

NORTH AFRICA

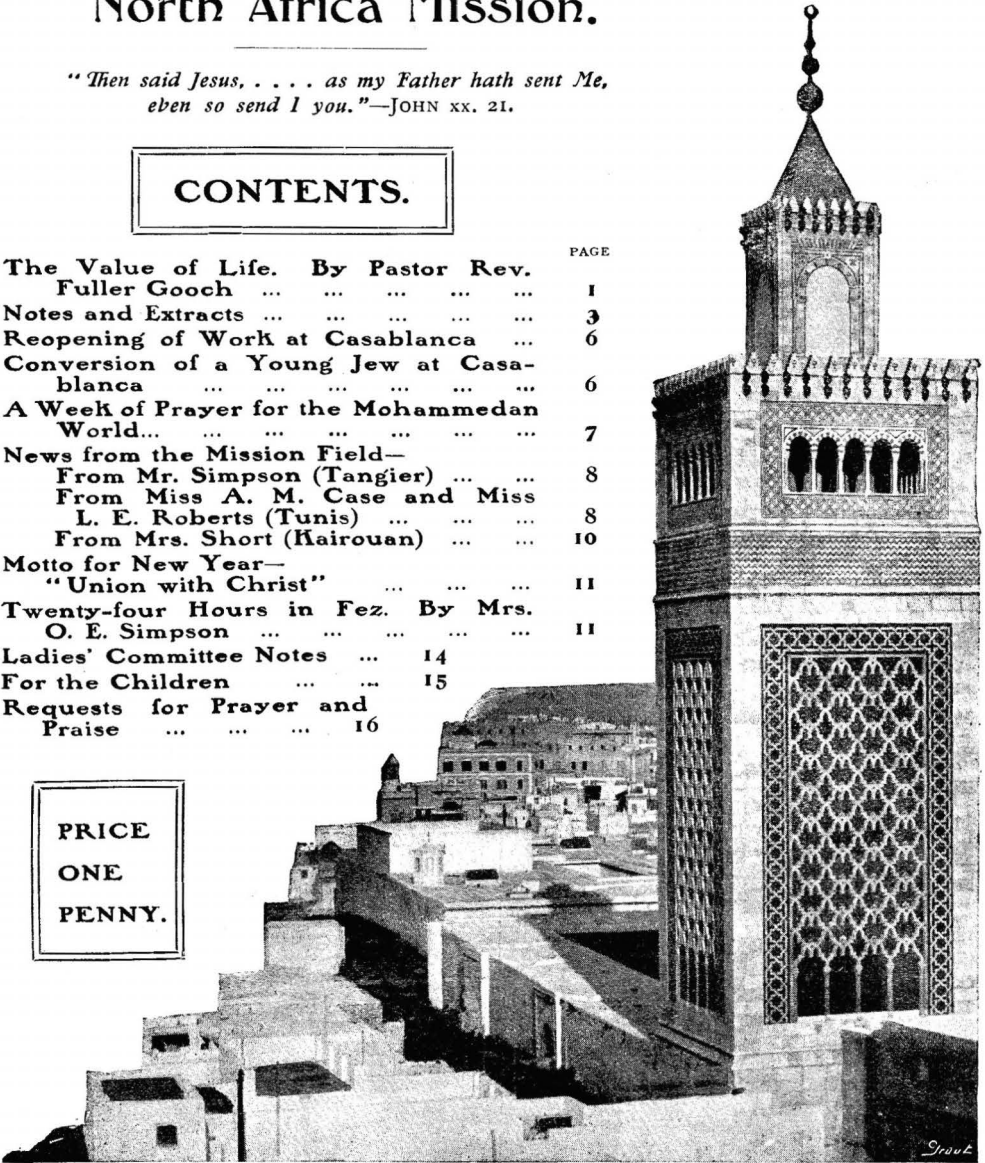
The Monthly Record of the
North Africa Mission.

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

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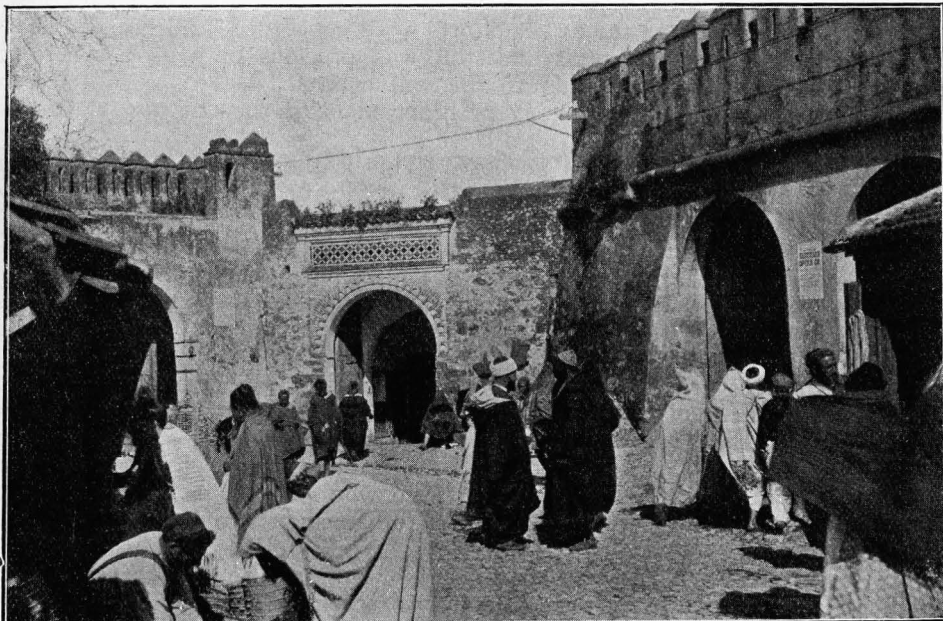
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Office of the North Africa Mission, 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N.

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Entrance to Main Street, Tangier, Morocco.

The Value of Life.

Notes on Isaiah xxxviii.

By Pastor Rev. W. Fuller Gooch.

“IN those days was Hezekiah sick unto death.” No position in life exempts from suffering or from sorrow; in this sense “all things come alike to all” (Eccles. ix. 2). It is said of the prince as well as of the peasant, “His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth.” The effect produced upon the king’s mind by the solemn announcement of the prophet in ver. 1 is instructive to contemplate. We may ask how such a message would affect ourselves. Sadness and deep concern led to earnest prayer, and this prevailed with God to grant gracious restoration to health and merciful prolongation of life. The effect produced upon Hezekiah by the Divine favour shown to him was deep and lasting, as is evidenced by his psalm of praise. He first recalls the sad and mournful experiences connected with his sickness and imminent death (ver. 10-14), then celebrates the mercy of the Lord, acknowledges the wise and disciplinary character of his affliction (ver. 15, 16), and closes by a joyful consecration of his future days to the glory of God (ver. 19, 20).

We may learn from his concluding words a lesson too often overlooked—the value of life on earth. “The grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee; they that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth. *The living, the living*, he shall praise Thee.” The words have no reference to a future state, they breathe no scepticism as to life beyond the tomb; they have regard simply to the work to be performed in this world. Hezekiah had lived a busy and a useful life; he was in the midst of plans and pursuits at once beneficial to men and bringing glory to God. These were his delight, but

death would end them so far as his efforts were concerned, and life to him, as it had been to David, his great ancestor, was precious only as a sphere for "serving his generation according to the will of God." This constitutes the true value of life, and sets before every renewed heart the one aim to be ever kept in view.

