

NORTH AFRICA.

THE QUARTERLY RECORD

OF THE

MISSION TO THE KABYLES AND OTHER BERBER RACES.

No. 2.

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INTERIOR OF A KABYLE HOUSE.

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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 be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, giving full name and address.

MISSION STATIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

ALGERIA.

Djemâa Sahridj—Mr. and Mrs. A. S. LAMB; Mr. and Mrs. E. CUENDET.

Tlemcen—Mr. A. V. LILEY. *Oran*—Mr. G. MERCADIER.

MOROCCO.

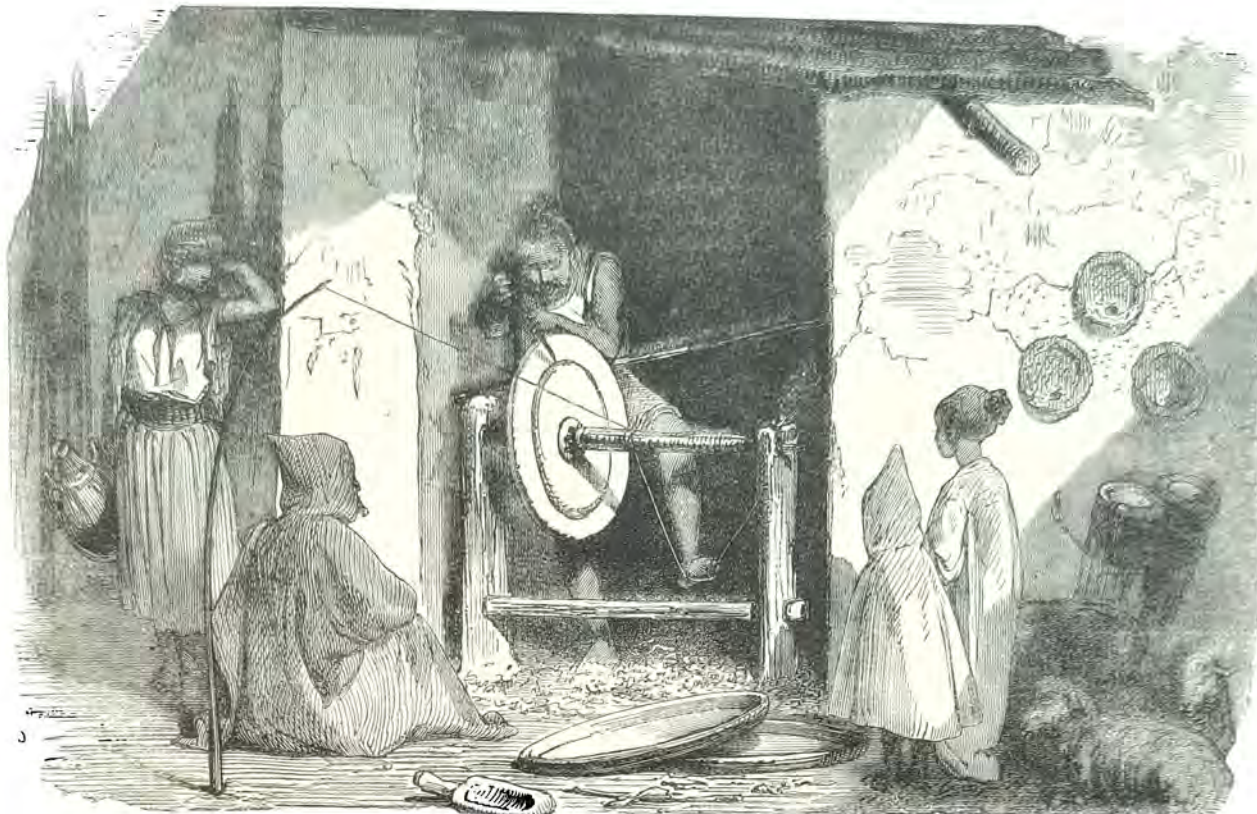
Tangier—Mr. and Mrs. BALDWIN; Miss C. BALDWIN; Miss HERDMAN; Miss TULLOCH; Dr. T. G. CHURCHER.

TUNIS.

Tunis—Mr. and Mrs. BUREAU.

Mr. J. PRYOR, Miss C. CALEY, and Miss J. JAY, are (D.V.) going to Tangier.
 Mr. and Mrs. F. CHEESEMAN, Miss READ, Miss HAMMON, and Miss L. COLVILLE will follow.

NORTH AFRICA.



A KABYLE TURNER'S SHOP.

OUR PRESENT OPPORTUNITY.

"I have glorified Thee on the earth."—JOHN XVII. 4.

*What do I
alter?*

WHEN the Lord Jesus was about to leave this world and go to His Father, He said, "I have glorified Thee *on the earth*," and it is *here* that we are called to glorify Him.

Is there not a danger of neglecting this blessed privilege and quieting our conscience with the thought that we *shall* glorify Him by-and-by when we reach heaven? But the prospect of what we shall do *there* must not hinder us *here*. We shall never have the opportunities in heaven we have now. It was on the Cross, on earth, that Christ supremely glorified God, and procured blessings for men. It is crucified with Him, crucified to the world, that we, too, shall honour God and bless those around. There will be no cross either to bear or hang upon yonder. In heaven we shall *enjoy* our honours, on earth we must *win* them. Earth is the battle-field, heaven the parade in the presence of the King.

Christ further says, "I have finished *the work* that Thou gavest me to do." His work was to reveal the Father, and then die to reconcile sinners to the Father he had revealed. He did it, and now sends us into the world, as the Father sent Him.

In North Africa there are many millions of people who

have no true knowledge of God. A few of God's servants have gone forth at His command to give them this knowledge, and tell them of Christ, who died to reconcile them to God. Were it not that God has promised to sustain these labourers, such a task would be utter folly; the world thinks it is folly, and, worse still, some Christians think so too; but *His biddings are enablings*. Nothing is too hard for those who are sent of the Lord and filled with the Spirit of God.

Has the low wail of the millions of perishing Mahomedans of North Africa no voice for ^{us} you, (dear reader)? Does it not remind us that now, on earth, we must reach them, or leave them for ever in the dark? Do not our faces blush as we think of the thirty or forty generations who have already passed away without the Gospel? Shall we not arise and ^{and take it to} (go and patiently instruct) them? or, if this is not possible, help by our prayers, our influence, and our means those who do?

Soon our absent Lord will return, and we must give an account of our stewardship.

May we be able to say to Him, and to God, our Father, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A PRAYER-MEETING is held at 21, Linton Road, Barking, on Fridays at 4 p.m., when the Lord's work in North Africa is specially remembered. Friends are cordially invited to attend. Trains run from Fenchurch Street, and the North London Railway. Tea is provided for those from a distance.

IT IS FOUR YEARS since, in company with Mr. George Pearse, the first missionaries of the Kabyle Mission went to North Africa. Notwithstanding many difficulties the work has been carried forward, and there are now fourteen missionaries and their wives in the field, and ten more waiting to follow on as God may guide and provide the means. There are also three others who are labouring independently of the mission.

THE COST of passages, outfits, mission stations, sustenance of missionaries and the expenses incidental to such work have been considerable; but God has inclined His servants to provide what was needed. Much larger supplies, however, will be necessary, now that the number of missionaries has been so greatly increased. We shall require, at least, FIFTY POUNDS A WEEK to sustain the work undertaken, beside what may be required for mission buildings, passages, and outfits. For this we *ask* God and *tell* His people.

MR. J. BUREAU, who was formerly at Tlemcen, returned to England in June, and in July was married to Miss Julie Addor from Switzerland. They have returned to Switzerland for a time, and from thence go to Tunis, where Mr. Bureau will itinerate, as the doctors think this will be better for him than local work. He spent some time in Tunis during the war four years ago, distributing Scriptures to French soldiers. Now he goes specially to the natives. We seek the prayers of God's people for him in this dark region.

