gave one cough and his spirit went out! They had done nothing for him at all; God had only given him a short life, and so he died. As one girl, blind from smallpox, remarked, “Medicine is

from God,” which just means, according to their ideas, if He does not cure folks, why should we trouble? While we were still speaking of this little one, more girls came in with the news that another of the elder girls had also lost her baby boy to-day. No one seemed to know or care how or why; he had just died, that was all! The father of this second child is in prison. He was one of the twenty soldiers sent to escort those two English officers to Ceuta about four months ago, who allowed the officers to be taken captives by the Anjera tribe. Now they are captives for twelve months themselves! May they be set free at the end of a year. It is easier to get into a Moorish prison than to get out of one!

February 12th.—At breakfast this morning I remarked that we were not likely to have many at dispensary, on account of the damp and mud; but sixty-three came, in spite of mud, and we were kept busy till closing time. This afternoon I went to dress a burn for an old man who had quite unconsciously sat with his leg over the crock of fire till it was literally roasted; even then he knew nothing about it, till he went at dawn to pray. Then, when washing before prayer, the skin all came off the one leg, and he has a horrid wound. Poor old man, he says he must be very old, for he has known four Sultans in this land—Mulai Suleiman, Mulai Abd Er Rahman, Mulai El Hassan, and now Mulai Abd El Aziz; that is his age, and all he knows about it.

Later I called to see a Christian woman living near us. Her mother, who is a widow, lives with her. Hitherto the mother has earned her living combing wool, but there is so little profit in that work, that to-day she is beginning a new trade, and some friend has got a Jew to give her two sacks of flour on trust, and to-morrow she hopes to make bread for sale in the market. May it pay! Everything is so dear just now that the poor have hard work to live at all. One other thing also I did: I had to go and buy cheap calico to use for rags in the dispensary, for dressings, etc., etc. Friends at home, please don’t forget WHITE RAGS!

February 13th.—This a.m. I went again to dress the wounded leg of the old

burnt man. His son had left word I was not to be allowed to leave the house till I had had tea, but as I had promised to be home to read with a woman here, I got out of the tea by promising to go tomorrow afternoon, all being well, without hurry.

February 14th.—Dispensary again this morning. One Riff came for medicine for his mother. He returned this afternoon, and I went with him to see her. He only had one arm, and he told us this morning he had only lately lost his right arm through a blood feud in the Riff country. Someone shot his brother; when he got the chance he, as next of kin, killed the murderer. Then, about two or three months ago, the first murderer's next of kin tried for his life, but only shattered his right arm just below the shoulder. So now, for fear of his life, he has left his country, and come to live in Tetuan. Very likely he will be caught one day by the next avenger of blood. They have a saying in the Riff that only women and children die in their beds, men die of gunpowder. Certainly there seems a good deal of truth in it, awful though it be.

I have been into some queer places in Tetuan, but never into a queerer than the place into which this Riff took me to find his mother. She was in an old house which is being rebuilt; it has no stairs, and she was on the second story. At first I said I would not attempt to go up, it being a much more suitable ascent for a cat or a goat than for a child of Adam. But as the sick woman certainly could not come down, I made an attempt—up old pieces of wall, and then clambering from one small window to another—with the consciousness that if I fell I had some distance to go before I reached the ground. When I did get into the room, it was so low I could not stand upright, and the poor patient just lay on a sack on

the bare ground. Poorer they could hardly have been; but she has not been ill long, and with help she may soon be better. Having reached *terra firma* safely once more, I hurried off to a distant part of the town to the burnt man and the promised tea! I found both ready, and when we had finished the tea, which was mostly sugar, I had a splendid time with three women of the house. They saw my book, so asked for reading, and they *did* listen well!

February 15th.—It has been a perfect day to-day—like a late spring day at home. This afternoon Miss Knight came in from a walk with May blossom in her hand; but I remember we also saw some a fortnight ago, and wild roses, too. This morning I again went to the burnt man. Poor old fellow, I'm afraid he is going the wrong way, and that fast! I was speaking to some of the women in the house about him, and they said it would be much better if he should die and go to God, for he is so old and also very good. For three years he has fasted every day, from sunrise to sunset, except the first day of the Great Feast each year; also he won't get into new garments, and won't speak to anyone, if he can help it, but spends all his time in repeating prayers. So the poor man is trying to earn salvation! I am afraid he is deaf—unless it be a case of "none so deaf as those who won't hear." For I can't get an answer to ordinary questions, except with difficulty, much less any response to a message about God's plan of salvation.