1. It is noble in its Divine purpose. This is the end for which God has made us. "Man's chief and highest end is to glorify God, and fully to enjoy Him for ever." Miss this and life is a miserable failure, a sad perversion. We are endowed with faculties and capacities for usefulness purposely that we may devote them to the service of Him who bestowed them upon us. We are servants of God—yea, co-workers with Him. Realise this and life's noblest ambition is attained, its highest pleasures enjoyed, and its brightest hopes consummated.

2. It is full of gracious opportunities. Once let the heart be right with God, the spirit sanctified and energised by grace, then every human career covers a field in which the good seed may be sown, and becomes a sphere in which the work of God may be successfully carried on. Every flying hour may witness some faithful service rendered to Him who died for us, and every path we tread become a consecrated way, every advance in which becomes "steps up to heaven."

3. It involves solemn responsibilities. Human life is accountable, its possession a stewardship, its right conduct a sacred obligation. Hezekiah felt this, and in three directions indicates it for us:—

(a) We are bound to praise God: "The living shall *praise* Thee." The true motive of life is well expressed by the familiar words of Miss Havergal:—

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

Praise is practical as well as vocal; it involves heart-work and outward conformity to the will of God as well as lip service. Every faculty we possess, every member of the body, is to be consecrated to Him; "all that is within us" is called upon to bless His name. Life may thus be made a perpetual psalm.

(b) We are bound to cultivate *personal* devotion: "As I do this day." The inner *life* has to be cultivated and devoted to God, otherwise we may have to say, "They made me keeper of vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept" (Song of Sol. i. 6). In vain do we labour for others, and diligently observe outward proprieties, if we are ourselves out of tune with the will of God. Heart culture is of first importance in every case. Apart from it we are destitute of power, both with God and men. In order to bear fruit, the branch must abide in the vine.

(c) We are bound to witness for God's truth: "The father to the children shall make known Thy truth"—as *parents* specially so (Deut. vi. 7, 20; Ps. lxxviii. 1-8). Also in every position we sustain we are to be witnesses for God. Every true believer is a custodian of Divine truth, not that he may lay it up and hide it from view, but that he may hand it down to all succeeding generations, and make it known to the utmost of his power. "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." Let each one hold it aloft.

These responsibilities, while they bear upon our whole life, and refer to every sphere, have a special bearing upon our duty in reference to that part of the world which still lies in utter darkness, through ignorance of the Gospel of God. It is one of the foremost duties of the Christian life to further the

Gospel, and to use every endeavour to send it forth to the regions beyond. We are all, if saved ourselves, called to seek the salvation of others; "we are stewards of the manifold mysteries of God," and, as such, bound by our relationship to Christ, to fulfil our stewardship, by individually labouring to put others in possession of the "unsearchable riches" we are possessed of. Would to God that the great matter of world-evangelisation were seen by all Christians in this light! The words of the lepers in the Syrian camp may well be on all our lips, "We do not well; this is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us. Now, therefore, come, that we may go and tell."

These are lessons we all need to learn more perfectly. It is well to be assured of fitness to die, and even to cherish desires for the life beyond, but to be indifferent to the value of the present life, or to indulge in sentimental longings for death, is as unwise and unnatural as it is unchristian, and contrary to Bible teaching. Be it ours prayerfully to aim at using life, and all its facilities, so that whenever its end arrives, we may have the joy of knowing that we have done the will of God.

"Teach me to live! Thy purpose to fulfil:
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine!
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine."

CHERCHELL CARPET INDUSTRIAL WORK.

The following Carpets and Rugs are now on sale at the offices of the Mission, 4, Highbury Crescent, N. :—8 Carpets, prices from £3 7s. 6d. to £6 16s. 3d.; 22 Rugs, prices from 9s. to £2 4s. 6d.; 2 Mats (imitation silk), 10s. each. Any of the above will be gladly sent on approval to friends wishing to see them before purchasing. Application should be made to the Secretary.

Notes and Extracts.

HOME NOTES.

The Monthly Prayer Meeting

will (D.V.) be held at 4, Highbury Crescent, N., on the first Thursday of the month (January 2nd) at 4 p.m. Tea at 3.30. A hearty invitation to be present is given to all friends of the work who are able to attend.



The attention of all who are interested in the evangelisation of Moslems is drawn to the letter on page 7, giving notice of the **week of Prayer for the Mohammedan World**. Will friends note that special meetings during this week will (D.V.) be held on January 21st, 22nd, 23rd, at **Devonshire House, Bishopgate Street Without, E.C.** Time of meetings will be announced in advertisements nearer the date of meeting.



DEPARTURES.—On December 5th, **Miss F. Harnden** and **Miss F. Guillermet** left London for Constantine.

Medical Missionary Needed.—The Ras-el-Teen quarter of Alexandria, in which the N.A.M. house is situated, and among the inhabitants of which Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and their various helpers have so long carried on their good work, would form a splendid centre for a medical mission dispensary. It often happens that doctors who start medical missionary dispensaries are greatly hampered in their work for the want of trained nurses. In **Alexandria**, however, the position is quite reversed. **Miss Banks**, who worked for some fourteen years at Tetuan, recently went out to Alexandria, as mentioned in November last, to commence dispensary and medical visiting work in Alexandria, in which **Miss Caws**, who is a qualified pharmacist, and **Miss Jackson-Bennett**, a trained nurse, would have helped her. They have, however, found that the Municipal Authorities will not allow them to work, except under the direction of a qualified medical practitioner. Will friends unite in prayer that a doctor may be found to open work in this important city, and his support also found?

Picture Post-cards.—A series of six Egyptian post-cards from photos by Geo. Goodman, Esq., *not* used in NORTH AFRICA, may be ordered of the Secretary, price 4d. per packet, post free 4½d.

A second series of six Egyptian post-cards from photos used in recent numbers of NORTH AFRICA can be had, price 3d. per packet, post free 3½d.



"Real Photograph" Picture Post-cards.—A set of twelve beautiful "real photograph" cards, all different, is now ready, and may be ordered of the Secretary, 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N. Price, six different cards, 1s. 1d., post free; twelve different cards, 2s. 1d.

A reduction will be made on all post-cards if quantities are bought for sales of work, etc.



New Set of Picture Post-cards.—Morocco series, six beautiful pictures of people and places in the Sunset Land. Printed in a pretty brown tint. Price 3d. per packet, post free 3½d.



Fancy and Plain Work.—All kinds of fancy work, Irish linen, and flannelette garments. Assorted parcels, suitable for sales, will be sent carriage paid to any address on receipt of postal order for 2s. 6d. and upwards.

On orders of £1 and more, 10 per cent. discount allowed. Address: Miss Shelbourne, 53, Hova Villas, Hove, Sussex.



"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., Bankside, Silverdale Road, Eastbourne, price 13s. 6d., postage and packing case included? The proceeds will go to the funds of the N.A.M.



Photo Frames and Carved Wood Bookstands.—Mr. Ross, of Djemaa Sahridj, will be glad to supply beautifully carved frames, in olive or walnut wood, prices according to size, 1s. to 3s. 6d. per pair. Bookstands, 5s. each. These are made by a Kabyle native convert, who is thus supplied with honest employment. Orders to be sent to the Secretary, North Africa Mission, 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N. Time required for obtaining from Djemaa, about three weeks.



Modern Cyclopædia for Sale. A friend has sent a set (eight volumes) of "The

Modern Cyclopædia," Gresham Publishing Company, 1904 Edition, edited by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D., to be sold for the benefit of the Mission. It is quite new, and in good condition. Published price 48s. Any reasonable offer would be accepted. One volume could be sent for inspection to any friend before purchasing.



FOREIGN NOTES.

Morocco.