A DONOR, writing to us in August, says:—"I have the pleasure of enclosing to you a cheque for £1 10s. on behalf of the Kabyle Mission. One pound of this money was given into my hands by a dear old woman, who is in the habit of giving much out of her small means—about 3s. a week from the parish. Half a sovereign of it was sent to her by some friend, and the rest in shillings and two shillings has been nursed until the silver had become tarnished. I look upon this as precious money. The Lord knows how to estimate its value and will bless its use."

WE HAVE RECEIVED several acceptable presents in kind—from a few pins and needles, to several pounds of soap, tea, etc. Two generous supporters sent valuable and opportune gifts of furniture. It is an unmixed pleasure to us to send our fellow-labourers in the field useful articles of furniture, supplies of groceries, and various things cheap and common enough in this country, but ungettable or very expensive in North Africa. Friends desiring to forward presents to the Mission Stations should address and send them, *carriage paid*, to the Hon. Sec., Mr. E. H. Glenny, 21, Linton Road, Barking.

WE NOTE WITH PLEASURE collective gifts, such as £5, to be spent in teaching the young, sent by children of a Sunday School. These little people already contribute to the support of schools in India, China, Mexico, etc. A children's meeting at another place have kindly collected for a donkey, and regularly contribute to support a missionary's child. Doubtless there are many children who would like to serve the Lord in providing for some of our young missionaries in "embryo." And are there not many stewards of God's bounties who might easily deny themselves an extra servant, or a little used horse and carriage, or some other luxury, which would be ample to meet the whole or part of the necessities of one or more saints labouring in unevangelized North Africa? How will *each one of us* give an account of the expenditure of all that the Lord has

given us, whether it be wealth, influence, health, speech, or some other talents which He intended should be employed in His service? "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." May, henceforth, every reader truly realise the Master's ownership of not only all that He has entrusted to us, *but of our very selves*. "Ye are not your own." "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye *present your bodies*, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service, and *be not conformed to this world*." Conformity to this world in dress, house, furniture, pleasure, business, and many other directions, is the cause of sad backslidings now, and will produce much shame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ hereafter.

"A NATION OVERBOARD."

~~ANOTHER~~ pioneer, our friend Dr. Churcher, started for the North African mission-field on Saturday, October 24th, en route to Tangier, where he will take charge of the medical work (so ably commenced by Mrs. Baldwin.) Whilst the steamer in which he sailed was detained at Gravesend, owing to the prevalence of a fog, a man fell overboard, but was quickly rescued through the hearty alacrity, co-operation, and skill of those who knew of his danger. The following application of this occurrence from Dr. Churcher's pen, will, we trust, call forth the earnest and cordial fellowship of all our readers and friends in the noble work of rescue to which our medical missionary has consecrated his life and talents:—

"The grey, cold mist hangs over the chilly water, and the steamer is just lying to for the night. Suddenly a strange and thrilling stir passes through the vessel. Sailors are running to and fro, and the captain's hurried commands are heard, 'Throw the man a line!' 'Heave over a belt astern there; *quick*, can't you; give him another line.' All is excitement—passengers are looking on with intense interest, sailors are grasping lifebuoys and lines, officers are hurrying to the ship's bow, because a fellow-creature is being swept away by the rushing tide, and is apparently about to sink and be lost. But can it be that in Morocco, close beneath the bows, as it were, of this so-called Christian nation, there drifts a people, numbered by millions, whose eternal destiny will quickly be decided if no help comes? The tide of time is sweeping them off into darkness without salvation in Jesus. Christian reader, will you not do your part to help them? See, the captain is stripping off his thick jacket ready for a plunge; but the Captain of *our* salvation laid aside all His glory, and plunged into misery profound for our rescue. You say you cannot go to Morocco. Can you not? Have you ever said to the Lord, "Here am I, send me"? You may safely trust Him not to send you if He has something better for you to do. How is it that so few with means, so few with superior attainments in science, literature, or art, are ready to surrender themselves to Him whose name they bear? The Lord may really not intend you to go to Morocco; He may need you in Algeria, or elsewhere in His great field—any way you can, by your prayers, means, etc., throw a life-buoy or a line to the sinking souls, or, as *our* sailors are doing now, grasp one of the lines of the Kabyle Mission which have already been thrown out in Djemâa Sahriddj, Tlemcen, and Tangier, and thus assist some perishing sinners to the same place of safety where, by grace Divine, you stand. See, the man is saved; the rescued sailor is now upon the deck, cold and dripping, but smiling, and we all rejoice together, for the almost lost is restored. When shall this be said of many in North Africa? Your whole-hearted assistance is needed quickly—needed now, so that we—you and I—might by all means save some; and then, beside our delight, there shall be joy in the presence of the angels of God over every sinner, African or European, that repenteth."

MOROCCO.

CAMPING OUT.

By MR. E. F. BALDWIN.

WE started from Tangier on Tuesday, September 15th. Our party consisted of Miss Herdman, my daughters Carrie and Reba, and myself. We took two servants, and had a foot soldier at two shillings a day. This is required by Moorish regulations. On Scriptural grounds (Ezr. viii. 22) I would have preferred not to have taken the soldier. We four rode our own two animals, Mr. Mackintosh's, and a hired horse. Three carried huge canvas saddle bags made by us for the trip, in which each one carried all their clothing and wraps, including bedding, beside books, medicines, etc. The fourth had a pack-saddle, which we rode in turns. We had but one animal beside those we rode, a big pack mule, which the men rode in turns. The hired animals cost two shillings a day each. Of course our pace was always a very sober one—a slow walk.

Our route planned was from Tangier to Tetuan, thence to Ceuta, and back to Tangier through the beautiful Angera country, from which we have had so many interesting patients and visitors.

THE FIRST NIGHT

we camped in an extensive olive-grove about three hours from Tangier, opposite a village where we had recently spent a day—an unsatisfactory one, for the "taleb" was a man of trifling spirit, and the people begged, and seemed to have no higher idea than to see what they could get out of us. This taleb and these villagers are the only exception to what we have found to be the rule, viz., that the talebs are sedate men of earnest and devout spirit, and the villagers are generally more concerned to show kindness than to seek favours.

The second night we were obliged to spend inside

THE DIRTY FENDAK,

rather more than halfway between Tangier and Tetuan, and quite up in the mountains. The place was full of animals and ill odours. In such a place my Lord was born. As at His birth, so now there was no room in this caravansery or inn or rooms pertaining to it. The owners and drivers of previously arrived herds of cattle, caravans of camels, and other beasts of burden, filled the rooms built on one side of the enclosure, and their animals the large open court itself. Not even one of the open sheds on the other sides was unoccupied. In the night the beasts around us nearly pulled down the tent we managed to spread by getting entangled in its cords and stakes. The odours were insufferable, but our circumstances, though with but little of comfort, yet had much of profit in them as we reflected on Bethlehem's caravansery, and the One who was born there. We would gladly have camped outside, but the fendak keeper insisted on our going inside for safety, as did also our men. Another time I would insist on pitching without, as many late-comers did.

From the fendak we for some hours travelled through the mountain pass, where we saw but few villages. There were said to be some here and there, but out of sight. We emerged upon a great plain, drained by the river which flows past Tetuan and empties into the sea beyond the town to the east. The road followed the river some three or four hours.

