

NORTH AFRICA.

THE QUARTERLY RECORD

OF THE

MISSION TO THE KABYLES AND OTHER BERBER RACES.

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NATIVES OF THE DESERT.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

As we now propose to issue our Paper quarterly, we have given it the name of NORTH AFRICA instead of *Occasional Paper*. We hope that our friends will endeavour to procure for it a much wider circulation than it now has by introducing it to their friends, and ordering it through *their Local Bookseller*. If this is accomplished it will create a much wider interest in the lost and perishing inhabitants of North Africa, and also help to make the Paper self-supporting.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS should be sent to E. H. Glenny, 21, Linton Road, Barking.

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NORTH AFRICA.

NOTES FROM MR. LAMB.

DJEMAA SAHRIDJ, KABYLIA, April 26th.

A VISIT TO ELHUD.

HAVING often heard of this famous market, I resolved to visit it; I accordingly started to-day, shortly after 8 a.m. The morning was cool and agreeable, after the excessive heat of the past few days. On we journeyed, now descending a steep rocky slope, trusting Him who has promised to keep the feet of His saints to keep our mules from stumbling, then crossing the bed of a river which, broken into several little streams, went flowing merrily on its course; again ascending the mountain, having passed out of one tribe into another, the river acting as a boundary-line. In this tribe,

THE BENI-BOUCHAIB,

we saw much to interest us, it being our first visit. Not only was the scenery new, but we saw the wretched poverty which abounds among the women, especially the widows. Among the Beni Frouchen few women attend the markets, but here poverty compels many to do so. In passing the first village, we were struck with the appearance and employment of the women. Poor, dirty, and altogether miserable-looking creatures were to be seen in groups of three, four, or more, going to the market, busy pressing olives in some enclosure by the road, or sitting by the wayside begging. As I generally salute *the women* as well as the men, and when both are together give each their particular salutation, I with greater emphasis than usual, called out to these poor toilers, "Good day, women!" It was a real pleasure to see their joy at thus being taken notice of, as they thought, by a Frenchman, and to hear their response was only to make one long to see these poor but precious souls led by a sister's hand to Jesus. As we went along we gave a venerable old Kabyle a ride on our mule; at first he did not like to mount, but, on my insisting, he was very grateful. The natives were surprised and pleased, and the old man squeezed my hand in his, and, I think, kissed it. At length we reached the

VILLAGE OF SOUAMAA,

where the women were numerous and very poor. We had to pay toll on entering the market-ground. At some of these markets the Kabyles feel this tax very much. On alighting, the sight was striking. Under the welcome shade of splendid old olive trees were congregated hundreds of these people, whose salvation we seek, and for whose conversion dear brethren at home pray and give of their bounty. It was a kind of Babel. What a variety of traders were here, each class having its allotted place on the ground! Here might be seen a line of Arab-shaped tents, under which sat the vendors of cloth goods and small wares; away in a corner are a company measuring out olive or petroleum oil; those under the booth are the shoemakers, busy repairing, by patching with goats' hide, cutting out soles, etc. In another part, others are disposing of cows, goats, sheep, asses, etc. Over there was a Kabyle selling black soap, which is rolled into a ball and wrapped in alpha grass to keep it from sticking to one's hands.

I had scarcely time to look about when several Kabyles surrounded me, and showed me papers, which I found were receipts for money paid as taxes to the Government. They had been put in the hands of one or two men for distribution to the owners; as they were unable to read French, they pounced upon me to read out the names. As each was read it was

handed back, and given to the man to whom it belonged. One paper was a summons for the bearer to appear in Algiers as a witness in connection with a case of parricide. Alas! these cases of murder and attempted murder are not rare. Only a few days ago several young men of this village were put in prison for an attempt to murder a stranger that they thought had money. One of these would-be murderers was a man I had employed in the garden, though I regretted having done so. It is true here, as elsewhere, that *the love* of money is a root of all evil.

In the market of Beni Bouchaib I met

THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRIBE.

I had seen him and his brother at Tizi Ouzou. His brother is president of the Beni Raten. Their beautifully clean garments made these two aged men quite a contrast to their companions.

This one at Elhud was busy writing something in Arabic characters when I approached him. He bowed gracefully and excused himself for not rising to meet me. He bade me sit beside him, and we spent several minutes conversing. I was struck with the reverence paid him by his people. One poor man came up and kissed his hand, another made some statement which I concluded was a complaint. He reminded me of righteous Lot sitting in the gate of Sodom. He remarked with pleasure that he had seen our house as he passed on his way to the Fort, where he generally resides with his family. I invited him to come in at any time when passing, to which he replied by thanking me and saying he would be pleased if I would at any time accept his hospitality either at Souamaa or the Fort. What, however, gave me most pleasure was the freedom I had in making known the Gospel. As I look back upon that scene, and when contemplating the grand opportunities afforded me, I count the possible good which in the hand of the Spirit of God might result therefrom, it appears like a dream. All praise and glory be to Him alone for the sustaining grace amid such a throng, and in the midst of a people whose thoughts of our blessed Lord are so contemptible, yea, blasphemous.

Fortunately, a day or two before, I had opened my Bible at the book of Ezekiel, and had read of his call to the office of a prophet, and how he was sent to a rebellious people. Thus I was prepared for opposition; I was forearmed, and intended to raise no argument with those who should oppose, and as much as possible leave the character of their prophet out of the question,

EXALTING CHRIST ABOVE ALL ELSE.

I have proved here, as at home, in such work that it is best to keep cool and calm, and *let God lead*, without making set plans of operation always beforehand. Sitting down under a grand old olive tree, I took out my note-book, in which to make some entries relative to the scene before me. I was conscious that curiosity had drawn round me those who were wondering to see a stranger. Rising, and looking to God, I saluted the bystanders, and opening a little book of translations of certain Scriptures, both from Old and New Testaments, I commenced to read, saying, "These are

SOME OF THE WORDS OF GOD."

The company increased while I read, here and there inserting a word or two of my own. Questions as to where I came from, and what I came for, gave me occasion to explain that as Christ Jesus loved them I was sent here, from love to Christ and to them, to make known their Saviour. A demand for medicine brought these few happy minutes to a close, while the remedy wanted was procured. A change of place, with many an interchange of salutation between us, and again the book was produced, and

SCRIPTURES READ AND RE-READ

with remarks. Possibly more than half-a-dozen times, to different groups, was there, for the first time in their hearing, made known to them the thoughts of God. One or two only made objection to the truth of the Sonship of Christ; at any rate, only that number were bold enough to express themselves. I had sat down in a secluded spot on the grass to have a little lunch, when a fine-looking fellow came up to me to ask medicine. Having served him, I was addressing a few words to him when three other men passing overheard some words of Kabyle; one, with a smile, made some complimentary remark, to which I replied, "I have here some words of God," holding up my book. He and his companions came up, and one of them I could see was a "Marabout." I explained the nature of the book, and that it told of Jesus, the Son of God. On hearing this, they looked at one another with surprise and disgust, some of them putting their hands to their heads as if they had been struck with a cannon-ball. "What!" said a very tall man among them, who looked like an Englishman, clean-shaved, all but his whiskers; "was God married? Had He a wife?" "No," I replied; "but God, who made Adam, could have a son without being married;" but so determined was this leader among them to speak that he quite silenced me, though I tried to put in a word. Listen they would not, and turned to go, while I sent after them another arrow from the Word; they only turned round and made signs for me to go away, in ridicule. A little after I saw them again, when this man again motioned me to begone. On receipt of medicine

THE QUESTION OF PAYMENT

would be proposed, and thus further opportunity was afforded me of explaining our motive in thus seeking to relieve them of their maladies, viz., love to them because of Christ's love to them and me. The limit to the giving of remedies was the want of bottles, although I took a number with me. How nice it would be if some Sunday-school would gather a collection to supply us with bottles. Leaving the market at about two, after staying there about three hours, I returned to Djemââ, in a drenching rain, thankful for such liberty in making known the Word, and at the same time for a certain unusual facility in reading and using what I know of the Kabyle tongue. May fruit be found after many days, and to God alone shall be the glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

May 3rd.—To-day visited the

VILLAGE OF MERAIRA,

which is composed of three portions. To a company of women and children I made known as best I could God's love in Christ, occasionally breaking the remarks to give a piece of sugar to some tiny little Kabyle slung to its mother's back, the sugar giving as much pleasure to the parent as to the child. Then came requests for medicine, to which I did my best to respond. On telling one poor woman to bring a vessel into which to put some wash for the eye, she returned with a cockle-shell. Poor creature, this was the best she could do. However, having one or two spare bottles with me, I was enabled to give her more than the tiny shell would have contained. Passing on to the remaining portion of the village, which was the largest, I found plenty to do there

AMONG THE POOR WOMEN.

Most of the men were at the Elhud market; a few of them, however, joined us. On speaking to them of Jesus, one of them spoke up for his prophet, and endeavoured to lessen the claims of the Saviour.

I was not a little struck with the vicious appearance of some of the women. Could it be otherwise, with *no one to raise them up to nobler things?*

May 8th.—Market day at Mekla, and a really summer's day. Heat intense. Such weather is agreeable to the Kabyles, so we had more visitors than usual asking for medicine, and as I gave it I sought to make known the Balm of Gilead and its Physician. Alas! how often we sow in despair instead of in hope, forgetting that not the sower but God makes the seed germinate.

May 10th.—Had a Kabyle here to-day from a distant tribe,

THE BENI IDJER.