Miss Aldridge during last year removed from her station at Larache, and went to Tetuan to take charge of a fresh branch of work there which seemed to be opening up, viz., the care of a certain number of poor women in the medical mission house, where they could be daily treated and taught. It seems, however, that the time is hardly ripe for this work, and to the great joy of many of her old patients in Larache, Miss Aldridge is returning to continue her dispensary and medical visiting work in that important coast town. She hopes to secure a house and set to work again at once.



Tunisia.

Mr. J. J. Cooksey is much feeling the need of a screen for magic lantern pictures, and a further supply of coloured slides, to use in his work at Sousse.



Tripoli.

Mrs. Venables writes from Tripoli November 26th: "We shall be glad to have Mr. Reid back, there are many inquiries for him. Our patients are so numerous, over a hundred sometimes, and I think they might be always were they not sent off and the door closed when the rooms are full enough to be comfortable. The first comers arrive by moonlight, or while the stars are still shining, and wait in the street."



Egypt.

The work in Alexandria has received reinforcement during last month. **Miss Adma Zreyk** has been accepted as a missionary assistant to work under the care of Mrs. Dickins. Miss Zreyk, who is a Syrian, was converted some years ago at the schools in her own country, and after some years of work in Alexandria, went to America. Her support is being provided by Dr. Stearns, of Philadelphia, and many friends in the States are remembering her, in her new sphere of service, in prayer.

NEW N. A. M. BOOKLET.

"FIRST-FRUITS" FROM FEZ, by Mrs. O. E. Simpson.—An eight-page booklet, four and a half inches by three and a half, with blue cover, deckled edges. Size suitable for enclosing in letters. Besides the letter-press telling briefly the story of the commencement of work in Fez, and the blessing God has given, the booklet contains portrait picture of Miss Herdman, and also of some of the converts now working as colporteurs. Price one half-penny, or twenty-five copies for one shilling, post free. To be obtained from the office of the Mission.



A String of Pearls of Great Price, for Daily Wear.

This is an attractive motto card (eight-sheet) in white, round-cornered, and corded with thin red cord. The matter is boldly printed in black and red. The compiler, Mrs. Caborne, of 87, Gipsy Hill, London, S.E., is selling these cards at 3d. each, postage extra, for the benefit of the Mission. Friends wishing to purchase can send direct to Mrs. Caborne, or to Mr. P. J. H. Kirner, The North Africa Mission, 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N.

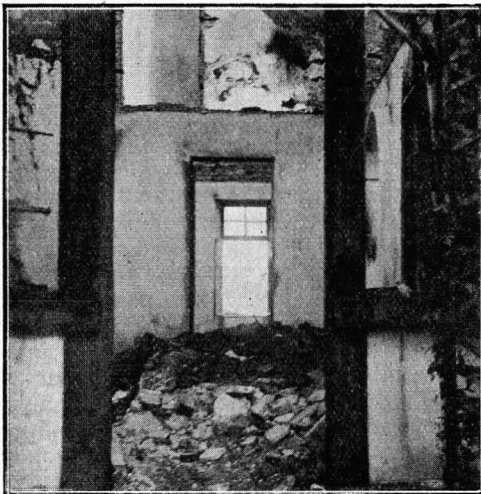


Photo by]

[Mrs. Challice.

Debris, interior of Hospital, Casablanca.

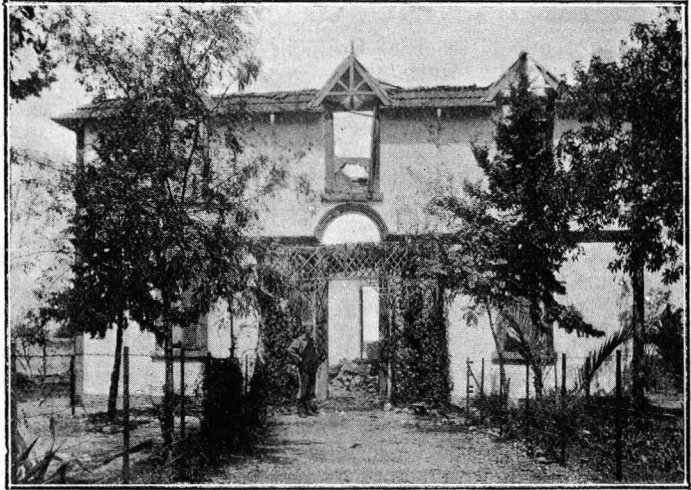


Photo by]

[Mrs. Challice.

Hospital and Mr. Bolton's residence, Casablanca, destroyed at the time of bombardment.

MEETINGS.

Your Opportunity is Your Responsibility.

At the Cairo Conference held in 1906 it was estimated that in the whole of Mohammedan North Africa, exclusive of Egypt, the total number of converts, at the outside figure, ONLY AMOUNTED TO 500 SOULS. This statement is surely worthy of our prayerful attention; nay, such a statement emphatically demands our prayerful attention. We are now commencing a New Year in which we shall hope to enjoy, if it please God, all the comforts and privileges that an open Bible and a living knowledge of our risen Lord can give us, but what about North Africa? Will you help us to obtain meetings in order that the needs of the Mohammedan peoples may be more widely made known in this land? Is it possible for you to do something, however small? Your opportunity is your responsibility, and that, after all, does not mean a great deal of sacrifice, for what is our responsibility but our response to God's ability?

The Organising Deputation Secretary, Mr. P. J. H. Kirner, will gratefully receive any letters addressed to him at the office of the Mission.

REOPENING OF WORK AT CASABLANCA.

At the request of the Council, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Nott have recently visited Casablanca, and from what they report it would seem that work should be recommenced there at once. The Council will much value the prayers of friends, that

they may be guided of God in this matter, and that right arrangements may be made.

The pictures on page 5 show the destruction of the Mission Hospital, where Mr. and Mrs. Bolton were living.

Conversion of a Young Jew at Casablanca.

By Mr. W. T. Bolton.

It was in March, I think, that I first made Amran's acquaintance. He belonged to a highly respected Jewish family, his father being a "Pharisee" among the Jews. Amran is a tall, nice-looking young fellow, about twenty-two years of age. He had never learned a trade, as his father told him he had no need to work. Consequently, he had plenty of time on his hands. This he used to occupy in reading a Hebrew version of the Old and New Testament.

One morning in March he was at my dispensary service, and, staying afterwards, introduced himself to me, saying he had found out the Messiah from reading the Scriptures, and wanted to read more and pray with me, if I had no objection. Telling him how glad his news made me, I told him to come to our house whenever he liked. For nearly two months he came morning by morning to help voluntarily in my work amongst the people waiting for their medicines.

On one occasion he informed me that he was unhappy about not having confessed his faith in the Messiah before his father, and wanted me to advise him what to do. Knowing as well as he the persecution such a step might bring him to, I was full of deep sympathy for him, and said, "Amran, how can I advise you one way or the other? But let us turn to the words of the Lord Jesus on this matter." Whereupon I read Matthew xi. 35, "I am come to set a man at variance against his father." And again, "He that loveth father . . . more than Me is not worthy of Me." He said, "Yes! I have been reading that chapter, and know what the Lord would have me do; and yet I don't feel that I have enough courage to tell my father."

Strange to say, a little time after that his father called him and charged him with changing his faith and coming to our house to read and pray with us. The father wanted to know from Amran whether he had been correctly informed. Amran, thus brought to the point, told his father frankly that it was as he had heard, and that he was happy in the love of Jesus. Whereupon his father in a rage cursed him and turned him out of the house, not even allowing him to take his best suit of clothes. Poor Amran sought refuge for the time being in the house of his married sister, who took compassion on him. There he stayed a fortnight, when his father, repentant, came and begged him to give up his new faith and return home. Amran replied, "Father, I want to return, but can only do so on condition that I am received as a Christian." Upon this his father again cursed him, abandoning him altogether, and telling him never to return. His life was now in danger, and he was boycotted by his friends.

