

# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 3

MONTREAL, JANUARY 16, 1903.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

## A Missionary Killed.

Mr. F. Weiss, of the American Mission, Tangier, Morocco, writes to the 'Christian Herald,' New York, under date Oct. 21.

I enclose a picture of Mr. Cooper, a missionary of the North African Mission, who was shot in the city of Fez, by a fanatical Moor, four days ago. Mr. Cooper left Tangier with his wife and two children about three weeks ago, having spent the summer months here, resting. It was here in Tangier that we first met Mr. and Mrs. Cooper. They were truly a blessing to Morocco, and were greatly beloved by all who knew them.

Mr. Cooper's talks to us were heart stirring, and especially his last talk before

ter two hours of great agony, the devoted missionary passed peacefully away.

After the assassination, the fanatic ran back to the mosque for refuge. This mosque is considered by the Mohammedans a very holy place. Murderers, thieves and all sorts of criminals go there to find sanctuary, and no one can touch them while there. When this case was told to the Sultan, he immediately sent his soldiers to the mosque and brought forth the murderer, something never known to have been done before. Then he ordered him to be placed upon a horse and taken through all the streets of the city, to make him an example to the people. After this was done, the murderer was shot dead by the Sultan's soldiers.

It was a great shock to Mrs. Cooper, who is now bereft of her husband, and left with

## God's Dealings With a Late Learner.

(Rev. W. A. Mason, D.D., Amarillo, Texas, in 'The Faithful Witness.')

I was once of the opinion, that the age of miracles was past, and that I might not expect answers to prayers, that involved Divine interposition of a supernatural kind. I had been a regular pastor for six years. In 1876 a daughter of a member of my church was taken with haematuria, a deadly form of malaria disease. As was common with that disease, she went straight in the direction of death. Late one Sunday afternoon word came to me that she was dying. I hastened to the house, and met the physician, who was a conscientious, praying Christian, coming out of the front door. He told me that the girl would not survive more than an hour or two. As I entered the sick room, I felt that I was in the presence of death. All present were waiting for the last breath. Suppression of all secretions, deadly nausea and other symptoms, told that blood poisoning had set in. I stayed a few minutes, and, having to leave to be at the evening service, I bade this sick girl good-bye never expecting to see her alive again. Her mother followed me to the door, and said about this to me: 'Brother Mason, God can do anything, can you not ask him to cure Lena? Tell him that if he takes her I will not be rebellious, I know it will be best; but ask him if he cannot spare her to me: I have had so much trouble; brother Mason, don't you think you can ask him for me?'

I had just come from what seemed to me the death chamber where I saw this girl in the last agony, as I thought. Could I believe that God could or would intervene? I answered the mother, 'Sister, I will ask the Lord to lead me in this matter, and if I can, I will ask him to raise Lena up.' I went hurriedly from the house to the church. All through the service the plaintive urgency of that mother's words sounded in my ears and in my heart. When service was over I went to my room alone. There seemed to be a petitioner at the door of my heart appealing to me in the words, 'can't you ask him to cure Lena?' I was very unhappy; I felt a great responsibility laid on me. In this condition I sat down with the intention of settling the matter one way or another. I asked as in the presence of my own heart and God, 'Can I ask God for this miracle?' I shall never forget what followed. A conviction seized my heart to its deepest depth, I had not the least doubt that God could heal the girl. I fell on my knees and made my request in the name of the sympathizing, wonderworking Christ, who holds the 'keys of death and of hades.' My prayer was short. I rose from my knees as firmly convinced that the child was cured as if I had seen it. I could feel no other way. I went to sleep peacefully, with the impression that I had been in the closest touch with God.

But more, as I arose from my knees the clock struck eight. I noticed it. I arose



MR. COOPER, THE MISSIONARY MARTYR AT FEZ.

The photograph shows him talking to a native in the mission doorway.

leaving Tangier for Fez. When the news came of his death, our girls wept as though their hearts would break. He was much loved by the children. He had labored six years as a missionary in this land. He had arrived in Fez only four days before this sad event. On that day, he and two native colporteurs went to the marketplace to buy some matting for the floor of their new Mission home. While they were purchasing the articles, out rushed a fanatical Moor from Manli Adree's mosque. Instantly pulling a revolver from underneath his gelab (coat), he shot Mr. Cooper in the abdomen. The latter fell, but was quickly picked up by four men and carried to the mission house. Medical help was summoned—a doctor and a dentist—but af-

two little ones, one a babe of six months. She is a very devoted Christian. We all sympathize with her.

We have been informed later that all the Christian workers in Fez had been ordered to leave at once, as the more fanatical portion of the natives are in a great state of tumult, and are stirred up by the Sultan showing protection to the foreigners and causing the murderer to be brought from the mosque and publicly killed as a punishment for doing just what they claim to be their religious duty to do. Dear readers, pray for the missionaries here, and that thousands of souls may be brought from darkness into light and from the power of Satan unto God through the sacrifice of the life of this departed brother.