

NORTH AFRICA

THE RECORD OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

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



CONTENTS

Notes of an Address at Farewell Meeting	89
By Rev. J. RUSSELL HOWDEN, B.D.	
From the Secretary's Pen	91
The Gospel in Pantellaria	94
By Signor A. FINOTTO	
Enemies of the Cross of Christ	95
By R. S. MILES	
New Workers	96
N.A.M. Convention at "Slavanka"	98
Settat	100
By Mrs. E. FISHER	
By the Wayside in Tunisia.. .. .	102
By Mr. A. V. LILEY	
Our Annual Farewell Meetings	104
By E. J. POOLE-CONNOR	
A Hot Day in Tunis	107
By Miss K. GOTELEE	
For the Children	109
By Mrs. PADILLA	
Home and Foreign Notes	110
Topics for Praise and Prayer	112

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THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

LIST OF DONATIONS from August 1st to 31st, 1926

GENERAL FUND		No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	DUBLIN AUXILIARY.	Local Rect. No.	£ s. d.
No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	5329	15 0 0	5356	10 0 0	5912	1 0 0	(o)	11 16 3	S. S. McCURRY, Esq., Hon. Sec., Glenageary, Harrow.	133	3 3 0
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8	2 0 0					5	1 0 0					

- (a) Grange Rd. Missn., Ilford. (b) Assembly Hall, Whitstable. (c) Heathfield Conventn. (d) Readers of *The Christian*.
 (e) Bush Hill Park Cong. Ch., Enfield. (f) Kensal Gosp. Missn. (g) Harrogate P. Circle. (h) Cripples' Inst. (Boys), Belfast.
 (i) Honor Oak Free Ch. (j) Slavanka Conv. (k) Bradford Tab. B. Cl. (l) Gainsboro' Hall. (m) Devonshire Sq. Bapt. Ch.
 (n) C.A.W.G., Sutton. (o) Zion Bapt. Ch., Chesham.

From September 1st to 30th, 1926

GENERAL FUND		No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.	No. of Rect.	Amount. £ s. d.
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71	1 0 0	15th		4	5 5 0			21st					
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- (a) Old Scholars' Guild, Southampton. (b) C.T. (c) Friends at Staveley. (d) Broxburn Christian Union. (e) Raleigh Park Bapt. Ch. (f) Burley Rd. Bapt. Ch., Leeds. (g) Norwich Aux. (h) Lord St. Mission, Stockport. (i) Emmanuel Ch., Hove. (j) Y.W.C.A., Weston-super-Mare. (k) Braird St. Missn., Glasgow. (l) Recreation Hall. (m) Admiral St. Missn., Liverpool. (n) Wattville St. Chapel. (o) Gillingham. (p) A Friend, Newcastle. (q) Victoria Missn. Hall. (r) Shoreditch Wesleyan Missn. (s) Purley Cong. Ch. (B. Class). (t) Bristol Rd. Bapt. Ch.



Grinding corn in Morocco.

[From a post-card.]

Notes of an Address at N.A.M. Farewell Meeting, 1926

By REV. J. RUSSELL HOWDEN, B.D.

"Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now; but thou shalt follow Me afterwards. Peter said unto Him, Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now?"

—JOHN xiii. 36, 37.

PETER had gone a great way with the Lord Jesus. I wonder how many of us have gone as far as he had at the time when he had this colloquy with his Master! To begin with, he had left his home, and for three and a half years had been tramping up and down Galilee as a wanderer with the Lord Jesus. More than that, he had found heart-satisfaction in his Lord. If you will recall the previous chapters, you will remember that, after a controversy with the Jews and disciples, many of them would walk no more with Him; but Peter said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." Peter had found in Him someone who met the longings of his soul, someone with whom he was perfectly satisfied. Are we thus satisfied with Jesus, content with what He has to say to us, knowing that with Him is the ultimate truth for which our minds are seeking and the abiding rest which can satisfy our souls?

More than that, Peter had come to the place of challenge. In Matthew xvi, in answer to the question put to the disciples, Peter as their spokesman said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and

said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Peter was a sharer in God's secrets. To him had been vouchsafed the supreme revelation of the Holy Spirit. With Peter there was no question, as, thank God, there is none with our dear friends in this Mission—there was no question as to the Deity of the Lord, who He was and what He was about to do, though Peter did not understand this latter yet, as you and I ought to do. Peter had gone a long way, and I do not wonder that he said, "Why cannot I follow Thee now?"

In the first place, we must observe that it was impossible in the *full* sense of the words that Peter should follow the Lord then or ever; for the Lord Jesus was going to do something that was unique and could not be shared by anybody. He was going to the Cross, not as an example, but as a Substitute—not to a martyrdom, but to a victory, to win salvation for the men for whom He should die.

But I want you chiefly to notice one or two obvious reasons why, in the more general sense, Peter could not follow the Lord at this time. The first is a solemn one, by no means uncommon. In Luke xxii we read that on the very eve of the Lord's passion, when the disciples were gathered together in the Upper Room, there was a strife among them as to which of them should be accounted the greatest. Under the shadow of the Cross they were quarrelling as to precedence. If there is anything that prevents following the Lord all the way, it is the absence of love and the presence of self-assertiveness in our lives—the spirit of aggressiveness in our minds and hearts. The devil does not have to invent new strategies in order to throw us out of action. The same old things that have wrought such havoc in other lives in days gone by are with us now. Satan has no more effective weapon than this strife among the people of God as to which of them shall be accounted the greatest. This was the matter at issue at the beginning of John xiii. We read that Jesus rose from supper and laid aside His garments, and after that He poured water into a basin and began to wash His disciples' feet. It was a gracious custom and quite necessary when people wore sandals, that, when guests came to a house for a feast, the servants went round with a basin of water and poured it on their hands and feet. There were no slaves amongst the disciples, and not one of them was willing to take the slave's place and do the slave's work for his brethren. Is it so with us? These dear missionary friends are only human, compassed about with many temptations, and they have to live the Christian life under conditions of stress and strain, physical and spiritual. Often we let them go out into the darkness which can be felt, and we do not pray for them, and then we wonder when failures take place. But the Lord will not let even His disciples' sin stand in the way of blessing them. So Jesus, who was going to the Cross, rose up from supper to do the slave's work Himself. It is very evident here why Peter could not follow now. Whether in North Africa or in London, when the heart is self-centred and the life is selfish, the same disastrous consequence takes place. Love goes and power goes.

Peter was on the wrong side of Pentecost—historically. He could not help that, but we do not stand in his position. Still, we may know all about the coming of the Spirit and His power from a theological standpoint, and yet prove that it is a very different thing to know about Him in our hearts and lives. If you and I are going to follow Christ, it is not by our own spirituality, but by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost working through us. So we will pray for these friends going forth, that the power of the Almighty may overshadow them.

In concluding, we would link together the last words of this chapter and the opening words of the next: "Why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thy sake. Jesus answered him, Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, The cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied Me thrice. Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me." That is a word not spoken to triumphant saints; but to weak, faithless, disobedient men who had been quarrelling among themselves. "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me." "Have faith in God," "Hold on to God's faithfulness." We poor, failing creatures have sinned and done wrong. We have left undone the things we ought to have done. And yet it is to people like you and me that the Lord in His infinite grace and mercy comes and says, "Let not your heart be troubled. Believe in Me." Surely as we thus trust in Him we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Let us remember that whether in North Africa or anywhere else, whatever forces of evil may be leagued against us, the Lord Jesus Christ has won the victory.

From the Secretary's Pen

There is always a big heart-ache as one takes a survey of the "Field," and sees the paucity of labourers in each of the Barbary States. Such concern is accentuated by the fact that the roll of missionaries is not increasing. Stations continue understaffed, and reinforcements are held back because of the withholding of "more than is meet." The solemnity of this fact cannot surely be realised by the Lord's stewards. Mr. Hudson Taylor once used a striking phrase in this connection: "It is not so much what we give, as what we keep for ourselves that God looks at." "See that ye abound in this grace also" has its application to-day, as when the inspired apostle penned the words. The call to "Go forward" sounds clear and convincing to those who have ears to hear. The crowning blessing of God, however, is the portion of those who not only hear His Word but who do it. There must needs be a deeper apprehension of eternal values if the disposition of material

resources is to be such as to call forth the Lord's commendation.

Morocco

Miss Jay continues her quiet ministry in her own hired house, and maintains the Bible woman whose faithful witness to His truth is marked by God's blessing.

Mrs. Simpson, helped by Miss Bowen, pursues her devoted labours among the many who gather at the Women's Medical Mission, as well as among individuals visited in their houses. There is dire need of additional accommodation to allow of the reception of five or six in-patients. If friends in the comfort of homeland amenities could realise the distressing physical disorders which are the common lot of the daughters of that land, it would not be long before this need was supplied.

Miss Ward has not spared herself in her labours of love as "House Mother." She is to

take a good rest this winter. Miss Glen will be her *locum*, and she is to be assisted in an honorary capacity by Miss Edith Goreham, who is spending six months at Hope House, as a respite from her strenuous God-honoured labours among children and others at St. Leonards and other seaside resorts.

It is very gratifying to report that Dr. Turnly of Heathfield has gone to Tangier to take over the hospital for a time. Dr. Liley will be with him during the early weeks of his sojourn there, and he will also at first have the assistance of Miss Ross in caring for the patients; and Mr. Chatfield hopes to be his helper for a time.

Miss Saunders has become Dona Padilla, and she and her husband, Don Pedro Padilla, are looking forward to getting into touch with a larger number of the Spanish colony in Tangier, both at the gatherings and in the school. This latter has given cause for much encouragement, Miss G. Davies with a growing knowledge of the language being able to take over more responsibility in connection therewith.

Miss Jennings continues her assiduous seed-sowing by the wayside and otherwhere, with Miss Nicolet as her energetic fellow-worker.

Miss Banks is kept busy among Italians and Spaniards, and will welcome Miss Blanche Ellis as a young comrade in the stand which has to be taken for the simplicity which is in Christ. Signor Arnone is ageing, but continues vigorous in his witnessing for the Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel will have the help of Miss Ross when she is able to leave the Hospital. Our brother carries on a valued work at a Bible Depot and Night Refuge, besides visiting markets with the Gospel Car. Mr. Eric G. Fisk will also be at Casablanca for language study, and such opportunities of service with Mr. Gabriel as are possible.