He called in to ask medicine. I passed a considerable time with him, reading portions of the Word. It was interesting to watch the old man's face as he smiled with pleasure from time to time and said, Amen. He was a Marabout, a blind leader of the blind. May we not hope that God will bless the seed sown?

May 11th.—Several women here to-day for remedies. Two women brought a little girl troubled with her throat; another brought a grown-up daughter for something for her eyes. These last two, on parting, and after hearing that Jesus loved them, took each one my hand in theirs, and kissed it, the young woman adding that she would bring butter and milk to us, doubtless to show her gratitude.

May 12th.—Were favoured to-day with a visit from

M. LELIEVRE, METHODIST PASTOR,

from the south of France. He is on a tour of inspection, as to the advisability of establishing a mission in Algeria. He conducted worship with us in the evening, and we had singing together.

May 13th.—Oh, how I long to be able to speak the language, and understand it as I ought! Such was again my desire this morning as I stood listening to

A "MARABOUT" FROM A DISTANT TRIBE,

who, I afterwards learned, was inviting me to come and settle among his people, telling me that ground was cheap, and that he was sure the children would gather round us for instruction.

In company with M. Lelièvre and M. Cuendet, visited the mosque and village of Djemââ. Were much impressed with the sight of twenty-five men in the interior of the mosque, going through their form of prayer; now on their feet, erect, repeating some words after an elderly man, who acted as leader; now on their knees, with their faces bowed to the ground, still repeating the formula. One is struck with the seeming earnestness, and receives the impression that, as far as they know, they are doing their best. Alas! they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God. Feelings of *unutterable longing* to be able to talk the matter over with these people, to understand their arguments, etc., and to answer them by direct appeal to their conscience and the Word of God, came upon me with irresistible force. As the gathering was dispersing, I could not resist the temptation to tell several of them of God's love to them in Christ.

Leaving the mosque, we made a tour of a part of the village. Now and again we would make a halt, and approach some of the women who stood at the entrance to their houses. M. Lelièvre, being interested in their work in spinning wool, and in weaving the bernouse, we satisfied our curiosity in inspecting their work. They seemed pleased with the notice we took.

May 14th.—At the desire of M. Lelièvre, M. Cuendet and I went with him to

MOKNEA

to see Mr. Mayor. We were pleased to find there Mr

Krüger, so that we had a kind of conference. We met also for the first time Mrs. Mayor, whose happy, quiet manner and generous hospitality proved that our brother had found favour of the Lord. We paid a visit to the village with Mr. Mayor and Si Ali, one of the greatest brigands in Kabylia, the terror of that part of the country. We were provided with some very nice Kabyle pastry, the gift of Si Ali. After singing a hymn, we returned to Mr. Mayors. Si Ali desired Mr. Lelièvre to come and remain in the village, and speak to them as Mr. Mayor does of Siedna Atssa.

May 28th.—About halfway between here and Fort National is the

VILLAGE OF THAGAMOUNT.

It is much higher than this, and reached by a very circuitous path. I went there this morning, at the request of one of the principal men. On arriving, he welcomed me, and advancing to the mosque, he unlocked one of its ponderous doors, and bade me enter. There was little within; but I was struck with the fact that such a sacred place should be made the rendezvous for all who should wish medicine, and that I, a Christian, should, without even taking my shoes off, be permitted to enter and make myself at home there. For more than an hour I was kept busy distributing medicine to the people of that village—men, women, and children. Occasionally a breathing time would allow of a few words of Scripture being addressed to those present. In some cases I found the demand for medicine exceeded the supply. After partaking of some Kabyle food in the house of the chief man and attending a few cases in the village, I left, with many a blessing from the mother of this chief, to whom I had given some helpful remedy.

Sunday, May 31st.—This morning we threw open one of our rooms as

A MEETING-PLACE

for any Kabyles who should care to come and hear a few hymns sung. Seven or eight came, some of whom were lads, and listened attentively to the singing accompanied by the harmonium. Having previously translated several verses into Kabyle, we made our first attempt to sing them together. Several verses of Scripture in French and Kabyle were read.

In the evening we were encouraged with our first attempted meeting at Mekla, when several French women and children came together to hear the singing, M. Cuendet read a portion of Scripture, and made some remarks thereon.

June 6th.—Returned this evening from Taârost, where a quiet work has been commenced among the women and children by Miss Gillard, assisted by her companion, Miss Annie Collins. Surrounded by beautiful mountain scenery, within reach of several villages, while cut off from the influence of colonial life, these brave workers have not an *unenviable* position from a missionary's point of view. We have no doubt they will have blessing in their noble work, and we wish them God-speed.

I have much myself to thank God for, both as to what I heard and saw on my tour to Taârost. My visit being quite unlooked for, our friends there were not a little surprised to find me before their door. Soon I had received a hearty English welcome in this semi-Kabyle English house. The combination of the Kabyle structure, decked and adorned in English style, was quite a new spectacle. However, I was greatly interested in the construction of a tiny little cottage of two compartments, which is to be the future abode of our friends. There they will be at perfect liberty to receive all who come seeking healing for body or soul.

MY FIRST EVENING AT TAAROST

was a happy one in some respects, though I had, in a sense,

literally "to endure hardness" in attempting to sleep between two Kabyles, on an elevated piece of ground in the passage leading to the house of the Ameen. Before going to rest I lighted my candle, and to an attentive gathering of men and young lads I read the story of Jesus and Nicodemus, and other portions of the New Testament. Though tired with a nine-hours' journey and much reading and speaking, I was unable to rest between these two Kabyles, though they had no difficulty in sleeping; gladly did I hail the first rays of morning, that I might rise and get into the fresh air. After *déjeuner* I went out, with the intention of getting a quiet nap under some tree, but had not gone far before I met an old, infirm man, whom I afterwards learned was the chief Marabout of the place. He took hold of my hand to steady himself, and, on offering my arm, he gladly accepted it, and walked up the village with me. Under the spreading branches of an olive tree we sat down, and were soon surrounded by a number of men and boys; to these I read and spoke much of God's love in the plan of salvation. Questions were put and answered; thus my time of rest was otherwise, pleasantly and I hope profitably, spent in speaking of the Saviour. In the afternoon, accompanied by Miss Gillard and her companion, I took a walk to the top of one of the hills above Taârost, from whence we had a splendid view, with the sea in the far distance. From this point not a few villages could be seen, and while admiring the scene we were able to converse with several Kabyles we met. The next night I spent more agreeably than last under the roof of the forest-keeper, whose house stands on an eminence commanding a splendid view; I was kindly received. On the morrow I conversed with my host, regarding the necessity of regeneration, etc. In descending to the village I spoke to a Frenchman who was employed by him. We hope and pray that God will bless all these testimonies, both to the Kabyles and Frenchmen.

TANGIER.

MRS. BALDWIN'S DIARY.

May 1st, 1885.—Spent the day in Tangier among the sick poor, though I intend to visit but seldom, and only such as are unfit to come to me. Chills and fever, rheumatism, bronchitis, and boils are most common in the town at this time, owing largely to the continued rains, dampness of the closely-built houses, impure air and lack of sunshine. The terrace is almost the only place where the poor girls and women get any sun; they are not allowed in the streets, and if they were, the streets would not afford much sunshine, as they are but three and four feet wide.

May 7th.—Have had fifty-three patients this week. Compounding medicine and dispensing through an interpreter is slow work. Still it gives the longed-for opportunity for all who come to hear something about Jesus, as Miss Herdman talks and reads to the sick and their friends while I am preparing the remedies. This afternoon a party of us went to

SWANEE,

two or three miles distant. We are anxious to make friends with the villagers about us, and have succeeded nicely before, but to-day the people we went to were, indeed, wild Arabs. The women and children at first looked upon us with curiosity, but seemed to be greatly frightened when asked if they could read. They laughed at the absurdity of the idea, but soon ran away and hid themselves, leaving us to the mercy of numerous savage dogs, which met us at every turn. Entrance was only gained to one house; but we shall go again, and endeavour to gain their confidence. The party consisted of Miss Herdman,

Miss Tulloch, Miss Dyson, three children, and myself. On the way, we visited an orange orchard of several acres; it was well laid out, and nicely cultivated, and sitting there, under the huge and fragrant orange-trees, 'twas hard to believe oneself in Africa, but as our donkeys climbed the hillside, and we looked down into the valleys, and saw long lines of camels laden with wheat coming from Wazan, we could more easily realise our situation. Most of the thatched huts of Swanee had a great stork's nest on the roof, and the wise old birds did not seem as much afraid of us as the people did.

May 9th.—Was up early this morning to get through home duties, and go

AMONG THE SICK.

Yesterday a scribe came to entreat me to visit his daughter, who has a tumour. I saw her, and other bed-fast sufferers, but by noon was overcome with the heat, and obliged to return home. But sun and heat are something to be thankful for after five months of rain, the winter and spring having been unusually wet.

May 12th.—A woman came who had been ill with inflammation of the lungs. Some one striving to cure her, had put small quantities of sulphur over her chest and stomach, and set fire to it, producing as many as twenty ulcers—a counter-irritant few would submit to. These people are wonderfully enduring, though their tender mercies are cruel indeed.

May 18th.—Yesterday our Bible reading was rather a mixed affair. Some Syrians were present with their Arabic Bibles, and one converted Jew with his Hebrew Testament; we each read our references aloud from our own Bibles. The exposition was given alternately in Arabic and in English. About sunset I had the gardener gather a large basket of artichokes and turnip-cabbage, and carry them to the huts between our house and the Sheriffa's. I never before saw twenty or thirty human beings huddled together in such squalor and

ABJECT POVERTY.