Later I went to see the mother of two of my girls, who have married and are living in Ceuta; such nice, bright girls they were, and their mother seems so lonely without them. The tears ran down her face as she spoke of them. This afternoon I had my girls' sewing class—lively, jolly, and noisy would about describe them.

EGYPT.

From Mrs. Dickins (Alexandria).

March 17th.—It is wonderful to see the great difference there is between our children, whom we have been teaching for ten years, and their mothers, for whom almost nothing has been done, and the

children in the villages, where there are no servants of God. There they seem very little removed from the animals, and the dirt and conditions of life are truly appalling.

Mr. Dickins and I spent a part of Monday in a large village on the Nile with

9,000 inhabitants. One could only weep and pray as one saw their ignorance and degradation. So far as we know, no servants of God ever go there; they are *all* in the shadow of death, "without God and without hope in the world."

They urged me to go and open a school for girls there, and when I told them I could not be spared from my home, they said, "Have you no others you can send?" and I had to say, "None of us are ready to come to you yet."

On our way home we passed through a large town just as needy—no missionary

there. Oh, if only friends at home with leisure, gifts, and means, who are God's servants, could just come and see for themselves the dire need of our Egyptians, they could surely never remain in England! How will they be able to answer as to their stewardship in the day of reckoning?

These people never hear of a Saviour, and it seems as if they will all pass away without any one telling them of Jesus, who died to save them. I wonder if our friends at home feel that they have no responsibility towards them?

The Hajj or Pilgrim.

The fast month of Ramadhan ended two months ago; Shaawal, the tenth month, is past; Dhu'l-Kada will end soon; and then comes the twelfth month, Dhu'l-Hijja, or the month of pilgrimage.

The five duties or pillars of Islam are: (1) Bearing witness to the one God; (2) observing the stated times of prayer; (3) the giving of alms; (4) the fast of Ramadhan; the fifth and last being the pilgrimage to Mecca.

For weeks past this pilgrimage has been the talk of the native quarters. The corners of the streets have been placarded with bills setting forth in Arabic the facilities offered by certain steamship companies to take the pilgrims to and from the port of the holy city of Mecca.

For over a week an Italian steamer was anchored in the port, flying at the foremast the sacred green flag with the white crescent and star, while the other mast flew the Ottoman flag. At first the price was 150 francs for the return journey, then it mounted to 160, until at last, as the number of applicants increased, on the day of starting 200 francs had to be paid. Several days before the day

of sailing, the pilgrims arrived from the interior and camped on the waste



[Photo by]

[Mr. A. V. Liley.]

The Pilgrims embarking at Tunis.



Photo by]

"His Last Smoke."

[Mr. A. V. Liley.

Moslems are not allowed by their religion to smoke while on the pilgrimage.

ground near the port. The people were as miscellaneous as their luggage—old and young, rich and poor, strong and weakly. Some were from distant Morocco, others from Algeria, though the greater number were Tunisians from the mountainous South, the Isle of Djerba, the towns of the interior, and not a few from the city of Tunis itself.

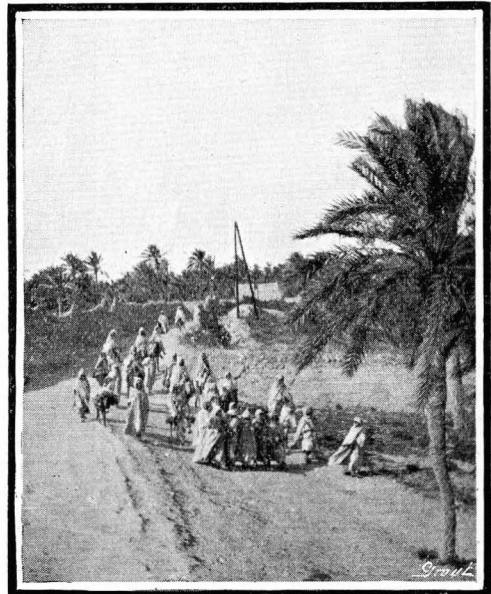
It was no easy matter for the people to undertake this pilgrimage, for first they had to find the money necessary to pay for the journey, and to have enough for the support of their families—though I fear in this latter case many of the pilgrims left little to them except the fatalistic words, "Rabbi ejeeb," or, as we should say, "The Lord will provide." Then they had to show proof that they were good characters, in order to obtain permission to travel and have their passports. Then there was food to be prepared for at least a month or six weeks, cooking pots and stoves, and mats and coverings, for no beds are provided.