He found a meagre means of livelihood, but in about three weeks he came to my house, telling me he had to flee the town, as his life was in danger. I begged him to remain with me, offering him a room and food, but he refused, saying he would be too much ashamed to trespass on my hospitality. We parted very sadly, and he escaped to Tangier.

I can only look upon his departure as a step ordered by God, for, as far as I know, his father's house and inmates were destroyed, and in all probability, had Amran denied his Lord, he would have shared a similar fate during the bombardment of Casablanca, which commenced on August 5th.

From the time that Amran left the town, some three weeks before this event, I heard nothing from him or of him until Friday morning, November 22nd, when I received a letter from a medical missionary in Cairo, Egypt, telling how Amran had called on them by accident, he having seen the inscription over the door of the Bible depot, and that they soon learned that he was not only a believer, but a defender of the Faith. On reading this good news, my feelings were those of gratitude to God for keeping His servant during these weeks of seeking means for livelihood in a strange

country. The evening of the day I received this letter I mentioned it to a doctor whom I had been invited to meet. He seemed very interested, and said, "If only Amran can get into the hospital of a friend of mine in old Cairo, he will be all right." And it turns out to be the very one in Cairo where he is. The doctor here told me he would write to his friend in Cairo, telling him he had seen me, and asking his friend to give Amran greetings. Thus God is blessing and keeping His servant, and I do pray that He will make of Amran an apostle to his own people.

A Week of Prayer for the Mohammedan World.

January 19th to 26th, 1908.

[It is a pleasure to insert, as Miss Van Sommer has requested, the following letter, and thus draw the attention of readers of NORTH AFRICA to the arrangements being made, and bespeak their earnest prayers for this effort.]

DEAR SIR,—With a view to calling attention to the great need of the Mohammedan world, numbering some two hundred and sixty million souls, and the present open doors among them, and more especially for the purpose of bringing these needs before the Lord in definite united intercession, it is proposed to set apart the third week in January, from the 19th to the 26th, for prayer on their behalf.

It is intended during this week to have united meetings at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Without, E.C. (by the kind permission of the Society of Friends), on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st, 22nd and 23rd January.

These meetings will be for prayer, but our thoughts will be directed to the different parts of the field by missionaries belonging to all societies which work among the Moslems.

We see at this time a remarkable drawing together of the Mohammedans from all countries where the faith of Islam now rules—Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia, Afghanistan, Turkestan, India, the Malay Peninsula, China, and East and West Africa. Everywhere a movement is making itself felt for the purpose of upholding the religion of the Prophet.

We feel that Christians need to draw to-

gether—those belonging to all Churches and lands, who are seeking to win the Moslems to Christ, that we may unite in prayer and faith for them. We believe that as we move forward in faith, the powers of Heaven will move, and God will work with us: "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."—2 Cor. x. 4.

Albert A. Head, Chairman of Committee; H. E. Fox, Hon. Sec. Church Missionary Society; Theodore Howard, Home Director China Inland Mission; Kinnaird, Chairman Bible Lands Missions Aid Society; John McMurtrie, Convener of Missions of Established Church of Scotland; Charles G. Moore, *Life of Faith*; R. C. Morgan, *The Christian*; Mary Morley, Chairwoman Zenana Bible and Medical Mission; John Brown Myers, Home Sec. Baptist Missionary Society; George Patterson, Christian Literature Society for India; John Sharp, Edit. Sec. British and Foreign Bible Society; George Smith, Foreign Sec. United Free Church of Scotland; Tissington Tatlow, Student Volunteer Movement; C. L. Terry, Sec. North Africa Mission; Wm. Wilson, Sec. Friends' Foreign Mission Association; H. W. Webb-Peploe, Chairman Scripture Gift Mission; G. Wingate, Central Asian Pioneer Mission; W. Mackworth Young, Church of England Zenana Mission.

Hon. Secretaries for Arrangements.—J. Martin Cleaver, Egypt General Mission, 6, Randolph Road, W.; J. L. Oliver, Nile Mission Press, 16, Southfield Road, Tunbridge Wells; A. Van Sommer, Prayer Union for Mohammedan Lands, Cuffnells, Weybridge.

News from the Mission Field.

MOROCCO.

From Mr. Simpson, of Fez (Tangier).

God is working in the hospital here, and a *haj* from Fez seems to have been changed by the story of the Gospel. He is not the same man as the one whom

with Mr. Elson, tells of his new-found joy in a crucified and risen Saviour. He returned to Fez last summer, when we were in Sifroo, and came over to us. He always comes to see us when he can, and will do anything I ask of him. We left him in Fez when we came away, but I

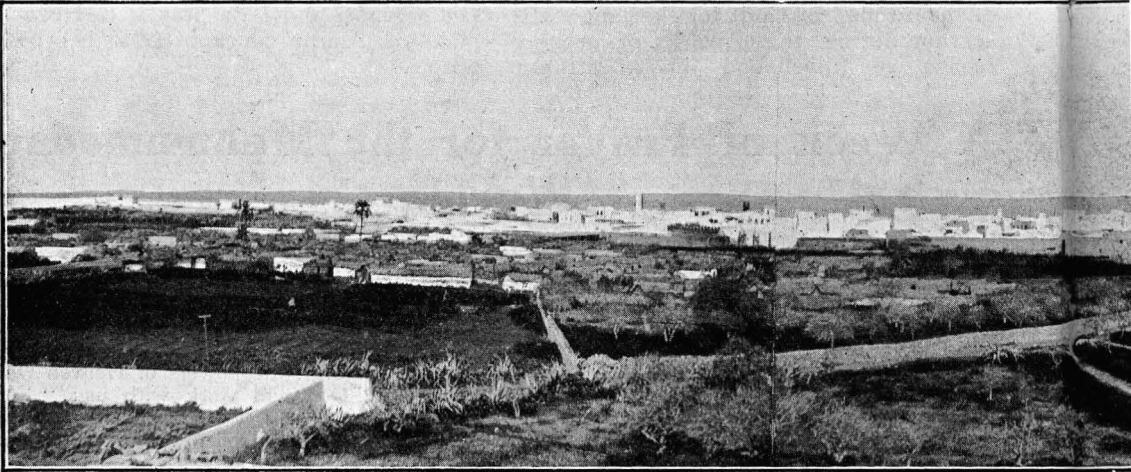


Photo by]

Panorama of Casablanca

View taken from the roof of the

we called "Fezzi," of whom you heard. The latter is a soldier, and has gone to Mazagan.

The Aisowi does not give any evidence of a renewed life, or rather a new life. Ben Aisa and his wife continue interested. Thus the Lord is working, and we try to get them into our rooms to drink tea and talk with them further on the step across the border to Christ.

The oldest of Mr. Elson's boys, Zween, has brightly professed to accept the Saviour.

Yesterday a letter from the native shoemaker, who came down with us the last time we went home, and remained

wrote to Si Thamy [one of the Fez native colporteur evangelists] to look him up and read with him, as he was interested. He went to where the shoemaker worked, and asked him to come to him at his shop. This he did, and, after being daily taught, he writes that he has become a believer and passed from darkness to light. Si Thamy writes also about him.

How good the Lord is to such unworthy sinners as we are. Our hearts were feeling sore before we left Fez because we had no hopeful enquirers, but since He brought us to Tangier we can see His good hand on us for blessing.

TUNISIA.

From Miss A. M. Case and Miss L. E. Roberts (Tunis).

ITALIAN WORK.