These people have come from the interior of Morocco, and are our nearest neighbours; we hope to do them good; they are an abandoned set, in need of almost everything. Yet when I gave them medicine, they insisted on giving me six fresh eggs.

May 19th.—Some very funny things occur among the patients. I often give the medicines myself, to make sure they are taken. This morning I gave a young man a dose of Epsom-salts; after one sip, he begged for sugar; we made it a perfect syrup, and yet had to use all our powers of persuasion to coax it down. I prevailed, as usual, though the poor fellow said he had rather die than finish the glass. I gave one woman some bitter powders, just what she needed, but she sent them back with the message that I cured a man with something in a bottle that tasted good, and she wanted some of the same. They are very little accustomed to European medicines, sulphur, tar, and vitriol being all I have found that they use.

May 26th.—This week we have been refreshed by receiving a full mail almost every day.

LETTERS FROM HOME

are indeed a boon to toilers in a foreign land. I find myself opening first all those that I know refer to the work. As my own heart grows more and more interested in this people and their needs, I am increasingly anxious for the loved ones at home (so rich in privileges of nearly every kind) to get an idea, if ever so faint, of how inexpressibly poor and destitute of comforts these noble North Africans are. Every day, not only one, but many cases come under my observation who so need Christian kindness. To-day I tried to catch a few moments' sleep, after the rush of morning patients was over, having lost

much sleep because of the robbers who have been here lately; but I was too busy thinking how many Christians there are who would gladly give to the cause of missions if they knew just what to give. I felt sure some large-hearted soap manufacturer would

SEND US SOAP BY THE BARREL,

could he have seen the group of seven who just left Hope House, a fair sample of those who come daily. I must say just here that we see a marked change for the better in the appearance of nearly all who return even the second time. Soap and water is invariably my first prescription. Soap and sugar we give away daily. A hardware dealer would be delighted to send us

A THOUSAND CHEAP TEASPOONS,

could he conceive the task it is to show these people how they are to take a teaspoonful of medicine, when they have never possessed and scarcely ever seen a spoon, their only spoon being a large, clumsy wooden one, with which they eat their cous-cous. And many ladies, if they knew the sad need, would send us such grand boxes of old bed and table linen, to take the place of the leaves and even paper these suffering ones often bind on their sores and bruises for want of something better. I thank our Heavenly Father every day for dear Miss Herdman's stock of patience; she is so faithful and untiring in her devotion and duty toward all who come. Patients for May have numbered two hundred and forty, an encouraging increase of one hundred and twenty-three more than the last month.

TLEMEN.

NOTES FROM MR. MERCADIER.

I HAD been surprised at not having more difficulty with my little night-school, but I have now met with some. Two of my best scholars did not appear, and although I called them they would not come. I found that the cause of their absence was the "taleb" (scribe) of the mosque in our street—a fanatical man, and not at all in favour of the Mission. If fever had not prevented me, I should at once have gone to his house and asked him the reason of his conduct. I contented myself, however, with calling upon the parents of the children who had been punished, to ask them to go themselves to see their intolerant taleb. They promised to do all that I desired, but when the moment arrived they hesitated, and I feared I should find myself alone with my boy before this fanatic. My partisans, however, at last arrived, and the taleb was astonished and frightened to see so many Arabs taking the part of a Christian; he immediately requested me to dine with him. Although he had sent some children to throw filth in my house, he quickly engaged to have them locked up by the police, etc., etc., and although he had cursed me as an infidel, he promised that all his school should come to me. When I told him that he had returned me

EVIL FOR GOOD,

for he could see by the protests of my neighbours my good feeling and sympathy for them, he appeared quite pained; he could see that I loved the Arabs. The children who had ceased to come returned to me that very evening, and I was able to go on with the little work I had begun amongst them. I immediately had nine or ten more scholars; amongst the number there are some who appear to be intelligent, some amongst them show me their sympathy by bringing me fresh eggs. It is very nice to see them begging me to accept their

presents, which they seem to offer me with such good will. We must hope that these efforts will not be lost. I make the bigger ones read the Gospel at the beginning and end of the class, which only lasts an hour.

May 1st.—Several students from the Medersa came to pay me a visit; one of them, Abdallah, is

A YOUNG MAN OF GREAT INTELLIGENCE,

of one of the best native families of Tlemcen; he offered to give me lessons in Arabic every day without any charge. I accepted his proposal with thankfulness; his affection for me appears to me genuine; he often tells me we are friends for life. Every day at one o'clock he is to be found at the mission house, and we have three consecutive hours of Arabic. This friend invited me to dine with him. I was astonished at the Oriental luxury in his house. At table with us was the director of the Arabic Government School of Tlemcen, also one of the professors of the Jewish school, Mr. Jeandheur, who is a Protestant friend of mine. We passed an agreeable afternoon talking about the character of the natives, and the best means of instructing and enlightening them. We differed as to the principles and as to the means; but we none the less were on the best of terms with one another. I have given Abdallah tracts and gospels, which he has promised to read.

Saturday, May 2nd.—I am constantly seeing amongst the Arabs who frequent the mission house

NEW FACES,

and I do not let them leave without giving them an explanation of the Gospel or a tract.

May 3rd, Sunday.—After leaving the French Protestant Church, I paid a short visit to the barracks, and with Mr. Eldin spoke to several.

Monday, 4th, to Wednesday, 6th.—The Arabic children have no ear for music; it is with great difficulty that I make some of them understand the sounds of the alphabet. I ask the Lord to sustain me in this difficult work, and that by the manifestation of His sovereign power He may open the minds and hearts of these children, not only to learn to read, but to know what Jesus Christ has done for them.

AT AN ARAB WEDDING.

Si Mohammed Ben Roustang has come to invite me to his wedding. He had spoken to me several times about his marriage. I found out afterwards that this was his third wife. We went through a labyrinth of streets in the Arabic quarter, in company with my little native servant. In a few minutes the regular cry and beating of the "tom-tom," accompanied by monotonous hymns that the Arabs sing under these circumstances, showed me that I was not far from the home of the bridegroom. The reception was of the most cordial character. The brother of the husband came to receive me on entering, and I was conducted into the guest-chamber, where the husband, sitting upon a sheepskin, was surrounded by a dozen tall Arabs. After having given the usual salutations, and having wished a numerous family to my host, which must always be done when one is invited to a wedding, I was offered the only chair in the house, upon which I seated myself. Having talked some time with the husband, he wished me to hear a little music, and in spite of all my efforts, I had to listen for a quarter of an hour to the discordant sounds of the everlasting "tom-tom." The court, adorned with hangings and Venetian lanterns, suspended from the branches of the only tree, which occupied the centre, offered a fairy-like spectacle. The excited "yew-yews" of the women, all the Arabs seated on the ground, reminded me of a story in the "Arabian Nights." Presently some Europeans came in, and we had cous-cous and sweet cakes in abundance, and although we were not hungry, we were obliged to eat as much as we could.

Many Arabs had recognised me as the distributor of tracts and little books, and came to me asking for tracts, and those I had in my pockets were all quickly distributed. I went away before the end of the fête for my school.

May 11th to 14th.—

THE SCHOOL

continues to increase, and numbers of children come from all parts. Some Protestant friends came to see my work amongst the children. I am going to pray with them before they go out, and give to the little school the Christian character that we desire, that is to say, not merely teaching French and other subjects, but "Christ and Him crucified."

May 15th and 16th.—Some of my scholars have taken away my school books, and little by little I am losing them all; this will not do, as I am obliged to re-purchase what is needed; they have even stolen some of my kitchen utensils, and drunk my vinegar. I have detected by inquiry the little thieves, and corrected them, so that they will not rob me again. Three Arabs came to me to ask counsel upon certain affairs, which I gave them as far as I was able, and those who could read took gospels with them.

A MARABOUT OF THE DESERT,

held in great veneration among the Arabs at Tlemcen, came, in company with his negro domestic, to ask my hospitality; he stayed several days in one of my rooms; his presence here attracted a crowd of Arabs, to whom my little boy Sherif gave a tract or a gospel. Would to God that this bread cast upon the waters might be seen after many days.

May 18th to 21st.—I have had nearly forty scholars lately to read French. I have been obliged to refuse a large part, because in the number I have found some who are evil-disposed. I only accept those I know; some of the others come to steal my things, or are perhaps sent by a

FANATICAL "TALEB."

One of them had stolen a book from me the day before. I see that I shall be obliged to choose out from among them those who really wish to learn, and refuse the larger part of these little robbers, who render evil for good. I ask God to direct me in this matter, so that I may do everything for the best, and that He will grant that those who are best disposed may remain. I am going to try presently to employ some of them as monitors; I have several who have commenced to spell the letters, and I shall use them to teach the letters to others while I am occupied with the rest. I am now obliged only to take those who have been sent by their parents.

May 22nd to 24th.—My school has thus been reduced from forty to five, without counting the students from the Medersa, who would make nine altogether. It is trying to see a part of my efforts fail: I ask God that He will strengthen and sustain me in the difficulties of the work, and give me the energy which I need to oppose the vice of these children, who only seem satisfied when they can do evil to a Christian. I know that my God is all-powerful, and these faults in the natives show me more than ever that the Arabs have need of an evangelical missionary, and that it is for their good that God has placed me here.

To-day is the Lord's Supper at the Protestant church. Alas! on such occasions, when one thinks of the Lord's Supper in England, one cannot help missing the large and happy meetings. In Algeria, one must bid

ADIEU TO THE GOOD MEETINGS

on the other side of the Channel; they only exist in the memory, and one must be content with that which one has here at Tlemcen, and remember that one is in a Mohammedan country, and not complain too much even when there is scarcely any one around the Lord's Table.