Miss Grissell and Miss Hammon went down to the ship with me to watch the pilgrims embark. In order that none should get on board without the necessary papers, each pilgrim had to climb singly up the narrow ladder. At the top were two policemen in plain clothes demanding the necessary papers before anyone was allowed to put a foot on board. The pilgrim once on board, his luggage was next hauled up. The poorer class had sacks,

others halfa-grass baskets with covers provided with cords which could be so closed with a padlock that a knife would have to be used to get at the contents. The wealthier class had their goods in old packing cases. Every pilgrim seemed to be supplied with an umbrella (some large enough to cover a small family), and an Arab informed me that these were to protect them from the rays of the scorching sun.

It was a study to watch the expressions on the various faces. There was the wrinkled, white-bearded face of the old man, who looked calm, grave and solemn, taking everything as *maktoob*, decreed of God. One saw the ignorant Bedouin from the country, who seemed to lose his head in the babel of voices and conflicting advice and instructions given him. The gay young Tunisian was not absent, who looked upon the whole thing, no doubt, as great fun, though fulfilling a religious duty. While accomplishing the solemn pilgrimage he was also going for sight-seeing.

I managed to get into conversation with



Moslem Pilgrims leaving Gabes, Tunisia.

a well-dressed Moor, and asked him why he was going. "To visit the holy city and the prophet's tomb," said he with a smile. "What do you expect to obtain?" was my next question. "The pardon of my sins," he replied. "But you may have the pardon of your sins here," I continued. "God can hear and will accept you anywhere if you approach Him by faith in the Lord Jesus." "No! no! not Sidna Aissa [our Lord Jesus]" was the quick objection; "it is Sidna Mohammed, the last and greatest of the prophets. Sidna Aissa, don't you know, is under the hand of our Lord Mohammed," and with this he walked off.

Our hearts were deeply grieved. Here were some 600 men and women boldly facing inconveniences, hardships, and even death, to fulfil the commands of a lying prophet, all bent on the one object of

visiting the Kaaba, the holy structure built by Adam and (as tradition tells us!) destroyed by the flood and rebuilt by Abraham.

One asks how many of the pilgrims will return alive and well. The most fanatical would like to die in Mecca and thus gain a sure and rapid entrance into paradise. Those who will return, their faith being stimulated by having drunk at the source of Islam, will become greater fanatics than ever, and feel it incumbent upon them to combat all that opposes the teaching of the Koran.

May the Church of Christ be aroused to its duty in sending the Gospel to these people, and be led to pray more for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit that these blind followers of the false prophet may have their eyes opened to see in Christ the Saviour of the world!

A Missionary Summer School.

MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, *July 7th to 14th.*

For the third year in succession the Young Christians' Missionary Union are arranging a Missionary Holiday Conference as above.

A very cordial invitation is extended to readers of NORTH AFRICA to be present thereat.

While primarily for workers amongst the young, whether in Sunday-schools, or Young People's Societies, Guilds and Associations, the School is open to all interested in the cause of missions.

There is a daily programme of meetings as follows: 9.30, Bible Lecture; 11.15, Missionary Conference; 6.30, Missionary Address; and a lecture or sermon to close the day.

The long afternoons will be reserved

exclusively for excursions and recreation.

The list of speakers includes these well-known names: Revs. Herbert Anderson, C. Campbell Brown, M.A., J. Gregory Mantle, F. B. Meyer, B.A., G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., Thomas Phillips, B.A., Leonard Tucker, M.A., and Dr. Harry Guinness.

Arrangements have been made for hospitality for those who attend, and the cost for the entire week, including return fare from London, and a registration fee of 5s., will not exceed 35s. to friends willing to share a room, or slightly more to those requiring single rooms.

Names may be booked by sending the registration fee of 5s. to the Hon. Secs., Missionary Summer School, 78, Fleet Street, London, E.C., by whom all enquiries will be answered.

"Jewels."