TETUAN

was in view two hours before it was reached. It is picturesquely built on a steep hill, and at a good elevation above the river, which at this point is, for Morocco, a considerable stream, though easily forded anywhere in the summer. In the rainy season feluccas or boats are used in crossing between Tetuan and the hills and mountains of the Riff country on the

southern and opposite side of the river. We arrived at Tetuan on the eve of the "soke" or market day, and which was also the day of preparation for "the great feast" of the Moors, or "the feast of the lamb," or "the feast of the animals," all of which it is called. So the town was full and noisy, as well as excessively dirty and dusty. The Spanish Consul, to whom I had a letter, was sick. The Caliph said it would not be safe to camp outside the walls of the town; that we were welcome to pitch anywhere within; that the "soke" space was the only level place. We searched in vain for another spot. Hotel rates were beyond our means. So we encamped, reluctantly as to our personal comfort, yet joyfully in view of the opportunities it would afford us to speak to the people, in the crowded and hot and extremely dirty and dusty

"SOKE" SQUARE.

Here we remained in great discomfort two days and nights; but crowds of Moors, Jews, and Roman Catholics thronged our tent door and heard the Word in Arabic and Spanish from the lips of Miss Herdman. Many received Gospel portions and tracts, for which there was much demand. The morning of the third day, after packing our animals with much difficulty, because of the crowds of people who closed us in, we left Tetuan by its gate, which looks towards the sea, and took the road for Ceuta, which here was good, and skirted the hills bordering the great plain between the hills and the sea, which was an hour's ride to the right, and in plain sight. Looking hence towards the shore a few white buildings were visible. These marked the site of the seaport of Tetuan, Marsatine, signifying "the two ports." A little more than an hour from Tetuan brought us into

THE KALALEEN COUNTRY.

Here we spent several days, having pitched our tents by the roadside, near a clear stream of water. We received many kindnesses from the villagers near by. Thence we returned to Tetuan two or three times. Our most satisfactory work was in two villages in the mountains on the other side the river and south from Tetuan. They were Buselmal and Dar Ezzekhek. Especially in the latter, men and women listened eagerly and cordially, invited us to pitch our tents with them, though they said even *their* own cattle were sometimes stolen by the lawless people (not Riffs, we are told) of the mountains to the south. In Kalaleen, where I have written all but these last sentences, much rain fell.

TANGIER, 14th October, 1885.

I now write at home. We were glad to make use of the first clear day to strike tents, and push on toward Ceuta, which is nearly north from Tetuan, and nearly east from Tangier, according to my compass. The journey from Tetuan to Ceuta may be accomplished in one long day's ride. Our road wound in and out among the clumps of "dume," or small palmetto, that grows everywhere in Morocco, and of which they manufacture their rope, baskets, etc. We kept on the low ground with the sea in sight for some hours. We then traversed an easy mountain pass between a promontory on the right and other mountains on the left, and emerged right upon the sea-beach, which now was our road until within three or four hours of Ceuta, where we left the sea on the right, and encamped for the night in a vast desolate plain. We gathered a lot of sponges on the beach. Our soldier informed us we were but half an hour from

CEUTA.

Therefore in the morning we rode in without our tents and packs to learn about a possible camping-place. But we found more than three hours consumed before we reached the guarded entrance to the citadel. Our pass from the Spanish Consul at Tetuan secured us entrance. No satisfaction as to a

camping-place could be obtained. So we were glad to get rooms at very moderate rates at a Spanish hotel for the two days of our stay. The charge for three rooms and one meal per day for all four of us was but six shillings per day. We had with us a goodly number of Spanish Gospels, which we gave away to citizens, soldiers, and prisoners. They were eagerly received.

Ceuta is Spanish territory, and is a strongly fortified promontory—the African Gibraltar. Martial law prevails, and any offender can be summarily dealt with. There are no Consuls of other Governments. It is used as a penal settlement for about three thousand prisoners—many of them are political convicts. They toil at hauling stone, five to one cart, and similar work. Several hundred of the less able-bodied prisoners, and the murderers, are confined in a great prison which caps the promontory. To this we were refused admission. The city is built on the lower ground, not much above tide water. It is well built, with good streets, and most cleanly kept.

The most friendly and cordial races we saw in Ceuta were those of the Riffian soldiers, in the employ of Spain. There are about one hundred of them.

Immediately after crossing the boundary line of Ceuta (a small mountain stream) we found ourselves passing a large Moorish residence. Here lived

THE KAID, OR GOVERNOR

of this part of the country. Although the rain was falling, he came out to the roadside to bid us welcome, and to urge us to let him entertain us for a time. He told us he had learned of our work among the sick Moors. He was a fine man of stately presence. As we had to press on, he sent one of his men with us to bid the people of the villages show us every kindness. Some distance on we met the son of the Sheikh, or Mokaddam (the chief man) of the village of Hooma, whither our steps were bent. A taleb who journeyed with us insisted on our going to *his* village—Bentz, a large one. But it was two hours out of our way. About four o'clock rain began falling heavily, and we abandoned all hope of reaching Hooma, where the kind Sheikh was ready to receive us, and encamped near Ain Thesha, beside a picturesque spring shaded with old olive trees. Besides Ain Thesha were several other villages—five, I think—in a basin-shaped valley near at hand. We were now in the heart of

THE WILD ANGERA COUNTRY

of which we had heard so much from many of our patients. Here the women do not veil themselves, or wear the heavy and senseless hikes worn elsewhere. I think they are Berbers, though they do not call themselves Riffs. In all these Angera villages, the weaving of cotton and linen towels, in plain and fancy patterns and colours, is the chief industry. The cotton is imported. The linen they raise. The towels are used for the outside dress of the women, worn over a linen undergarment, one about the waist, and extending to the ankles, and the other over the head, and falling down the shoulders. I purchased a complete female outfit. The linen undergarment was new. The towels we were unkind enough to buy on the road right off the persons of the wearers.

In this Angera country you are in the midst of vast and rugged mountains and well-watered valleys. We saw more trees and undergrowth here than elsewhere. The scenery is charming. The road kept the sea in view much of the time. At one point, when almost beneath the lofty crags of Jebal Musa,

THE AFRICAN PILLAR OF HERCULES,

the blue Mediterranean was in view behind us and the Atlantic in front. At different altitudes and angles we saw Gibraltar, which appeared very near. We heard the evening signal gun, and at night saw the lights in the houses.

It was on Saturday we encamped near Ain Thesha. On Monday morning the old son of the Sheikh of Hooma came with horses and men and carried us and our "hiwizge" (luggage) almost by force to his village two hours further on the road to Tangier. Here the kind old man insisted on supplying food for ourselves and animals gratis. Still, on parting, we found him not disinclined to a present of money. The village was small and composed of the three families of our host and some other relatives and their families. Up to about this point, some six or eight hours from Ceuta,

THE ROAD

was the worst I ever traversed, and should be written down as impassable, because of its steepness and narrowness, and on account of the undergrowth that must be pulled through. Our men only got our animals along by incredible toil and pains. The remaining ten hours from Hooma to Tangier (travelling in a general westerly course) is over difficult but not such impassable roads. Mountain after mountain, hill after hill must be climbed. It is up and down all the way. There are a number of villages, all of whose location and distance from Tangier, etc., I carefully noted. We were glad, in the early afternoon of our last day's ride, to reach El Minhar, three hours from home—a village we had visited with much satisfaction, and where we had not a few friends. It was Thursday afternoon, and we met many *en route* from the weekly market at Tangier. Several recognised and cordially greeted us. Five p.m. brought us again, after seventeen days' absence, within the walls of

OUR HOME.

We are daily impressed, as we meet the people we have before met in distant places, or who have been our patients, that we are gaining favour with these dear people, and making not a few friends. Every passing month deepens our attachment to these cordial, sincere, and earnest souls to whom God has sent us. God is witness, too, of the agony of desire that increases upon us to behold some of them saved. We know we shall witness this. God will work, and who shall hinder? We feel we can begin to praise in anticipation of coming victories in the name of Jesus. Oh! to speak freely to them of our adorable One. But this, too, comes on apace. "Be strong and of good courage." "I will bless thee and make thee a blessing." These words God the Holy Ghost speaks into our hearts, and we brace ourselves up and push on.

