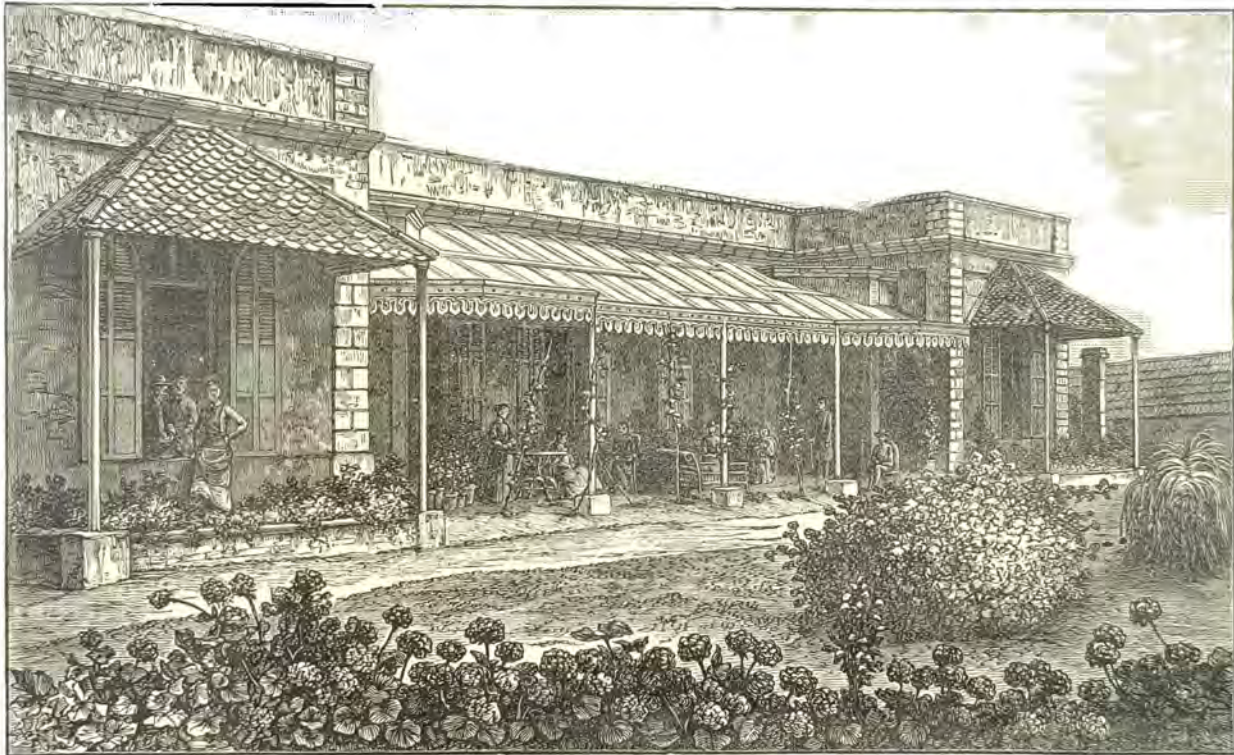


MISSION TO THE KABYLES

AND OTHER BERBER RACES

OF

NORTH AFRICA.



SOUTH VIEW OF HOPE HOUSE, TANGIER, MOROCCO.

OCCASIONAL PAPER.— DECEMBER, 1884.

CONTENTS:—

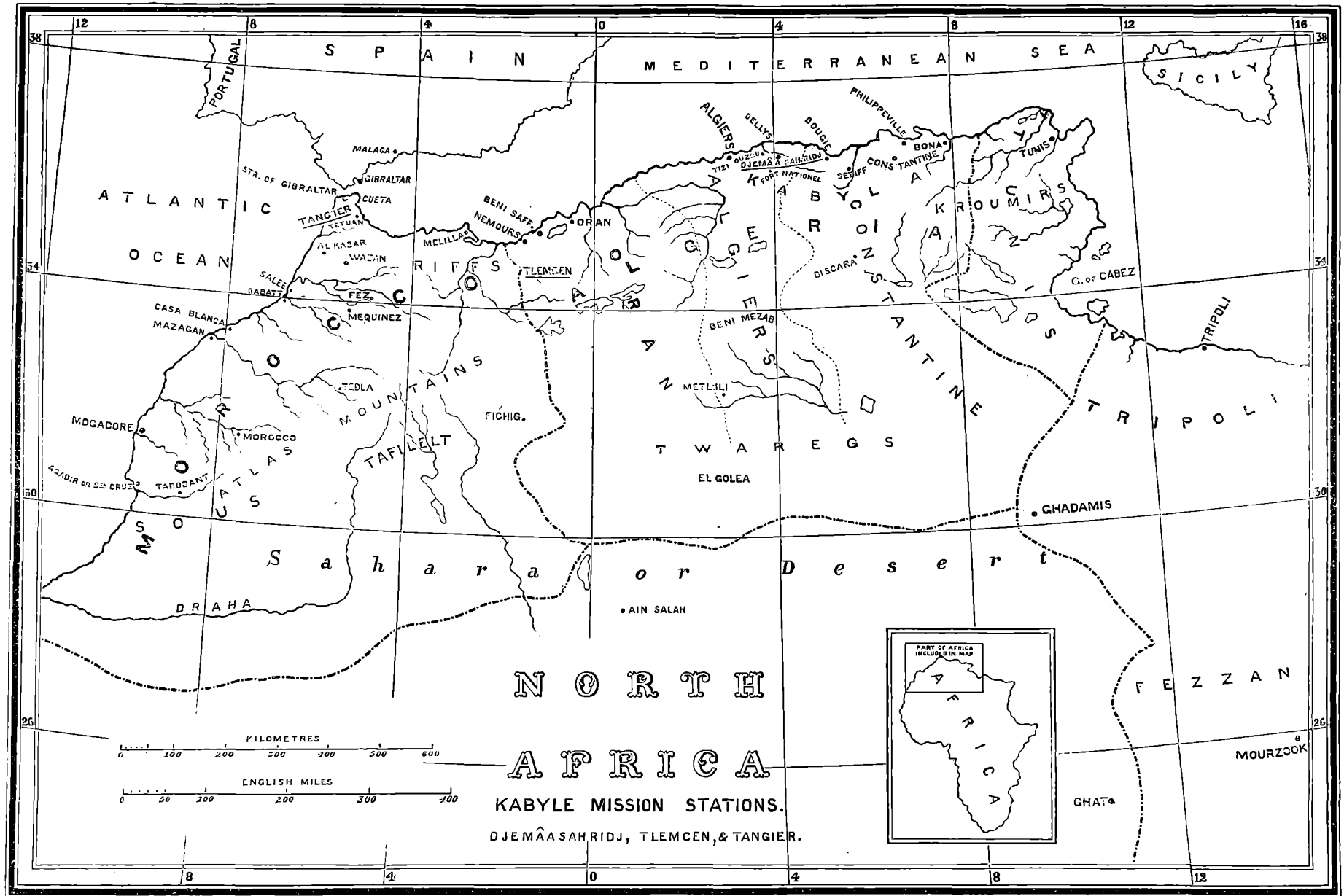
Illustration of Hope House, Tangier ...	1	Illustration of Kabyles Crossing River	9
Map of North Africa	2	News from } Djemaa Sahridj.....	10
Facts about North Africa	3	the Mission } Tlemcen	11
Funds.....	4	Stations } Tangier	12
Who will go?	4	From Tangier to Laratch. By MRS.	
Your Labour is not in vain	5	MACKINTOSH	13
Map of Kabylia	6	Character and Aims of the Mission ...	15
A Visit to Algeria and the Sahara. By		Illustration of Hope House.....	16
G. WILMOT-BROOKE	7	Council of the Mission	16

LONDON:—

EDWARD H. GLENNY, LINTON ROAD, BARKING.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

MISSION TO THE KABYLES AND OTHER BERBER RACES OF NORTH AFRICA.



FACTS ABOUT NORTH AFRICA.

BESIDE Egypt in the North East, North Africa consists of the following countries, *Tripoli*, *Tunis*, *Algeria*, *Morocco*, and the *Sahara*, and has an extent of 3,300,000 square miles, which is more than British India and China Proper together, and a population of from 12,000,000 to 17,000,000.

TRIPOLI

is a Vilayet or province of the Ottoman Empire. Its Governor General, Ahmed Rassim Pasha, was appointed in November 1881. Its extent is about 345,000 square miles, nearly seven times the size of England. It has a population of about 1,200,000. The capital, *Tripoli*, has a population of about 25,000 or 30,000.