Our beautiful Kabylian mountains have at last put off their snow robes, and, as though touched by a magician's wand, are clad in tender greens and pinks, bright reds and golden yellows.

The nightingale has reappeared to charm us with his varied song; the black-bird whistles melodiously; the tit-mouse, called by Kabyles "master blacksmith" on account of his file-sharpening note, is

seen and heard, while all the feathered tribe are preparing to build homes for their young, and the Great Father who remembers little things has furnished the budding hedges with feather-winged clematis seeds to line small nests for tiny unfeathered inmates.

"Thy works praise Thee, oh! Lord."
"In His temple every whit . . . uttereth Glory!"

During the winter months our meet-

ings, classes, sick work, teaching of the blind, etc., etc., have gone forward steadily; but now all nature seems to beckon us out, and our eyes turn to villages perched on distant heights: villages so untaught and unenlightened that to visit them seems like leaving light to again encounter darkness.

We must go to these villages to seek for "jewels" amid the accumulated rubbish of Mohammedan superstition and ignorance.

In some places the Saviour has gems, and these we must save from being again buried in the vast dust-heap.

Seven years ago a pretty little girl some six years old came to our weekly girls' class; she was the daughter of very poor parents, and the care of each new baby brother or sister fell upon little Koulla, as mother was out working all day in the fields. The child was a model pupil; her large, lustrous eyes seldom wandered from the teacher's face, and her dark little mind was soon stored with sweet Bible stories and hymns.

At last the true light shone in, and at twelve years of age Koulla professed her love for and faith in Jesus before her girl companions.

Soon after she was sold in marriage

and carried away to a distant village. There we visited her lately. When she heard of our arrival, she ran quickly to us, throwing herself into our arms, and as we raised her head her tears flowed freely. On being led into the hut, we whispered, "Can we speak about Jesus?" "Oh! no," replied the frightened girl; "they would send me away." So the Saviour remains hidden in her poor little heart, and we must try to propitiate the mother-in-law, so as to be allowed to visit the little bride.

Oh how the villages need us! We speak first to the men, who invariably listen respectfully; then we ask one of them to assist us in keeping order while we distribute medicines to the women and children, to whom, finally, we speak very simply about Jesus and His love.

We heartily thank the kind friends who have responded to our appeal in the March number for little red garments for our girls, and perhaps we might venture to add here how much we need funds for a mule to carry us up the rough, stony mountain tracks that lead to native villages in Kabylia.

Djemaa Sahridj,

Mekla, par Tizi-Ouzou,

K. SMITH.

Algeria.

For the Children.

A Little Girl to Little Girls.

As someone remarked that lately there had been no children's page in NORTH AFRICA, I, a little African girl, thought I would like to tell you how I do work for the Lord Jesus. I ask if little girls in England could not do something for the One Who died to wash them from their sins.

My method is a very simple and easy one. It is "penny trading." I will just tell you some of the things that I do. First, I get flowers and try to sell them. With that money I buy some sewing—pen-wipers and mats do beautifully—always beginning by small things and then working up to bigger ones. Then, when that is done and some money is got together, I

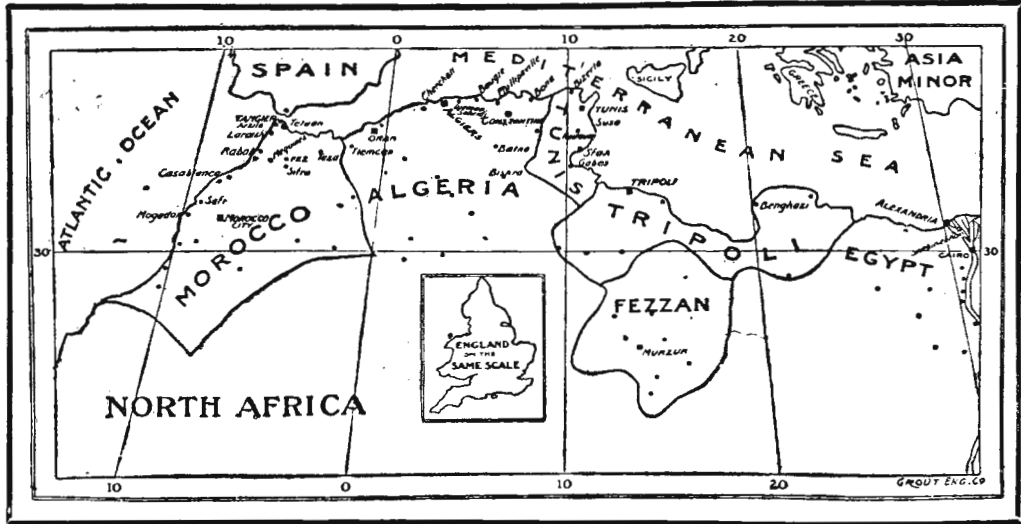
just divide it and give it to different things.