The passing of some of the war's crippling restrictions brings larger numbers again within the joyful sound at Tetuan, where Misses Hubbard and Knight spend their strength for the Lord. Dr. and Mrs. Liley will be making this their headquarters with the future objective in their hearts of reaching out with God's evangel to some of the far-flung fastnesses of the great Riffian tribe.

Misses Harman and Higbid have been graciously cheered in their toil among the Spaniards in Tetuan.

Miss Aldridge and Mrs. Fisher are holding the fort at Settat, where the children seem specially reachable.

Miss Denison has had the help of Miss Meyer during the past months, and will be reinforced by

the advent of Miss D. M. Smith into the home. Miss de la Camp and Miss Evans are working together at the other house in Fez and are able also to assist on dispensary mornings with the large numbers of women and girls who gather.

Miss Marston and Miss Chapman still stand in the gap at Taza, and together they spread the Glad Tidings all over the country side.

Mrs. Roberts, Miss Craggs and Miss Dew will form a little band of witnesses in Rabat and the outlying villages.

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Robinson will be occupying their new house in Rabat, and finding their time fully occupied as light bearers amid the gross darkness.

At Salé Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield continue their work. Our brother keeps the book depot going, with the valued help of Mr. Fallaize, and his individual work among the shopkeepers and others has given him many opportunities of preaching the Gospel.

Misses Buxton and Reed after furlough will be labouring for a time in Salé, a Moslem stronghold of about 25,000 souls.

Algeria

Monsieur and Madame Cuendet toil on in their respective spheres: our veteran brother, among the Kabyles of Algiers and around the country side, while our sister ministers with acceptance among the needy French women and girls of the Capital.

Mrs. Ross and her helper, Miss D. Oakley, are continuing their labours among the Kabyle girls and women in Algiers and near villages, until the trustees have disposed of Mr. Glenn's house in that city.

The work at Chercell gives cause for thanksgiving. Misses Johnston and Turner, with Misses Kenworthy and Wholman in Gordon House, and Misses Povoas, Smith and Stuck at Dar-en-Nour form a delightful septemvirate for the Lord in what was once a Roman seaport of some distinction.

Misses Cox and Smith are in their fortieth year of assiduous activity in making known "the unsearchable riches" in Djemâa Sahridj. Miss Degenkolw is able to reach many with the message of life as a result of her ministry of mercy. Miss Widmer is taking the C.M.B. course in London before returning to Kabylia.

Mr. and Mrs. Willson are kept joyfully busy in a variety of ways in Mekla and Djemâa. They are glad to have the temporary help of Mr. Christopher Fysh, a young medical student, who lives with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, ably assisted by Mr. C. R. Marsh; and Misses Elliott and Fison go forward in their respective spheres, endeavouring to reach not only the people of Azazga, but those in the towns and villages over a wide area.

Mr. and Mrs. Shorey have been thankful for the valued assistance of Miss G. Wilson, at Bougie. Though Mrs. Shorey came successfully through her serious operation there is some measure of physical weakness which is somewhat incapacitating.

Madame Pages is holding the fort alone at Tébessa, apart from the presence of a devoted worker from France who is on a long visit to her.

Miss Granger is in her forty-first year of self-sacrificing service, and is still single-handed at Bône.

Tunisia

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Liley are as indefatigable as ever in their respective spheres, although our brother has to limit his hours of fervent toil in order to conserve his strength.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Short will be taking up their residence in Tunis, and are hoping to break up new ground, while helping to sow the incorruptible seed where the furrows have already been made.

Mrs. Short will have the help of Miss Ada Clark in her endeavours to get into touch with women and girls.

Miss Tapp is gladdened in the larger numbers who come to the various classes she is able to hold.

Mr. Cyril Morriss, with an enlarged grip of the language, does not spare himself in God-appointed activities.

Miss Petter and her fellow-workers, Signor and Signora Finotto, Misses Gotelee and Martin, have had the joy of several being added to their fellowship of late. Signor Monaco is also glad to assist in the work as opportunities occur.

Madame Gamati has for long been spreading the message of mercy in and beyond Nabeul, and life's eventide sees her still keen for the Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Long, with Misses Davis and Tilney, will be the King's ambassadors in Kairouan, that fanatical stronghold of Islam.

Mrs. Webb and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Miles will be publishing the Gospel of peace at Sfax, and around that countryside. Mrs. Webb will have the help of Mlle. Georgette Gueneau from Tunis.

*

Tripoli

Mr. W. Reid is kept busy in his isolation at Tripoli. It would be an immense relief to him and to the Council if a suitable married couple with some medical experience were available as reinforcements.

Paris

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Warren with the help of Messrs. Blandenier and Hocart, maintain a Gospel testimony, not only in the French capital, but in other parts, by Mr. Blandenier's colportage journeyings throughout the country where North Africans are to be found. Mr. Twaddle is temporarily with them for language study and is gaining experience in the work.

Miss R. O. Hodges has her headquarters in Alexandria, but is not physically equal to more than spasmodic service.

Miss Roberta Collings has had to undergo an operation on her throat, the result of which it is hoped will be greatly improved health in the coming days. Under medical advice she is not returning to North Africa for the present.

Miss Pearl Lamb is finding her sojourn at Tabarouth an invaluable preparation for future service, both in the matter of Kabyle, which she is now able to speak fluently, and also in various departments of medical and other work which mark the station where her parents have been so richly prospered of the Lord.

We gladly welcome to our ranks the faithful witnesses, whose portraits are given elsewhere. Mr. Eric G. Fisk and Miss D. M. Smith who look forward to being joined together in the Lord and serving Him in Fez. Miss Blanche Ellis has felt definitely called to Morocco. Miss Eva Heath, who was recently accepted, is in France for language study.

Our prayers—each day—are earnestly bespoken on behalf of God's servants; that fluency in speaking in the tongue of those to whom He has sent them, may speedily be the portion of those who are busy with studies; and that each message may be delivered in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit by those who are more actively engaged in proclaiming the Glad Tidings.

A word of heartiest thanks is due to Dr. Thomas Cochrane, Editor of "*World Dominion*," for his generous kindness in sending to workers in North Africa copies of "*The Land of the Vanished Church*," and also for fifty copies for sale at "Slavanka." The book is an invaluable addition to the literature on North Africa, and should be read by all who are concerned for the

evangelisation of the Barbary States. A copy will gladly be sent post free for 2s., on application to this office.

May we give earnest heed to the Master's exhortation—"Let your loins be girded about, and your lamps burning: and be ye yourselves like unto men looking for their Lord."

P.S.—Since the above notes were written, it has been thought well, in the interests of her health, for Miss Ross to return to Casablanca, especially as Dr. and Mrs. Liley will not be leaving for Tetuan for some weeks.

Miss Elliott of Azazza is very regretfully detained at home for the present for family reasons.

The Gospel in the Island of Pantellaria

By SIGNOR A. FINOTTO.

This summer I spent three weeks in the island of Pantellaria, seeking to spread the Word of God there. I am thankful to the Lord for His mercy, guidance and blessing, and for what He will yet further work through His Spirit there.

Pantellaria is situated between Sicily and North Africa, distant from Tunis about 135 kilometres. It takes about eleven hours to get there by boat. This island belonged successively to the Turks, Spaniards, French and at last to Italy. The earth, being of volcanic origin, is very fertile. Wine is the chief product of the island. There is also a small lake of potash water, in which people can wash their clothes without soap. This lake is fed from springs rising in the mountains. There are no roads practicable for carriages. All travelling is done on donkeys.

On my arrival I went to our friend Sig. Farina, and after a little rest we visited a family in great sorrow, owing to a recent bereavement, and had a good opportunity there for prayer and reading the Word of God. Of course my first thought in starting work was to secure a suitable hall for preaching the Gospel to these people. I visited two of the most important men, who were very kind to me and graciously accepted the New Testament which I offered them. I went also to the chief of police, who received me politely and gave me permission to hold a meeting. He too accepted a copy of the New Testament. I did not succeed in obtaining the use of the hall I desired, as the one in authority refused his sanction. I was told that he is a friend of the priest. However, I was able to preach the Gospel in a coffee-house the same evening.

The island of Pantellaria is used as a place of detention for men who, having broken the laws, are condemned to be imprisoned in the island for periods of from three to five years. These men are called *coatti*. They are allowed to go about in the village during the day, but from 7 p.m. till 6.30 a.m. they must remain indoors. The Italian Government gives to each a small sum daily, and they must earn for themselves what more is necessary. I had good opportunities of presenting to them the message of God's love and of preaching Christ as the Friend of sinners, and was able also to distribute a great many tracts and portions of Scripture, seeking to explain to them that this life is not all—only in eternity shall we find the true solution of the mysterious problems of the present life. They were very thankful to me for visiting them, and a few spoke very seriously, with the evident desire to read the Word of God and to live a better life. Some of them told me of their sad past life, and spoke of a forsaken infancy, wicked companions, love of pleasure, vice, and at last—crime. I visited them in the sleeping rooms where these poor fellows are lodged. These are wretched places. I also saw the so-called infirmary, where, instead of beds, there are only heaps of filthy straw. The atmosphere of that room was insupportable. I went away from that spot with a grieved heart, feeling the responsibility to pray for these poor unfortunate *coatti*.

As I went from house to house, offering tracts and witnessing for Christ, I met with a man—a zealous Roman Catholic—who argued with me for nearly an hour. I tried to show him from the

Holy Scriptures the Fall of man and the Love of God. When I returned from a visit to another village I was told that this man is now wholly changed. He had destroyed the Madonna and the images of saints in his house, and now, convinced of the truth of the Gospel, he speaks to everyone about the salvation which is in Christ alone. His wife is very angry at his conversion, and she would have liked to cudgel me. I saw this man a second time, and spent a whole day with him, seeking to teach him more of the truth which is in Christ, in contrast with the errors of the Church of Rome. I left him happy in the Lord.

I went across the island to many other villages, spreading the Word. Most of

the people are sympathetic. If a suitable worker could be stationed here, he could do an excellent work. It was not possible in so short a time to reach all the people, because all the travelling must be done on foot, and some of the pathways are almost impassable. One night I was obliged to sleep in the open air because I was far from any habitation.