On the occasion of the second great Arab immigration from the East, in the eleventh century, the Berber tribes on the coast, to escape the foreign yoke retired inland to the Oases, and have there preserved their rude liberty and ancient language in comparative purity till the present day.

As far as we know there is no *Missionary or Protestant Minister in this country*, though there are a number of Roman Catholics. The Bible Society has attempted work there, but has not as yet succeeded.

TUNIS

was formerly a tributary province of the Ottoman Empire, it may now be considered an informally annexed dependency of France, nominally under the dominion of the Bey, but in reality under the control of a French Resident. Its extent is 45,000 square miles, and its population is about 1,500,000. The chief town, *Tunis*, has a population of 125,000, of whom 30,000 are Jews, and 20,000 nominal Christians, 8,000 being Maltese, who are British subjects. Near it on the east are the ruins of Carthage, which once rivaled Rome, and was the brightest centre of Christian light in the then world.

The Berbers abound on the mountains nearly all over the country, and even extend to the Island of Jerba, not far from the frontier of Tripoli. The Bible Society has a Colporteur labouring in the country, but among the Berbers nothing has been attempted.

ALGERIA

is the most advanced of all the countries of North Africa, having been held by the French since 1830, and is now after many severe campaigns and the expenditure of an immense sum of money, thoroughly subject to their rule.

It has many good roads, and will before long have 1,000 miles of railways.

Its extent is 160,000 square miles, or three times the size of England, and its population about 3,500,000, of whom towards 3,000,000 are natives. A great many of these are Berbers, and nine dialects of the Berber language are spoken.

Among the Europeans there are a few Protestant Pastors, but in many cases even the Protestants are without any religious teachers. Among the Berbers and Arabs up till 1880, nothing had been done. In 1881, the *Mission to the Kabyles*, who are a section of the Berbers, was begun, and it has now five Missionaries among the Berbers of Algeria, and there are beside two other independent Missionaries, who were helped out through it, as well as Mr. Geo. Pearse and his wife, who began the work.

At least seven districts, in each of which a distinct Berber dialect is spoken, remains unevangelised. There are also many Arabs and Europeans willing to hear the Gospel, but, oh, so few to tell them. Who will go?

The Bible Society has done a good work during the last three years, appointing Mr. Lowitz, a man of long experience, from whom we have received great kindness, opening a depôt in Algiers, and employing several Colporteurs.

Mr. McAll has also begun work among the French in Algiers.

MOROCCO

has an extent of about 260,000 square miles, and a population estimated from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000. It is governed, or rather mis-governed by a Sultan, whose name is Mulai Hassan, he succeeded to the throne September 20th, 1873. It is divided into 33 districts, each of which are under the superintendence of a Caid. The semi-independent hill tribes are ruled by their own chiefs, and scarcely acknowledge the authority of the Sultan.

The mountains and valleys of the north of Morocco extending to Algeria, are inhabited by a section of the Berbers known as Riffs, and the Atlas mountains, some of which are 13,000 feet high, are also inhabited by the same race, though in the south, where they are very numerous, they speak another dialect, and are called Sus or Shlus. Probably there are about 3,000,000 of Berbers in Morocco. Up to the close of 1882 there was no Missionary in Morocco save Mr. Ginsburg, at Mogadore, who labours among the Jews, of whom there are 200,000 in Morocco. Then Mr. W. Mackintosh offered himself to the Bible Society, who sent him to pioneer in the country. At the close of 1883, Mr. Mackintosh went again to Morocco, and is now the regular agent of the Bible Society for that country, and has a Colporteur under him.

At the close of 1883, "The Kabyle Mission" obtained premises in Tangier, Morocco, and has now four Missionaries labouring there.

There are wonderful openings to tell out the Gospel in this unhappy country, but at present, oh, so few witnesses for Christ.

THE SAHARA

can hardly be called a country, the term means the desert, but though a desert there are parts of it that are capable of cultivation and suited for flocks and herds. Parts of Tripoli, Algeria and Morocco are desert, but beside that the Sahara extends over 2,500,000 square miles, or about 45 times the extent of England, or half as large again as Europe without Russia. As to its population we have no definite knowledge, but it is not very great. Its inhabitants are principally Twaregs or Twaricks, a branch of the Berber family, and they spread down to the River Senegal, and probably some of them reside in Timbuctoo. At present they have no Missionaries, though they are said to have asked for one. Very few Europeans have ever crossed the Sahara.

FUNDS.

IF God calls us to undertake any service for Him, will He not supply the funds that are needed to carry it on? We believe He will, at any rate this has been our experience in this Mission. We do not, however, think that the belief in God's fatherly care is a reason for us to cease from making known those needs of His work in our hands, whether those needs be men, money, or anything else, but on the contrary, the promises and character of God are the most powerful incentives to our prayers and our efforts.

Since the 1st May we have received and spent about twelve hundred pounds, half of which was used in further payment for the Mission House in Tangier, on which we have four hundred pounds still to pay to the vendor, which we hope the Lord's servants will enable us to do before the close of the year. During the past few months we have often been very short of money, in fact nearly always so. About the end of October we had only six shillings and tenpence in hand, but God sent in the needed help, and all claims were met and the usual amounts were sent to the brethren in the field though rather later than usual. In November again it was the same, day after day we waited upon God and no donations came, and it was necessary to send money to each of the stations, at last on the 25th

we received £50, which enabled us to send enough to keep our friends out of debt for a time. Sometimes as we have thought of the Christians in various parts of the country who know of the work, we have wondered that some of them did not send us help, even though trade was dull, and then again we have remembered that we must look to God, and though we may not, for reasons we may be ignorant of, receive help from those we might expect, in His own way, the Lord will provide. We have found the exercise of faith and patience to be profitable, and thank God for it, though it has sometimes been very painful. We would seek your prayers that our faith as well as our cash fail not. As the number of Missionaries increase of course the expenses increase also. Our circle of donors and friends is not large, and we would gladly have it widened. One way in which this can be done is *by procuring a few copies of this paper and giving them to those likely to be interested.* Another is *by reading parts of this paper at prayer meetings or working meetings.* A third is *by procuring one of our collecting boxes, which we have had prepared, and are now ready to send to those who desire to have them.* Many other ways will occur to those whose hearts are interested in this work. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Sec., 21, Linton Road, Barking, Essex, who will return a numbered receipt.

WHO WILL GO?

THE more we learn of North Africa and its inhabitants, the more do we feel the pressing need of more labourers. Mr. Cust, in his valuable "Modern Languages of Africa," gives a list of nine Berber languages, seven of which are still used. The Kabyle, which is one of these he divides into nine dialects, and Twareg into four, most of the others are not sufficiently known to be able to distinguish the differences that exist, but doubtless they will be found like the Kabyle to have considerable variations.

In order to obey the command of our Lord to preach the Gospel to every creature, it will be necessary to send Missionaries to each of the Berber races having a different language or distinct dialect. Even the dialects are so different that in some cases a person speaking one would be imperfectly if at all understood by another. These facts, and the vast

extent of country over which the people are spread, call for many labourers if these people are to hear the word, and call for them *quickly* if they are to hear it before they die. What are we to do? Shall we obey the Lord's command and go, or leave them to perish in their sins? This is a personal matter, let each one ask the Lord, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" We know that all are not called to go to North Africa, but we know equally well that all are not called to stay at home.

"Shall we leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming, call them in."

It is three years since Mr. George Pearse took out the first Missionaries, and though he is nearly seventy years of age, he is frequently travelling in different parts making known the Gospel and recording the result of his enquiries through the press in order to stir up an interest among Christians at home.

A few Missionaries have gone forth as the result of the appeals he and others have made, but we know of sixteen districts, some very large, each having a different dialect, to whom no Missionary has been sent. *We desire to see Missionaries in each of these districts without delay*, as well as more in those already occupied. Those who go to these districts should not be novices, for the work needs much grace and wisdom, those with less experience could follow and help, but the forerunners should be first-class men, such as people say *can't be spared*

from home. Several ladies have offered themselves, and we hope to be able to find spheres for them to labour in, in the stations already established, and in some other places by themselves. We need, however, God prepared *men* for these new districts. Are there not some who will offer their services for these new fields?

If God permits, I hope to visit each of the stations in the early part of next year, and also find the best spots where new ones may be established.