Once father's bicycle, on which he goes out to Arab villages, broke down. So the "penny trading" paid for it being mended. Another time there was a starving colporteur, so out comes some money for him.

Since then the "penny trading" has paid part of the money for Christmas trees, for Italians as well as Arabs, and for dolls, toys, candles, etc., and for medicine for an Arab, a little bit for the Italian Hall here, and several times for the little Arab school, which is now, I am sorry to say, closed by the French Government. So you see how I help, and I ask you to try and do the same. D. L.

NORTH AFRICA consists of

MOROCCO, ALGERIA, TUNIS, TRIPOLI, EGYPT, and the SAHARA,
and has a Mohammedan population of over 20,000,000.



MOROCCO has an area of about 260,000 square miles (equal to five times the size of England), and a population estimated at from 4,000,000 to 8,000,000. It is governed by a Sultan, whose name is Abdul Aziz. The country is divided into districts, each of which is under the superintendence of a Kaid. The semi-independent hill tribes are ruled by their own chiefs, and scarcely acknowledge the authority of the Sultan.

ALGERIA is the most advanced in civilisation of all the countries of North Africa, having been held by the French since 1830. After great expenditure of life and money, it is now thoroughly subject to their rule. Its extent is about three times that of England, and its population 4,500,000, principally Moslems, but with some hundreds of thousands of French, Spaniards, Italians, Jews, etc. The country has a good climate and much beautiful scenery; there are excellent roads and extensive railways.

TUNIS is under French protection, and practically under French rule. It is hardly so extensive as England, but has a population of

about 2,000,000, nearly all of whom are Mohammedans. There are, however, some thousands of Italians, Maltese, French, Jews, etc., on the coast.

TRIPOLI is a province of the Turkish Empire, several times larger than England. It has a population of about 1,350,000, who, with the exception of a few thousands, are followers of the False Prophet. The Moslems here are more intelligent and better educated than further west, but much opposed to the Gospel.

EGYPT is still tributary to Turkey, but under the guidance and supervision of the British Government. It has a population of about 10,000,000.

THE VAST SAHARA, with its scattered population of Berber and Arab Mohammedans, remains still without a solitary missionary.

NORTHERN ARABIA is peopled by the Bedouin descendants of Ishmael; they are not bigoted Moslems, like the Syrians, but are willing to be enlightened.

FORM OF LEGACY OR BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer for the time being of "The North Africa Mission," for the purposes of the Mission, the sum of _____ pounds sterling, free from duty, to be paid within six calendar months after my decease, and I direct that receipt of such Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge for the said Legacy.

N.B. Land and money secured on land can now be bequeathed under the condition enacted by the Charitable Uses Act, 1891, 54 and 55 Vic., c. 73.

[The will or codicil giving the bequest must be signed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must be present at the same time and subscribe their names in his presence and in the presence of each other. Three witnesses are required in the United States of America.]

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Telephone—5839 CENTRAL.

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Parcels and Small Cases for transmission to the field should be sent to the N. A. M., c/o Messrs. Bride and Eastland, 29-35, City Road, London, E.C. Will friends wishing to send large cases kindly write for instructions before doing so? In all cases particulars as to contents and value of packages must be sent, being required for Customs' purposes.

Gifts in Money or in kind should be sent to the Secretary, Dr. G. L. Terry, North Africa Mission, 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., to whom all cheques and money orders should be made payable.

LOCATION OF MISSIONARIES.