Let us remember in prayer this island of Pantellaria, that the desire of many may be granted—to have a witness for the living God and the glorious Gospel of Christ established there, and that the Holy Spirit may bring many souls out from the darkness of bondage into the light of the love and the liberty of the children of God.

"Enemies of the Cross of Christ"

By R. STANLEY MILES.

After some very close dealings with all kinds of Moslems in the southern region of Tunisia, these two questions are much with me:

(1) Why in these lands do we constantly experience that nothing seems to stand out more prominently than Islam's hatred of the Cross?

(2) Is the death of Christ and His atoning work our supreme message?

Despite much cause for thanksgiving and praise for the Divine Presence enjoyed and realised with power in "witnessing to both small and great" in divers places, together with several encouraging incidents, I still meet on all sides this stern antagonism to the doctrine of the Cross.

Last week I was reading and studying the article by Dr. Zwemer, "The Stumbling Block of the Cross" (*Moslem World*, April 1913), and it was distinctly curious that nearly all I read was put into practical experience for me when preaching the Gospel in a native neighbouring village the following Saturday morning.

Let the chief outstanding features speak for themselves.

Setting out on my bicycle with my bag slung over my shoulder, filled with French, Jewish and Moslem literature, I was soon entering this village, some six or seven

kilometres along the Kairouan road. The first attempt was a small rickety shop, quite of the "Old Curiosity" order, in which four Arabs were seated. I had been talking and reading passages from John's Gospel for some minutes when a fifth joined the party, and staggered me somewhat by exclaiming, "Oh, I know that Book; years ago I used to read it with Sidi Webb, Sidi Churcher and Sidi Cooksey." Forthwith he began a description by word and gesture of the three gentlemen mentioned. His description was perfectly correct, save for giving Dr. Churcher one arm as well as one eye. I explained that my wife and I had had the pleasure of seeing the good Doctor in England last year, and that he had both his arms then; but he stuck to his point. His knowledge of the Gospel was excellent and spoke well for his old teachers, but after certain talk I was in much doubt whether he really had passed from death unto life. He promised to come and see me and to continue to read. We trust he will, and will take his stand boldly for Christ. Talks with others followed. A Russian Jew flatly refused to have anything to do with the Word of God. He politely placed me in the realm of imbeciles and declared himself a free-thinker. Finally, he accepted a Traveller's Guide,

but stood out against my offers of the New Testament. Salvation by blood!! He flouted the idea. The Name of Christ and His Cross!!! The scowl upon his face, the angry gleam in his eye, all testified to the abyss of man's wickedness. An enemy of the Cross of Christ. Often do I pause and consider that wondrous love that loved such a world of sinners.

Proceeding, I came near a small group of native men seated outside a butcher's shop.—What had I in that bag?—Who was I?—What did I want with them?—A seat was offered, and soon we were talking. Directly the subject was made plain, loud cries arose for the *Mufti* (chief of the ecclesiastical order among the Moslems), who quickly approached and took a seat in front of me. Then for the first time in my country experiences we had a long "sitting-down" open-air meeting. About twenty to thirty men left their shops and divers occupations, bringing old chairs, soap-boxes, sugar-cases and forms. A strange scene! Those men grouped around that *Mufti* and myself in that open village street! We must have talked for over an hour.

For uplifting Christ and His atoning work, the *Mufti* and his followers howled

me down. Denials, contradictions, lies, blasphemies! There in that village street was Islam in miniature, with all its bitter hatred to God's one true Way of Redemption. Towards the finish others joined the ring, and I was able to sell and distribute the Word to those passing through, either on their donkeys or on foot. The *Mufti* forbade any to purchase; but when he had gone, those who had listened and were interested followed me down a side street, and there I sold to seventeen men and lads.

If some should think this written too much on the dark side, my only plea is—it is just fact. This brief sketch of that village visit lifts the veil once more, and we see how these people have, in the great majority, deliberately taken sides with that one who did his utmost to extinguish the Light of the World at Calvary. Praise God, he failed, as he will ultimately fail and crumble before the ever-victorious Cross of Christ. Praise God, too, that, despite all such enemies of the Cross, the Light is steadily making its way throughout these dark lands, and we cannot but believe that some have found peace and lasting joy through faith in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus.

New Workers

MRS. STANLEY MILES

Mrs. Stanley Miles (*née* Bureau) had the benefit of Christian parentage in the land where her life is being spent in fellowship with her husband, for the furtherance of the Gospel among Moslems and others. Her parents went out to Tunisia in the early days of the Mission, but for the last years of his life her father was pastor of the Reformed Church of France in Sfax. She has no recollection of the date of her conversion, and she did not fully realise the privileged obligations of the Christian life until early in 1925, when she definitely yielded herself to Christ. She came to England shortly after, and spent six months at Redcliffe Missionary Training Home, where she did remarkably well and gained the esteem of her fellow-students. She

entered zealously not only into her studies, but into the various opportunities for spiritual service which are open to the students. She has the advantage of knowing not only English and French, but also Arabic and Italian, and is able to throw herself into the work at Sfax with whole-hearted enthusiasm.

MISS BLANCHE ELLIS

Miss Blanche Ellis is blessed with parents who sought to train her in the fear and admonition of the Lord. She was baptised on a clear confession of her faith in the Saviour, and has been in fellowship at Burley Road Baptist Church, Leeds, since her twelfth year. She commenced teaching in the Sunday school when fifteen, and since then has been busy in various departments of spiritual work,



and has had the joy of leading some souls to the Lord Jesus Christ. From her earliest years she was possessed with a desire for missionary work, and after a year's training at Mount Hermon College she went for a further year to Dr. Saillens' Bible Institute at Nogent-sur-Marne, specially for the study of French. She is joining Miss Banks at Casablanca, where she will find ample scope for the use of her talents, after she has become sufficiently fluent with the language.

MRS. LESLIE V. ROBINSON

Mrs. Leslie V. Robinson (*née* Bolton) belongs to a family closely associated with the N.A.M., her aunt (Miss A. Bolton) having served the Lord in Tetuan for many years; and her uncle (Mr. W. T. Bolton), after fourteen full years

of witness and work in Morocco and Tripoli, laid down his life for Christ in the latter place in 1911. She is the younger surviving daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Bolton of Leicester, and has had the unspeakable blessing of a godly upbringing. She was converted to God in her early teens as a result of hearing a message on the Lord's Second Coming, and shortly after was received into fellowship at Melbourne Hall, Leicester. She has been engaged in Sunday-school work, district visiting, tract distribution, etc., and has had the privilege of seeing the Lord's blessing upon her endeavours for His glory. She has for a considerable time been giving herself to the study of Arabic under the skilled tuition of her aunt, and has recently gone with her husband to the new home in

Rabat, where and in other parts of Morocco it is earnestly hoped they may be used of the Lord for gathering in of lost ones for whom He tasted death.

MR. ERIC GIBSON FISK

Mr. Eric Gibson Fisk was converted in the autumn of 1913, after deep conviction following a godless life up to that point. He was baptised two years later, and has been regular at the Lord's Table for the past twelve years. He had hoped to proceed to the Mission Field after the signing of the Armistice, but was hindered on account of gun-shot wounds. With health re-established, he is looking eagerly forward to being the Lord's instrument to carry His Name in all its saving efficacy to some of the sin-deluded souls in Morocco. He has had experience in various spheres of Christian service, and has seen God's blessing specially upon his personal testimony with individuals. He will for the present be located at Casablanca, where his first endeavours will be to get a working knowledge of Arabic. He is fairly familiar with French, so that

he will be able to concentrate on "the language of the angels."

MISS DOROTHY M. SMITH

Miss Dorothy Margaret Smith comes to the work with high nursing qualifications, which will stand her in good stead in the land of her future service, where the need of the women and girls is so distressingly sad. She cannot give any specific date for her conversion, but there is no doubt that she has been born again from above, and was definitely blessed at a C.S.S.M. meeting in 1915. She has been a communicant at the Gospel Hall, Penrith, for the past eleven years, and has had a good deal of experience in C.A.W.G. and children's work. The Lord's service in other lands has been the objective of her life for years past. God has been pleased to set His seal to the labours of His child at home, and now she goes forth to Fez to seek, with the Lord's help, to bring the Gospel to perishing souls, as she exercises a ministry of mercy among them. She is engaged to Mr. Eric G. Fisk, and later on they hope to settle together at Fez. H. F.

N. A. M. Convention, Bournemouth

A very happy and profitable Convention of the workers and friends of the North Africa Mission was held at the Bournemouth Conference Centre, more generally known as "Slavanka," from August 21st to 28th. Our house-party consisted of sixteen missionaries, together with a very considerable number of sympathising helpers from different parts of the country. These included Dr. and Mrs. Churcher (beloved former workers), Mr. and Mrs. McCurry and Mr. George Holmes. We felt it to be a peculiar privilege that Mrs. and Miss Glennly were also able to be with us.

As the missionaries present were home on furlough, it was thought wise not to impose too great a strain upon them in the way of meetings, and therefore, while there was a morning and evening gathering, the afternoons were left free for recreation and fellowship. A generous friend present arranged for an outing to the New Forest, in which about sixty friends were taken for a most delightful drive through charming

country and entertained to tea, returning in time for the evening meeting. Miss Tighe of The Priory, Christchurch, invited the missionaries to tea on her lawn on another afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer also organised another party for a most enjoyable outing. We are very grateful to these friends for their kindness.

The main purpose of the Convention, however, was for Bible Study and the deepening of spiritual life, and to promote interest in the work of God in North Africa; and this was kept well to the fore. The Rev. A. Weaver Evans of Weston-super-Mare and our beloved General Secretary gave us some most profitable Bible Readings, and the missionaries delivered short addresses at the various meetings, telling us of the trials and the triumphs of their work. The writer also had the opportunity of ministering at the gatherings. The attendance was most encouraging, friends from the district very considerably swelling our numbers.

It was felt that this week, spent in the beautiful



Mission Party at the N.A.M. Conference, Slavanka, Bournemouth.