ITINERATING IN MOROCCO.

AFTER the last exceptionally damp and long winter, the weather in Morocco became fine and settled. The tracks, which in many places were impassable bogs, dried up so that they could be used safely by travellers. There are no carriages or carriage-roads in Morocco. Our friends have taken advantage of this pleasant weather to visit the villages within an easy distance of Tangier, and Mr. Baldwin accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh in a journey inland to the sacred city of Wazan, where he was received by the Sheriff's son, to whom Mr. Mackintosh presented a copy of the Bible. We believe that they were the first missionaries to enter this city, whose inhabitants are of a very wild and fanatical character. A large number of the people are lineal descendants of Mahomet, and the Sheriff himself occupies the position in Morocco analogous to that which the Pope held amid the empires of Europe in the middle ages. No Sultan of Morocco is ever enthroned without his confirmation.

Here at Wazan some of the finest of Morocco manufactures are carried on. Weaving, working in leather, silk, brass and copper, wood-turning, gun-making, and other industries occupy the people. The Moors here seem to be of a superior type. The Berbers, in northern Morocco called Riffians, fill the mountains not far away. Over these remote parts the Sultan has but little control, and the Sheriff is said to claim political as well as religious supremacy. This division of power results in a state approaching anarchy; every one goes armed; lawlessness abounds; things are stolen in the broad daylight; a child was said to have been kidnapped when Mr. Baldwin was there, and the son of the Sheriff requested our friends not to venture without attendants outside the Sultan's garden, where they were encamped. On market days hundreds of the lawless people of the mountains crowd into the town, each one carrying a long brass-mounted Moorish flintlock gun. Mr. Baldwin thinks that even here a mission might be founded with but slight difficulty, if due caution were used, especially if medical work was undertaken, as there is no physician of any sort in the town, and

even while they were there, one of the chief men of the place sent for a simple remedy, with which they were able to supply him.

As we have said elsewhere, we hope shortly to send several more labourers to this very dark and needy land; but we need funds as well as labourers, and would seek the prayers of God's people, that one as well as the other may be forthcoming.

AMONG THE KABYLES.

OUR brethren at Djemā Sahridj have been visiting many villages and markets around them, and have found open doors on every hand. Now that they are better acquainted with the Kabyle language, they are able to mix more freely with the natives, the greater part of whom do not know French.

Mr. Lamb thinks that the best plan for spreading the Gospel is to itinerate during the summer, and study, translate, and attend to local work during the wet season, when the roads are frequently impassable. In order to do this, he wishes to purchase mules, tent, etc., it being sometimes difficult to procure suitable lodgings in the villages. We are sure that a great work may be done in this way, as there are many hundreds of villages scattered over the mountains, and numerous markets held every week in different places. We commend to your notice his notes, which are given on page 3.

M. Cuendet has also sent us very interesting accounts of his journeys, but we have not space for them in this number. He has returned to Switzerland to be married to a young lady whose heart has long been set on mission work; in a few weeks (D.V.) they will go to Algeria, to labour together among the Kabyles, who have much more respect for married than single persons. We hope other labourers will go to this part of the field during the autumn. The need for many workers—both brethren and sisters—in this thickly-peopled region is great. How much better to spend

one's brief life in striving to lead these poor and deluded people to Christ, than at home in England amid comfort and luxury. Surely in eternity our brethren and sisters will never regret that like the Lord Jesus they went to seek and to save those who were lost.



A KABYLE WOMAN.

This illustration suggests very forcibly the inconveniences which the Kabyles suffer, through the position of their villages on the summit of the mountains; the women have to descend to the springs and rivers—a long and fatiguing walk—to get water.

The mother of a son has the privilege of wearing a brooch; if she has more than one, she adds to the number of her ornaments.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR TLEMCEN.

MR. MERCADIER has for some time been left without a fellow-labourer, as Mr. Bureau has been studying Arabic at Oran, and has now come to England for a short change, hard work and fever having for a while unfitted him for service. He is now considerably better, and has now been married to a Swiss Christian, who is well fitted for mission work abroad, by the training she has received. After spending a short time in France and Switzerland, they hope to go to Africa in the autumn.

Mr. A. V. Liley, formerly a Missionary on the Congo in

down, so that it was providential he was away, or he might perhaps have been injured. The notes from his diary give some particulars of his work.

E. F. BALDWIN'S DIARY OF TRIP INTO INTERIOR OF MOROCCO IN MAY, 1885.

Friday, May 8th, 1885.—This morning I started from Tangier about ten o'clock with Mr. Mackintosh, for a trip to Wazan, the city of the Sheriff, and some five or six days inland to the south. The direct road was muddy; hence our route lay *via* Arzecla, on the coast. My object in going was to get



AN ANCIENT OLIVE.

These fine old trees are to be found in large numbers on the mountains in Algeria, and give a refreshing shade, in which our brethren can rest and preach the Gospel.

connection with the Livingstone Inland Mission, has gone to join Mr. Mercadier. He would have returned to Central Africa, but was advised to seek a better climate, as his health, now re-established, quite gave way under the deadly influence of Congo-land. Mr. Mercadier was laid aside for a time, and being alone he found it very trying. He went for a short change to Oran, and came back much refreshed. During his absence a part of the Mission House had fallen

acquainted with the country with a view to future missionary work, and especially to get on with the language by being much among the natives.

Our course lay a little west of south, along the charming valley of what is called at its mouth near Tangier,

“THE JEWS’ RIVER.”

The road was excellent. That is, there was but little mud. But a few days before it was impassable. The roads every-

where in Morocco are mere mule tracks over the hills and along the lowlands. We passed a number of villages in this valley. Much of the land was utilized for wheat and barley.

After some three hours' ride we left the valley and crossed some low hills, and found ourselves near the sea; salt marshes between us and it. We rested and lunched in a green spot of no little beauty. It was like a lake of green and purple (the grass and flowers), with green islets here and there of cistus, in the form of great symmetrical mounds some twelve or fifteen feet high in the centre. After a short halt we got under way again about three. Our course now struck the beach. For most of the way the sand was fairly hard; in a few places deep, making hard travelling. It was nearly sunset when we reached the river, or Wahd Ellah hal d-art, right at its mouth, where it is perhaps 300 feet wide, and crossed by a ferry.

THE SHIPPING OF THE ANIMALS

was cruel in the extreme. They were dragged, one by one, out of the water breast deep, into a big lighter, whose sides are some three or more feet above the water. It was long after dark when all were safely across. The tent-pegs would not hold in the shale and sand, and we contented ourselves with one of the tents, whose cords we anchored with the heavy boxes of the Bibles of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We could but wish that the precious contents might issue in shelter and anchorage for many a dear soul in the storm and darkness of sin—souls in darkness upon time's shores of shale and sand, where no soul-anchorage is found. We lay down in our clothes, but could say in the morning: "I laid me down and slept; I awakened, for the Lord sustained me." Though in a by no means safe country, we could continue David's song when he fled from Absalom: "I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about." (Ps. iii.)

Saturday morning found us at last under way, after the inevitable and proverbial delays of this semi-oriental land. A villager guided us over the "dume"-covered hills, as the fronded grass which grows so abundantly in these parts is called. It is the palm-tree in miniature. From it the native rope is made. The sea appeared now and then on the right. Range beyond range of mountains trended away on our left. Flowers were everywhere. About two hours brought us to another river, the Wahd-El-Gher-ee-fah. Here we lunched and had a dip in the sea while waiting for the tide to fall. The ford is safe and easy only when the tide is out. We pushed on all the way along the beach, until we reached the little walled city Arzeela, which is eight or nine hours by the direct route from Tangier. We camped outside its walls, on a beautiful greensward sloping gently from the sea. Behind our tents was the much-frequented well of good water which supplied the city. The sea was before us and the city on our left as we looked west upon the sea. Here we remained Sunday and Monday.

ARZEELA

is an interesting city, though sleepy and dirty. There are about 2,000 inhabitants—one-fourth Jews. Mesod Levy Benshetou is a sort of consul for all nations. Neither he nor any one else there speaks English. He and his son were disposed to show us every kindness. This city is quite out of the highway of commerce. No vessels are permitted by the Sultan to stop. There is no harbour. The old "duwano" or custom-house is abandoned. There is much dilapidation of the walls and buildings noticeable. Large gardens to the east of the town seem full of fruit. There are no houses without the walls, and not a few ruins within. A house may be rented for two dollars a month, with two or three rooms. Food is abundant and cheap. Eggs a shilling and eightpence a hundred. Lemons and oranges about twelve for a penny. They have no doctor,

no medicines, no schools, save for the Arab and Jewish boys. Letters may be sent by the courier who runs on foot from Rabat, further down the coast, to Tangier and back once or twice a week. Cattle are excellent and have good grazing. Great droves of cows, sheep, goats, mules, and donkeys are brought within the walls at night. The country around is good, and there are many villages. The people seem kindly disposed. Different ones did us favours without seeming to want any return.

THE JEWISH WOMEN

do not attend the synagogue, as it is not customary, though permissible. They cannot read. Within a radius of two or three hours' ride, different weekly "sokes" or markets are held, on every day of the week except Friday and Saturday. There is one at Arzeela on Thursday. There is little business transacted in the town. Merchants of the place follow these "sokes," at which I was told a kadi was present, and disputes, etc., were settled. Mr. Mackintosh found a number of purchasers for the Word in Hebrew and Arabic. Arzeela seems to offer

A PROMISING FIELD

for missionary effort. Ladies could live there and work among the women, without danger or difficulty, I should judge. Medical help of ever so simple a sort would offer a large door of opportunity. Workers living here could cause the Gospel to sound out through the entire region round about by visiting the above-mentioned "sokes" or weekly markets.