E. H. GLENNY.

“YOUR LABOUR IS NOT IN VAIN IN THE LORD.”

I. CORINTHIANS XV., 58.

NOW very comforting is the truth contained in these words of inspiration. Their position in the Apostle's letter to the Corinthians is in itself very striking, coming in as it does at the close of those weighty statements, regarding the resurrection. Having proved the resurrection on the ground of Christ's own resurrection, and having shown that there will be degrees of honour in the heavenly state; he sums up all by urging the Corinthians to unflagging, unremitting service. “Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.” “Not in vain.” Ah! how blessed it is to be thus assured by the Lord of the Harvest Himself, that “Our labour is not in vain in the Lord.” To the eye of sense, how often do words, and kind deeds also, seem in vain. How frequently do we judge of things before the time, and say “It seems as if my labour was in vain;” for where are the fruits? Where are the converts that I looked for? Where is the return one might expect to see for all the expenditure of time and money? But we must not judge of things thus, for who does not know that much time money and labour is expended on the building of some handsome structure, in laying the foundation, which is never seen. He who admires the handsome edifice when the last touch has been given to it, and when the scaffolding has been removed, must not forget that the stability of the building depends on that part of it which, though lost to sight, cost much pains and money.

Again, he who admires acres of waving grain, must not forget that this is not simply the result of the sower and the seed, but recall those acres as once they were, covered with stones, which required weary days of hard labour to

gather out, before the land could be ploughed and manured, much less sown and made to produce the precious grain, which now in waving ears meets the eye of the beholder on all sides.

Is it therefore in vain that we seek to remove the stones and plough in the manure? Is it in vain that we try to alleviate the pains of suffering humanity by using what means lie in our power? Is it in vain that we endeavour to shew people that we love them by practical deeds of kindness when our words seem to fall like seed upon the rock? No! He who judges not as man judges, He who Himself knew by painful experience what was in man, says, “Your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

Some friends of Foreign Missions know not or take not time to consider the nature of the soil, especially in a Mohammedan country, else they would allow more time to solitary labourers who are in these fields, ere they ask about conversions, etc. I wonder how many of the thousands lately converted in our own country through the reaping of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, were the results of years of previous labour, when the ploughshare of personal affliction or bereavement prepared the soil, while pastors and evangelists sowed the seed, which it may be, was often watered by a mother's tears and prayers.

Conversions we aim at, but we must use the pebbles of kindness and forbearance to strike down the foe, before we can, like David, use the sword to cut off his head. Thus would I seek to comfort myself and others with these words of Holy writ: “Your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

A. S. LAMB,

Djemaâ Sahridj.

Missionary.

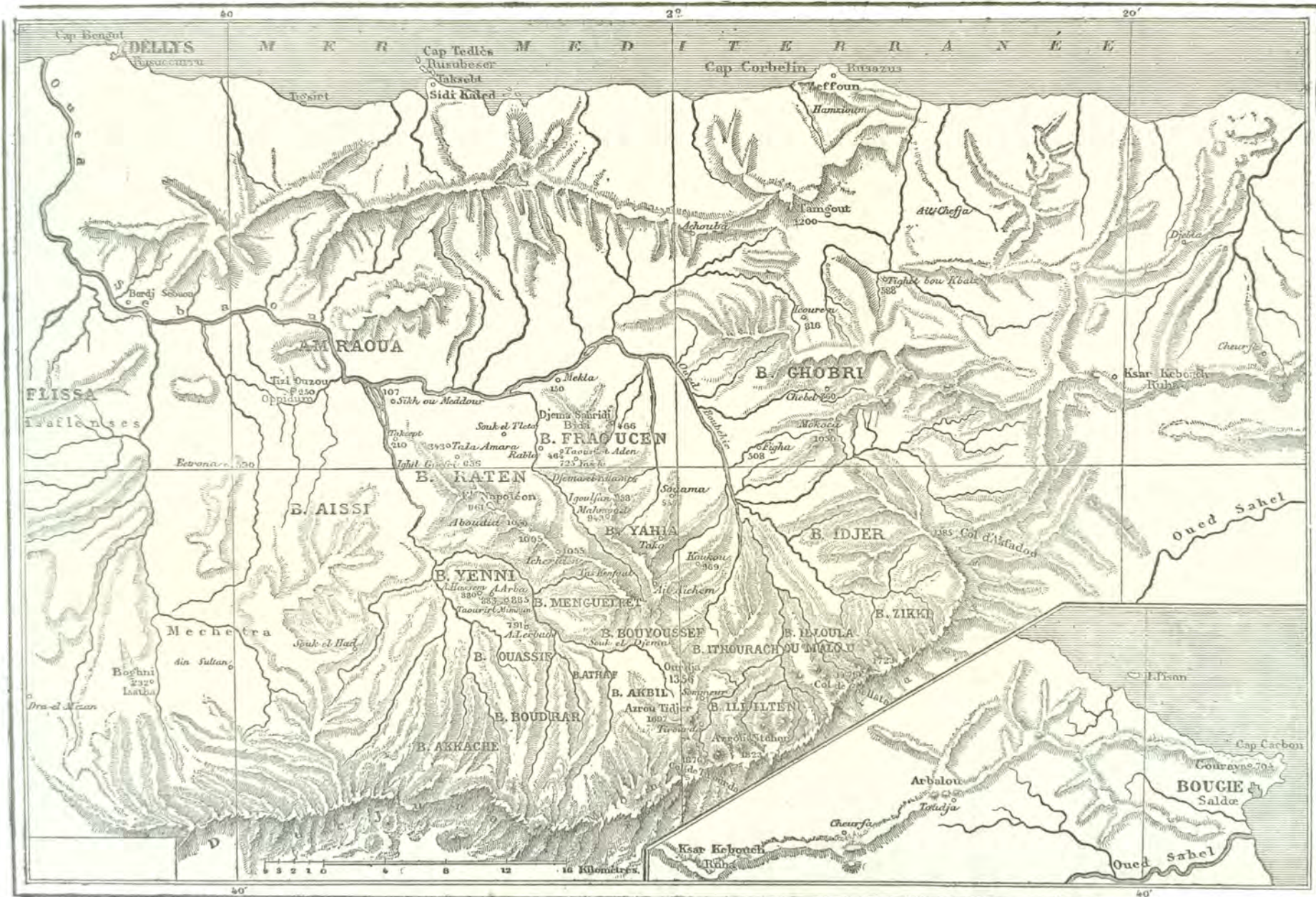
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE PEARSE have been pioneering in Eastern Kabylia, etc., and have given accounts of their travels in “The Christian.” They have now returned to L'Agha, Algiers, and are continuing their work there.

MR. LOWITZ, OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY, has gone to Tunis to arrange Colportage and dépôt work for the Society.

MISS E. HERDMAN is expecting to go to labour in the city of Algiers shortly.

MISS GILLARD is still labouring at Mekla, and the neighbourhood, near Djemaâ Sahridj.

MR. HERMAN KRÜGER and his wife are now in Algeria as the representatives of the “Paris Evangelical Mission Society.” They are making enquiries as to what has been done and what further may be done to carry the Gospel to the Berbers and Arabs of Algeria. We wish them God speed.



MAP OF KABYLIA.

Tizi Ouzou, or the gorge of the broom plant, is about 65 miles east of Algiers, at the point where the River Sebou turns to the north. From there Mr. Brooke travelled up the river 10 or 12 miles, and turning to the left through Mekla went up to Djemaâ Sahridj Mission Station. Taureth Adhen is below Djemaâ Sahridj on the Map to the left. Azazga should be on the north of the Sebou, opposite D.S. Azeffou is called Zeffoun, and is near the coast by Cape Corbelin, about 80 miles from Algiers by sea. The population of Kabylia is denser than that of France.

A VISIT TO ALGERIA & THE SAHARA.