We were able to purchase fowls, eggs, milk, bread, and charcoal, beside barley and straw for the horses, along the entire route. Only once or twice had we a little difficulty, and were quite short of provisions. One day Carrie and I made a long day's journey from the tents, and had little, if any, lunch, as that day supplies were very low. We lost our way and went just a few hundred feet beyond where we should have turned, and at that point saw some

MOORS HARVESTING

maize. They recognised us, and gave us two huge pieces of the flat native bread—one of the men bringing it to us in his jelab hood. We thankfully owned God's hand in our losing our way that He might feed us for the day, and went on with joy at this token of our Father's care, who numbers the very hairs of the heads of His saints.

VILLAGE WORK AROUND TANGIER.

JOTTINGS BY MISS HERDMAN.

July 20th.—On Saturday, instead of visiting the Jews, we took a country ride. We had donkeys, and horses, and went to Masenanah, a village where the people are especially friendly, and where a well-to-do couple had offered us the shade

of the fig trees in their large garden, and pressed us to come. We took a few provisions, and started rather late; it was already hot when we arrived, so horses and donkeys, as well as ourselves, enjoyed the grateful shade.

The people of the garden offered the children two chickens as a little present. Most of the villagers were out in the fields gathering in the harvest. Nearly all

THE WOMEN

left at home visited us under the trees. I had a long talk with a group of women, while one of our party spoke to the men. *None of these women had heard the Gospel before, and they listened with evident interest.* Then Miss Dyson and I braved the heat and went to visit the houses. We found the taleb, or schoolmaster, and had a talk with him and a group of men under some olive trees, he read the passages of the Gospel that I pointed out. They said, "You need not expect the Messiah before the prophet, who is to announce him, comes."

I explained how we agreed on this point, and that we expected the Messiah to take up His believing people into the air so as to descend with them afterwards. He said: "It is good for us to speak together about these things of God." As usual, he would not admit that Jesus died,—"No, He ascended into heaven without dying;" thus the necessity for His death has always to be my theme. Our teacher rode with us as Mr. Baldwin could not accompany us.

On Saturday, July 25th, Mr. Glover, from Gibraltar, went with us to

THE LARGEST VILLAGE IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD,

distant two hours ride, called Awama. We were able to address three groups in various parts of the village. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Glover spoke and I interpreted. We were much encouraged by our reception, the Lord sending us a patient of the day before to meet us at the entrance of the village, and to guide us to his garden with its refreshing shade. The village is beautifully situated on two hills commanding fine views. Many of the inhabitants were gathering in the harvest. The men we spoke to were busy with donkeys and oxen treading out barley.

SCRIPTURE SCENES

are constantly before us in this land. The storks having for the most part reared their families, were flying high overhead. Some were walking about in the low meadows looking for snakes and frogs. We sang Sankey's and other Christian songs all the way home, our brother Glover leading with his strong tenor voice; we sang also in the villages. We are still without hymns in Moorish-Arabic, but hope soon to remedy this defect. We spoke to the taleb, or schoolmaster, of each of the two village schools. One was delighted with our teacher's manuscript of part of the Gospel of John in

MOORISH-ARABIC,

and refused the printed Gospel, saying: "It was not his language, and he did not understand it." He was promised a copy when done on the trygraph.

July 31st.—Six hundred copies were printed off by Carrie today. We have tried several Moors, and all read it easily, part of Numbers xxi. and part of John iii., a tract of four pages. We praise the Lord that He has permitted us to bring out even so small a part of his Word in language and characters that the people understand. We have plenty of opportunities of scattering this paper through the whole of north Morocco, including Fez, the capital. I had so longed for something to give to the patients to read as they were very numerous this week, and some of them were good scholars.

Aug. 1st.—Spent this warm day on the top of a breezy hill in a large village called Beni Mokaqela, met with patients there who spread a new piece of matting under a fig tree for us, tied

our horses up in the shade, and brought us some sweet milk. Our teacher read many portions of Scripture to quite a number of men and women picturesquely grouped around us, changing the difficult words into Moorish-Arabic, while I explained the Gospel. We did this for hours, with an interval for our picnic lunch, leaving them still ready to hear more. Then visited

THE TALEB, OR SCHOOLMASTER,

in another part of the village, and had conversation with another group of men. We were so glad to have the portion in Moorish-Arabic to give away.

Monday 3rd.—Spent the afternoon in a village, and distributed our "portions," holding conversations without dismounting, with groups and individuals.

5th.—Rode out again to a village in the late afternoon, returning after dark, the day being so hot that even quite late in the evening we were obliged to cover our heads carefully from the sun.

Aug. 12th.—We started at 7 a.m., and the tide suiting, crossed the river and rode three and a half hours to a village on a high hill on the other side of the Bay. We had the men around us all day, spoke and read to them, and left our portions of Scripture, cards, and Gospels. Two who read well we left each deep in a different Gospel, and one called after me: "It is Eastern Arabic; I understand it, and will translate it to the other villagers who cannot read." At 3 p.m. we descended a little, then rode to the top of another hill about 1,000 ft. above the sea. The view from the village on its summit was exquisite, and the air light and pleasant. Men and boys gathered around us. Nearly all the women in both villages were out in the fields harvesting.

THE LITTLE BOYS

listened quietly, seated on the ground under a tree. We do not much care to go indoors, the cottages being very close, and when the people see us riding past, they come out to us under the trees. We had a special sense of the Lord's presence and blessing in this place.

Aug. 19th.—We again spent twelve hours in the country visiting a new village on the Tetuan road, built, as most are, on a hill, and approached by a steep rough path from the main road, or rather track. The day was unusually hot. We stopped half way at the foot of another village, and spoke of Jesus to a few people. After arriving at our destination, we rested as usual under fig-trees. The men gathered around us. Hot as it was, most of the women were in the fields, and we found it dangerous to go from under the shade to seek them in their houses, in consequence of the broiling sun and the scorching heat of the ground. A number of men came and went all day—we spoke and read to them. I interpreted for Mr. Baldwin, and the village schoolmaster, who first refused to believe that Jesus died, read the Gospel of Matthew, 27th and 28th chapters, to a delighted audience, and said after finishing it: "*I never saw this before, it is very beautiful.*" The Mahomedans accept the law and the Gospel, the Old and New Testament as God's Word, only they do not read either. I asked several of the men: "Is that true?" and they said "Yes, the Gospel is true." Well, I said, "Now you know that Jesus died." I had already spoken of His death for their sins. We always ask now for the taleb, or schoolmaster.

August 29th, evening.—Just returned from a ride to

A NEW VILLAGE.

As usual, asked for the taleb, and put our printed portion into his hands to read to the people. *Women as well as men gathered around us, none of whom had ever before heard the Gospel.* It rained heavily all day yesterday and the air was delightfully cool. We enjoy teaching the people, and the Lord gives us healthy and happy times at the villages, for they are nearly all on hills. This evening the breeze blew quite

fresh, and we were refreshed in body and spirit. On Wednesday, 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and I rode to

OLD TANGIER,

a very pretty ride. There are more men able to read there than in most villages of its size, and we had deeply interested hearers. Some of them are coming to the Sunday morning Arabic service. Our village this evening was on the Fez road, and we spoke to the camel drivers and other travellers from Fez and the intermediate towns and villages, giving our leaflet to all who could read; even had we not reached a village our time would have been well spent. It was the evening before the great Sunday market, and we had some difficulty in passing the large droves of cattle and the number of caravans of camels we met on the way. I gave a Gospel to a well-dressed Moor from Fez; he was riding a mule, attended by a servant on another mule. He seemed so pleased with the leaflet that I feel sure the Gospel will be read. We are so glad to take every opportunity of sending the Word of God to places we have not yet visited. A man from four days' distance is to come up for a Gospel to-morrow at our Arabic service time. Mr. Baldwin addresses the men on the road, stopping his horse, and when they have exchanged friendly greetings I come up if necessary. We always go three or four together, and while Mr. Baldwin and myself spend our time in teaching the men the others seek to make friends with the women and children. Mrs. Baldwin and I are having a little holiday from patients. Between them and riding to villages I had no strength left for any literary work or for visiting better-class Moorish women in Tangier. Both of these I have resumed, and have just had an invitation to visit two large houses I had not been in before.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS TULLOCH'S JOURNAL.