During the summer the Lord was good

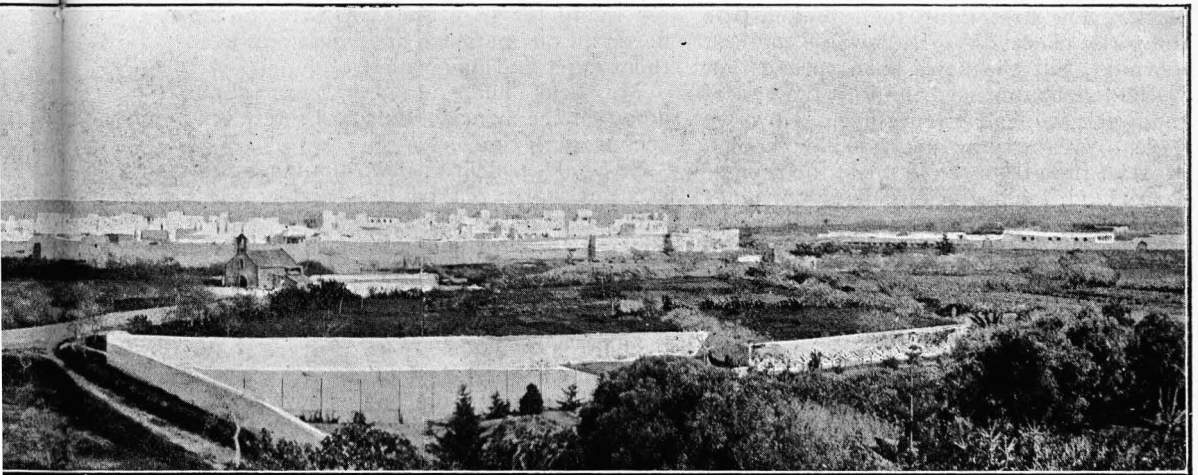
in preparing us bodily and spiritually for the work of the coming winter. The Swedish Sisters at Bizerte—a fortified town north of Tunis—and we four from other stations (Miss Loveless and Miss

Addinsell included) had some precious seasons of prayer together, and we came back with renewed zeal, leaving the new work put into our hands at Bizerte fairly well established.

Sig. Bianco continues to go there weekly for the present. We know this cannot continue, but so far not enough has been supplied for the maintenance of an evangelist at Bizerte. We are, however, in correspondence with a good man

work, we missed, both in the meetings and in the Sunday-school. But this experience is often ours. The converts are frequently with us only long enough to be just getting useful when they have to leave Tunis. The result is our church never makes a show as to numbers, but it is a comfort to know that the *quality* of our work is not affected by that fact.

Sig. Bianco is very anxious to get a



of Casablanca, Morocco.
the roof of the Mission Hospital.

[Mr. Harry Nott.]

who is willing to come to North Africa for three or four months. A kind friend, who realises with us the shortness of time, has sent a cheque, which encourages us to take this step. We pray that the door at Bizerte, where Satan reigns, and our hall, which is the *only* public place at present used for the proclamation of the Gospel, may remain open. The people are eager to attend the services. Last week, when the Swedish ladies kindly helped Sig. Bianco by showing magic lantern pictures, it was so full that his explanations in Italian inside were supplemented by Miss Ericsson's in French to the people outside, and so two meetings were held in one.

We found on our return to Tunis that although every department needed a shaking up, after the lethargy of the summer heat, yet on the whole the church had not gone backwards. Some members, gone away to distant parts to find

larger hall. Ours is indeed much too small, and children have to be forbidden to come with their parents to our lantern services, which are crowded out on Thursday nights. He thinks it necessary to build, and our poor people are bringing monthly offerings for the purpose. One little girl earned her first franc this summer, and at once brought *the whole* "for the new church."

For several months we tried to obtain permission for our Y.W.C.A., but in vain. The authorities gave no reply. At last one official said, "It is not necessary. We cannot authorise that any more than all the rest of your work here." Consequently we have at last decided to go forward without further delay, and have taken two rooms where we can meet our girls. Naturally, the work will be quiet and limited. One longs for the liberty accorded to religious work in France and Italy, where Y.W.C.A.'s are allowed to flourish.

From Mrs. Short (Kairouan).

After our arrival we had a week of putting things straight, so that by now we look and feel as though we had never been away. It was a little bit hard not to yield to one's impulse and begin work right away, but I knew that the best thing was to get the house straight first, and then I could give myself up to the work without any hindrance.

The second week we re-started our work. The first thing to be begun was the girls' class. We had twelve the first morning, but the news soon spread that we had re-commenced, and by the end of the week we had twenty-five. Now we have over thirty names on the books. Most of the girls are old ones; for this we thank God, for it gives us the opportunity of pressing home the truth a little more. We would desire that you, with us, should seek for a real work of God's Holy Spirit in their young hearts. Without this our labour will be in vain.

To restart my women's class, I invited them all to a cous-cous supper. (Cous-cous, as you know, is the great native dish.) I arranged our meeting-room as nicely as I could with mats and cushions. We had thirteen women present, our five selves, and the two children. When all were assembled, three wash-basins full of cous-cous and meat were set in the middle of us on the floor, and we all set to. Each one had been provided with a spoon. The meat we tackled with our fingers. After this, water was passed round to wash our hands, then little cups of black coffee. When the meal was over we had a magic-lantern meeting. "Naaman the Syrian" and "The Prodigal Son" were our subjects. The women listened well, and I trust will never forget it. I want to remind our praying friends that these women come to me every Thursday morning at 8.30. Some of them are very ignorant, and seem to have no sense of sin.

We have been out for two weeks now on our weekly Monday donkey trips. The first week we went back to an encampment where we had been before, so we had the privilege of once again telling the same old story. This week we had the hardest time we have known. We rode

out for about two hours to a very famous saint's tomb, where a number of women resort for the healing of their diseases. Neither we nor our message were wanted, for, as many of the people were Kairouanese, they knew both us and our doctrine. Still, we said what we could, and the result must be left with Him who sent us. Sometimes He brings blessing out of the hardest times.

Our Wednesday evening lads' class has begun well. We much need your prayers for them, for they are very wild, and it needs all our patience and energy to keep them quiet and under control.

My dear husband is getting about amongst the men, and has had a few very encouraging times.

So you see, dear friends, the machinery is all at work; but fruitless and hopeless will the work be unless at the back of it all, and through it all, there is the great almighty power of the Holy Spirit. We long to see a greater manifestation of His power amongst us. We have to praise God for a real answer to prayer. We have had a good deal of annoyance and opposition lately from one or two people. We took the matter very specially to the Throne of Grace, and without any special cause or reason the opposition ceased, and one of those who used to revile is now speaking politely.



Photo by]

[Mrs. Challice.

Corner in Casablanca, showing havoc wrought by shells in the bombardment.

Motto for New Year.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

By Rev. John Rutherford, M.A., B.D.

The believer's union with the Lord Jesus Christ can be viewed in these points:—

(1) "I am crucified with Christ" (Gal. ii. 20). *Χριστῷ συνεσταύρωμαι*. Therefore our sin is "carried away" and blotted out.

(2) Because the Christian is one with Christ, therefore also he is buried by baptism into Christ's death, *συνταφέντες αὐτῷ* (Col. ii. 12). When an unbeliever comes to a knowledge of the truth and repents and is baptised, his baptism means that he is united to Christ in His death, that as Jesus died for the sin that we have done, even so in Christ we are dead to sin. A dead man does not feel though he is struck or wounded, so in Christ, and only in Christ, the Christian is dead to sin: in union to Christ we have put off the body of the flesh; "the whole body of carnal affections" (Light-foot) has been put off (Col. ii. 11). Only if the Christian abide in Christ is he safe: in his own strength he is proud and self-confident and weak, and he sins. "Into His death," this is victory.