Back Row : Miss Wholman, Miss Evans, Miss Collings, Mr. Long, Miss Heath, Miss Martin, Miss Buxton, Miss Reed. *Front Row :* Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Grainger, Mrs. Levy, Mr. Harvey Farmer, Mrs. Farmer, Miss Craggs, Mrs. Willson, Mr. Willson. *In Front :* Miss Tilney.

surroundings of Bournemouth, not only brought health to the body and refreshment to the soul, but also tended to bring the missionaries in closer contact with each other and to promote a closer sense of unity in the Mission. To all who helped us, whether by joining with us in intercession

or by ministering to our temporal needs, we tender our warm and hearty thanks. A special note of gratitude is due to the Rev. W. G. Stalley, the Secretary of the Conference Centre, who did all that he could for the furtherance of our comfort and welfare.

E. J. P.-C.



Photo by]

The very first scholars.

[Mrs. Fisher.

Settat

By MRS. FISHER

Settat is rather a straggling town, seventy kilometres south and inland of Casablanca. The journey from thence is fairly uninteresting. One sees just miles and miles of arid plain, broken here and there by tiny hut villages or a saint's tomb. The only village worthy of note *en route* is Ber Raschid, and this too is composed chiefly of huts. Farther south are several small hills or rather hillocks, and nearer to Settat the plain is relieved by a few trees growing by a tiny but efficient water-course which is a tremendous boon to the town (it runs past the mission house), supplying as it does the

water for irrigation and also for household purposes.

One's first impression of Settat is deceptive. It appears to be much larger than it is. This is owing to the fact that large tracts of ground, apparently purposeless, are enclosed within white walls, and one naturally thinks (without inspection) that these are residences. There are comparatively few built houses, and these are just dumped anywhere, without any attempt at order or regularity. The few roads are extraordinarily wide, and are thick with white dust. When the sun beats down, it is impossible to walk along

without the eyes being well protected by dark glasses. The houses too are white-washed, and the whole effect is much more dazzling than any other place within my experience. The French have planted a few trees, but these are not sufficiently grown to afford any appreciable shade. The numerous palm-trees delight one's eyes, but how one misses the verdure and the flowers of a moister climate! The main road is full of the usual tiny lock-up Moorish shops, with the owner squatting inside amongst his miscellaneous collection of goods, including native teapots made in Manchester, and calico and highly coloured woven materials from the same place. There are only three French shops in the town, so that one's shopping range is not large. A request for a small article out of the ordinary will bring a look of mild reproach and surprise, and the remark, "Madam, remember this is Settat and not Casablanca!" There is a small covered-in *souk* (market), where vegetables (not a great variety) and meat are sold. To reach this one passes through a double row of stalls, where all sorts of spices, etc., are obtainable. But the pervading odour here is delicious, and one always enjoys it—that of freshly cut mint, of which there always seems a limitless supply. This is for the infusion of mint tea, so popular amongst the Moors. As usual, the vendor sits aloft amongst his goods. To the right is another *souk* this time uncovered, and this affords great interest. There are several rows of open tents, used for varying purposes. The barber carries on his interesting (to foreign eyes) occupation of shaving heads—a very cool method of hairdressing for this climate—leaving, of course, little tufts here and there, whereby the owner may be drawn into heaven by Mohammed. All males are shaved from the age of about one year upwards, the operation sometimes being crowned by blood being drawn from the head into two cone-shaped tin cups. Here too one can find the charm-dealer and the doctor, but these are more in evidence at the great weekly market, held just outside the town each Sunday. Hundreds of natives of all tribes from far-lying villages visit this, and the scene is intensely interesting.

In the early hours of the morning the approaches to the market are alive with camels, mules, donkeys and pedestrians—the animals laden with the rough red pottery which the owners have fashioned with their hands. The market itself is a hive of industry. Here and there one sees a flag flying above a tent, and finds the native doctor who is seldom without patients. One is astounded and saddened at the faith of the poor people in these men. A few, of course, may have a little crude medical knowledge, but some of the practices one could not write about. Wee, puny children are brought to be anointed with oil or burnt with hot irons, according to their complaint. Women purchase charms to restore their husbands' love, etc. These usually consist of a small portion of the Koran written upon a tiny scrap of paper. As the day wears on business slackens, and then little groups of men and women may be found enjoying a well-earned rest and a little gossip (the women here found would, of course, be only of the poorer country class). Story-tellers (and who can tell a story so effectively as a native?), acrobats, and snake-charmers draw large audiences.

To go back to town, by far the greater portion of the inhabitants live in round mud huts with thatched roofs. The huts are grouped together in compounds, varying in size. One wonders how a family can be reared in such tiny dark places, but that this is possible is evidenced by the number of happy, swarthy children who run about in their apology for one garment.

The mission house stands almost at the approach to the town, and is easily distinguished by the tall palm-tree just beside it. It is in all points Moorish, and the problem at present is how to exclude the fierce sun, which pours down into the open court. One can command a splendid view of the surrounding country from the flat roof, but the rays of the sun and the low parapet render it almost useless. We are intensely grateful that the rooms are light and cool and that the lower ones will be so splendidly suitable for the work. We can look away from the absence of conveniences into the

future, when we hope that the house will be a stronghold of the Lord God, and a Spirit-filled centre from which the Standard of the Lord will be always flying "top mast."

I am sure this new station will commend itself to your earnest prayers. We must not expect that we shall be allowed to work unopposed. Satan has so long held

undisputed sway that he will most assuredly put forth every endeavour to combat the efforts of those whom the Lord has sent to spread the "glad tidings of great joy" in this hitherto unevangelised place. But we have pitched our tent, remembering that the battle is the Lord's, and that, although Satan is the prince of this world, our God is over all.

By the Wayside in Tunisia

By MR. A. V. LILEY

We have been out to-day, seeking to sow the Words of Salvation, and we pray that the fertilising rain of His Holy Spirit may fall upon the seed we have been seeking to sow in the hearts of those we have met.

This has been, I think, one of the best and happiest days we have had. Well up to time, we started off in the car at nine o'clock, making for the *Bardo*, where we took the route for Bizerta, our plan being to evangelise a part of the country never visited before.

It was a glorious morning. Beautiful white fleecy clouds were about, and from time to time the sun shone brightly and warmly through these. The crops were beginning to form the ears and the vines sending forth their long branches with vigour. Flowers of many forms and colours carpeted the ground. In nature there was everything to make the heart of man glad and thankful; but alas! alas! man thinks of material goods—of what he is going to gain in this poor world of sin and uncertainty. What a very great joy to us to go forth with the glorious words of certainty of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ!

On the road we met many men, French, Italians and Arabs. As it was not so very long since we passed this way, we had already given Gospels, tracts, etc., to these men, so we moved on to other fields of labour. Our first stop was at the tiny hamlet of Protville. This consists of a post office, school, a native café, a forge belonging to an Italian and two or three native shops. Here there is also a very

steep bridge going over the Medjeda river, but before crossing I got down to ask what a certain track was like, leading to a rather important village to the right. Going into a native café to enquire, I found it full of natives. It was the second day of the fête after the fast month of Ramadan, so these men were keeping it by playing cards. The opportunity was seized to preach to them the way of salvation. I began by asking if any of them could read. Attention was immediately gained. All ears and eyes were opened. Of all the men who were there, only one or two could read, although some could stumble through a line without understanding or being understood. I began with the fall of Adam, went on to sacrifices by the Jews, our own sins and forfeiture of any hope of entering heaven. The silence and attention were all one could desire. Then I preached the Gospel to them. How one would have desired to stay longer! but other parts of the field called for our visits, so after leaving a Gospel or two we said good-bye.

We went on from farm to farm, giving Gospels and tracts in French or Italian, according to the nationality of the people.

At one place there were two farms near to one another, both owned by French people, and each family seemed particularly pleased to receive the books. One can easily understand this, for here they were right out in the country, cut off from any society, and in the evenings perhaps little or nothing to do. A book to read was very acceptable. While my wife and Miss Gotelee were visiting these, seeing

a native settlement a little distance off, we made for it. Out came some of the men-folk, but they displayed great ignorance of the things of God. They had heard of "God and His prophet Mohammed," and that was all they desired. Three little native boys came up to have a look at us, and from the way they looked we might have been some objects from a museum; but what wickedness was lying latent in their hearts! Soon a native went by on a cycle and was followed by these three lads, who could do nothing better than throw grass, etc., at him. Then there was an outburst of cursing and swearing.

To one farm Mr. Morriss and I went. Out came a Frenchman and his wife. The wife took the book with thanks, but the man, after seeing what they were, said he had no need of them. "As we live, so we die." He was a professed infidel. However, we sought to do our best in putting the Gospel before him, and left the printed word with his wife.

This man had a native "guardian," and I got into conversation with him. It appears he was a Fezzani—a native from the desert town south of Tripoli, and had come up here to work. These natives are generally well taught and can read, but this man was woefully ignorant. No heathen could have known much less. For the little time that was before me I sought to do my best in telling him of the Lord Jesus Christ and the salvation He had brought to all those who believe on Him. What is deeply needed is for a native Christian to settle and live among these country people and daily teach them the true Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Two or three other farms were visited. Then we came to what is really the beginning of the formation of a new village. The school, post office and another public building or two were already erected and the people dwelling in these were called upon. Of course it was quite a new thing for them to have books brought and given to them for nothing, and sometimes we were looked upon with evident suspicion; but this soon passed off. At one place the ladies were invited in to have something to eat and drink, but they declined with many thanks.

In the distance we saw a very large gathering of European buildings, and a good-sized native village of mud huts at the back of them. We made for this place, wondering to what we were coming. The ladies went to the European buildings and I went off to the native village.

Arriving at the huts I soon found one of them occupied as a general shop, and the owner acted also as correspondent for the natives. As I approached he stood in a very suspicious way at the door, but I assured him there was nothing of which he need be afraid. At first he said he could not read, but his looks assured me he was of the student class. This was made more evident a little later on; for as I was speaking to the little company there, he said under his breath, "He will tell you that the Lord Jesus is the Saviour." "Yes, He is the only Saviour," I said, and told them why. Then the discussion began, but it all gave me another opportunity to make known to them the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. After the Gospels, etc., had been distributed, my next visit was to the *mouddab* or Koranic teacher, who inhabited one of the mud huts. Here again the Old, Old Story was preached and Gospels distributed.