August 1st.—We left early this morning for the village of Beni Makadda. An hour and a half's ride brought us there; it is a large one, and built as many of these villages are on the crest of a hill. Being directed to a certain house we were most kindly welcomed, for no sooner did they see us coming than they brought out nice mattings and spread them under some fig trees, which gave us delightful shade. We were soon surrounded by men and children.

We rejoiced in going forth this morning, as we had leaflets to give away—a portion of God's Word in Moorish-Arabic. Those who could read were delighted with it. They listened attentively while Miss Herdman explained it to them and told them of the need of a Saviour. When they saw us prepare for lunch they all very politely left us, and a woman brought us milk, water, and eggs. After lunch the men came back, and many passages from the Old and New Testaments were read to them and explained. They did not seem to weary. The women were afterwards visited. One woman whom I had met going to fetch water and had persuaded to join the group, sat and listened with rapt attention to the story of the Saviour's love, and when Miss Herdman stopped she begged her to go on. It was with difficulty we got away from her. On the way home we were reminded of the children of Israel in Egypt by seeing bricks made of clay mixed with straw.

August 4th.—Read the leaflet to some men, also John iii. They gladly took the leaflet away with them. One case was most interesting—that of a taleb or schoolmaster, who had come simply to pay a visit, having been invited by Mr. Baldwin some days before. I gave him a leaflet, which he read. When he came to where it speaks of the Son of Man being lifted up, he asked, like the cunuch of old, "Of whom is this spoken?" I told him it was of the Lord Jesus, and, as best I could, explained to him the need there was of His death. Then he said, "I will read it over again," which he did, and pondered

over each sentence to take it in. I then brought him an Arabic Bible, and opened Genesis for him, the Moslems being always ready to read that book; but with wistful eyes, he said, "Show me the Gospel; I want to read about the Lord Jesus." I turned up John iii. quickly, but when he looked at it, he said sorrowfully, "I cannot read that! I am only a poor taleb; you know more than I do." I was so sorry he could not read it. I got John iii., which we have now written out in Moorish-Arabic, and he read the whole chapter. When he left he said he would soon come again. He is an earnest enquirer.

August 11th.—Visited two sick women in the village near us. One poor woman was in great pain, yet when I spoke to her of Seidna Aisa she kissed her hand at each mention of his name. I am afraid she will never get well. The other patient was better, having had some medicine from Mrs. Baldwin; she spoke gratefully. One woman present asked me if I knew the Moslem stories of Seidna Adam, Moses, etc. I told her I did, that they were in the Bible, that I often read about them. I then began to tell them about the Lord Jesus. The same woman said, "We know you know about Seidna Aisa." They understand we are Seidna Aisa people. I have on different occasions heard those who passed us say, "Seidna Aisa." It is a sweet privilege to be known as His witnesses here. A little girl, a patient, asked me to give her a leaflet. I wondered at her asking for it, as they cannot read, and said so to her, "But give me a paper about Seidna Aisa," was her reply; "my brother will read it to me."

20th.—The number of patients have been increasing lately. There are many from the country to-day. A taleb from the town who has a school was much interested in the leaflet and said, "Have you nothing more to give me?" Of all the talebs I have spoken to, he was the only one who said of his own accord that the Lord Jesus was the Saviour of the world, and that He died; he told me he had read the Old Testament, it having been lent him by a Jew. I gave him pen and ink to copy out some verses. After having written out a portion, he wrote on the corner of the paper, "God help the Tebeeba (lady doctor) and may the Lord Jesus give her peace."

24th.—In going among the patients to-day a woman, for the first time, asked me to read to her the leaflet; I had given her one; I did so, and tried to speak to her, and those beside her, of the Lord Jesus; two listened attentively. The woman who asked me to read begged for another leaflet, that she might give it to her son. I find it is easier to talk to the men than to the women, as the latter are so ignorant, they do not listen so readily, and their attention is more easily diverted.

A VISIT FROM BRITISH SOLDIERS.

BY MRS. BALDWIN, TANGIER.

July 21st.—To-day we had a letter from Gibraltar, asking if we would entertain a hundred and twenty temperance soldiers, who wanted to come to Tangier for a day's holiday. It will be quite an undertaking to give lunch to so many, but for the sake of an opportunity to give them a Gospel feast as well, Mr. Baldwin has consented to receive them.

July 24th.—Yesterday, the expected British soldiers came, some being accompanied by their wives and little children. Mr. Holmes, of the Soldiers' Institute, came the day before and helped to arrange the programme. Carrie printed copies of it on the tryppograph, and they read as follows:—

WELCOME TO TANGIER.

Programme for the Day.

- 1st. On landing, tea will be provided by Mr. Meakin, at his residence, in the town.
- 2nd. Visit to the "Soke," Battery, Prison, and Gardens.
- 3rd. All meet at 1 p.m. sharp, for luncheon at "Hope House," on the Marshan. Look for the bell tent on Marshan.

4th. After lunch, short Gospel temperance meeting, with solo singing, and addresses by ladies.

5th. After the meeting, cricket, football, donkey-riding, etc., on the Marshan, and bathing at the beach, to the rear of "Hope House."

E. F. BALDWIN, Missionary.

July 23rd, 1885.

July 25th.—Everything passed off very well on Thursday. The soldiers had a grand good day, and went home refreshed and grateful. Al-

ready we have had a number of letters thanking us for the attention and pleasure we gave them, and assuring us that links of friendship were formed that day that would lengthen and strengthen. Some Christian workers found encouragement in the sympathy of their co-workers here.

July 27th.—Today, Mr. James Glover, Missionary to the sailors at Gibraltar, left us, after a four days' visit. He declared himself refreshed, and better able to go on with his work, which is full of difficulties; and I am sure we all realized his short visit to be a blessing to each, as he unconsciously gave us lessons in zeal, humility, and consecration.

July 28th. The day the soldiers came a Christian lady, a Mrs. Stewart, came with them, who is engaged at the Europa Point Soldiers' Mission. She has, since her return, written thanks to each of us for affording her the happy, memorable day she spent with us. So one by one is added to our list of friends in this far off land.

Miss Herdman adds—

July 27th.—On Thursday, a party of over a hundred British soldiers, belonging to the different regiments and batteries of Gibraltar, and to several temperance societies, came over for the day. Mr. Meakin provided breakfast for them; they much relished this after their trip across the Straits. When they had seen the sights of Tangier, they lunched with us.

At lunch, our company sat down, for the most part, Moorish fashion, on the stone floor and steps of the verandah. Most of

the men, we were told, were unconverted. Three gunners, however, stopped behind to tell how cheered they had been by Christian fellowship here, and they parted from us all unwillingly, when the time came to go down to the boat.

We had a Gospel temperance meeting in the house; the two large rooms were thrown into one by the opening of the folding doors, and we were glad to see them put to so good a use.

Mr. Holmes and Mr. Baldwin, too, regretted their leaving; and seeing what a treat it was to our Gibraltar brethren to be with Christians, like-minded with themselves, Mr. Glover was asked to stay. He has only left us today, and has much refreshed us in the Lord. The ground is almost as hard in Gibraltar as here, but we are crying to the Lord for showers of blessing, and the drops are falling already on our own souls.