Tuesday morning we folded our "hosannas," as tents are called in Arabic, and went on with not a few hosannas on heart and lip. It is doubtless many a century since the praises of our God were sung on these hills. Perhaps they were in the early centuries of the Church. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow" rang out again and again. Our course was now not along the sea, but by a path that crossed a mountainous peninsula which was in view from Arzeela. For two or three hours we wound round and

ROUND THE HILL SIDES,

our "mohosenia," or soldier, going first, and chanting strange snatches of Moslem song. Some of the hills were clothed wholly with the palm-like shrub called "dume." Others were covered with ferns. Others again with cistus, but of a dwarf variety. The cistus of our first resting-place grew twelve or fifteen feet high. But all seen in this day's ride grew but a few inches above the ground. But the blossoms were beautiful. There were the white, pink, and yellow varieties. This plant is said to be the admiration of botanists. I am told the blossoms drop after being unfolded one day. So with all the ephemeral beauty of earth. After a time we entered a thick undergrowth, high enough to impede the progress of the pack-laden animals, but not high enough for shade. This was

A WILD AND DESOLATE REGION,

where was no cultivated land or signs of human life. The only sight that gladdened our eyes was the abundant honeysuckle that climbed the undergrowth. It was said to be a somewhat dangerous part to travel in. We saw many traces of the wild boar. The heat was oppressive. The path that led along the sands would have been much preferable. After four hours from Arzeela we emerged from the undergrowth into a lovely,

WELL-CULTIVATED, AND EXTENSIVE VALLEY,

with many villages, and drained by the little river of Wahd Es-sibt. We spread Mr. Mackintosh's tent cover and rested in its shade for an hour, on the banks of the Wahd. Oranges were supplied from an orchard at hand. There is but little shade, save here and there a few olive trees. We encamped

near the south end of the valley in the midst of a village of four or five hundred, called Il-lune-sahr. Fowls, milk, and eggs were bought at fair prices. An almost sleepless night was passed by all. I was so nearly overcome by the heat of the ride through the undergrowth referred to, that I was flushed and restless. The next morning (Wednesday), as we left the village, the scenery on the left, to the east, as we went south, and behind us, as we rode over the crest of the hill that hid the valley of the Sebt from view, was extremely beautiful. We rode over a red sandy untilled region, with small, scattering, scraggy cork oaks, and the ground brilliant with wild flowers, chiefly the white, pink, and yellow cistus. About two hours brought us to the large village or

GROUP OF VILLAGES,

called El-humess—"the five villages" or "the fifth day," in allusion to the fact that a "a soke," or native market, was held here on the fifth day of the Arabic week. Mr. Mackintosh once stopped here and found the people very friendly and disposed to listen and buy Bibles. They gave him presents of food more than he needed. It is a better-class village of a thousand inhabitants, or perhaps many more. The natives can never tell you the population of a place. Here the ground is high, and the air bracing, and the scenery pleasant.

LARACHE

is in view to the south-west, and about an hour and a-half's descending ride brings one to the ferry that must be crossed right at Larache. This is one of the troublesome "flucka," or boat ferries. It took us three hours to get everything over. Three trips were necessary, as but three animals could go at once. It was afternoon before we were in and through the town to our camping-place on a plateau outside the south-west wall of the city and overlooking the sea, whose beach, at this point, is strewn with huge rocks. There is no harbour for large vessels. Some schooners and a small steamer from Tangier were inside the bar in the river's mouth, to be loaded with grain. A French steamer was anchored a mile out, with lighters plying back and forth. One of the captains of the Forward Brothers Line told Mrs. Mackintosh once that though he had been up and down the coast for fifteen years, he had never been on shore at Larache, as the landing is so dangerous and uncertain, that if he went on shore he might not soon get on board again. There are English, American, French, and Spanish Vice-Consuls resident. The streets are dirty. Population about 5,000. Bales of wool and hides indicate some little trade. There is a resident Spanish doctor. The Italian Vice-Consul is a Mr. Ford, who speaks English. The American Vice-Consul is Moses M. Abecasis. I do not think he speaks English. English letters can be sent up and down the coast by steamers. Prices of provisions are lower than in Tangier, but of animals, quite as high.

Friday, May 15th.—I write during our midday rest, five hours from Larache, at the village or "char" (the native name for village) Smeed Ilma. I am in the grateful shade of a little fig orchard by the side of a brook. Our route was over part of the great plain that stretches from Larache southward and southwest-ward along the coast to beyond Mogador, some hundreds of miles. Here the plain is perhaps twenty or thirty miles wide, bounded on the west by the sea, on the east by the mountains, whose ranges are in plain sight, and seem to stand in a general southeast direction from Larache. One mountain—Hah-beel ("beloved") is seen from many points. We first saw it when riding along the coast before reaching Arzeela when it was east of us. Now we see it far to the north-north-east. The two last hours of this morning's ride from Larache to this spot we had in view the Jebel Sarsar, another noticeable peak, four hours on the other side of which is Wazan, whither we are bound. One of the mul-

teers told us the King of Spain once wished permission from the Sultan of Morocco to build a residence on this mountain. But the Sultan refused, because he feared, the mulcteer said, the King coveted the gold and silver to be mined in those parts. Our route from Larache was away from the sea and almost due south to this point, when we will go south-east. The plain on which we rode is sandy, and hence this road is good when others are impassable because of the mud. About an hour of the way was through a part of the plain on which were many large cork oaks. A half an hour back from this place we passed

THE FIRST D'WAHR,

or movable village of black tents. Its name was D'wahr del Houwahrah. There were eighty or more inhabitants. These villages each have a name, but are nomadic. Their black tents look like those of the Bedouins. Along the road from Larache south we met constantly caravans of camels, from one or two to eighteen or twenty in number. They were laden with wool for the Larache market. We overtook other caravans carrying merchandize southward.

After our rest, we turned south-eastward towards the mountains, passing herds of large, well-conditioned cattle. The ground soon became broken into small hills. Much of the land was cultivated. We stopped for the night in a little valley of rich pasturage, and with several villages in sight. The nearest one was the Wool ad Hamar, or children of Hamar.

A COMMOTION

occurred just after dark, occasioned by the disappearance of two of the mules. We were in a part of the country said to be unsettled and dangerous, not much under the control of the Sultan, and where of late disturbances are reported. The villages around were sent to, and our soldier volleyed out loud-voiced threatenings that must have produced some effect, as the animals were soon produced. They wandered or were driven into a village with a passing drove of cattle. Some pilfering was practised during the night; whether by the villagers or our own men, we could not tell. Here, and at each of our camping-places, we find no difficulty in buying eggs, fowl, and milk. After a restless night, we made a start soon after sunrise, and rode south-eastward. Care was needed lest we fell into the pits or dry-wells on the hill-side. At a pool, in a little stream we crossed, two men were

WASHING THEIR WHITE "JELABS"—

the outer garment worn by men. Each was treading his jelab beneath his bare feet, on a flat rock, keeping time with the other, and making a sort of chanting exclamation with each step. Another kept throwing on cups full of water. The jelab is a comfortable garment—more so than the Algerian bournous, which is more flowing. This is loose, but is sewed together down the front, and has short sleeves, and the hood like the bournous. It reaches the ankles. It is generally white, though many poor men, and almost all the Riffians wear them brown. My Riffian man told me they did not like the white jelab, as it made them a too conspicuous target for their enemies' bullets. A fugitive from justice (or injustice, it is more likely) from Tetuan, who is living in a village we passed, hailed our soldier, a friend of his. The country became more and more broken up into hill and dale as we pushed on. Many mares with their colts were grazing here and there. In Morocco the mares are but little ridden, but are kept for breeding. All the horses are stallions. Purple and white heather is seen occasionally. The pink cistus abounds here. There are many villages in these parts. I write under the pleasant shade of a cork oak, near a small "duar," a migratory village, where we rest a while, two hours and a half from our camping place.

EL KASAR

is in sight over the hills to the north-east. It is a walled city of three or four thousand souls, and is said to be very dirty. It is about nine hours from Wazan.

We camped on Saturday night at the village El Zubdeseead, where were lands of the Sheriff of Wazan. Here we remained until Monday morning. We received gifts of fowl, eggs, milk, and bread. Each offering was brought by the chief men of the village, several coming together. This village is on the banks of the Wahd M'dah, which waters the long fertile valley we traversed. The village Zugara is near by. From our camping-ground I could count some ten villages in plain sight. On

SUNDAY MORNING AND AFTERNOON

I had groups of the men crowding my tent door. I had Michael, the Syrian Christian, read them from John iii. in the morning, and the afternoon, and tell them of the death and resurrection of Christ. How eagerly they listened! It was a joy to see them. We were furnished with watchmen each of the two nights, who kept up an incessant singing and calling, to prove they were awake, and which kept us awake as well. This group of villages, and the weekly markets within reach, would form a fine missionary field. The country is high, healthy, and beautiful. Many of the people wanted remedies. Medical mission effort seems the thing needed.

On Monday morning we took up the line of march towards Wazan, some five hours distant, going north-eastward. We left the kind villagers with not a few prayers for their spiritual blessing. Mr. Mackintosh told me of some who seemed to drink in the truth as the thirsty ground the rain. Surely there are many of these devout and conscientious Moslems who are chosen of God, as was Cornelius, to hear and believe. I am sure God's elect are in all these villages. Oh, the joy of going and fetching them to Jesus! We can scarce wait until we know the language. What joy to say even the few broken words about the love of Christ, already known to us.