On returning to the car we made for a couple of *Marabouts*, or saints' graves, but on arriving there we found them shut. However, near one of them was a good-sized disused shop full of natives amusing themselves by playing cards. After the usual salutations the general question was asked if any of them could read. One or two could, a little bit, but most of them were utterly ignorant of anything respecting spiritual life. They seemed just to know there was a God and that was all. Here was a splendid opportunity which I did not fail to seize to preach the Gospel, and nothing could have been more encouraging than the way they listened. One of their number went off to get two chairs for Mr. Morriss and myself. It was a great privilege to make known to them the things of God. We do indeed thank God for all these opportunities, and are truly grateful for the car which enables us to carry the Gospel far and wide.

Our Annual Farewell Meetings

By PASTOR E. J. POOLE-CONNOR

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than that afforded by our May Meetings, held during the General Strike, and our Farewell Meetings, held on October 12th last. On the former occasion the dislocation of traffic thinned our numbers, kept three out of our four special speakers away, and generally wrought havoc with our gathering; on the latter occasion the audiences were unusually large; none of our speakers failed us; and the proceedings were marked by an enthusiasm and spiritual warmth that were delightful.

The Prayer Meeting was again conducted by the Rev. Henry Oakley, and a ready response was given to his appeal for a continuous stream of prayer. A large number of our own missionaries took part, and there was in consequence a special definiteness in the petitions. At 3.30 the Great Hall of the Cannon Street Hotel was practically filled with friends of the Mission, who joined heartily in the service of praise. Mr. Gordon-Oswald (who had come from Inverness to attend the meeting) read Psalm xix, and Mr. P. K. Allen led us in prayer. During the Roll Call that followed, N.A.M. missionaries present responded, and when former workers were also asked to rise, we observed amongst them Dr. and Mrs. Churcher, Mr. and Mrs. Venables, Mr. and Mrs. Cooksey, Mr. Dickins, Miss Grissell, Miss Scott and Miss Addinsell. It was a privilege also to have with us Mrs. Glenny and members of the family, as well as many friends representing various spheres of Christian work. A large contingent from Mount Hermon Missionary Training Home attended and were warmly welcomed, as were some also from Redcliffe House, and it was a pleasure to have with us Miss Una Tighe, to whose labours in connection with the Workers' Union the Mission is so greatly indebted. The majority of our Council members also cheered us by their presence.

Mr. Harvey Farmer, General Secretary, welcomed the Chairman, speakers and visitors. He explained the absence of new recruits from the platform, stating that, of the four newly accepted workers, three were on their way to the Field, and one for language study in France. He referred to the transference of Mr. and Mrs. Nicolle from the Mission to evangelical work in their own country; to the loss of Miss

Jennison's services on account of indifferent health; to the retirement of Miss Read after a lifetime of labour in North Africa; and to the Homecall of Miss Browett and Miss Eason—the Mission being thus left with ninety-two workers, in addition to Signor Arnone, pastor of the Italian Church in Casablanca; all these being true to the fundamentals of the faith. He reported also the receipt of £2,150 in gifts to the Glenny Memorial Fund, and the additions to the field equipment. There were a new house and hall at Casablanca, a new hall and rooms at Djemâa, and two splendid rooms built on to the Dispensary at Fez, the last-named being due to the generosity of the Treasurer. Amongst the new efforts, the opening of a station at Settat and the effort to reach the Riffs were specially mentioned. Finally, the need to strengthen Mr. Reid's hands in Tripoli was earnestly brought before the meeting.

Mr. Sidney Collett was in the Chair, and after some gracious references to the past and present secretaries and to the Mission, he spoke of the need of missionary work in the world and the responsibility of Christian people in relation thereto. Some of the ablest statesmen have declared that there is no influence for good comparable to foreign missions, and Captain Bertram, the explorer, said, "I love Missions, because I know what heathens are and what they may become!" After urging on Scriptural and other grounds the obligations to preach the Gospel to every creature, the Chairman concluded an earnest appeal with the words, "By Calvary's sacrifice, by the brevity of time, by the whiteness of the harvest, by the vastness of the need, by the cry of perishing souls in the moral miasma of heathen and Moslem lands—let us do what we can to spread the knowledge of God and the Gospel of Christ."

Following the Chairman's appeal came a series of addresses from missionaries on furlough. Miss Craggs told of the work in Rabat, which she and Mrs. Roberts are carrying on. Villages are visited; simple dispensary treatment is given; tracts are distributed; and there is great expectation that soon a harvest of conversions will come. The loveless character of Mohammedanism was indicated in an incident related. A woman came to the dispensary, and hearing of the love of Christ, said, "No one

loves me. My husband doesn't love me. My children don't love me." "What a joy to be able to tell her," said Miss Craggs, "that she had made a great mistake! that there was One who loved her well enough to die for her!" Mrs. Ross was the next speaker, and entered a plea for prayer for the native converts, and related how that, on visiting a native house in a certain village near Algiers, a Kabyle woman came in and said to her, "I hate you, I despise you, I should like to spit at you! How dare you, a Moslem, come to draw us away from the religion of our father and your father!" Mrs. Ross replied that she was an Englishwoman, but the woman replied, "An Englishwoman! Do you think we can't tell by your tongue the tribe you come from?" and when our missionary again told her that she was God's servant, and had come to show them the way of life, she still replied, "I never want you to come again." "I realised as never before," said Mrs. Ross, "what it must mean for a native to go to his own people to preach Christ to them, and how we need to support them by our prayers."

Mr. Long told of the additional difficulty created by the image worship introduced into Tunis by Roman Catholicism. He described the passage through the streets of the image of the Virgin and Child—an image so large that it took from forty to sixty men to carry it—before which multitudes of Italians and Sicilians were bowing, and quoted the comments of the Arabs: "This is Christianity," "They worship a woman," "Their god is a babe," "They adore an idol," and so on. Miss Higbid spoke of the work in Tetuan, and said that soon they would also have the same public processions. She related the story of a convert who had been living with a man who was married to another woman, and of the risk and cost to her of severing from him for conscience' sake. "As we think of her natural weakness, we marvel she had grace to do it." Miss Higbid declared, "The matter of her future is still a problem, but meanwhile she is sheltered by the missionaries." Mrs. Long was the next speaker, and prefaced her address by a reference to the need of grace for household duties in the Mission field. She told of the marriage of a Christian Arab man and woman. The story of the latter was a very sad one. She was claimed on some pretext when she was at the age of eleven by a man who took her to his home, and then sold her a year later to another. She lived with him for about twelve months and had a daughter; then her brother divorced her from this man,

and sold her to a friend of his, and he shortly after abandoned her. Now she is married to a Christian Arab, and they seem truly attached to each other. The husband, although weak in body, is not afraid to confess his faith. "Neither are without fault," said Mrs. Long, "but remember them in your sympathy and your prayers."

Mr. Robinson described the fanatical and superstitious character of much of Mohammedanism—the women worshipping at the tombs, the men with their ceaseless repetition of the name of Allah, the horrible rites of self-mutilation, and the dreadful scenes of tearing live sheep in pieces. The stories told made one realise with fresh intensity the need of the Gospel.

The closing devotional address was given by Mr. Harold Barker. He made an affectionate but amusing reference to one of our older missionaries who periodically reminds him that she knew him when he was in petticoats. "I have a dim recollection," said the speaker, "of one who seemed a patriarchal person even in those days, and I cannot imagine what she is like now, but I am glad to remember that she is still toiling with undiminished zeal for the Master." Mr. Barker introduced the subject of his address by a reference to missionaries' "first impressions," spoke of the first impressions of Elisha's new servant, as recorded in the sixth chapter of 2 Kings, comparing his service with that of Christian men and women. The young servant received the impression that his master's service meant conflict and warfare. So the service of Christ involves conflict with difficulties and powers of darkness, and conflict in prayer. The young man's further impression was that his master knew everything. He knew the strategy of the enemy; he could detect every ambush; he was able to save those whom he befriended, not once or twice but many times. So is it with our Master; and how we need to be saved, daily and hourly, from the snares of the enemy, from a self-centred life, from worry and distraction! A last impression of Elisha's servant was that his master could effectually intercede for him and give him wonderful peace. "Lord, open the young man's eyes," prayed Elisha, and his servant saw the hosts of God, the armies of the Eternal, the horses and chariots that had translated Elijah. So in answer to our Lord's intercession, we get to see the immense resources of God behind us. The very power that raised up Christ and will translate the saints at His Coming, is now concerned in strengthening us in His service, in bringing

praises from our feeble lives, and in ensuring our own spiritual prosperity and progress. Can we wish anything better for all our missionary friends or for ourselves than that they should have deep and increasing impressions of our Master and His gracious ways? We commend them to the Lord with all our hearts.

The meeting closed punctually, and a large company which quite filled the handsome Pillar Hall sat down to tea, besides others accommodated outside. There were so many little reunions amongst friends meeting after long absence, and so much to say, that a gentle pressure had to be exerted upon the guests to keep them up to scheduled time; but the friendly greetings were all very pleasant to see. Amongst those present at tea was a large party of young people, whom we were delighted to see with us, brought by Mr. Archer.

The evening meeting began at 6.30. Dr. John Wilkinson, of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, read the Scripture, and the Rev. Francis C. Brading, of the Scripture Gift Mission, followed in prayer. As a former worker in North Africa, his petitions were those of one who had an intimate knowledge of its needs. The Roll was again called, and Mr. Harvey Farmer specially welcomed the young people present, as well as the Chairman and Mr. Russell Howden, and repeated, for the benefit of those not present at the previous meeting, the matters referred to in the afternoon. The Chairman, W. J. Ervine, Esq., took occasion, as one to whom a new circle of friends was being introduced, to speak of the vitality still to be found amongst Christian people. He had little sympathy with those who said nothing was being done. A tiger-hunting military officer once said to a missionary, "I don't believe in your stories about converts. I never saw one." The missionary said, "I hear you talk about tigers, but I never saw one, though I've been here for years." He then dwelt profitably upon our Lord's "authority" and "power," as referred to in the New Testament. He has authority to command, and power to enable, and it is upon this we depend in our missionary work.