THE kind supporters of the Mission would help not a little if by conversation or by letter they would interest their Christian friends in it. One gentleman was the means of sending us over £60 in a few days, from different friends, to whom he had spoken of North Africa and its needs, though he carefully abstained from appealing for funds.

THE REGENCY OF TUNIS is just half as big again as Scotland, and has a population of about 1,500,000. Nominally it is under the Bey of Tunis, but really may be considered as a dependency of France.

Once it was a mighty empire, with Carthage as its glorious capital. For more than a thousand years it has been suffering from Moslem blight and without the Gospel. Our brother, Mr. Bureau, has now proceeded there with his wife, and hopes to itinerate among its native races, who are at present quite unevangelised. The British and Foreign Bible Society has also a colporteur there. Our cut shows how the natives gather their crops of olives by shaking the trees and gathering the fallen fruit and carrying it home in panniers on a donkey, or, if too many for that, the remainder upon the back of a woman.



OLIVE GATHERING IN TUNIS.

MEDICAL WORK IN TANGIER.

NOTES BY MRS. BALDWIN.

July 18th.—The good news that the sick can have medicines freely given them has reached miles away, and many now come from long distances. Quite a party have come from the Angera country, sixty or more miles away; also from Wazan and most of the intervening places. On our trips into the villages we make friends, who, after having heard about Jesus in their own homes, are all the more willing to listen to more reading, or a continuation of the story when they come for their medicine.

July 30th.—Before prayers were over, and Miss Herdman and I were ready to see the people, we were told twenty-one were waiting. Thursday is always our busiest day, for the people not only come in crowds, but are clamorously importunate for their turn to come to receive their medicines. We call Thursdays

VILLAGE DAY,

as we set that time apart to treat those who come from their distant homes to the weekly market. Sometimes we cannot get through with all; the remainder willingly stay over night, and are treated next morning. Most that came this morning were women, with the very worst forms of skin and blood disease. Among the cases were those with noses, tongues, or throats consumed, or nearly so, by disease. Their physical, mental, and moral condition was most deplorable to contemplate. By twelve o'clock we were glad to close the dispensary, and go to our room, and ask the dear Lord to heal and save those for whom we could do so little.

July 31st.—This has been such a different day from yesterday; we saw forty-five patients, yet many of them were

INTELLIGENT MEN,

easy to prescribe for, and to make understand how, and when, their remedies were to be taken; so considerable time was left for reading and explaining the Gospel.

One man was from the caves, near Cape Spartel. A Gospel had been lent him when Mr. Baldwin went there; and his face was all aglow when he was given another to take back with him. He promised to read to his fellow-labourers, who are millstone cutters. A number of Gospels were given out to the talebs; and so the good seed is gradually being sown.

From the 15th to the 31st we have had 255 patients. The number being rather larger for the past two weeks than for any preceding month.

August 3rd.—To-day we have had eighty-seven patients, the largest number yet treated in one day.

August 14th.—One man came all the way from Mequinez, and is to remain several days for treatment. We rejoice over all who come from a distance, as they always carry away some portion of the Gospel with them. This Mequinez man was intelligent and appreciative. After having a man from Morocco (town) with us five days, he was carried away; he was

THE MOST FANATICAL ARAB

we have yet met, and declared he would never take any more medicine or food from us. He begged to be taken to the mosque, where two days afterwards we heard of him as lying uncared for on the cold stone floor, apparently in a dying condition.

August 21st.—I have had another sick man here several days. It is wonderful how they come from far and near for medicine. A hospital would be filled up in no time. We hope to have some accommodation for the sick ere long.

Patients for August, 773.

N.B.—A small hospital will be provided when sufficient funds are in hand for this purpose.

E. H. G.

NOTES BY MISS HERDMAN.

July 20th.—Last week Mrs. Baldwin's patients were nearly all from the villages. Three from a day's journey distant, who came only for advice. Many come from distances on business, and seek a cure at the same time. Three villagers came again to-day by appointment, and two of them are to return in a month. One was quite well, her ailment being slight. I try to send an Arabic Gospel to each village schoolmaster, he being generally the only inhabitant who can read fluently. I soon get to

THE END OF EACH LITTLE STOCK

that I lay in; and occasionally, as this morning, after giving a Gospel of Matthew to those three from the far village, I had only the Book of Proverbs to give to two intelligent men from a place a day's journey off in another direction; these came on business, and heard of the "doctor." One of the men used the words of our Lord in the Gospel of John xiii. 3, that our Lord Jesus "came from God and went to God." They listened with evident pleasure, as did each group of the sick this morning, to words about God and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit. It is all new to them, and we must sow in faith and patience, for they either do not know that they need a Saviour, or believe they are saved through the intercession of Mahomed. They agree with us as to the birth of Christ and His ascension, but deny His death.

A POOR MOORISH CAMEL-DRIVER

was laid at our gate on Monday night in a high fever. Mrs. Baldwin had him brought into our mamona, or reed arbour, where we receive the sick. He came from Morocco, and had been thirty days on the road. He is still in a precarious condition, and lies where we put him, being unwilling to be removed into a room.

August 12th.—On Friday evening, against our will, the Basha had him removed to a place near the mosque, in Tangier. He was put on a mule, and the men themselves thought he had died on the way. Frank and Furman followed, and brought us the report. With many Mahomedans there is no mercy.

We have been almost

OVERWHELMED WITH SICK PEOPLE,

and for several mornings I could only speak to a few about spiritual things. However, yesterday I had two little services at intervals in the mamona, or reed hut, in which we gather them, and some long readings and conversations with men as well. A taleb, who had never been here before, sat for hours while first Miss Tulloch and then I read and spoke to him.

MR. E. CUENDET returned to Switzerland in July, and was married to Miss L. Basset in August. They return, D.V., in October to Djemaa Sahridj, in Kabylia.

Mr. LAMB writes in *August*:—"This month I again paid a visit to Taarost, where Miss Gillard and her companion have found a home. Here I found our sisters working away steadily, trying to impart the knowledge of God's love among the people of that neighbourhood. Two bright little boys, whom I conversed with, are daily taught to read and write by Miss Gillard. From Taarost I paid a visit to a village about half-an-hour's distance, where I gave away several medicines, and endeavoured to speak of the Saviour." *September*:—"Some few weeks ago I visited the village of Aigonné Bonafir, one of the many villages in this the Beni Fraoucen tribe. With the exception of Fort National, I never visited a village so elevated, and from which such a beautiful view can be obtained for miles round. One wonders how these people support the fatigue involved in travelling to and from their mountain homes."

ALGERIA.

MISSIONARY EXPLORATION IN KABYLIA.

BY MR. ALFRED S. LAMB.

ACCOMPANIED by Mr. Cuendet I left Djemâa with two mules on Tuesday morning before four o'clock. Tizi Ouzou was reached about half-past eight. After a short stay, we proceeded to Dellys; the journey from Tizi Ouzou was made during the great heat of the day, along a path with little or no shelter from the sun. Four hours after starting we were glad to make a halt at the Kabyle village of Beni Atar. Under the welcome shade of some trees, round which was gathered a crowd of Kabyles, we sat down and refreshed ourselves with lunch. Here we had

A GOOD SOWING TIME,

as we gave away several Arabic portions of the New Testament, and at the same time witnessed for our despised Lord and Master, some of our remarks being strongly opposed by the leading Marabout. May we not look for blessing from the seed thus sown. Near this village we counted three or four others within easy distance of each other. The road from Beni Atar, over the mountains to Dellys, is, I think, the most uninteresting I have yet seen in Kabylia. Not a village could be seen for several hours, except a French one, in the far distance. Dellys, which was shrouded in a thick mist for at least the last hour of our journey, at length burst upon our view, and called forth our admiration from its delightful situation near the sea. As we approached we were more and more impressed by the appearance of the town, with its many handsome buildings, which were exceptionally gay, owing to it being the day of the National Republican Fête. The town is enclosed by a high, loop-holed wall, and has a large garrison of soldiers, with some of whom we were able to converse during the evening, besides also distributing among them a few Gospel books. A large Roman Catholic Church stands in a beautiful square surrounded by trees. The streets are singularly clean in the French part of the town, but a considerable part of the place is occupied by Arabs. A very handsome

MOSQUE, BUILT BY THE FRENCH,

commands the attention of the visitor.