IN August last, our friend, Mr. Graham Wilmot-Brooke, who is a nephew of Rob Roy of canoeing fame, visited North Africa, and went alone a considerable distance into the Sahara. As he is under twenty years of age, we think he has shown a pluck worthy of his uncle. He hopes some day to go to Central Africa in the service of Christ, and thought this holiday trip in the North might give him valuable experience, especially if he went alone. He has sent us an interesting account of his visit, from which we extract the following:—

ALONG the bottom of the town of Algiers on the little level strip between the hill and the parade, overlooking the quays, are two or three magnificent French streets worthy of Paris. The side of the hill is covered with the native quarter where the streets barely permit two laden donkeys to pass each other on account of their narrowness, and render any wheeled traffic impossible on account of their steepness. Over head the houses frequently almost touch each other in mid-air. From Algiers a steamer takes one in some twenty-four hours along the coast past the glorious mountains of Kabylia to Philippeville, and from there four hours in a train brings one to Constantine. Perched on the flat top of a gigantic scarped rock, this wonderfully placed city is half surrounded by a tremendous precipice. The Arabs, or Moors as they are called when they live in towns, who live here have deteriorated considerably from contact with the godless civilization of France. Those who wish to obey Christ's last most urgent command about preaching to all nations for a witness, and who are yet deterred from going to wilder parts by delicate health, or an unwillingness to expose their lives to excessive risk, can step from a comfortable hotel or lodging, and walk one hundred yards down a fine French street, turn down a side alley and find themselves in the midst of a native quarter containing thousands of Mohammedans who are ignorant of the bare existence of the Bible, not to speak of its contents.

If we do not count the Jews, native life in Algeria may be divided into four great types. First,

THE TOWN ARABS, OR MOORS,

wearing turbans finely embroidered, short open jackets, very full trousers, and frequently silk stockings, engaged in manufacturing and trading only. Second,

THE NOMAD ARABS,

dressed in white flowing robes with bare legs and arms, the hoods of their two or three burnouses thrown back, and their head face and neck wound about with loose folds of muslin bound on the head with a little coil of camel's hair rope. Mounted on their much enduring camels, or indefatigable horses, they are always moving to and fro over vast tracts of country, sometimes with large flocks of goats and sheep, but often confining themselves entirely to doing the carrying trade of the country. The fact of their having no home but the tent of woven palm fibres, which the camel carries, the uncertainty of their movements, and their intense dislike to the presence of strangers in their midst, all would combine to make the work of evangelizing them a matter of supreme difficulty. Third, we have

THE VILLAGE ARABS,

living in clusters of mud huts in the oases, and solely engaged in the cultivation of the date palm for landlords generally belonging to Nomad tribes. Every day in the

desert one sees the old story illustrated:—"A certain man planted a vineyard and let it forth to husbandmen, and went into a far country for a long time, and at the season he sent a servant to the husbandmen that they should give him of the fruit." Substitute palm garden for vineyard and you have the description of an every day event in Saharan life, the servant bringing camels and carrying off four-fifths of the dates to the north, leaving one fifth as wages to the cultivators. Through these village Arabs alone, I feel convinced, can the wandering tribes be reached. Fourth, we come to

THE KABYLES OR BERBERS,

the original inhabitants, descendants of the old Numidians, made Mohammedans by force at the Arab invasion. They are hard working and comparatively free from fanaticism, dwelling in huts of stone scattered thickly over the steep slopes of the mountains, where they cultivate the olive, fig, corn, etc.

ON LEAVING CONSTANTINE

for the south the road leads across a succession of small plains, bounded by low bare hills, and linked together by narrow valleys. On each side of the road may be seen numerous *dwars*, the camps of the wandering Arabs. Among the small tamarisk scrub that clothes the bare flat plains are from ten to a hundred low black tents made of a cloth of camel's hair, or even of the fibres of palm roots. Among the tents stray some score of camels browsing on the low bushes, and while the men, dressed invariably in the white burnouses, sit about idle, the women, dressed in long flowing garments and heavy turbans of dark blue linen, dig up roots for fuel, make the fires and cook the flour which they have been grinding with great labour between two stones. Many of the *dwars* that one meets are on the march, their tents rolled up and slung on the camels, which walk along very leisurely munching the herbage as they go; the men walk slowly alongside as do most of the women, the remainder sitting enthroned in gaudy tents of scarlet, or blue linen, on the camels' humps. A few horses with high peaked saddles of crimson leather and shovel stirrups, often carry the chiefs of the party, and a few donkeys are generally seen helping with the baggage, often with fowls, or perhaps a sick goat standing on their backs as they toddle along.

After about twenty hours slow driving from Constantine one approaches the limits of the Tell, or corn growing plains that bound the Sahara on the north, and plunging down in a wild dreary glen of bare red rock one reaches the gorge of El Kantara, the "Golden gate of the desert."

Some thirty miles within the desert the road ends at the little town of

BISKRA,

a French colony built in a semi-Arab style in one of a small number of oases of dense masses of dark green date palms, looking very beautiful in contrast to the red gravel plain. It was from here that I started for a nine days' expedition

AMONG THE BEDOUINS.

Mounted on a grey Arab horse with the usual high crimson saddle and big stirrups, I was accompanied by a guide on a mule with large straw panniers, holding our luggage, loaves, onions, cooking tins, etc. Over all this a brilliant rug was thrown, and on the top of this mountain the Arab sat. We were both armed with revolvers which we wore ostentatiously, thereby on two occasions escaping molestation. The

LIFE IN THE DESERT

was much the same every day. A travelling day was as follows: The night was spent in a caravanserail, generally a building of sun dried brick and plaster, and usually surrounding a central courtyard. In this case there would be no opening outside but the ponderous gate and the narrow loopholes for muskets, which convert the place into a strong fort in times of disturbance. The rooms are brick-floored, of course without any furniture whatever. On the bricks the Arab spread his gaudy rug and slept with his head against the door so that anyone opening it must awake him. I crawled into a blanket bag with my shoes wrapped round with my stockings as a pillow; mice, large black ants and fat crickets crawled over me, and bats came in at the window and fluttered about the ceiling, but I soon got inured to it. One of the Arabs hanging about the place kept watch all night outside to see that thieves did not march off with the horses or baggage, for which he received the vast sum of tenpence. As we went to bed early one of us was always awake between three or four and woke the other. A fire was lit in a corner of the room or on the sand outside, and a tin of water from the goatskin boiled to make chocolate. This and a hunch of bread constituted breakfast, and shortly after four we started off by the light of the stars. After a couple of hours of somewhat weary tramp across the gravel, the sun would rise and reveal the vast red plain dotted with tamarisk, but without a sign of life except partridges and pigeons. At intervals of two or three hours some tiny black dots would be seen in the distance, which, on nearer inspection, turned out to be a large flock of goats and sheep wandering along in the charge of a couple of Arab shepherds, or else a caravan of camels, journeying slowly northwards with their load of dates for the Biskra market. About midday we generally reached some well, round which would be some

ARABS RESTING,

armed, as all are here, with long knives slung round their necks, long muskets over their shoulders, and heavy swords slung on the saddles under the left leg. After a rest of two or three hours we pushed on again over the same red plain, usually chatting for a few minutes with the caravans which we pass, and reaching our destination about an hour after dark. This kind of life though sounding very dull when so briefly described yet gave very good opportunities for seeing the Bedaween at home, and for studying their habits. The life of the Nomads is a very lazy one, as soon as the low black tents are pitched, and the camels turned loose, the men have nothing to do but sit idle, chatting.

THE VILLAGE ARABS

are different. The oases in which they live are dense palm-groves, often a mile in diameter, completely surrounded by a low mud wall some four feet high, they divide the whole oasis into little square gardens some ten yards wide. Down the middle of each runs a little ditch with branches running round the roots of the palms. The keeping of these irrigation ditches in order gives some employment to the men, who must also pluck such of the dates as grow ripe before the harvest.

The village goats too have to be driven out into the desert morning and night, and the innumerable mud walls kept in repair. When work is done the families adjourn to their

gardens and sit under the shade of the palms. The village is built in a compact mass, not scattered through the oasis, the houses are entirely of mud, flatroofed and about ten feet high, inside they are fairly clean. After five days spent in travelling, and four in an oasis, I returned to Biskra and thence started north to have a glimpse of

THE KABYLES.

The railway journey from Constantine leads through Setif, and the great corn growing plain which supplies all this part of the country with cereals. The vast plain is only broken by the dotted tents of the Arabs and their numerous camels, and now and then a tiny dark green clump of poplars round a little French farm.

Towards the head of the valley the hills close in and soon the train is winding in and out among them, over hard stony soil, on which the camel must be replaced by the mule. Here the railway ends and we prepare for a long night's journey by diligence.

The morning dawn reveals a new world, the red brown glaring valley with its camels and its tents is gone, and around are wooded hills, wooded valleys, magnificent gorges, fresh green bushes, and even trickling mountain streams. On the precipitous spurs of the hills wherever a good defensive position offers itself, are perched the Kabyle villages with red roofed white walled huts.