Miss Wholman, who was the first missionary speaker of the evening, spoke of the horror of child-marriages, and instanced the case of a girl of twelve years of age who was thus taken into another home. The penalty of the parents' sin in letting her go had soon to be paid. The child grew weaker and weaker, but all offers to take her to the hospital were rejected. "It is the will of God," her relations said. Miss

Wholman visited her in her increasing weakness and she seemed to turn to the Lord Jesus, but last Saturday the news came that she was dead. "We believe that she is with the Lord," Miss Wholman said, "but that child ought to be alive to-day. Pray that God may change these things, and that these people may accept a Saviour under whose teaching such things are impossible."

Miss Tapp described some of her work in Tunis, particularly visitation and tract distribution. She gave encouraging accounts of the classes for girls and women. Some had asked for prayer, and one of the women had said, "I love the Lord Jesus. He is my Saviour." When the missionaries heard such words from ignorant and unlettered women they felt that prayer was truly being answered.

Miss Tilney told of openings into Jewish homes in Kairouan, some brought about in a very simple manner. An invitation given to visit a house to show how to play an old harmonium; an artist asking help to prevent street children from pestering her at her work; a request coming to show a housewife how to make a jelly—these were the ways in which God opened doors for the Gospel, in addition to the opportunities afforded by classes and meetings. Miss Tilney also spoke appreciatively of the gifts from the Jewish girls in the Mildmay Mission to the Jews for the children of Kairouan; and concluded by asking for prayer as she and others returned to that city "in the name of the Lord to set up their banners."

Mr. Robinson gave some pathetic details of the relief work amongst the Riff women who came as refugees to Tangier during the Moroccan War. They came in their thousands, and there was the direst need. There was no food, no clothing, no home; and nearly all brought babies—some two or three. A pound or two of flour had to last a family a week. In January, after the biting wind and rain, very few babies were left. Most had died. There were two Refuges for women and one for men. Now nearly all have returned to the Riff country, and those who ministered to their need can go right through the Riff country without fear of harm. Thus has God brought good out of evil, and made an open door for the Gospel in a long-closed town. Prayer was asked for the efforts of Dr. and Mrs. Liley, who are taking up work among these people.

After Miss Martin had reported on the work in Tunis among the Italians, giving most cheering accounts of awakening and conversion, chiefly through reading the Scriptures, Mr.

Long again spoke. He said, referring to the closing address of the afternoon, that he would give his "first impressions" of ChercHELL. He pictured his first sight of the mosque, and the sense of the presence of evil powers which it conveyed, and then described how he went up to the pine-hills of ChercHELL, and looked down upon it. From the new altitude, the imposing mosque looked quite tiny, and the minaret no larger than a stick of chalk, while behind him was a mountain as massive and high as Skiddaw. It was all a matter of view-point. Even so the secret of our right approach to the Moslem problem is nearness to the Lord.

*" Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in His wonderful face,
And the things of earth—"*

Yes, even the things of the Moslem world, and the vast problem it presents,

*" —will grow strangely dim,
In the light of His glory and grace."*

The closing address was by the Rev. Russell Howden, and is found in the form of an article on the first page. For this, and for all tokens of the divine goodness on a happy and successful day, we give God thanks, and take courage.

A Hot Day in Tunis

By MISS K. M. E. GOTELEE.

At six o'clock in the morning of an August day the sun is already high in the heavens. You can tell it is going to blow a sirocco. The sky is overcast with clouds of a yellowish-grey colour. The yellow comes from the fine sand, of which the atmosphere is full. A sirocco is a hot wind which blows from the Sahara Desert. It is caused by the great heat there. It is laden with sand, which it drops over the landscape on its way north. In the desert the sand is blown about in great clouds, often causing loss of life to travellers. It pervades the atmosphere, and obscures the horizon. Farther north the heavier particles are gone, and only the fine light sand remains. The first thing in the morning, before the wind has got up, the air feels heavy. You get up and wash, but you immediately feel "sticky" again. Your hair is dank and "sticky" too, and you cannot do anything with it. All your clothes, though the coolest and finest you possess, feel hot as you put them on. "What a pity to have to dress!" you think. After breakfast, having previously opened all the windows to change the air in the house as much as possible, we proceed to shut all up. All the windows are provided with green shutters, so arranged that they let in a certain amount of light and air, but not the sun. These keep the sun off the glass, and so help to keep the inside temperature cool. We want to keep out all the sun and the hot air, so we shut both windows and shutters, and then sprinkle cold water over the tiled floor, and, where possible, shut up the room until we need it. Outside the heat increases, a heavy heat which keeps you perpetually moist, with clouds of fine dust

which get into your eyes, ears, nose and mouth, making your teeth all "gritty." If you are obliged you go to the market, but you only bring back necessities to make as little weight as possible. The earth, the pavement, the walls radiate heat just like a kitchen stove. In the tram-car the person next to you is sending out waves of heat to you, and *vice versa*. Unhappy you if you fail to get a seat, and have to stand in the crowd on the platform! Tempers everywhere are short to-day. Your own is not at its sweetest—you feel the need of great grace. Well for you if you know how to draw from the inexhaustible supply always at the disposal of God's children. You feel unequal to fighting, and Satan is rejoicing at the prospect of an easy victory.

How glad you are to reach home again! You open the door and step inside, and it is all cool and fresh and shady—so restful after the dust and heat of the streets. You settle down to study. Your hand perspires and makes greasy marks on the paper. Everything you touch becomes hot and sticky—you seem to pollute everything. You perspire if you move; you perspire sitting still; you perspire writing, reading, working—no matter what you do. What a disgusting creature you feel yourself to be! However, there is work to be done, and you cannot sit idle; so you settle down to do it. Then a strange thing happens! You forget the heat! You forget how many handkerchiefs you have used in the vain endeavour to keep your face dry; you forget to keep going to the basin to dip your hands in cold water; you forget the discomfort and annoyance of life in general.

Yes—"something to do" is the best remedy for nerves on a hot day; something light and not too strenuous if possible; something which does not take you out during the hottest part of the day—but *something*.

By 11 a.m. the sirocco is just raging outside. In an English home you would say it must be bitterly cold outside, for the wind whistles through all the crevices. But it is a hot wind. It blows in your face like a draught from a baker's oven. Its breath shrivels up any poor unfortunate plants you have forgotten to bring in. It burns up all the countryside and leaves it bare. The fine sand, carried by the wind, works in through every crack and crevice. If you are writing, your paper gradually becomes gritty. Everything you touch is gritty. You dust the rooms. Five minutes after it is just as gritty again. From eleven to four nobody goes out who is not absolutely obliged. The heat is worse from one to three, so we take a rest after dinner. How grateful a cup of tea is at 3.30! It makes you perspire, so that you wonder why you are silly enough to take it. But how refreshing it is at the same time! By four o'clock the house, which has been shut up all day, is getting stuffy and airless. You open a window to feel what it is like outside, but shut it again. The worse evil would be to let that furnace in. You would probably not get it out of the house for several days. So you just go out to your visiting and your classes. By five o'clock things are more bearable, and by six o'clock a nice breeze is blowing. You turn your steps joyfully home to the evening meal. How hot the house feels as you enter! You open everything up, and feel life more bearable, more wholesome, more sweet. The breeze only lasts during the twilight; the night settles down heavy and hot and sticky. Bed seems unbearable. You are lying in a furnace. If in desperation you turn up the mosquito netting to get more air, and sleep without it, those imps of the night soon find you out. To them you are always a dainty morsel, and consequently you wake up

in the morning with a raised pattern all over your chin and forehead.

Such a day as I have described is one of the hottest. One such day last September the temperature on a shady balcony registered 117° F. In the house it was about 90°. Such days are not, however, continuous. Six consecutive days of sirocco is about the most at a time—generally not more than three in succession. Sandwiched in between are sunny, hot days, perhaps, but all heat is more tolerable than the sirocco. Occasionally there are spells of cool, cloudy weather. These break the heat, and we all begin to live again. The clouds, however, seldom break in rain at this season. If they do, it makes a steamy heat, which is worse than the other. You will easily realise why it is we take longer holidays by the sea than most people do in England. At the same time a holiday for us does not mean a cessation of all missionary activities. A change of air means a new place to evangelise and new doors to open, and so a holiday may be a time of much seed-sowing.

If you have realised our need of your prayers, of Divine strength and guidance, of heavenly grace and patience and love, this paper will not have been in vain. I always try to remember that the discomforts of a Tunisian summer are only discomforts. They are not the perils and trials of life in a tropical forest. Viewed in the light of what David Livingstone suffered and what missionaries on the Congo and the Amazon have to bear, our paltry trials shrink into nothing. Yet there is a sense in which their very littleness touches the spiritual life more. Supreme acts of heroism, great trials and dangers, bring their own sense of satisfaction to the victor. Life's little monotony and trials seem merely petty prickles with no roses. We do not see immediate results. It is only when we stand on the other shore and look back, beholding all the way which the Lord our God has led us, that we shall see the threads of gold mingling with these grey ones, and we shall marvel at the greatness of His plan.

Notice of Book

The Land of the Vanished Church. By J. J. Cooksey. World Dominion Press, 1 Tudor Street. E.C.4.

Mr. Cooksey has rendered very real service to the cause of Christ in North Africa by the writing of this book. It is amazing that a land so near to the British Isles, so desperate in its moral and spiritual need, and constituting so shameful a reproach upon the Christian Church should create so little concern and call

forth so comparatively little effort for its evangelisation. If every Christian who is jealous for the honour of his Lord would secure Mr. Cooksey's book, and master the facts so lucidly set forth therein, he could scarcely fail to be stirred to earnest prayer and deep concern, however indifferent he might hitherto have been.

The author takes a wide survey of his subject, dealing with it from an historical and

geographical standpoint, but his main concern is its present spiritual need and missionary effort in relation thereto, and within a small compass he has been able to pack an enormous amount of

valuable information. There is in addition a very valuable map. On every ground we heartily commend this book.

E. J. P.-C.

For the Children

By MRS. PADILLA

The picture you see on this page is a photograph of Eduardo and his sister Maraquita. They are two Spanish children who come to our Spanish school here in Tangier. Eduardo likes to learn, and is always trying to find out things about other lands and the folks who live there. He does not belong to a rich family, for his father is a fisherman—a big, burly fisherman, with a big, gruff voice. Eduardo's daddy is one of the despised Protestants, and though he does not always come to the meetings himself, he is anxious that his children should not be Catholics but should learn to be good children in the *Escuela Protestante* (Protestant School). It is not always pleasant to go to the Protestant School, for just over the way there is a big school that the Roman Catholic Friars have built, and there are lots and lots of children inside who are taught to do naughty things to those who come to our school, which they have named "The school of the little demons." They call us names, and sometimes spit on us as they pass us, and many things they do and say, in order that our children may be afraid or ashamed to come. Is it not sad to think of children being taught to do such naughty things?