We were surprised to find so many *Arabs* and so very few Kabyles in the place; the former do not understand the language of the latter. Here, at Dellys, is a most interesting school connected with the military, viz., "L'Ecole des Arts et Métiers," where at present between forty and fifty pupils are being taught in many branches of art and trade. Some of their handiwork formed a most conspicuous and pleasing part in the decorations of the town. Here we had an opportunity, of which we availed ourselves, of sowing the seed, several portions of Scripture being distributed, while the value of the books was made known by personal testimony. Again our praise of Christ was objected to by one who found that his prophet had no place in our teaching. The following day was one of much-needed repose, the heat being so great that we were obliged to spend not a little of it in our hotel. On leaving Djemâa Sahridj, we had no plans further than to visit Dellys and return, but the country we had passed through did not present much to induce us to recommend it as a desirable centre for a station, although along the coast between Dellys and Azeffoun there are two large tribes, the Beni Ouagenoun and Beni Flisset Lbelaar. A steamboat, however, had come in and was to proceed that night to Bougie; we therefore determined to continue our journey, and arrived there early the next morning. The scenery

AROUND BOUGIE

is exceedingly beautiful, what with its bay, which some say equals that of Naples, and its mountain ranges, it presents a

most fascinating view to the eye. The town being built on a hill makes it somewhat tiring for the visitor, who would see its many very ancient ruins. (For particulars of these ruins, see Murray's Handbook, "Algeria and Tunis," page 116.) The few hours spent here were very pleasant. We visited in the early morning the ruins, and then took a walk along the south-east end of the bay, where we met a group of Kabyles and conversed with them of God's love. The evening saw us on our way by diligence to Del Kseur, a French village on the route to Akbou. On the way to Del Kseur, we drew up near another French village named Réunion; the valley along which this splendid route runs, and where there is a railway in course of construction, is called the Oued Sahel. The scenery is truly beautiful; slope after slope of these mountains on either side of the valley is surmounted with one or more Kabyle villages. A station for mission work here would be of great importance. Not only would the missionary be able to keep up communication with Bougie, but he would have many of these villages within very easy access. We passed the night at Dil Kseur, and next day proceeded by courier (mail gig) to Sidi Aiche; we still followed the valley of the Oued Sahel, and passed on our right

NUMEROUS KABYLE VILLAGES,

some of considerable size. Here, also, a mission station might be planted. Leaving Sidi Aiche the same afternoon, we proceeded across the mountains to the tribe of the Beni Idjer, on mules kindly obtained for us by the courteous administrator of that village, for though not large it has its Administrateur, Juge de Paix, Gendarmerie, etc. Evening had set in ere we found ourselves under the hospitable roof of the intelligent and friendly Kabyle president of that village. There we dined, as one does not often dine in Kabyle houses, both in respect to manner and provisions. Here again we testified of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only hope of the sinner. Midnight came ere we attempted to sleep in the apartment allotted to us, but no sooner was the light extinguished than we were sensible of the presence of rats, who had come to profit by what they could find of our repast. We interested our kind host and his secretary in accounts of our countries, etc.

While speaking to two men before the president came in, a little incident occurred which gave a good opportunity of explaining what a Christian is. One poor fellow who entered our apartment took up one of our hats, and, putting it on his head, said that he was now a Frenchman and a follower of Jesus. The latter part of his remark drew me out to tell him that clothing constituted no part of religion; that the heart must be right before God, and the clothing was of small consequence. This seemed to make him think, and he assented to the truthfulness of the remark. We started the next morning at daybreak, and after passing through beautiful scenery reached Djemâa at 9.30 a.m. We believe our journey has not only given us a knowledge of the country traversed, but also of the needs of the people; and we call for every Christian who can possibly come, and "who has a love for souls," to lose no time in entering this field.

"JUST OUTSIDE TLEMCEN," writes Mr. Liley, "is an Arabic village. It is below the level of the city. We descended by a crooked and steep road, and found many families living in caves that they had dug in the soft clay soil. Some of these caves were quite open, but in the majority the occupants had, by building up either side, been enabled to hang a rude door. The wretchedness of these people was appalling; the degraded heathen that I have seen on the Congo are in better circumstances than many of these Arabs. The first cave we passed was inhabited by a black minstrel, his wives and children. Immediately he saw us he snatched up his instrument and commenced to play, while his little infant, scarcely able to walk, was sent out to beg."

TLEMCCEN.

NOTES FROM MR. MERCADIER.

July 5th.—My Spanish neighbour has received a New Testament from me. I understand that her husband has been reading it for several days. I have also given the children some of the Spanish tracts which I have by me.

Saturday, 11th.—To-day I am going to Trois Marabouts to conduct the French Vaudois service in that village. I shall take with me a great number of tracts to make an extensive distribution of them, and shall also take a large parcel of Scripture portions in French, Spanish, and Arabic.

Sunday, 12th.—The Vaudois received me with their usual kindness. I was able to distribute some Arabic tracts on the way between Ain Temouchen and Trois Marabouts. I was on foot, and although it was in the morning, my heavy packet of books and my bag filled with tracts, made me feel the heat very trying. A sympathising Arab was kind enough to carry my load upon his ass for a short portion of the way.

Some time ago I had engaged some of the Vaudois of Trois Marabouts to distribute Arabic tracts as they had the opportunity. For this purpose I had given them some of the publications I had with me at the time. One of the Vaudois had been able to place an Arabic Gospel in the hand of a Marabout of the neighbouring village. It appears that this man, proud of the gift he had received, read it aloud every evening at the "djemma" or meeting in the Moorish café. He continued this until the book was finished. When it was ended he came to the Vaudois and asked for a larger volume, speaking of Seidna Aisa, the Lord Jesus. On my next visit to Ain Temouchen I shall take a Bible to satisfy the wish of this interesting Arab.

Monday, 13th, to Saturday, 18th.—This week we have had

A SIROCCO,

scorching everything with its burning blast. This wind blew for four successive days, making one glad to search out the coolest places, so as to be able to breathe. I have been teaching French to some Arabs; but I must confess with grief that their idleness and want of interest will make them incapable of making much progress. At the least difficulty they are discouraged and will not return, and I have to begin over again with others. A New Testament was given to a soldier setting out with his regiment. During the last few days eight Bibles and New Testaments in French, Spanish, or Arabic have been distributed, besides a quantity of tracts.

August 11th.—On my journey to Trois Marabouts, I took with me Bibles and New Testaments in Arabic, French, and Spanish. The sacred books had, as usual, been promised some time before, and both Colonists and Arabs received them joyfully.

Monday, 17th, to Sunday, 23rd.—We are

CHANGING OUR RESIDENCE,

and are letting the Arabs know of it, that those who are in the habit of visiting us may go to our new dwelling. The day has at length come for us to leave the Rue Beni Zyan, and to live in our pretty little new house in the Turkish quarter. After having been so uncomfortably situated our new home seems a palace. By Saturday afternoon we were quite settled. On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Liley and I walked about, and were able to distribute tracts to some Arabs whom we met. All these little books are scattered among different tribes. The reception sometimes given us by the natives whom we meet rejoices our heart and gives us more hope for the future of this difficult field of labour.