We soon left the rich valley, and entered a rocky, narrow glen, where the shade was often deep, and where the little stream in one place tumbled over a ledge of rock in a veritable cascade. The stream was called the Wahd Subsub. The mountain we were climbing was the Jebel Messmoothah. There were villages, fountains, olive, fig, and orange groves on every hand. The scenery was charming. An hour or more brought us into

A VAST CIRCULAR VALLEY,

shut in by mountains. Here we rested until the middle of the afternoon, when we pushed on through the valley and up the slopes, just over the last of which Wazan was built, and whose suburbs were in view while yet in the valley some two hours distant. We saw many men coming and going to Wazan. All went armed with the long Moorish flint-lock guns. These are dangerous parts.

After four days in our pleasant camping-ground among the fruits and flowers of the Sultan's garden at Wazan, we were again *en route*, and this time with our faces turned homewards. Our course was north-westward, through rich mountain-valleys and over several streams, one of them of considerable volume, said to be the river at whose mouth Larache is built. The mountain-scenery when about seven hours from Wazan, and as the rich valleys south of Elkasar were traversed, was enchanting. We encamped at a village on the summit of a high hill with a commanding view. The next morning, having bidden my kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh farewell, as they were going thence to Tetuan, I reached

ELKASAR

in three hours. The weekly soke or market was at its height,

and the dust, heat, and unpleasant odours from stagnant water and sewerage hardly endurable. It is a walled city, whose minarets, towers, and palms here and there among the white houses, give it a pleasing appearance from the height overlooking it as you approach it from the south. But the dirt within dispels all fancies. We beat a hasty retreat, scarcely breathing until we had passed the ruins of what was doubtless once a long stone bridge. Leaving Elkasar, we also left the mountains, and for two days rode along extensive plains, with mountains in the distance on right and left. From Elkasar to Tangier was almost due north. The roads were now good, but had been scarce passable but two or three weeks before. We forded three or four rivers. Some of the plains did not seem to be drained by watercourses, but were seamed with long water receptacles resembling huge ditches. They were sometimes small. Others as much as thirty feet deep and wide. Many were difficult to cross, the bottoms being miry. We pitched for the night at the village Kahrotah, where is a solitary palm-tree. As usual, a volunteer guard from the villagers watched our horses and tents during the night, singing to show they were awake. They showed us kindness in other ways. Some asked for remedies which we could not supply. This village is about nine hours of north Elkasar. A considerable stream drains the plain in which the village stands.

Next morning we were stirring before four. By six we were under way. We had camped with four

MERCHANTS

carrying goods from Fez to Tangier. A Sous had also joined us, and who was glad to ride a big donkey I had bought in Wazan. This Sous had journeyed on foot from Tangier, where he lives, far to the south, on some business and back. The round trip occupied twenty-three days. We met many camel-caravans carrying bales of merchandize southward. Also droves of donkeys with empty sacks, in which they had carried wheat to Tangier. Also many egg merchants on horses and mules, each animal carrying four great empty egg crates of open bamboo-work, two in either pannier, with the owner generally perched upon the pack-saddle between. They journey to Wazan and Elkasar, where they buy eggs for about elevenpence a hundred, and carry them to Tangier, where they realize, wholesale, two shillings and sixpence and more. Many reach the Gibraltar market. We met some few chicken merchants with their huge empty baskets.

The journey from Kahrotah to Tangier was, for loaded animals, some fifteen hours. But by riding on ahead I reached Tangier by sunset, my effects coming at noon the next day. As Tangier is approached, several low mountain-ranges extending east and west have to be climbed. From one of the first I thought I saw a vast sandy plain to the west, in which appeared the windings of a river, and beyond the plain the surf of the Atlantic breaking on the beach south of Cape Spartel. But this proved to a mirage.

As I cantered over the Marshan, nearing Hope House, some of my little ones saw me and ran to meet me. I dismounted to kiss them just as a group of better-class Moslem women, who had just been to Hope House for remedies, were passing. It was interesting to see how wonderingly they looked on as the children ran toward me, and as I met them with embraces, and how they appreciated the situation, saying to each other, "Shoof, shoof!" "Baba, baba!" (Look, look! Papa, papa!) How glad I was to be in our lovely and commodious home again, with all the dear ones and our earnest fellow-workers! I was glad for the sake of the work to "sojourn in tents," and expect to do it much of the time in the future. But home was exceedingly pleasant, and its sweet amenities within, and its healthful and delightful surroundings and situation were never more appreciated. With a heart full of praise I took up the

home duties again. I found all had gone on wondrously well in my absence. All had been hard at work, at study and service of different sorts. Crowds of patients were daily on hand, taxing my dear wife's medical skill and physical strength, and Miss Herdman's Arabic and voice to the utmost. I had to insist on more moderation of toil all round, for the dear workers were going beyond their strength.

MISS HERDMAN'S WORK.

HOPE HOUSE, TANGIER.

May 30th, 1885, Saturday night.—This month has been a busy one. To-day was pleasantly and profitably spent in Tangier. I met

THE CONVERTED JEW,

Mr. Muscovitch, Colporteur of Mr. Ginsburg, of Mogador, in a Jewish house last Saturday. He is travelling partly for health and partly for work. To-day we visited Mogador families now living here together, all Arabic-speaking Jews. I invited three persons who had been under Christian instruction at Mogador to come up here to-morrow afternoon. Another, whom we found reading the Spanish New Testament, was very glad to hear of our Sunday evening Spanish meeting. He also attended Mr. Ginsburg's church at Mogador. Although the Kabyle Mission is not specially to the Jews, I always devote Saturday, or at least a portion of it, to the, to me, very interesting visiting of their homes. There are supposed to be 5,000 Jews in Tangier. The larger proportion are very poor, and live from hand to mouth. The women can rarely read any language. Those of Tangier speak Spanish and Arabic; from coast and interior Arabic only. The young men who have been to school speak French, and all the males read Hebrew—old and young—for the children learn that language before Spanish, at the Jewish Boys' School. The women have no religion, and generally go but once a year to the synagogue. Last Saturday after spending the morning visiting the Jews, I rode up from the town early in the afternoon bringing a spare donkey. Miss Tullock mounted it, and we rode to Jamma-el-Mokra, or "The Reading School," a large scattered village on the slope of Mount Washington. Its inhabitants are

RIFFIANS.

They are good gardeners, and some cottages have a large patch of cultivated ground. The cottagers who live on the steep and more barren spots, cultivate the ground in the valley below. We were kindly received by a man and his wife, who were weeding their garden and preparing a little ditch round each separate plant, to receive water in the dry season. After some conversation about the unusual rainfall this winter, I began to speak of God and of salvation. In a few minutes the man threw down his tool, and said to his wife, "Let us go into the house and listen—these are good words." We went in and they spread a mat for us to sit on, and when we had spoken and read to them, they gave us some sour milk to drink, and begged us to come again. They sent a girl with us to show us other houses. We had not time to go into all we were invited to enter. We hope often to visit this village—it is not far from our house. At this time of year the sun is so hot we ought to ride rather than walk. We know most of the villagers who live on the Marshan. While Mr. Baldwin was travelling in the interior, some fowls and mats were stolen one night. Next day the Mokaddam, or head of the village, came to offer to protect us until Mr. Baldwin's return. The people, both in town and country, are well disposed towards us. I have begun to visit

THE MARKET

early every Thursday morning, and speak to the groups of

countrywomen, who come in from the many villages around to sell. Last Thursday one of these women professed not to understand what I said, and turned to a well-dressed Moor near, and asked him what I wanted with her; he immediately replied: "That lady is a Christian, but do not be afraid of her words; they are always about God, they will do you good." Then she listened and understood, and we three talked together for a long time of Jesus and His precious blood. We have had a great many patients this month, and I have had the privilege of speaking to the sick Jews and Moors "wonderful words of life." Nearly all Mahometans when I come to the death of our Lord reply with the same three words, "*Má mât shee*"—"He did not die;" but they are satisfied when I go on to say that His flesh did not see corruption. Points we have not to dwell on among Christians become weighty here. Even the most ignorant know He was lifted up by God into heaven, and that He will come again in glory. The vital part, His blood shed, they have to learn. Some of us went one day to a feast in connection with the marriage of

THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GOVERNOR

of Tangier and district; we arrived late, and were cordially invited to come to the renewal of festivities on the morrow at sunset. This we were unable to do, but we sat down and spoke to one and the other reclining on mattresses all over the large reception room. By and by, one by one got up and sat down on cushions, and listened attentively while I spoke of Jesus. There were evidently guests and relations besides the female members of the family—at least twenty persons, all women. On leaving, I asked if they would like us to come and visit them—independently of the wedding; they said the house is open at any day or hour, and you are welcome. We have made no effort to get into the houses of the

HIGHEST CLASS OF MAHOMETANS,

but they are open to us. Our Moslem master introduced us to this one, and he purposes to take us to the present Governor's house any day we like. Of course, he does not go in. I have not been in any hurry, preferring at present to practise my imperfect Arabic on the poor. I have been lately in some middle-class houses, and have visited a good many Jews and Roman Catholics, but I shall have more time now that we have told the sick only to come on certain days.

Sunday, May 31st.—We have had fine breezy weather for weeks, with hot sun, but the temperature has not been over 76°. This morning Michael, a Syrian Christian, and a gentleman from Constantinople, called George Bey, whose father, an Arab, is a Governor in the Turkish Empire, came to our meeting. It is English, but I translate Mr. Baldwin's address into Arabic if any natives come, simply leaving out what I am not able to translate, or putting it in some other way, and, though making many grammatical errors, presenting the subject so that they can comment on it.