(3) Because of our union with Christ, therefore we are raised together with Him *συνήγειρε* (Eph. ii. 6). We are with Christ in His resurrection. We

have not a dead Saviour: Christ is living: He is our Friend: He walks with us all the way: He stands by us. He never leaves us and never forsakes us. He is "nearer to us than breathing, closer than hands or feet." We have Christ's presence, Christ's sympathy, and guidance and grace and help.

"If ye then were raised with Christ, seek those things that are above where Christ is, seated at the right hand of God. Set your mind on things above, not on things on the earth" (Col. iii. 1).

(4) Because we are as with Christ, therefore God hath made us to sit in heavenly places in Christ: *συνεκάθισεν* (Eph. ii. 6).

(5) Because the Christian is one with Christ, therefore he shall be glorified together. "If we died with Him, we shall also live with Him," *συνζήσομεν* (2 Tim. ii. 11). "If we endure, we shall also reign with Him," *συνβασιλεύσομεν* (v. 12). "If so be that we suffer with Him, that we shall be also glorified together," *συνδοξασθῶμεν* (Rom. viii. 17). And this glorification consists in this, that the believer shall be conformed to the image of God's Son (Rom. viii. 29). *συμμόρφους*.

Twenty-four Hours in Fez.

By Mrs. O. E. Simpson.

Owing to the disturbed state of inland Morocco and exaggerated reports of political uprisings, many travellers are denied the privilege of eight or ten days' journey by pack mule to see for themselves the details of missionary work in a Moslem land, where the foreigners' meddling touch and presence are scarcely yet sufficiently felt to spoil the charm of native life or introduce European drink with all its attendant evils.

To some such there might perchance be

a certain interest in following the programme of a single twenty-four hours as spent in Fez by the missionary. And yet for *these* we could not write. The pleasure of a satisfied curiosity, the transient emotion kindled, are all too vague upon which to spend a single five minutes of thought or writing. While souls are dying with each fleeting moment and passing into a fathomless awe of eternity without Christ, there may not be word or time allowed for kindling even

kindly emotion or the gleam of a fleeting sympathy.

Thank God, however, He *has* choice souls, who recognise, to some extent at least, the indebtedness of their stewardship in intercession and in the privilege of helping to answer their own prayers. For *such* we lift the veil of distance, asking the Holy Spirit to work in them to will and to do of His own good pleasure for the bigoted, fanatical, and bloodthirsty devotees of Islam.

For the Moor, as for the Jew and in the Orient generally, the day extends from sunset to sunset. The sun had barely set one evening when I left the house, after a very busy Friday (women's out-patient day at the dispensary, when over eighty had been treated), glad the evening had come, and that rest was near. But one or two native Christian women must be seen first, and baby was fretful, being scarcely convalescent from an almost fatal attack of measles; but the cool (?) of a June evening might do him good. So I decided to take him with me.

The visit was paid, and the fellow Christian cheered, but baby was too tired to go further, and an all-seeing Father guided me to leave him at home before starting for a visit in the other direction. I found this second Christian woman in tears and weakness and need. A little brightness and cheer for her, then her tiny girl accompanies me for something to be returned from the Mission House, so I slacken my pace to suit hers, and long for the old quiet of Fez streets, without its present camp of low-class soldiers and the daily spitting and curses from passers-by.

I lift up my heart as a more resentful and anti-foreign-looking man approaches; but now some eight or ten well-dressed country Moors come up the hill with sharp, almost regimental tread. The leader calls a halt, smartly, just before my face, throws up his arms, exclaiming, "Why, here come the very foreigners themselves!" He grasps my arm, giving me an unexpected half-turn round towards their direction, as he adds, "And even *you*, we think we will likely take you with us *now*!" It was an ugly moment, leaving only room and time for a swift-winged upward word of prayer; then they

resumed their march, leaving me to continue my way; but I felt the pressure of the vice-like grip for some time after. No need to speak, but we quietly walk on, perhaps with a little fluttering of heart, but filled with praise for every step of God's safe keeping.

Saturday dawns, called our *quieter* day, as no *regular* out-patients attend, but this will be a busy one. Some of the native Christians are coming. The family of five, next door, are invited to dinner, in order to seize the opportunity of reading to them the story of the Crucifixion from Luke's Colloquial Gospel, of which they will understand every word, although heard for the first time. But some sick must first be visited, and I am expecting a guide to direct me to the different houses; yet I must be back by noon, lest our guests be kept waiting for the mid-day meal of barley *cous-cous*, which we shall eat together, sitting round the one dish on the floor.

As a knock is heard, I veil my face and don the long white *silham* which covers all foreign dress. We start up our own dark lane, and, emerging into light, I find these were not the *expected* guides, but others, to whom I had promised a visit several days before. Well, the former were not here to time, and perhaps the Lord had some reason for sending others and some other souls to whom He would have the message of Life given. I will take my gospel in order to call on a sick convert and read the Crucifixion to his relatives; it will break the ice for him in speaking of Jesus to them afterwards.

An old, roomy and comfortable house is reached, a hearty welcome given, and I await the sick *Fokih*. The tea-tray precedes him. I plead lack of time to drink with them, but, as he insists, lift my heart for guidance to use the opportunity for Jesus. I bring forth my book; after talking a little, the old man asks:

"Are you going back to your home and husband?"

"Yes."

"Very well; tell him what you shall hear from a Moslem woman!" Turning to his wife, he asked:

"Are you a follower of Islam?"

"Yes," she emphatically answered.

"Do you fear God?"



Moorish Lady, Servant and Slave, Spinning.

Again her clear, short "Yes!" answered by his rebuke:

"Say not, 'I fear God with all my heart,' but add, 'To the fullest of my powers and as He shall help me,'" and, continued the old man, "Not he who prays uprightly and consistently, but the sinner, smiting on his breast with bowed head, confessing his sin, is forgiven."

"Where did you read that?" I cried.

"I have it here," and he turned to the Pharisee and Publican of Luke.

"I know some of the Gospel," he continued.

"Where, how, and to what extent?"

"My father loved me, and, old man as I am, I weep to think of his goodness and my loss in his death. He was tutor to the late Sultan's children, and spared neither pains nor money to further my education."

"But where did you meet with the Gospel?"

"I read five years in the Mountain Schools."

"But few in the mountains know the truth about Jesus."

"I read five years in Wuzzan Mosques."

"But few in Wuzzan receive the Gospel!"

"My father sent me to Morocco City to continue my education there."

"And but few in Morocco City accept Jesus as the Son of God!"

His voice fell to a whisper, and under his breath he answered:

"But I went to read Islam in the Soos country, and there, away in the Soos, teachers have the Gospel and read it to others. They did not teach me *all*—only a text here and there; but I began to know and understand a little, away, away down in the Soos."

I thought of the late Miss Herdman's glowing accounts of Gospel work spreading in the Soos, and numbers accepting Jesus as Saviour; of similar reports reaching us still, and a wealthy reader there purchasing gospels from us here to distribute freely among her people; of Miss Herdman's and our inability to go in person and investigate work done where the foreign foot may not tread, and a thrill of delight filled my soul as I questioned

him more fully, and then continued to read.

His wife urged him to pour out tea, as my time was limited. He said, "Pour you out!" and I read on how the widow of Nain's son received life. I told him Jesus was the same to-day, only now He raised dead *souls* to life, and then it was their *bodies*. Of course, the gospel was left for him to read at leisure.

But my time had gone, so I must make the best of my way home. Our guests had arrived, but a slave waited to take me to a relative of the Khalifa's near by. I hurriedly stepped over there, and then returned to give all my time to our visitors. We sat on cushions around a low native table to dip into the general dish.