When Eduardo first came to us, he didn't like it a bit. What a sulky, sullen face he had when he came to the Bible lesson! And he never would answer a question. Oh no! He didn't want to. But he is older now and has learned to know us, and I am glad to be able to tell you that he is the best boy in the whole school. He brings his Bible with him every day and has his "daily portion book." And when the class were asked who wanted to come to Jesus that He might save them and keep them from sin, Eduardo put up his hand, and said in a



Eduardo and his sister.

loud, clear voice, "I do"; and I believe he *has* come.

Eduardo is only ten years old and brimful of mischief. One day, in school, he was wearing a carnation, and he put ink inside it, so that when the children, who all love flowers, came to smell it they went away with black noses. Another day he tied Maraquita to the girl next to her, and when she was asked to come to the table to fetch something, she tumbled down, and dragged the other child on the top of her. Another time he did another mischievous trick which ended rather badly for the one he played the trick upon; and as we did not know who was the culprit, he was asked among others, "Did you do it?" He said, "Why should I tell a lie? Yes, I did it." And he bore his punishment bravely. In spite

of his great love of mischief he really tries to be good. He learns all his texts and verses carefully, and even comes of his own accord sometimes to ask for an explanation of something he has found

in the Bible. Of course he has a great deal to learn. Will you all remember him in your prayers, and also the other little boys and girls who come to our school?

Home and Foreign Notes

THE MONTHLY PRAYER MEETING

The above will be held (D.V.) on the first **Thursday** of each month at 3.30 p.m. in the Lecture Hall, John St. Chapel, just opposite our offices, 18 John St., Theobald's Rd., where friends will meet for tea at 3 o'clock. A hearty welcome is given to all who are able to attend.

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DEPARTURES

Mrs. A. V. Liley left for Tunis on September 17th.

Miss M. Knight left for Tetuan on September 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Willson left for Mekla on October 5th.

Miss B. Ellis (*new worker*) and **Mr. E. G. Fisk** (*new worker*) left for Casablanca. **Miss K. Reed** for Tangier, and **Miss D. M. Smith** (*new worker*) for Fez on October 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Long and **Miss J. Martin** left for Tunis, and **Miss L. R. Wholman** for Cherchell on October 18th.

Miss A. Buxton and **Miss E. Craggs** left for Tangier, **Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Robinson** (*new worker*) for Salé, and **Miss E. Higbid** for Tetuan on October 22nd.

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DEPUTATION WORK.

Pastor Poole-Connor has had the privilege of visiting the following places:—Whitstable (6 meetings), Crosskeys, Mon., Porth Convention (5 meetings), Clevedon (4 meetings), Weston (3 meetings), Bristol (2 meetings), Bethnal Green (Mildmay Mission Hospital), Crawley (2 meetings), St. Margaret's, Basingstoke, Belmont (3 meetings), Highgate Road (2 meetings), Worthing (6 meetings).

Forward engagements include:—Heathfield (Oct. 24th), Uxbridge Road Tabernacle (25th), Buckhurst Hill (28th), Brighton (29th), Liverpool (31st and Nov. 1st), Southport Convention (2nd-5th), Chiswick (10th), Uxbridge (17th), Malvern Conference (18th), Hook, Hants (21st and 22nd), Kensington (23rd), Bermondsey (24th), Norwich (28th and 29th), London School of Medicine (Dec. 1st), Sidcup (5th), Belmont (12th).

The **General Secretary** has had the privilege of speaking on 52 occasions at Tenby, Southbourne, Southampton, Winchester, Hove, Waltham New Town, Aldersgate Street, Barking, Hastings, Littleport, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Nailsea, Leeds, Bath, Great Malvern, East Grinstead and Spitalfields. He expects to leave for Morocco (D.V.) on November 17th and will gratefully value prayerful remembrance during his annual visitation of the stations along the Coast.

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PARCELS FOR CHRISTMAS

It is suggested that friends who intend to forward parcels to our missionaries on the Field for Christmas should post them **registered** by the **first week in December**, in order to ensure their arrival in time.

* * *

MOROCCO

Miss de la Camp writes from Fez:—“Since the dispensary has been closed I have only treated a few cases of sickness, but I have thus had some quite interesting talks with individuals who have come to the house either to get medicine or for other reasons. A man, who came for medicine for his wife whom I had seen in her own house, was given Psalm li to read, and that led to a talk on the need of repentance and of a clean heart for all, even the prophets. The man listened well, then read other Psalms and extracts from the Gospel, and he was so pleased with what he read that he said he would like to come again and read more with me. I gave him the book to take home and read. . . . We had some workmen in the house lately, and I noticed that every time one of the men went downstairs for some mortar, he spent some time studying the texts on the walls round the court. I found out that he had only lately come to Fez from Tafilelt in search of work, so as to earn sufficient to buy grain to take back home for sowing, as the harvest in Eastern Morocco has again been a failure this year. The lad slept in any doorway at night, with his small knapsack, containing all his possessions, for a pillow, and I discovered he was making his dinner off a piece of dry bread. How grateful

he was for some olives to help it down! After he had finished his frugal meal, he sat and read the Gospel I gave him until it was time to start work again. When the men knocked off work, he came and asked me for another book. I told him he should have it when he had finished reading the one he had begun. Then he asked if I had not a Koran I could give him. I told him I could not give him a Koran: it was not a book that could show him the way of salvation, but that the book I had given him could, and it would suffice to lead him to God if he read it, asking God to open his eyes."

* * *

ALGERIA

Kabyle Work.

Miss G. Wilson writes on August 2nd from Azazga, where she has been for a time helping Miss Fison:—"We have had a most happy and helpful time at Port-Gueydon, and have found doors open on all hands for the Gospel. In the afternoons we divided, and while Miss Fison visited in the houses I gathered the children together on the beach and had happy little Gospel meetings each day. On two evenings we held lantern meetings, the subject being "The Life of Jesus." An encouraging feature was that the people themselves asked for it the second night. We have a full programme of work planned out for September."

* * *

Mr. C. R. Marsh, who is stationed at Azazga, has been spending some weeks at Tabarouth. He writes on August 14th:—"I have lately had a native sheikh to help me in Kabyle reading and pronunciation. We have had some interesting and happy times together, and he seems to be seeking the way of salvation. The other day he told me some of his objections, and for half an hour we talked over the power and right of the Lord Jesus to save. I was given much liberty in speaking to him, and in answering his reasonings by taking him from one Scripture to another. When he found that the Scripture answered his difficulty, he did not attempt to pursue that line of argument any further. I noticed that he has a great respect for the Word of God. The next time I brought along a Kabyle translation of Dr. Rouse's tract "The Sinless Prophet," and as I read to him he was very solemn and thoughtful. I believe he realised that the Lord Jesus was alone without sin, and is able to save to the uttermost because He died and ever lives to intercede."

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TUNISIA

Italian Work.

Signora Finotto writes from Krum, a sea-side place near Tunis:—"Giuseppina, the lame

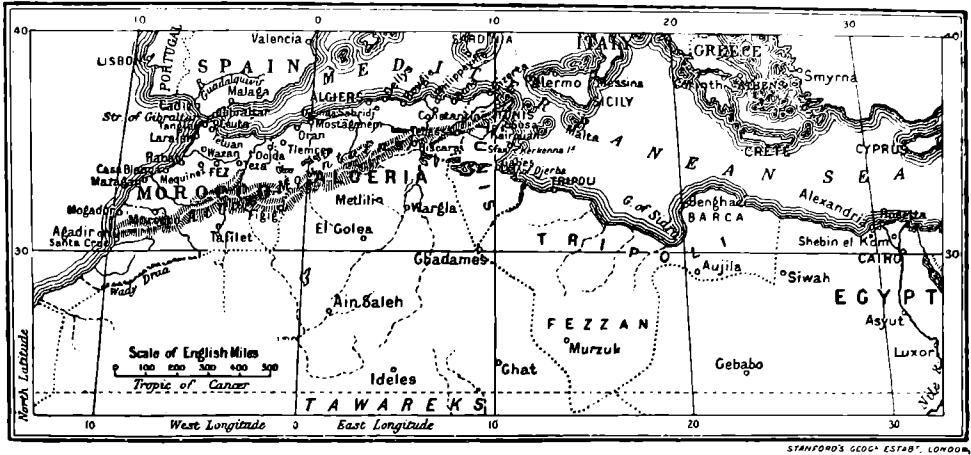
girl [whose portrait appeared in the May issue of NORTH AFRICA last year] has been living in my home for about two years, and last November she was baptised. In spite of her lameness she is very happy, and it is her great joy to come with us to the Sunday-morning service. We lift her into her chair, and our daughter, Georgette, pushes her to the hall. All last summer she was ill with fever, which hung about her during the winter and made her very weak. But now we are at the sea-side, and hope to stay here during the hot season. Giuseppina enjoys the fresh air greatly, and the sea-bathing will, we hope, with God's blessing, fully restore her to health."

* * *

Miss Gotelee has sent us an interesting account of a day with the Gospel car in the neighbourhood of Tunis. From it we quote the following:—"We turn off to a farm a little off the road, with a fine avenue of trees leading up to it. At the noise of the car children come running out from the cottages behind. We stop and question them. The proprietor is away, we learn. However, the children conduct us to the cottages, and we have a splendid time. These farm folks live isolated from the world. The Roman Catholic priest never visits them; they know little, and life is monotonous. Our visit makes a break, a pleasant change; our dress, our car, our foreign accent, are all causes of wonder. Then our pretty little books, with their coloured pictures, so attractively got up by the Scripture Gift Mission—who can resist them? Those who cannot read have cousins of all grades who can, and all eagerly accept. Then the message, the dear old story of a Saviour's love—how they listen to it! Very few of those who work on the soil and have to do with the wonders of nature are infidels. Most of them believe in God, though in a confused sort of way. I have never got from any one of them a correct, straight answer to the question, "Who is the Lord Jesus Christ?" I have tried them with it again and again as an experiment, and I have never yet met one Roman Catholic in Tunis who had not been under missionary influence who could give the right answer. Does it not seem awful to you who have the Light? Yet, remember, that the Edinburgh Conference of 1910 ruled out missionary work amongst Roman Catholics on the ground that they are Christians! Those we know out here are worse than pagans, for they think they are saved, and are not. So we deliver our message of light and love—"the glorious Gospel of the blessed God which was committed to our trust." It comes back with fresh power to our own hearts as we repeat it, and I for one marvel afresh at the kindness and love of God towards us guilty sinners. We go on our way rejoicing. The seed has been sown. Perhaps we may not reap the harvest, but our Lord has promised that sower and reaper shall rejoice together."