In this country and among these people is one of

THE STATIONS OF THE KABYLE MISSION,

to visit which I had extended my tour to this part of the country.

Forty-eight hours after my leaving Constantine I started from Tizi Ouzou for a four hours' ride to the Mission Station up in the mountains. I had a mule for myself and another between the two Kabyles, who acted as guides; at first the road led along the side of the mountains, then we descended into a broad flat valley, the bottom exactly like an English common, with a broad stream, now shrunken by drought and shallow, flowing in winding curves along it; on either hand mountains dotted over with Kabyle villages towered up into the sky, and glancing up some of the gorges as we passed them we had glimpses of jagged pinnacles and black steep faces of rock which surpass anything I have ever seen. As we mounted up these from the valley the heat was excessive, but a cloth wetted as we forded the river wrapped round face head and neck, gave some relief. We went over the yellow hills and green wooded mountain sides through a trim little French village, past fresh looking Kabyle gardens, with each owner sitting under his own vine and fig tree, through long shady lanes, which at last opened on a small open space surrounded by huts. In the middle was a fountain, from which streams ran down hill to the houses, and around it sat the usual groups of dignified white-robed idlers; this was Djemaâ Sahridj. We had, it appeared, overshot the Mission house, and had to retrace our steps. We learnt from a Kabyle, who came to the door, that Mr. Lamb and Mr. Cuendet were out but would soon return. The unaffected look of pleasure on this man's face, on hearing that I was English, showed the impression of the English they had received from those they had known. Here, I take the opportunity of recording my deep sense of gratitude for the warm hospitality and kindness which I received there, first from Mrs. Lamb and later from Mr. Lamb when he returned. Mrs. Lamb's kindness to my guides so won their hearts that the elder of the two continually shook hands with me during the rest of the day, in his delight at having been brought to such a place. This was the last day of a feast to commemorate the offering up of Isaac, and we had

AN INVITATION OUT TO DINNER.

Till the time for that came I rested, as I had not lain

down for two days and a half. I was awakened by music and singing. My two guides, with eight or ten others, were standing round while Mr. Lamb and Mr. Cuendet sang some Gospel hymn in Kabyle, read some Scripture, and sang again.

It was moonlight as we started off to dinner up the dark bit of lane to the village, through the white ghost-like groups of idlers chattering round the fountain, in among the huts, stumbling and splashing down the dark alleys till we stopped before a low doorway and, stooping, entered one by one. The inside, originally about fourteen feet square, is reduced to nine by immense earthen jars round the walls containing figs, corn, etc., for winter store. The light of a single olive oil lamp shows the floor covered with a large straw mat, round which the family sit in a ring. The lamp is first trimmed by one of the women tearing a strip from her dress to form a new wick; then a second places a large dish of cous-cous in the midst, which she pats down with her hand, and finally indents at the top with her fist. Into the little pit so formed a dish of curry is emptied, and a long

wooden spoon handed to each of us, with which we help ourselves from the central dish; finally, a large globe of meat, about the size of a cricket ball, is handed to each, which we must clutch in our left hands and gnaw at, as a child would an orange, and smuggle out of sight as best we can when no one is looking.

The next morning I left for the coast to return next day to England, and never in my whole tour did I leave a place with so much regret as the clean white Mission house, with its lovely surroundings of vine, fig, cactus, olive, eucalyptus, melon gardens, sparkling springs, and towering mountains in the rear.

IN FOUR DAYS I WAS IN LONDON.

How long shall such ignorance be neglected at our doors? No plea of great distance or danger avails here. Tunis, Algeria and Morocco are recommended to invalids. "Go ye and teach *all* nations." "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." "If any man love father or mother more than *me* he is not worthy of me."



KABYLES CROSSING A RIVER.

NEWS FROM THE MISSION STATIONS.

DJEMÂA SAHRIDJ.

Missionaries { MR. A. S. LAMB.
MRS. A. S. LAMB.
MR. E. CUENDET.



THIS is the first Station of the Mission, and was established in 1881 by Mr. Geo. Pearse. It is situated about 80 miles east of Algiers, in the very heart of Kabylia, on a spur of the mountains about 1,500 feet above the sea. Miss Read will join the Missionary party here (D.V.) before the end of the year. Mr. Lamb writes—

Yesterday, October 12th, was the beginning of our second year here, and, looking back, we can say, Ebenezer. I fear that many who look for conversions already in Kabylia may be disappointed when no mention is made of such in these reports. Work here is not at present reaping but sowing. Therefore pray that amid the difficulties which beset our path we may be kept faithful in making known the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Among other

VILLAGES THAT I HAVE VISITED

is Thaliouien, about two hours' distant. Early one morn- I left home, accompanied by the mule driver, a man of most simple and kindly disposition. We left the main road leading to Meckla and entered a beautiful winding path along the side of a mountain, which led up to the village of Taureth Adhen. The scenery was very pretty, as here and there we entered up a ravine in which a refreshing stream flowed, besides which were beautiful specimens of maiden hair ferns. On arriving at Thaliouien the Kabyle, who had arranged my visit, met us and, in a covered entrance, spread a carpet for us to sit on. Soon a company of men and boys, to the number of about thirty, came around asking for medicines, which I supplied them with as far as able from my little store. Some of the boys were most captivating in their appearance, and I felt strongly drawn to them. When I was at leisure for a little I read from my translations of portions of Scriptures and sang to them in Kabyle and English. How they listened, especially the boys. Before leaving, I had to enter the house of the leading man and eat *cous-cous*, etc., which I heartily enjoyed. On the return journey we stopped at Taureth Adhen, where I was quite besieged by mothers, bringing their children troubled with sore eyes, and men with various ailments. I have visited these villages twice and find that in some cases, at any rate, the Lord has blessed the means to bodily cures. Oh, that they may feel the needs of their souls to be equally pressing!

Accompanied by our brother, Mr. E. Cuendet, I have also visited the

FRENCH VILLAGES

Azazga and Azeffoun. The former of these may be seen from our front windows and appears quite easy of access,

but we found it nearly three hours' distant. To save expense in travelling we have of late taken but one mule between us, riding in turns. At the café at Azazga, brother Cuendet had much liberty in speaking to the inmates, with whom, also, he left some French tracts. At almost every turn through the village opportunities occurred to offer tracts and speak of the soul and its need of a Saviour. We visited the French Administrateur, of whose kind disposition we had heard, and, after spending a short time with him, had further opportunities of witnessing for Christ in the village.

On Wednesday, October 8th, we started for Azeffoun, and soon reached the little French village of Freyhah, passing on the way the houses of several colonists that might be visited at some other time. At one of these we were invited to take refreshment, and brother Cuendet was able to speak of the soul's salvation, and was listened to with great interest. Leaving Freyhah, we ascended the mountain, over whose summit, as well as over another mountain, we had to pass before we reached the sea. Stopping for refreshment at a Kabyle village we were joined by the Kabyle President, of Tamdha, who is well instructed in French. He was on his way to Azeffoun to give an account of his district to the French Administrateur there. After he had partaken of some of our refreshments we spoke a little of Jesus Christ and Mohammed. Before we passed on he and one of his attendants accepted copies of the Gospels in Arabic. After resting at another Kabyle café, about three hours from Azeffoun, we pushed on to the summit of the hill and were delighted to see the deep blue of the Mediterranean. Soon after this we caught our first glimpse of Azeffoun with its white houses, which lies in a little from the bay. Securing what humble accommodation we could we refreshed ourselves by a bath in the sea. The next day was a most happy one in the service of the Master. After visiting

AN ENGLISH LADY,

with whom we had pleasant conversation and prayer, we walked about the village conversing with one and another. Among others spoken to were several Kabyles, one of whom knew a little French and acted as interpreter to the rest. He seemed interested and anxious to be informed as to our religious views. Of course as to the death of

their anxiety to know the truth, and the reality of their interest, we are not prepared to say too much. If all we hear from their lips from time to time is the expression of their hearts we should be very much gladdened. This man, who is a Marabout, told me, "I love the Christians." Another, to whom I spoke of Jesus, was full of delight, kissing my hand at almost every remark I made. Certainly we like to see these marks of pleasure, and do sometimes take them as marks of love to us. We also visited the "Administrateur," who seemed very pleased to see us; we had heard of his kind administration. We found several

ISRAELITES,

one of whom received brother Cuendet into his house, and accepted from me the Epistle to the Hebrews in Hebrew. He seemed anxious that we should receive his son under our care and give him further assistance in his education, but, being poor, he could not pay his board. From what we saw of Azeffoun we think a good work might be done among all classes, and would recommend it to your consideration as suitable for a new station.