OUR SPANISH MEETING

this evening was but small—nine persons besides ourselves. Being daylight, and cool after a warm day, our usual congregation is on the beach taking the air. We may possibly change the place of meeting to Hope House for the hot months, but, then again, some are unable and some unwilling to climb this steep hill. I would not give it up on any account, for the Roman Catholics are getting the Word of God into their hands, and I believe into their hearts, and we all hope that this bud may blossom into a Spanish Protestant Church.

A CHILDREN'S SERVICE for those who speak English is held at Hope House on Sundays, at 5 p.m. Miss Baldwin teaches them to sing Gospel hymns, and gives them easy Scripture lessons.

EXTRACT FROM "L'EVANGELISTE."

June 12th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I sent you my last letter from Algiers, and now I write from Calais, where I have come to be present at the Annual Assembly of the Wesleyan Church of France. I wished, when in Algeria, to spend a fortnight or more in visiting Great and Little Kabylia, but the heavy rains in April hindered me from doing so, and I was obliged to attend the Assembly which took place this year a fortnight earlier than usual. In order to visit Djemaâ Sahridj, to see the two missionaries Lamb and Cuendet, I took the diligence from Algiers to Tizi-Ouzzou, ninety-eight kilometres from Algiers, and a twelve-hours' drive. At Tizi-Ouzzou I hired a mule, and proceeding along wretched roads, and through fields and brooks, in five hours I reached Mekla—a nice French village, quite new, and the chief place of the district in which Djemaâ Sahridj is situated. This last village has about 2,000 inhabitants, and they belong to the tribe of the Beni Fraousen. It is two kilometres from Mekla, and 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. What a beautiful country! I never saw a place so green and wooded except in Switzerland, and the vegetation, as in all hot countries, was indeed luxuriant and wonderful—a spectacle you never see in a cold country. The beauty of Djemaâ Sahridj is the great quantity of water which flows on every side. Djemaâ Sahridj means the basin of the mosque. Not only can you see a large basin built with Roman stones, but there are ninety-nine different springs. I did not count them, but I do not doubt it, for water flows in all the paths, so that they are both river-beds and roadways.

Mr. Lamb is a Scotchman, Mr. Cuendet a Swiss, from the Canton de Vaud. The Council which sustains them is English and undenominational; that is to say, the work is sustained by Christians of various churches. It is the same Council which has sent Mr. Bureau to Tlemcen and Mr. Baldwin to Tangier. The house at Djemaâ Sahridj is very convenient, almost comfortable; it is the second one they have built. The first, which stands by its side, serves as a stable for goats, a dispensary, and a place where little Kabyles meet to sing. I heard something of the latter. . . . Messrs. Lamb and Cuendet are actively engaged in learning the Kabyle language, which does not resemble either Arabic or French—at least in its words. From time to time they visit the Kabyle markets, and read passages of the Bible accompanied with explanations and exhortations; they believe in real spiritual life, and seek to obtain conversions, not only of the head but of the heart, and they will have them.

L. WESLEY LELIEVRE.

DURING RAMADAN the natives take nothing to eat or drink between sunrise and sunset, and as Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Herdman both needed rest they determined not to see patients except under special circumstances. During April, May, and June, 600 patients were attended, all of whom had the Gospel put before them in their own language.

MOHAMMED, A RIFFIAN, said to Miss Herdman one morning: "I ate but little last night, and intended to wake up in the night to take some more, but slept till after sunrise: so I shall have neither food nor drink for twenty-four hours."

MISS BALDWIN mentions that, when a party of the missionaries, accompanied by a Syrian Christian, visited a village near Cape Spartel, the *brethren*, as well as the sisters, were invited into the house of the daughter of a woman who had been treated at Hope House. Before they went there they had been informed that these people would not even receive them into their villages. This is a fair specimen of the opinion of many Europeans even in Morocco; they think that the people are all too fanatical to listen to Christians telling of Christ, because they have never tried the experiment.

PINS are highly valued by the native women. Miss Tulloch says: "A party of us visited some villages yesterday, and the people seemed very glad to see us, and wished us to return. We gave them all the pins we had, and they begged us not to forget to bring more and also some needles; the next time we intend to take them a good supply, as they cost us so little, and are very valuable in their eyes."

Dogs are very numerous in the villages round Tangier, and when the inhabitants are asked if they bite, they invariably answer yes. One evening, Miss Tulloch and Miss Baldwin went to a village on the Marshan, where they found the women sitting out in front of their houses engaged in making their rude clay pottery. They made some purchases, and were going away, when the dogs began to bark. Miss Tulloch said, "I am afraid to pass the dogs." One of the women answered: "Go, do not be afraid; Seidna Aisa (the Lord Jesus) will take care of you."

A POOR MAN WITH INTERMITTENT FEVER (Miss Herdman writes) came to Hope House for medicine; he said he had been told to go to the Christians by the people of his village, for they gave good medicines, and, as they cost a great deal, he was not to ask for bread or money; "nor would I," he added, "that would be sin." A little sugar, always a treat to the Moors, was given him; and he was offered a few coppers, of which it takes six to make a halfpenny; he would not touch them, but said, "That would be sin; you have given me medicine; may God bless you for it."

OUR ANNUAL CASH ACCOUNT.

WE desire to again thank the generous friends who have from time to time aided this Mission by their prayers, sympathy, and gifts, and draw their attention to the accounts we publish herewith. Donors will recognise their gifts by comparing the dates and numbers with those on the receipts.

It will interest our readers to know from what unlikely sources help sometimes comes. A missionary working in Jamaica sends four pounds, and another in the interior of China contributes a sovereign. Funds likewise come from unexpected quarters, as, for instance, Germany, California, Georgia, Boston, Wisconsin, Australia, etc. Some help by selling their jewellery, lace, etc., and others by denying themselves some comfort or luxuries. One gentleman writes: "Surely, if I can afford fifty pounds for a tour in Algeria for my pleasure, I can spare this five for the Lord's

work." In another instance a widow lady, unable to help much with money, lends her drawing-room for a meeting, where friends may be interested. Another lady who devotes her drawing-room to Christ's service, and has meetings in it twice or thrice a week, gave us the privilege of addressing a numerous audience, who gave practical expression to their sympathy. Two friends lay by a penny a day; another, a mechanic, a shilling a week. Some young people collected sufficient to buy a donkey for the Tangier station. Thus, in various ways and from diverse places, does the needed help come. May we ever receive all as from the Lord.

On several occasions we have been reduced to our last penny, but in answer to prayer *funds have always come*. It was so at the end of last December, when we were

unable to send the usual supplies to the missionaries until the last day of the month, so that they did not receive them till about the 7th of January. Through God's mercy they were not seriously inconvenienced. They understand that they, as well as the Council at home, must trust the Lord to supply all their needs, temporal as well as spiritual. In January, we were still very low, but just as we were specially seeking help from our gracious God, a handsome donation came in from a college in London, where the students had, during the previous year, been collecting for the Mission. Last April, in answer to earnest prayer, we received assistance from America just at a time of much need. We have found these constant exercises of faith *very profitable*, though sometimes trying. We hope we may be able to trust unwaveringly in the future. In the expenditure, there are some points to which we wish to refer. Through the liberality of our friends, we were able to pay £600 more toward the purchase of Hope House, our Mission Station in Tangier. Our brethren and sisters there are constantly *thanking God for so very suitable and healthy a place*. They are able to work with comfort while people in the town are suffering much from the heat.

At the close of the financial year £400 still remained to be paid to the vendor. This a friend has now advanced to us, so that all is paid. The friends who have between them advanced £1000 out of the £2,250 paid for these excellent Mission premises, need that their money be returned by instalments as soon as possible; meanwhile, we shall require to pay them interest at 4½ per cent. Of course they have good security for the money lent, as the house cost the vendor upwards of £4,000.

The expenses for outfits, etc., this year, would have been more than double what they are, had not most of the missionaries been able to provide them from other sources. We hope to be able to send out ten or more missionaries before the year closes; this will involve an outlay of nearly £400 for outfits, passages, and furniture, only a part of which the devoted workers can find, and an additional permanent income for sustaining these new labourers, *but if God has called them, surely He will send what is needed to obey the call*. In order to cover all expenses, we shall require *more than £200 a month*. Will you, dear reader, join us in frequently asking the Lord of the harvest to supply this and every other need of His work?

LIST OF DONATIONS FROM MAY 1st, 1884, TO APRIL 30th, 1885.