MOROCCO.		ALGERIA.		Blizerta.	
Tangier.	Date of Arrival.	Cherchell.	Date of Arrival.		Date of Arrival.
Dr. SCOTT CHALLICE ...	Mar., 1906	Miss L. READ ...	April, 1886	Miss M. ERICSSON ...	Nov., 1888
Mrs. CHALLICE ...	Mar., 1906	Miss H. D. DAY ...	April, 1886	Miss R. J. MARKUSSON ...	Nov., 1888
Mrs. ROBERTS ...	Dec., 1896	Aigiers.		Susa.	
*Mr. W. T. BOLTON ...	Feb., 1897	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		Miss A. COX ...	Oct., 1892
Miss J. JAY ...	Nov., 1885	Mons. E. CUENDET ...		Miss N. BAGSTER ...	Oct., 1894
*Miss G. R. S. BREEZE, M.B. (Lond.) ...	Dec., 1894	Madame CUENDET ...		Kairouan.	
Miss F. MARSTON ...	Nov., 1895	Miss E. SMITH ...		Mr. E. SHORT ...	Feb., 1899
Mr. H. E. JONES ...	Jan., 1897	Miss A. WELCH ...		Mrs. SHORT ...	Oct., 1899
<i>Spanish Work—</i>		Mr. A. SHOREY ...		Miss E. T. NORTH ...	Oct., 1894
Miss F. R. BROWN ...	Oct., 1889	Mrs. SHOREY ...		*Miss G. L. ADDINSELL ...	Nov., 1893
Miss VECCHIO, School Mistress.		Djemmaa Sahridj.		Miss E. LOVELESS ...	Nov., 1902
Casablanca.		<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		Sfax.	
Mrs. GRIEVE ...	Oct., 1890	Mr. D. ROSS ...		T. G. CHURCHER, M.B., C.M. (Ed.) ...	Oct., 1885
Mr. H. NOTT ...	Jan., 1897	Mrs. ROSS ...		Mrs. CHURCHER ...	Oct., 1889
Mrs. NOTT ...	Feb., 1897	Miss J. COX ...		Mr. H. E. WEBB ...	Dec., 1892
Tetuan.		Miss K. SMITH ...		Mrs. WEBB ...	Nov., 1897
Miss F. M. BANKS ...	May, 1888	Constantine.		<i>Associated Worker—</i>	
Miss A. BOLTON ...	April, 1889	*Mr. J. L. LOCHHEAD ...		Miss M. BENZAKINE ...	Jan., 1906
Miss A. G. HUBBARD ...	Oct., 1891	*Mrs. LOCHHEAD ...		DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.	
Miss M. KNIGHT ...	Oct., 1905	*Miss E. K. LOCHHEAD ...		Mr. W. H. VENABLES ...	Mar., 1891
Laraisch.		Mr. P. SMITH ...		Mrs. VENABLES ...	Mar., 1891
*Miss S. JENNINGS ...	Mar., 1887	Mrs. SMITH ...		Mr. W. REID ...	Dec., 1892
Miss K. ALDRIDGE ...	Dec., 1891	Miss F. HARNDEN ...		Mrs. REID ...	Dec., 1894
Fez.		Miss F. H. GUILLERMIET ...		Miss F. M. HARRALD ...	Oct., 1899
Mr. O. E. SIMPSON ...	Dec., 1896	REGENCY OF TUNIS.		Miss F. DUNDAS ...	April, 1903
Mrs. SIMPSON ...	Mar., 1893	Tunis.		EGYPT.	
Miss L. GREATHEAD ...	Nov., 1890	Mr. A. V. LILEY ...		Alexandria.	
Miss M. MELLETT ...	Mar., 1892	Mrs. LILEY ...		Mr. W. DICKINS ...	Feb., 1896
Miss S. M. DENISON ...	Nov., 1893	Mr. J. H. C. PURDON ...		Mrs. DICKINS ...	Feb., 1896
Miss I. DE LA CAMP ...	Jan., 1897	Mrs. PURDON ...		Miss R. HODGES ...	Feb., 1889
IN ENGLAND.		Miss M. B. GRISSELL ...		Shebin-el-Kom.	
—Miss B. VINING, <i>Invalided.</i>		Miss K. JOHNSON ...		Mr. W. T. FAIRMAN ...	Nov., 1896
Mrs. D. J. COOPER. Miss E. TURNER.		Miss A. HAMMON ...		Mrs. FAIRMAN ...	Feb., 1897
* At Home.		Miss R. COHEN ...			
		Miss H. M. M. TAPP ...			
		Miss A. M. CASE ...			
		Miss L. E. ROBERTS ...			
		<i>Italian Work—</i>			
		Miss A. M. CASE ...			
		Miss L. E. ROBERTS ...			