For our work at Djemaa we should be glad of some good pocket knives, note books, pencils, pens, penholders, marbles, etc., etc., as we desire to give the Kabyles some little treat at Christmas or the new year.

MR. CUENDET WRITES

of the visit to Azeffoun:—"The village has about 250 inhabitants; it is well situated near the sea, but a part of the ground is at present uncultivated; it was difficult to find lodgings, but we got a room in the café where we all three attempted to sleep; as a number of fowls were kept adjoining, and three cocks crowed all night, I did not get much rest.

"On coming back from bathing, in passing near a poor house, I felt constrained to visit the people, and think I

was directed by God. They were so glad to hear me speak of the Gospel, they complained they had

NO 'CURE'

in the village, and soon they would be like beasts. After I had spoken a long time the man told me that he would show me he knew something of religion so he sang me a 'Paternoster and Sancta Domino.' I could scarcely refrain from laughing, for I saw he thought I was a Roman Catholic. After that he said, 'Sir, allow me to ask you something, is there not a commandment in the Bible which says we are not to worship images, but God only, and yet in all our Churches we have Christ and the Virgin represented and we worship them, I think this a great error.' I told him I was not a Roman Catholic, and explained the truth of the Gospel; he recognized that the Protestant Religion was the best, and would not let me go without having some refreshments. He asked me to call on him again. I left a French Gospel, which they were glad to get. In another family a young French woman told us 'if we continue as we are in this village we shall soon become like the heathen.' In a third we found a

SWISS-ITALIAN

with his wife and mother-in-law, and explained the Gospel and prayed with them, and, though very poor, they were glad to give us some coffee. Our hearts were deeply touched at the needs of that village. Of course all these persons I have referred to are far from the truth, but they have a great desire to hear. "I have a nice

SUNDAY SCHOOL, AT MECKLA,

for the French children; they listen very attentively and delight in singing. After Christmas we are to give them a treat, and intend to invite their parents as well. I shall be glad if you can send us some little gifts for them, it would be a great encouragement."

TLEMCCEN.

Missionaries { MR. J. BUREAU.
MR. G. MERCADIER.

Tlemcen is situated 88 miles south-west of the city of Oran, at an elevation of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea; it has a population of about 25,000, about 17,000 of whom are natives, some of them being of Turkish descent, others of Arabic and of Berber; it is also visited by Riffs, who inhabit the mountains to the west near and in Morocco.

Every one has heard of Granada and its Moorish antiquities, but the name of Tlemcen is known to comparatively few, yet it was a contemporary city not less illustrious, with a population of 100,000 or 150,000, renowned for its philosophers and its artists, the seat, equally with the Moorish cities in Spain, of civilization and refinement, of commerce and wealth, the centre of an extensive trade, the capital of a powerful Berber nation

Its climate, vegetation and scenery resemble those of central Italy. Frost, though never severe, is not un-

known, and snow occasionally lies on the ground for a fortnight at a time. Changes of temperature are also both sudden and frequent.

The neighbourhood, irrigated by numerous springs and streams of water, is highly cultivated, and the luxuriousness and abundance of apple, pear, almond, peach, and still more of fig and olive trees, explain the name of Pomaria given to the original Tlemcen by the Romans.

In 1842 the town was occupied by the French, and has since remained in their hands. It is now the chief town of a large district, which exports annually about 125,000 gallons of olive oil, 12,500 lbs. of olives, 30,000 lbs. of fruit, chiefly dried figs, 800,000 lbs. of wool, 125,000 sheep, 50,000 horned cattle, large quantities of corn and flour, beside considerable quantities of cloths, carpets and leathern articles of native manufacture.

Just outside Tlemcen is an Arabic College founded by

the Black Sultan in 1347, here young Arabs study Mohammedan theology in order to become Imans and Muftis.

Mr. Bureau took up his residence in this city in January of the present year, and has been diligently studying the Arabic language and at the same time working amongst French colonists, preaching both in Tlemcen and in other towns far and near, where his labours have been highly appreciated by the few scattered Protestants that are to be found. Though not able yet to speak fluently in Arabic he can make himself understood, and is able to read from the Arabic Scriptures to those with whom he comes in contact. He writes on Nov. 5th :

"During last week the Lord has given us some evidence that He is with us in our work. The day before yesterday I met in a coffee-house a young Arabic student from the Mohammedan College in Tlemcen, where he, with others, studies Mohammedan theology. I spoke to him of God's power and love, and of Christ Jesus, and since I have been here I have never met a man so pleased as he was to hear me. He asked me if I would teach him the religion of which I had been talking to him. I told him that I would with the greatest pleasure, so every night at five o'clock we have a rendezvous and a speak together about the Christian religion. Twice a-week he is to come here at eight o'clock at night as I suppose he fears to be seen coming into our house. He is studying to become a "Murrin," that is to say a priest of the Mohammedan religion. How I wish he would become a Christian Missionary instead !

"Every day I go into the public coffee-house and speak to the men drinking their coffee, they all listen to me very attentively, and sometimes they tell me 'you are right.' When we are better known we may expect a good number of hearers. I am just trying to compile a short history of Christ in Arabic, taking verses of the Bible, both from the prophets as well as from the New Testament, and uniting them together.

"Brother Mercadier is well, working hard at his Arabic grammar. He has been to-day to Hennaya, where he gave away a good many tracts. As he has walked fourteen or fifteen miles he feels rather tired."

Nov. 17th : "The young Mohammedan student, of whom I have already written to you, comes to see me on each appointed day. We have been reading together some of the miracles which Christ wrought in order to show him what Christ did, and that truly the power of the Father was in the Son. He told me the other day I was right in what I told him. Let us hope that the good seed which is sown in his heart may bring forth fruit. Oh ! how much I wish it, let us keep praying and we shall see souls coming to Christ and accepting him."

Nov. 18 : "Last night besides the Arabic student I had two other people. I hope they will keep increasing so that I shall be able to proclaim the Gospel before many. We read together a portion of the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, about the resurrection of Lazarus."

During the month of September Mr. Bureau was joined by Mr. Mercadier, whose time has been principally occupied in the study of the language ; between them they are about opening a night school for the natives, and have several applications. The lowness of our funds for some time hindered us from supplying them with the necessary material, and they still need further school furniture. Mr. Bureau is hoping, during the month of December, to take a journey into the country with portions of Scripture, and make known the Gospel, as he is able, amongst both French and natives. From the last letter we have received, we learn that the Cholera has reached Tlemcen, and that some one has died within a few yards of where our brethren live. We pray God that they may be spared and permitted if need be to minister to the wants of others.

MOROCCO—TANGIER.

<i>Missionaries</i>	}	MR. E. F. BALDWIN.
		MRS. BALDWIN.
		MISS BALDWIN.

Since our last paper Mr. Baldwin and his family have gone out to Tangier and are now occupying our Mission House there. Mr. Baldwin had visited Algeria in the early part of the present year on behalf of the Baptists in the Southern States of America, but they were prevented from taking up the work there through their having responsibilities in Mexico, as were also the Baptists in the Northern States through having taken up the work on the Congo. At first Mr. Baldwin felt that he could do no more, but his heart had been stirred too deeply by the needs of the Berber Races to allow him to remain in America ; and though several wide spheres of usefulness were open to him in the States, both for preaching the Gospel to the unconverted and also ministering to a large number of students, he felt that he must himself go with the Gospel to North Africa. How to do this he did not at all know, the way was all dark, but he laid the matter before the Lord, and also wrote to the Secretary of the Kabyle Mission. Within a few hours of the same time the Secretary, who had been informed by another person of the decision of the friends in America, wrote to him suggesting that Tangier would be a suitable sphere for him ; the letters crossed in mid-ocean, and being an

answer to each other, ultimately led to his removal to Tangier. It was arranged that he should secure the money necessary for his passage out, and after calculation he decided as his family, including an adopted daughter, numbered eleven souls, he would require a thousand dollars or £200 ; for this sum he went to God in prayer, merely making known his needs to a few friends. For some time little response was made, and many of his friends discouraged him, afterwards help came from various quarters but when he stepped on the boat in Philadelphia he still needed nearly £50. Before sailing a number of friends came to bid him good bye, some of whom slipped sums of money into his hands, which, on adding together after getting to sea, raised the amount which he had received to exactly a thousand dollars, not one more, not one less. Thus not only were his needs supplied, but also his heart cheered by finding that God had given him exactly what he had asked. During his stay in England a number of interesting meetings were held, which we have not space to fully record. At the Metropolitan Tabernacle we had a most hearty welcome both by pastor and people. We would pray that as God has used our brother, wife and daughter, so abundantly in America He will do also in the

new sphere to which they have removed. Our brother has taken the whole of his family with him, and as all the elder ones are converted and have a clear knowledge of the Gospel we trust that they may be useful to those around them, and ultimately all become Missionaries themselves.