Daily Subjects for Praise and Prayer

1. For all the triumphs of the Gospel in North Africa during the past forty-five years.
2. For Moslem Work at Tangier—Medical, School, Meetings for Men and Boys, Itinerating, &c.
3. For Spanish Mission at Tangier—Day and Sunday Schools, Evening and other Classes. Visiting.
Prayer for the children attending the schools, especially for one boy who takes a great interest in Bible study and gives reason to hope that the Lord is dealing with him.
4. For Casablanca—Moslem Work and Italian Mission, Distribution of Scriptures, Gospel Car Work, Bible Depôt, Dispensary and Night Refuge.
5. For Tetuan—Visiting and Tract Distribution, Classes for Young People (Native and Spanish) and Adults, Sunday School and Meetings.
Prayer for the new effort to be made to reach the Riffs: that Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Liley may be helped in speedily acquiring the language, and may through their care for the bodies of these people find a way into their hearts.
6. For S'ettat—Visiting among the women and children.
7. For Fez—Dispensary, Classes, Visiting, &c.
8. For Taza—Visiting, Itinerating, &c.
9. For Rabat and Salé—Itinerating, Visiting, &c.
10. For Cherchell—Carpet School, Classes for lads, women, girls and infants; Visiting, Itinerating Work, &c.
Praise for the dying testimony of an Arab, the father of one of the converts at the Carpet School who is now with the Lord. He gave evidence of true faith in the Lord Jesus.
11. For Algiers—Visiting homes, cafés and villages, Classes and Meetings, Itinerating, &c.
12. For Bougie—Meetings and Classes for Kabyle men, boys and girls; Visiting and Itinerating.
13. For Djemâa Sahridj—Home and School for girls, Day and Sunday Schools, Classes, Visiting, Itinerating, &c.
14. For Mekla—Classes and Meetings among Kabyles and French, Itinerating, &c.
15. For Azagza—Itinerating, Visiting, Classes for Europeans and Kabyles, &c.
16. For Tebessa—Bible Depôt, Classes and Visiting, &c.
17. For Bône—Classes, Visiting among women and children, &c.
18. For Moslem Work at Tunis—Bible Depôt, Meetings for Students and others, Classes for women and girls, Gospel Car Work, Work among British Sailors, &c.
19. For Italian and French Work at Tunis—Sunday and Weekday Services, Classes, Distribution of Scriptures, Itinerating and Village Work, &c.
20. For Nabeul—Classes, Visiting, &c.
21. For Kairouan—Classes, Visiting, &c.
22. For Sfax—Classes for Arabs and for European children, Visiting, &c.
23. For Tripo'i—Dispensary, Visiting, &c.
24. For Paris—Visiting cafés, &c. Meetings for Kabyles.
25. For Converts, Native Helpers and Enquirers, and for Christian girls married to Moslems.
Prayer for a native who takes pleasure in reading the Bible with one of the workers: that his heart may be touched by the Word and his mind enlightened.
26. For the Council, and the Staff at Headquarters.
27. For fresh openings for Deputation work in different parts of the country; and for the Secretaries and Members of our Auxiliaries, Prayer and Workers' Union and Study Circles.
28. For increasing blessing on our Magazine, its Contributions and its Readers.
29. For the supply of all the needs, spiritual and temporal, of work and workers; also for more labourers to go forth, and more native helpers to be raised up, and for opening up of New Centres to the Gospel.
Praise for all the financial help received: and prayer that the Lord will still further prompt and enable His servants to contribute to the maintenance of the Gospel testimony in the Field.
30. For workers on furlough, &c., and the children of missionaries.
31. For all endeavours by other Missions to glorify God throughout North Africa and in every other part of the Harvest Field.



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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(WITH MR. GEO. PEARSE AND DR. GRATTAN GUINNESS)

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Gifts in money or in kind should be addressed—"The Secretary, North Africa Mission, 18, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1." All cheques and money orders should be made payable to order of the "North Africa Mission." Remittances may also be paid into Barclays Bank Limited, 148, Holborn, London, E.C.1, or into any of its branches.

LOCATION OF MISSIONARIES

MOROCCO		Rabat—(cont.)		Bougie	
	Date of Arrival.		Date of Arrival.		Date of Arrival.
Tangier		Mr. L. V. ROBINSON	Nov., 1924	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>	
Miss J. JAY	Nov., 1885	Mrs. ROBINSON	Oct., 1926	Mr. A. R. SHOREY	Nov., 1902
Mrs. E. A. SIMPSON	Mar., 1898			Mrs. SHOREY	Oct., 1904
Miss M. M. GLEN (<i>Associate</i>)	Jan., 1913			Miss G. WILSON	Oct., 1925
Dr. JAS. A. LILEY	Nov., 1919	Salé		Tebessa	
Mrs. J. A. LILEY	Nov., 1919	Mr. A. E. CHATFIELD	Nov., 1922	Madame E. PAGES (<i>Associate</i>)	June, 1924
Miss E. D. BOWEN	Feb., 1923	Mrs. CHATFIELD	Nov., 1922	Bône	
<i>Spanish Work—</i>		Miss A. BUXTON	April, 1919	Miss H. GRANGER	Oct., 1886
Don PEDRO PADILLA	June, 1926	Miss K. REED	April, 1922	TUNISIA	
Doña D. PADILLA	Dec., 1922	ALGERIA		Tunis	
Miss G. DAVIES	Oct., 1925	Cherchell		Mr. A. V. LILEY	July, 1885
Casablanca		Miss K. W. JOHNSTON	Jan., 1892	Mrs. LILEY	July, 1913
Miss C. S. JENNINGS	Mar., 1887	Miss E. TURNER	Jan., 1892	Mr. E. E. SHORT	Feb., 1899
Miss F. M. BANKS	May, 1888	Miss H. KENWORTHY	Nov., 1910	Mrs. SHORT	Oct., 1899
Mr. C. C. GABRIEL	Dec., 1919	Miss L. R. WHOLMAN	April, 1922	Miss H. M. M. TAPP	Oct., 1903
Mrs. GABRIEL	Feb., 1920	Miss D. POVOAS	Nov., 1922	Mr. C. MORRISS	Oct., 1924
Miss M. W. ROSS	Nov., 1920	Miss H. SMITH	Mar., 1926	Miss A. CLACK	Jan., 1924
Miss BLANCHE ELLIS	Oct., 1926	Miss C. STUCK	Mar., 1925	<i>Italian Work—</i>	
Mr. ERIC G. FISK	Oct., 1926	Algiers		Miss G. E. PETTER	Oct., 1913
Tetuan		<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		Miss K. M. E. GOTELEE	April, 1920
Miss A. G. HUBBARD	Oct., 1891	Mons. E. CUENDET	Sept., 1884	Miss J. E. MARTIN	Oct., 1922
Miss A. M. KNIGHT	Oct., 1899	Madame CUENDET	Sept., 1885	SIGNOR A. FINOTTO	Oct., 1923
<i>Spanish Work—</i>		Mrs. A. ROSS	Nov., 1902	Signora FINOTTO	Oct., 1923
Miss E. HIGBID	April, 1921	Miss D. OAKLEY	Nov., 1921	Nabeul	
Miss E. HARMAN	Oct., 1921	Djemâa Sahridj		Mrs. GAMATI	Oct., 1888
Settat		<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		Kalrouan	
Miss E. K. ALDRIDGE	Dec., 1891	Miss E. J. C. COX	May, 1887	Miss I. M. DAVIS	Oct., 1920
Mrs. E. L. FISHER	Oct., 1922	Miss K. S. SMITH	May, 1887	Miss E. M. TILNEY	Mar., 1920
Fez		Mlle. E. M. S. DEGENKOLW	Oct., 1913	Mr. E. J. LONG	Feb., 1923
Miss S. M. DENISON	Nov., 1893	Miss M. WIDMER	Nov., 1920	Mrs. LONG	Jan., 1924
Miss I. C. DE LA CAMP	Jan., 1897	Mekla		Sfax	
Miss L. F. EVANS	Nov., 1921	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		Mrs. F. M. WEBB	Oct., 1899
Miss L. A. Y. MEYER	Oct., 1925	Mr. A. G. WILLSON	Oct., 1922	Mr. R. S. MILES	April, 1921
Miss D. M. SMITH	Oct., 1926	Mrs. WILLSON	Oct., 1922	Mrs. MILES	April, 1926
Taza		Mr. R. TWADDLE	Oct., 1924	TRIPOLI	
Miss F. E. S. MARSTON	Nov., 1895	Azazga		Mr. W. REID	Dec., 1892
Miss A. CHAPMAN	Oct., 1911	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		PARIS	
Rabat		Mr. S. ARTHUR	Dec., 1913	Mr. T. J. P. WARREN	Feb., 1911
Mrs. F. K. ROBERTS	Dec., 1896	Mrs. ARTHUR	Sept., 1923	Mrs. WARREN	Feb., 1911
Miss E. CRAIGS	Oct., 1912	Miss L. M. FISON	Nov., 1916	Mons. E. BLANDENIER	Feb., 1925
Miss I. DEW	Feb., 1924	Mr. C. R. MARSH	Oct., 1925		

AT HOME.—Mrs. BOLTON, Miss A. BOLTON, Miss R. COLLINGS, Miss C. ELLIOT, Miss R. O. HODGES (*Egypt*), Miss L. READ, Mrs. REID, Miss THOMASSEN (*Norway*). *New Workers*, Miss P. LAMB (*Language Study at Tabarouth*), Miss EVA HEATH.