Our neighbours had never heard of Christ before, but sought to conform to our rule in bowing their heads and closing eyes in prayer. They needed simple teaching, but were touched by the tragic story of the death of Jesus; and for the native Christian women present also it was sweet, though often repeated and re-read. I left them, after reading and prayer, to go to our sick converts' house and take another copy of Luke's Gospel, as the one I had in the morning intended for them was left with the *Fokih*.

Here I got a hearty greeting, and the sick man sat up in bed to listen. I read them the very same story of the scene enacted on Calvary 2,000 years ago, and taught them freely the cause of that cross and for *whom* He suffered, Who hung upon it. A reader upstairs came down, put her head in at the door, and stood rivetted. When I ceased, the convert broke the silence with the question, "Well, that was *good* to hear, was it not?" There was a murmur of assent as I rose to go. Two members of this same family came to us yesterday, and as we awaited the tea tray we read and prayed together. Their sister died last year while we were away on furlough. She only heard of the love of Jesus *once*, and while appreciative and anxious to learn, we never knew if she really came to Him. Her mother followed her to the grave a few days afterwards, cut off by the same fatal form of fever in the house I am now writing in. Small wonder I long to hear

from the lips of each remaining member of their household, "Jesus is mine!"

Coming home now, I found the wife of the *Fokih* I visited in the morning awaiting medicine, and finding we were about to sing Arabic hymns, she sat down with us and joined in when she knew the words.

Two more native Christian sisters dropped in for tea. I thought they would fear to remain long, as it was late, and did not produce "the Book" until they asked for it and for prayer before leaving. The Moslem call to sunset prayers rang out from each surrounding city mosque: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!" Eternal truth and eternal lie!—while our heads were bowed in prayer, and the short Eastern twilight had paled ere we rose.

But with sunset our twenty-four hours have elapsed, and you have been with me all through the busy, happy day. Will you pray for the converts better for the going? Will you plead for the Moslems and for the workers too? God grant you may do so!

Ladies' Committee Notes.

Will those friends who received patterns of native garments some months ago, and are not using them at present, be so kind as to return them as soon as possible to the Secretary, as they are constantly in requisition?



The Secretary has prepared a list of articles—needlework, etc.—that are always useful to the missionaries in their work, and will be pleased to send copies of this to any friends who apply for them.



WANTS.

Mr. Fairman would be most grateful for an American Organ for the chapel just put up at Shebin-el-Kom, also for a powerful biennial lantern (and generator) for use with acetylene gas. If any friends would like to assist by giving these, will they kindly write to the Secretary of the Ladies' Committee.



Materials for sewing classes at Susa. These should be flannelette, calico or coloured cotton—bright colours are much appreciated. Pieces of two yards or over would be most valued.

Mrs. Cooksey writes that the women come very regularly to the sewing class, and she is much encouraged by the way they listen to the Gospel. She is hoping also to work some of the near villages, recently having had a very good day in a village five miles away. Mrs. Cooksey and a native woman were able to get into several houses, and were asked to come again. It was the first time any of the women had heard the Gospel. In one house there were twelve women and girls. Your prayers are asked for this work; also that means may be sent, so that these villages may be reached regularly.



PRAYER AND WORKERS' UNION.

As the year closes, we desire to thank most heartily all the secretaries of the P. and W.U.,

and also to thank each individual member and worker for help given. There are so many who by prayer and work strengthen our hands, and with whom it is not possible to come into personal touch. We are deeply grateful for help of every kind given during the year, and the past gives us courage to ask all to make a greater effort, so that the coming year may be the most fruitful year the N.A.M. has ever had. Let us diligently pray that as we strive to faithfully "sow" God may give "the increase."

If any feel that they can do a little more than they have hitherto done, and would like some suggestions for help, will they write to the P. and W.U. Secretary, 4, Highbury Crescent, who will gladly answer all communications, and at any time give a hearty welcome to any who may be able to call.

For the Children.

MY DEARS,—A happy New Year—with many opportunities, gladly taken, of service for our King—to you all.

Mr. Cooksey's paper is delightful, but it *may* be a little long, seeing we are so limited as to our space. If so, I will put in as much as I can, and we will have the rest later. I want to say one thing—I do hope shortly, when the holidays commence, to have the pleasure of hearing from you all, and getting many designs for our membership card to choose from. Don't forget, please! Now for Mr. Cooksey's

BUNDLES.

I think bundles are very amusing; they are half-explained puzzles, which challenge the imagination and excite one's curiosity. You can partly tell what is in a bundle by its size, shape, kind of wrapper, and who is in charge of it; and by the same signs you may partly tell what isn't in it; but after you have thought about all these things, there yet remains a big field in which your mind can run about and guess what might be inside any given bundle, and it in turn always seems to provoke one by saying, "And what do you really think is inside me now?" You would find that by practice you could often tell much of the contents of a bundle, but more often you would meet surprises which would quite upset your guesses, and there is the fun of it.

Surprise Bundles.—I was travelling

once from Paris to Marseilles by night, and soon after we started, at one of the small stations—I think it was Dijon—a man got into my carriage carrying a bundle in both arms, tied up in a large piece of white calico; he sat down quite still in the farther corner of the carriage, and I confess I was quite at a loss what to make of his bundle: the size, shape, and covering seemed to offer no clue. I was saying over to myself the various things it could not be, when suddenly it moved, and then it cried, and then he told me he was taking his baby from a drunken wife to his mother to be cared for, and he had tied it up like a bundle to get it away safely from his house. I had another surprise soon after in Kairouan, where Mr. Short is in charge now. I was returning home one night across the camel market, when I saw about two hundred sacks packed close together in the midst of the market place. I knew them at once to be sacks of barley, and I said to myself, "But why isn't there a watchman here to keep off thieves? By the morning some of this will be missing." I rested my hand on one of the sacks, in a careless way, leaning over to count roughly how many there were (I thought it might be useful to know this), when suddenly the sack on which I rested my hand began to move! Yes, really, it began to move. I didn't jump, for strange things can be seen in this strange land, if you keep two eyes open; but I looked

steadily down at this seeming sack, whose mouth suddenly unclosed, a head popped out, and a voice said to me, "Ash tahub"—that is, "What do you want?"

I returned my magic sack a civil answer, and went home thoughtful, saying to myself that Arab watchmen knew how to watch corn better perhaps than I did.

The Bedouin women who come to Dr. Churcher's medical mission can give you surprises in this way. You would see many of them carrying a large bundle tied around their waists, wrapped in their poor cotton robe, and in winter time covered up in lots of rags. I am sure you wouldn't guess what it is unless you were told; but if you come near and feel it, you will find beneath all the dirty rags a warm live baby, just like your own wee brothers and sisters at home in the cosy cradle.

We are expecting a surprise bundle just now from England. The "Workers' Union" send all the missionaries one every Christmas, and when ours comes I shall have a guess as to what is inside. It is very wonderful, but I usually find in it what I most need, which of course makes

it very welcome. Mrs. Cooksey says she would be very thankful for a surprise bundle from our young readers of toys and little presents of any kind to make a Christmas-tree for her women's class. I wonder if you will send her one through Dr. Terry?"

Now, just that mention of Dr. Terry reminds me that he thinks I am greedy, and try to take up too much room! So I will tell you what Mr. Cooksey has to say about "Sweet Bundles" (no, not the kind you have all thought of!) next month. And we have an interesting paper for next month, and I will give a prize of a little book to each reader who (a) finds out in his or her Bible where the following "bundles" are mentioned:—"Every man's *bundle* of money in his sack," "Bind the tares in *bundles* to burn them," "When Paul had gathered a *bundle* of sticks," and (b) who brings in a new member to the Young Workers' Guild.