Miss H. Tulloch, of Nairn, N.B., proposes to join them in January; her heart has long been set on Foreign Mission Work, and when resident in Paris she assisted, when able, in Mr. McAll's work; she will give part of her

time to the education of Mr. Baldwin's children, for which she is fully qualified, and the remainder to missionary work.

The following extracts from Mrs. Mackintosh's journal will give some idea of the country and of the nature of the work to be done. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh's long experience in Syria eminently fit them for the important work they have undertaken for the "Bible Society." We are glad to have them as our friends and have the advantage of their advice whenever we need it.

A JOURNEY FROM TANGIER TO ARZILA AND LARATCH.

NOTES FROM MRS. MACKINTOSH'S JOURNAL.

WE left Tangier on June 10th, our party consisting of our two selves, El Hadj Nasan, the Rifian teacher Imwa, a bright willing Rifian lad to help with the cooking, &c., a Jewish muleteer, and a foot soldier, a native of the town of Morocco, the latter was a handy man, more given to compliments than the natives of Tangier, but unhappily much given also to smoking "Nasheesh," so that when we reached a town and he had a little leisure to indulge he sometimes sunk into a state of sleepy apathy, from which it was difficult to rouse him.

We slept the first night at a little Moslem village, and rose about 4 a.m. next morning that we might reach

SOOK EL ARBAA, OR THE WEDNESDAY MARKET,
as early as possible. We had a pleasant ride and about 9 a.m. came in sight of the hill gathering; the scenery was very splendid, and we could see the people coming in lines up the valleys and over the hills from the numberless little villages scattered among the mountains. Seen from a distance it reminded my husband of an outdoor communion in one of the finest parts of the Highlands. We rode up to the top of a little rising ground above the market, and there pitched the upper roof of our tent for shade. As soon as he had rested a little my husband went down to the middle of the people taking Imwa with him with a basket of books. Meanwhile I had two chickens killed, plucked and put on the fire, and then when our preparations for a meal were fairly started I went down to see how he was getting on. I thought I should be able to walk about as quietly as in Tangier, but I soon found it would be impossible for me to talk much to the women. I was such a curiosity to these mountaineers that I was fairly mobbed, and it was fortunate I had the soldier with me to get me through the crowds; one poor woman begged me to give her medicine for her poor sick child. It was some time before I could catch a glimpse of my husband in the crowd, at last I discovered his hat in the middle of such a crush of people that I could not get near him. I could just see that one Moor's head rested on one of his shoulders and another on the other one; they were pressing so tightly round him to see the books and hear him speak; the sun was extremely hot and he could not hold up his umbrella; thus he spent three hours in different parts of the market, many asked him questions and numbers seemed anxious to buy, but no one had the courage to begin and purchase a Christian's book, though he felt sure that if one had bought even a Gospel many would have speedily followed the example. Possibly they may do so on a second visit, and at any rate, we felt that our long ride had not been in vain as we had thus had such an opportunity of declaring the

Truth of God to so large a multitude without opposition. In spite of the heat the wind on the top of the hill was lively, and we had dinner under difficulties as our tin cups and plates were constantly taking to themselves wings and flying away. We reached

ARZILA

in good time. The little town looks well as you approach it from the beach. It once belonged to the Portugese and has been well fortified, the streets now of course are dirty and unswept. Much to the pretended horror of the Consul and the Pasha, we encamped on a nice open piece of common close to the beach outside the town. The Consul wanted us at his hotel, and the Pasha, I suppose, needed money for his soldiers; both declared that no number of soldiers they could send would defend us from robbers, who were sure to visit us. Mr. Mackintosh sent the Pasha word that he ought to be ashamed to say he could not defend a few travellers, but after a great deal of talk he allowed three soldiers to sleep outside our tent, and sleep they certainly did, probably far more comfortably on the soft clean grass than in their dirty close rooms. The next day my husband spent in the town and sold some

BOOKS TO THE JEWS,

but was much vexed and disappointed at getting none sold to the Moslems, though two Moors were at first delighted at the thought of buying the large Bible, but they asked leave to show it to their friends, and we were told they took it to the Mosque and the people prayed over it, and then decided that it would not do for them to buy it.

On Saturday morning we were up soon after 3.30 a.m., as we were anxious to get the greater part of our journey over in the cool, but our muleteer began by again and again losing his way. About 9 a.m. we reached the sea shore and had to begin our weary march along the sand. We were nearly worn out before we reached our resting place, but tea and lunch revived us, though the heat was great. In many parts of our journey, and especially here, we noticed immense quantities of oleander in full bloom. The men declared that if we wanted to reach Laratch that night we must start at 3.0 p.m., so we allowed them to reload, but when we regained the sea beach the heat proved *many* times hotter than before; the burning sand scorched our feet through well soled shoes, while the sun seemed to pour down fire heated seven times upon our head. I never remember feeling such heat in Syria and was sure that even an hour's ride in loose sand, for the tide had risen, must be very injurious if not fatal to us, so we determined to seek a quiet mountain village where we

could spend the Sunday. We had a long wandering over the hills, but at last found ourselves at a very pretty village or rather collection of

FIVE VILLAGES,

called "El'Khamis," where we hoped to spend a quiet and useful Sunday. A quiet one we certainly did, for, though we were a thousand feet above the sea level, the heat was so overpowering that our men lay stretched on the ground in their tents half asleep all day, while Mr. M. and I were not much better. All we could think of was how to exist till sunset. No sound could be heard except the quiet hum of birds and insects, the villages seem perfectly still for many of the people had gone down to the Laratch market very early in the morning. About 5.0 p.m. we ventured to wander about a little, but my husband was weary and feverish. We found the people beginning to come out of their houses and conversed with some. At the gate of the village school quite a little group gathered and we shewed the teacher and a number of men our little Arabic Bible, and read and spoke to them. One or two expressed a wish to have a Bible. After tea I went for a stroll alone to see if I could find any of the women, and soon met one going with her children to fetch in her calves. She was particularly chatty and friendly, wondered that I ventured to walk about alone and thought I must be the Sherif's wife. Then a young girl offered to show me the way to

THE VILLAGE "AIN,"

or fountain, where I found a crowd of women and girls drawing water; some of the boys were a little inclined to be rude to "the Christian," but others reproved them. All the women were pleasant and ready to talk about their babies and the wickedness of the people in general. It is strange how very rarely you find a Morocco woman who is not burdened with a bad husband. One man in this village boasted that he had two wives, and insisted that it was a good arrangement, as they could sow and reap, and weed, and mind the goats and calves, and in fact do all the work of a slave. When we asked if they did not quarrel, he said he put them into separate cottages, and gave it them well if they did not agree, showing with a sign of his hand what he did. While I was away from the tent my husband had been visited by two or three men, one was a pleasant intelligent man,

THE TEACHER OF THE SCHOOL.

He brought us a present of thirty oranges and six eggs, and in return Mr. M. gave him an Arabic Testament. Next morning very early he came to see us start, and very kindly brought us our breakfast, hard boiled eggs and a large basin full of a peculiar kind of bread, like English crumpets. As I was leaving the village, a nice looking woman stopped me and said she was sorry we were leaving so soon, and that she would have visited me in the tent, but was ashamed, as my husband was there. I hope some day at a cooler season we may be able to visit this village again.

We reached

LARATCH

about 9 a.m., but before entering the town had to cross the river in boats—animals, loads, and all. It was extremely vexing to see how savagely the poor beasts were treated, no plank was provided, but they were tugged, and pulled, and beaten till they were compelled to climb over the side into the lighter. Many animals are thus injured.

At Laratch we hired a little empty house for two or three days to avoid the heat of the tent, and just put up our tent furniture in it. The town stands well on the mouth of the river, and its walls were literally lined with the bird which abounds at this season in almost every town and village, the stork.