1884.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.			
May 5	51	5 0 0	Brought forward	352 10 4	Sept. 13	150	0 6 0	Brought forward	792 0 9		
5	52	0 10 0	July 4	105	1 0 0	13	151	5 0 0	Nov. 7	196	0 11 0
16	54	2 2 0	5	106	0 10 0	15	152	10 0 0	7	197	Cancelled.
16	55	0 10 0	5	107	0 1 0	16	153	5 0 0	10	*198	5 0 0
20	56	2 0 0	8	108	1 0 0	16	153	5 0 0	13	199	0 2 6
21	57	5 0 0	9	109	10 0 0	18	154	0 10 0	15	200	2 1 0
22	58	20 0 c	12 From Scotland	110	5 0 0	18	155	2 0 0	18	201	5 0 0
29	59	1 0 0	16	111	0 10 0	19	156	50 0 0	19	202	1 0 0
June 3	60	5 0 0	22	112	1 0 0	20	157	1 0 1	19	*203	0 16 11
11 Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott	63	7 11 0	23	*113	1 0 0	20	158	0 13 0	25	204	50 0 0
11	64	2 0 0	23	114	0 10 0	22	159	0 2 0	26	205	0 10 0
14	65	1 0 0	23	115	0 10 0	23	*160	0 10 0	28	206	0 0 3
16	67	5 0 0	28	116	5 0 0	23	161	0 10 0	Dec. 1	207	0 10 0
16	68	20 0 0	28	117	0 10 0	23	162	5 0 0	3	208	1 0 0
17	69	10 0 0	31	118	0 5 0	23	*163	2 1 0	6	209	0 5 0
17	70	3 0 0	31	119	4 0 0	27	164	20 0 0	9	210	2 0 0
17	71	5 0 0	Aug. 4	120	1 0 0	Oct. 3	165	0 10 0	9	*211	2 0 0
18	72	2 0 0	7 Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott	121	7 7 0	3	166	1 0 0	9	212	6 0 0
19	73	0 5 0	8A Cheerful Giver	122	2 10 0	3	167	20 0 0	13	213	1 8 0
20	74	1 10 0	8	123	0 10 0	5	168	1 0 0	13 Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott	214	11 10 0
20	75	50 0 0	11	124	0 10 0	8	*169	6 2 10	13	215	0 5 0
21	76	1 0 0	12	125	0 10 0	9	170	0 10 0	13	216	1 0 0
21	78	3 0 0	13	126	17 1 2	9	171	50 0 0	13	217	2 10 0
23	79	0 10 0	15	*127	7 0 0	14	172	0 10 0	15	218	1 1 0
23	80	2 0 0	20	128	0 10 0	16	173	5 0 0	16	219	1 4 0
23	81	20 0 0	23	129	2 0 0	18	174	0 10 6	16	220	0 10 0
23	82	1 0 0	25	130	0 10 0	21	175	0 5 0	16	221	0 10 0
23	83	0 15 0	26	131	1 0 0	21	176	0 3 0	16	222	0 3 0
24	84	0 2 0	27	132	0 10 0	21	177	0 7 6	16	223	0 5 0
24	85	0 2 6	27	133	1 0 0	22	178	1 1 0	19	*224	5 4 10
24	86	1 1 0	27	134	0 10 0	25	*179	2 0 0	23	225	5 0 0
25	87	0 10 0	27	135	0 0 6	30	180	1 0 0	23	226	0 10 0
25	88	10 0 0	Sept. 4	136	3 0 0	Nov. 1	181	2 5 2	23	227	10 0 0
25	89	0 2 6	4	137	0 5 0	1	182	2 0 0	24	228	0 5 0
26 "C. P."	90	5 0 0	4	138	2 0 0	1	183	0 10 0	25	229	0 10 0
26	91	0 10 0	5	139	1 0 0	1	184	1 0 0	26	230	2 0 0
26	92	1 0 7	5	139	1 0 0	1	*185	2 10 0	27	231	10 0 0
26	93	4 18 9	6	140	0 5 0	1	186	0 10 0	27	232	10 0 0
26	94	0 10 0	6	141	5 0 0	3	187	5 0 0	29	233	1 0 0
26	95	100 0 0	6	142	2 2 0	6	188	1 0 0	30	234	0 6 0
28	96	40 0 0	8	143	1 0 0	6	189	5 0 0	30	235	0 10 0
July 1	97	5 0 0	9	144	100 0 0	6	190	5 0 0	31	236	0 5 0
1	99	1 0 0	9	145	0 10 0	6	*191	3 0 0	31	*237	3 0 0
2	101	0 10 0	9	146	2 2 0	6	192	10 0 0	31	238	0 2 6
2	102	0 10 0	11	147	1 0 0	7	*193	1 2 6	31 Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott	239	10 0 0
3	103	2 0 0	11	148	2 0 0	7	*194	0 2 2	31	240	1 1 0
3	104	3 0 0	12	149a	3 0 0	7 Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott	195	1 10 0	31	*241	0 12 6
			12	149	10 0 0						
Carried forward		£352 10 4	Carried forward		£558 19 0	Carried forward		£792 0 9	Carried forward		£939 10 3

No. of Receipt. General. £ s. d.			No. of Receipt. General. £ s. d.			No. of Receipt. General. £ s. d.			No. of Receipt. General. £ s. d.		
Brought forward ... 939 10 3			Brought forward ... 1,129 0 7½			Brought forward ... 1,246 9 1½			Brought forward ... 1,316 18 0½		
Dec. 31	242	0 10 0	Feb. 9	*278	5 17 6	March 4	*313	13 17 8½	April 9	*347	2 12 0
31	243	5 5 0	10	*279	1 10 0	4	*314	3 5 0	9	*348	0 15 3
31	244	0 5 0	12	280	5 0 0	4	*315	1 13 3½	10	*349	0 9 1
Jan. 1, 1885	245	0 5 0	12	281	1 1 0	4	*316	1 4 7	10	*350	0 13 7
2	246	0 2 6	12	282	1 1 0	4	*317	1 0 0	10 A. II. C.	*351	0 10 0
2	247	0 5 0	12	*283	3 16 4	5	*318	0 13 2½	14	352	1 1 0
3	248	1 0 0	12	284	1 0 0	5	*319	0 12 0	15	*353	2 0 0
5	249	1 0 0	13	285	0 10 0	7	320	0 10 0	17	*354	0 3 9
6	250	0 2 0	14	*286	1 2 0	7	*321	0 2 6	17	355	34 16 3
6	251	3 0 0	17	287	0 10 0	7	322	0 10 0	18	*356	0 9 1
6	252	5 0 0	18	288	0 10 0	7	*323	4 15 0	21	357	1 0 0
10	253	0 10 0	20	289	25 0 0	7	324	0 5 0	24	358	0 5 0
12	254	0 10 6	20	290	1 0 0	10	325	5 0 0	28	359	0 4 6
12	255	0 12 6	21	291	0 10 0	13	326	0 10 0	30	*360	0 6 8½
12	256	1 0 0	21	292	5 0 0	14	327	1 18 7	30	*361	0 7 0
13	*257	2 2 0	21	293	1 0 0	14	328	0 5 0	30	362	0 5 0
15	*258	94 7 3	21	294	1 0 0	16	329	0 6 6	30	*363	1 1 0
16	259	3 0 0	21	295	0 10 0	17	330	0 3 6	30	364	1 0 0
19	*260	1 0 0	21	296	0 4 0	18	331	2 0 0	30	*365	1 0 3½
21	261	0 10 0	21	297	1 1 0	18	332	4 4 0			
21	262	0 10 0	23	298	0 12 0	18	333	0 10 6		£1,365 17 6½	
24	263	0 5 6	23	299	20 0 0	18	334	1 0 0			
24	264	0 10 0	23	300	2 0 0	20	335	1 1 0			
24	265	2 0 0	25	301	5 0 0	20 Matt. x.	8.336	3 0 0			
27	*266	4 6 8	26	*302	2 0 2	24	337	0 5 0			
27	267	0 5 0	27	303	2 0 0	25 One penny a day for one year	338	1 10 5			
27	268	0 10 0	27	304	10 0 0	25	*338a	3 15 1			
28	269	0 13 0	27	305	2 0 0	26	339	1 0 0			
29	*270	1 0 0	27	306	0 10 0	31	*340	3 8 6			
Feb. 2	271	5 0 0	28 S.S.	307	10 0 0	31	341	1 0 0			
3	272	2 0 0	28	308	1 0 0	April 1	342	1 0 0			
3	273	50 0 0	28	309	0 10 0	1	343	1 0 0			
4	274	0 10 0	Mar. 2	310	0 2 0	4	344	0 10 0			
4	275	0 3 5½	3	311	1 0 0	8	345	0 2 6			
5	276	1 0 0	3 Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott	312	4 11 6	9	*346	7 10 1			
7	277	0 10 0									
Carried forward...	£1,129 0 7½		Carried forward...	£1,246 9 1½		Carried forward...	£1,316 18 0½			£288 11 0	

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

CASH ACCOUNT.

From May 1st, 1884, to April 30th, 1885.

Dr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Balances in hand, May 1st, 1884	83 7 10		By Building	31 17 7	
Deduct Petty Cash (overdrawn)	0 7 9		„ Repairs	20 19 8½	
		83 0 1			
Donations to General Fund	1365 17 6½		„ Purchase of "Hope House"		52 17 3½
„ Building	288 11 0		„ Rent and House Expenses		608 4 4
		1654 8 6½	„ Furniture		67 5 7
Discount refunded		0 2 8	„ Outfits, Passage, and Freight		27 18 5½
Sale of Pictures	1 5 0		„ Missionaries' Allowances		156 3 3
„ Plate	3 3 0		„ Payments to Teachers of Languages and Servants	472 9 7	
„ Publications	3 3 1		„ Clerk's Salary	68 3 0	
		7 11 1		79 0 0	619 12 7
			„ Travelling	53 9 4½	
			„ Purchase of Horse and Donkey	13 8 0	
					66 17 4½
			„ Medicine		11 5 4
			„ Books, Postage, and Stationery		40 16 1
			„ Printing and Publishing		59 2 7
			„ Sundries		23 14 1
			„ Balances in hand	15 3 3½	
			„ Less Petty Cash (overdrawn)	3 17 10½	
					11 5 5½
					£1745 2 4½

We have examined the above account with the Books and Vouchers, and find it correct,

W. SOLTAU ECCLES,
Hon. Treasurer.
EDWARD H. GLENNY,
Hon. Secretary.

THEODORE JONES, HILL, AND VELLACOTT,
Chartered Accountants.

1, Finsbury Circus, E.C.,
July 17th, 1885.