God bless you all, my dears.

Your loving

AUNT LILY.

N.B.—Write me the verses written out, and where they are found, and send them to me.

Requests for Prayer and Praise.

1. Praise for the conversion of three men from Fez at Tangier, and for the encouragement thus given to the Fez workers who, exiled from their own station, are staying at Tangier. Prayer for several others who have confessed Christ at Tangier during the last three months.

2. Praise for the conversion of the Jewish servant girl living with Miss Jennings and Miss Parkinson at Larache. Long and carefully taught by Miss Parkinson, she was led into the light during a visit to Tangier.

3. Praise to God that the school and preaching work at Shebin-el-Kom has been so successfully and faithfully carried on by the head schoolmaster, during Mr. and Mrs. Fairman's absence, and prayer that they may be greatly blessed to souls, and that Mr. Chapman in beginning work there may quickly acquire the language.

4. Prayer that Miss Adma Zreyk may be greatly blessed in her work in Alexandria, under the direction of Mrs. Dickins.

5. Prayer that a doctor may be found, and his support be forthcoming, to start medical missionary work in Alexandria; also that Miss Banks and Miss Caws may be guided

and blessed in whatever work in Egypt they undertake until the way is open for a dispensary to be started. At present they are helping in the American Mission Hospital at Assiout.

6. Prayer for two Spanish men and a woman at Tangier who show signs of conversion, and are under instruction, and praise for blessing and encouragement in Miss Brown's work.

7. Prayer that guidance may be given as to re-opening the work at Casablanca.

8. Prayer that a converted Moslem worker may be able to find a converted Moslem wife.

9. Thanksgiving that travelling money has now been sent in for Mr. Reid, and that all workers on furlough have been able to return to their work on the field.

10. Prayer that largely increased funds may be sent in, so that all arrears may be met, the present amount of work be well sustained, and in the future new developments made. Prayer also that the faith of workers on the field, who are much tried by shortness of funds, may be sustained.

11. Praise to God for His faithfulness during 1907, and prayer for great spiritual blessing in 1908.

NORTH AFRICA consists of

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



Stations of N.A.M., Seventeen. In **Algeria**; Djemaa Sahridj, Constantine, Cherchell, Algiers. In **Morocco**; Tangier, Fez, Tetuan, Casablanca, Laraish. In **Regency of Tunis**; Tunis, Susa, Kairouan, Bizerta, Sfax. In **Tripoli**; Tripoli. In **Egypt**; Alexandria, Shebin-el-Kom.

TAIB AND BOORAWIYAH, by MISS ALBINA L. GOX. This booklet, just recently published, depicts, in the form of stories, which are founded on fact, scenes illustrating the lives of Mohammedan boys and girls in North Africa. The tales are very brightly written, and will interest both old and young. There are seven full-page illustrations, and an attractive cover, with the names both in Arabic and English.

In the introduction to "Taib," Rev. C. G. Moore, of "The Life of Faith," writes:—"I have never read anything that has so impressively taught me what it means to be born and brought up in a Mohammedan home as your story of Taib. . . . I am sure the story will do good, and move many friends to sympathise and help."

Friends may render real service to God's work among the Moslems of North Africa by placing this booklet in the hands of those who are not as yet interested in this work.

Copies may be ordered of the Secretary, 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N., price 3d. each, 3½d., post free, or 3s. per doz. post free.

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Tangier.	Date of Arrival.	Cherchell.	Date of Arrival.		Date of Arrival.
GEO. WILSON, M.A., M.B.	Dec., 1906	Miss L. READ ...	April, 1886	Miss M. ERICSSON ...	Nov., 1833
Mrs. WILSON ...	Dec., 1906	Miss H. D. DAY ...	April, 1886	Miss R. J. MARKUSON ...	Nov., 1833
Mrs. ROBERTS ...	Dec., 1896	Miss K. JOHNSTON ...	Jan., 1892	Susa	
Miss J. JAY ...	Nov., 1885	Miss E. TURNER ...	Jan., 1892	Mr. J. J. COOKSEY ...	June, 1897
Miss G. R. S. BREZEE, M.B. (London) ...	Dec., 1894	Algiers.		Mrs. COOKSEY ...	Dec., 1896
*Miss F. MARSTON ...	Nov., 1895	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		Miss A. COX ...	Oct., 1892
Miss H. E. WOODLELL ...	Jan., 1897	M. E. CUENDET ...	Sept., 1884	Miss N. BAGSTER ...	Oct., 1894
Miss G. SMITH ...	Oct., 1906	Madame CUENDET ...	Sept., 1885	Kairouan.	
<i>Spanish Work—</i>		Miss E. SMITH ...	Feb., 1891	Mr. E. SHORT ...	Feb., 1899
Miss F. R. BROWN ...	Oct., 1899	Miss A. WELCH ...	Dec., 1892	Mrs. SHORT ...	Oct., 1896
Miss VECCHIO, School Mistress.		Mr. A. SHOREV... ..	Nov., 1902	Miss E. T. NORTH ...	Oct., 1894
		Mrs. SHOREV ...	Oct., 1904	Miss G. L. ADDINSELL ...	Nov., 1895
		Djemaa Sahridj.		Sfax.	
		<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		T. G. CHURCHER, M.B., C.M. (Ed.) ...	Oct., 1885
		Mr. D. ROSS ...	Nov., 1902	Mrs. CHURCHER ...	Oct., 1885
		Mrs. ROSS ...	Nov., 1902	Mr. H. E. WEBB ...	Dec., 1892
		Miss J. COX ...	May, 1887	Mrs. WEBB ...	Nov., 1897
		Miss K. SMITH ...	May, 1887	<i>Associated Worker—</i>	
		Constantine.		*Miss M. BENZAKINE ...	Jan., 1906
		Mr. J. L. LOCHHEAD ...	Mar., 1892	DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.	
		Mrs. LOCHHEAD ...	Mar., 1892	Mr. W. H. VENABLES ...	Mar., 1891
		Miss E. K. LOCHHEAD ...	Mar., 1892	Mrs. VENABLES ...	Mar., 1891
		Mr. P. SMITH ...	Feb., 1899	*Mr. W. REID ...	Dec., 1892
		Mrs. SMITH ...	Sept., 1900	*Mrs. REID ...	Dec., 1894
		Miss F. HARRDEN ...	Nov., 1900	Miss F. M. HARRALD ...	Oct., 1899
		Miss F. H. GUILLERMET ...	May, 1902	Miss F. DUNDAS ...	April, 1903
		REGENCY OF TUNIS.		EGYPT.	
		Tunis.		Alexandria.	
		Mr. A. V. LILEY ...	July, 1885	Mr. W. DICKINS ...	Feb., 1896
		Mrs. LILEY ...	April, 1886	Mrs. DICKINS ...	Feb., 1896
		Miss M. B. GRISSELL ...	Oct., 1888	Miss R. HODGES ...	Feb., 1889
		Miss A. HAMMON ...	Oct., 1894	Miss F. M. BANKS ...	May, 1888
		Miss E. LOVELESS ...	Nov., 1902	Miss H. B. CAWS ...	Oct., 1907
		*Miss H. M. M. TAPP ...	Oct., 1903	Shabin-el-Kom.	
		<i>Indian Work—</i>		Mr. W. T. FAIRMAN ...	Nov., 1897
		Miss A. M. CASE ...	Oct., 1890	Mrs. FAIRMAN ...	Feb., 1899
		Miss L. E. ROBERTS ...	Feb., 1899	Mr. G. CHAPMAN ...	Nov., 1907

IN ALGERIA.—Miss B. VINING, *Invalided.*

Missionary Assistant at Alexandria, Miss ADNA ZREYK.

* At Home.