This morning, Tuesday, we had breakfast with the only Englishman in the town, and his Spanish wife, and then Mr. M. spent the rest of the day in going

ABOUT AMONG THE PEOPLE

with his Bibles, he sold an Arabic Bible to a fine looking Moor, and a good many Hebrew books to the Jews. He had many long and interesting conversations with the Moslems, and one of the principal men sent me a present of two cheeses. Wednesday was

MARKET DAY,

and my husband and Dada, a man who spoke English and had attached himself to us, went to the market place between 9 and 10, and remained there till 2 p.m., with crowds of people round them all the time. There Mr. M. had another splendid opportunity of speaking and reading to numbers of Moors. It was his birthday, and he had the greatest treat he could desire of selling two large New Testaments to two Mohammedans, besides several other portions. Among other passages he read the parable of the sower, and was astonished to find how well some of the simple Moorish peasants understood both the story and the spiritual meaning and explained it to others in the crowd, laughing outright sometimes with delight at the tale. The people did not like him to stop reading but kept saying "zeed," "zeed"—"go on," "go on." At 2 p.m. he came home pretty tired, to pack up, as we had to start that afternoon. About noon he found he could dispense with Dada, and allowed him to take me to some of the houses.

THE PASHA'S LADIES.

were sleeping, but I was invited to return in the afternoon. Then we went to the Amin's, or Treasurer's home, and found the poor ladies delighted to see me. The house seemed full of women, children, and slaves. The son's wife told me that she never went out, not even to the bath, as they had one in their house, and that she neither knew how to read or sew. They all seemed pleased to hear about the Syrian children learning all kinds of things, reading, writing, geography, and seemed as if they would like to have their children taught; they asked me for medicine for their teeth, their hair, etc., and it was with great difficulty I got away from them. I suppose my visit must have been a great event in their lives. Some of their rooms were very well furnished and extremely neat. At their door I found the servant of another house waiting to beg me to go to see her mistress, but I had no time, as we were to start that afternoon. I believe I could easily have gained

ADMITTANCE TO MANY HOUSES,

and Mr. M. thought that possibly visits paid by me to the ladies might have helped in inducing more men to buy the Bible. During the whole journey we have felt vexed at having to hurry from place to place. At nearly every point—even at the villages where we have halted for lunch—we have seen that if we could have spent one or two whole days among the people we should, at least, have made friends. The first reason was, that the hot season was coming on so rapidly that soon travelling will be almost impracticable; and, secondly, the daily hire of four animals was expensive, and we did not like to extend the time lightly. Possibly when the cool weather returns, and travelling is again possible, we may find it advisable to purchase animals of our own, then we should be able to tarry as long as we liked where we saw opportunities of spreading the written and spoken Word of God.

We returned that night to "El'Khamis," and left very early next morning. Just as we rode out of the village,

TWO RESPECTABLE LOOKING MOORS

stopped us to ask if we had any books to sell, as they wished to buy, having probably seen the one we left with the Teacher. We could only tell them that the boxes of books were in the middle of the load on the mule's back, and that we could not get at them there and then, but that we hoped to supply their need at another visit; meanwhile, we trust they will study the one in the hands of the teacher.

Mission to the Kabyles and other Berber Races of North Africa.

This Mission Aims by the help of God, to spread the glad tidings of His love, in giving His only begotten Son to be the Saviour of the world; among these people, by sending forth consecrated self-denying Missionary brethren and sisters for itinerant and localised Missionary Work.

Its Character is Evangelical and Unsectarian, embracing all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth.

The Management of the affairs of the Mission at home and abroad is undertaken by a Council, whose direction all who join the Mission are required to recognise. The Council appoints two of its members as Honorary Treasurer and Honorary Secretary.

For Support the Mission is entirely dependent on the free-will offerings of the Lord's people. It asks from *God* in prayer the supply of all its needs, and circulates among His people information as to the work with a view of eliciting Christian sympathy and co-operation.

Donations should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Edward H. Glenny, Linton Road, Barking, or some other member of the Council.

Collecting Boxes can now be had on application to the Hon. Sec., giving full name and address.

FORM OF A BEQUEST TO THE KABYLE MISSION.

I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer for the time being of "THE MISSION TO THE KABYLES AND OTHER BERBER RACES OF NORTH AFRICA," sometimes called "THE KABYLE MISSION," the sum of _____ Pounds sterling to be paid with all convenient speed after my decease, exclusively out of such part of my personal estate not hereby specifically disposed of as I may by law bequeath to charitable purposes; and I hereby lawfully charge such part of my Estate with the said sum upon Trust, to be applied towards the general purposes of the said Mission, and a receipt of such Treasurer for the time being of the said Mission shall be a sufficient discharge for the said Legacy.

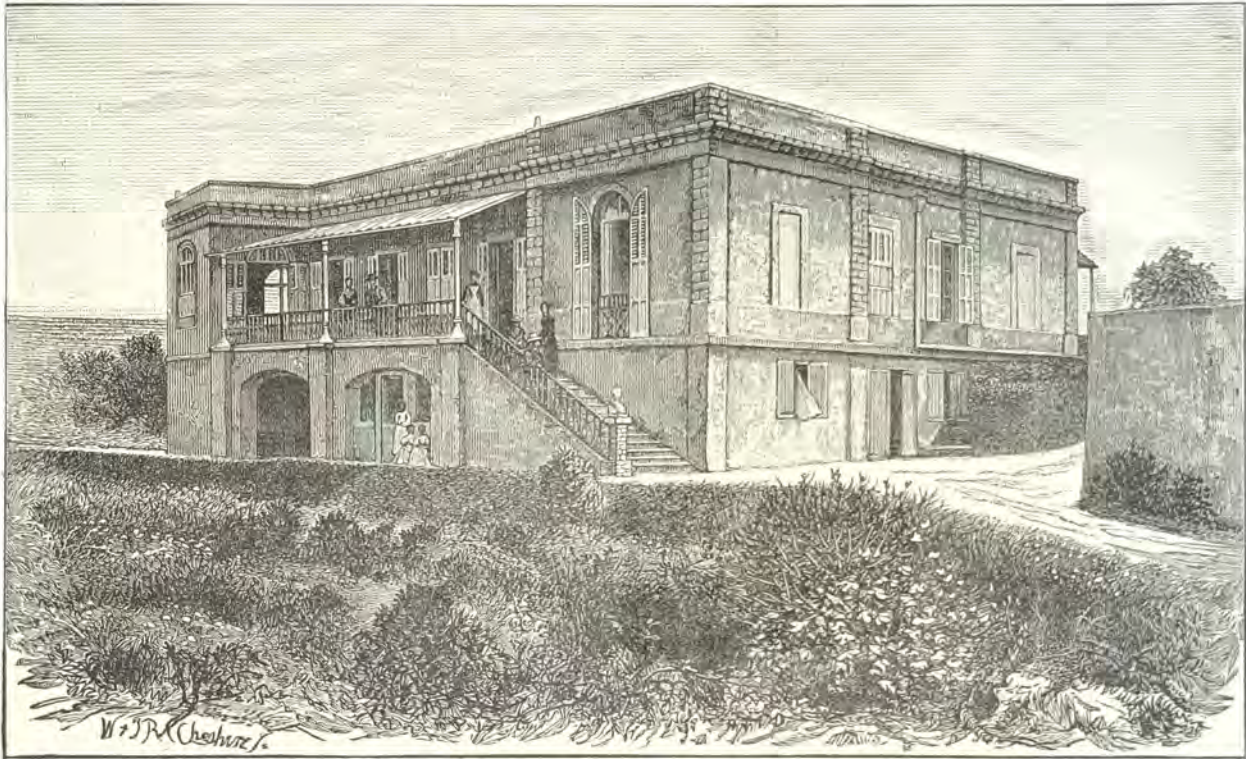
If a Testator wish the Legacy to be paid free of duty he will add the following words to the above form:—*And I direct that the Legacy Duty upon the said Legacy be paid by my executors out of the same Fund.*

** Devises of Land, or of money charged on land, or secured on mortgage of lands or tenements, or to be laid out in lands or tenements, or to arise from the sale of lands and tenements, are void; but money or stock may be given by Will, if not directed to be laid out in land.

MISSION TO THE KABYLES

AND OTHER

BERBER RACES OF NORTH AFRICA.



NORTH VIEW OF HOPE HOUSE, TANGIER, MOROCCO.

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