September 14th.—At a little village five miles from Tlemccen we met a young man, an Arab, who had a New Testament, and I gathered from what he said that he had received it from

General Haig during his stay in Algeria. As he was smoking while carrying the book to show it me, an aged native noticed this want of respect for the book of a prophet, and said severely, "Do you think that Jesus Christ is a holy prophet, and do you not show respect before His Book?"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

By MR. A. V. LILEY.

July 22nd.—I started from Oran early this morning for Tlemccen; Mons. E. Eldin kindly saw me to the train. I arrived at Rio Salido, the most advanced station of this line, about ten o'clock. A diligence was waiting to take up passengers for Tlemccen. At this the dry season of the year, the roads are much cut up, and as we drove along, blinding clouds of dust arose. The distance from Rio Salido to Tlemccen is about seventy miles; during this journey we had changes of horses seven or eight times. It was a most interesting journey notwithstanding the dust and the heat. I was enabled to see the country, also the tents of the Arab shepherds pitched here and there on the hill-side with their flocks. Biblical scenes came up so vividly before me as I saw the vineyards, olive-groves, bullocks ploughing, and horses, etc., treading out the corn. It was eight p.m. before I reached Tlemccen, and right glad was I to be in my present sphere of labour. Brother Mercadier was at the gate of the town to welcome me, and seemed very pleased to have a colleague.

Thursday, 23rd.—I awoke about six o'clock this morning, after

A SOMEWHAT DISTURBED NIGHT.

One of our neighbours had been beating, and chasing his wife up and down the street, about two o'clock in the morning. I am informed these noises in our street are a common occurrence. At nine o'clock Brother Mercadier and I went out in search of another house. We looked at three or four which were either damp, too far from our work, or the rent rather high. We were at last directed to one which we thought would be in every way very suitable.

We paid a visit to one or two of the Protestant families here, from whom I received a cordial welcome. Some of the Arab friends were visited who were most inquisitive as to my position, calling, country, age, etc.

THE ENVIRONS OF TLEMCCEN

are the most beautiful I have ever seen. To the south of the town is a range of mountains with a very rugged ridge. To the north we have a view extending many miles in the direction of Oran. Around the town are vineyards, olive gardens, etc. It is very pretty at this dry season of the year, so it will be grand, when we have the refreshing rain. Everything in the town has a very Oriental appearance. The houses, mosques, people, etc., are all quite unlike one would expect to find in Africa after my Congo experience.

Friday, 24th.—As we were on our way to the café to dine, we saw the Marabouts on the towers of the mosques, calling the people to worship. Being a little curious we went to the door of a mosque and had a peep in. There we saw the Arabs squatting shoeless, row after row on the mats, most of them had their eyes closed and their heads bent in reverence. The people seem to be most devout and particular in their religion. Five times a day does the priest mount the tower and call the people to worship; some of the mosques are so full that I have seen Arabs sitting outside the door.

Saturday, 25th.—Began my French lesson as usual this morning, but was disturbed by an Arab scribe (rather a big man in his way), who would have us go and drink coffee with him. We visited several of the Arabs at their shops. Mr. Mercadier spoke to them of Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world.

Sunday, 26th.—We

VISITED A SMALL MOSQUE

in which were the remains of two "holy men." The door was unlocked by a very dark-haired Arab girl, we entered the court which was about sixteen feet by twelve; in it was a holy well. The walls at one end of the court were decorated with red and white calico trimmings, higher up the walls were a number of candles, and three or four large mirrors. We were conducted into the sepulchre of the mosque, and were shown where the remains of the two holy men lay. Moslem flags from Turkey, Syria, Egypt, the Soudan, Morocco, and other places were here in profusion. In a frame, marked out with tinsel work, was what was said to be the shape of Mahomet's foot. A stone about a foot square, was let into the lower part of one of the walls, and had an Arabic inscription; it was to mark the place where a very holy Arab was killed by a Frenchman. We next visited the mosque which is now used for worship, we heard a number of children repeating in a parrot-like manner parts of the Koran; I was informed these were studying to become priests. As we were about to enter the mosque, the priest, to whom Brother Mercadier had given the Gospel of St. John, came forward with a pair of wooden soles for us to tie to our boots, having fixed the soles to our boots we were allowed to enter.

When we were returning we met a number of Moslem women going up into the village to worship. As we passed them they closely shrouded their faces; on looking back we saw them

KISSING A TREE,

which was held in great veneration because a holy man was buried close by.

The evening was spent in visiting the various Arab cafés, distributing tracts, and Brother Mercadier spoke as opportunity offered. How I long to have French and Arabic at my command, that I may speak of the Lord Jesus to them.

Wednesday, 29th.—Called with Brother Mercadier at the shops of several of the Arabs. Had a huge bowl of "cous-cous" given us this evening by one of the Arabs for whom I understand Mr. M. has written many letters. This was the first time I had tasted this common Arab dish, and I thought it delicious. An Arab conducted us to the largest mosque in the town; as we looked in we saw one or two Arabs at prayers. Poor fellows, how sincere they were! standing, then kneeling and touching the ground with their foreheads, then rising and prostrating themselves.

Sunday, 2nd.—Went in the morning to the Protestant Church, Brother Mercadier preached. What

AN UNGODLY PLACE

Tlemcen is! The Arabs keep Friday as their day of prayer and for reading the Koran. The Jews keep Saturday as the day of rest, and the Europeans (I can't say Christians), Sunday. As I returned from worship I found the Arab market in full swing. Here, we see a vendor of coffee; there, a number of donkeys and horses; men and boys shouting, jostling, jangling, buying, selling, and begging. I passed on a little further and met the postman distributing letters to a Frenchman, who was carrying on his business as on any other day in the week. As I neared the barracks I found all the cafés open, soldiers sitting at the doors smoking, and others inside playing cards, billiards, etc. One cannot help feeling, "There is no fear of God before their eyes." In the afternoon I went out with Brother Mercadier towards Mansourah, we walked with some Arabs who were returning to Morocco, they were spoken to in Arabic. On the road we passed a French military encampment; I gave some of the soldiers a French copy of the Gospel

of St. John; they readily accepted it, and said they were glad in their present position to have books to read.

Monday, 3rd.—We had some discussion with our

ARABIC TEACHER.

He said we had come to convert the Mahomedans to Christianity, but it was an impossibility. We spoke of the joy and peace we experienced by trusting in Christ, and the delight in reading and meditating upon the word of God. He said he had great joy in his heart by believing in Mahomed, and, with great emphasis, said he would not change his religion for the wealth of the whole world.

Friday, 14th.—In the cooler part of the afternoon walked out with Brother Mercadier. We met many Arabs and some were spoken to. One old man, an advocate and a great friend of Brother Mercadier, spoke French very well, and with my slight knowledge of that language I had some talk with him of the Sonship of Christ. He said he believed in Christ, but as only one of the other prophets; neither he nor Mahomed could save our souls. The Arab said he was going one way to heaven, and the Christians another. To illustrate this, he drew a circle in the dust to represent heaven, then drawing lines from it—these represented roads—he said the Mahomedans were travelling one road and the Christians another, but in the end all met at the same place.

AN INTERESTING ARAB.

BY MR. MERCADIER.

DURING a walk one day we met one of my Arab friends; he invited us to take some lemonade with him. After having chatted awhile he invited us to dinner. He received us in the most agreeable manner. We were seated at a round table in the oriental manner, half reclining upon the cushions arranged by our hosts. When we had washed our hands in a great basin, and bread had been broken, the plates were brought. Wooden spoons were supplied us for our Arab soup, which they had not forgotten to pepper well. The mutton and vegetables were then brought on without knives and forks. We had to tear our part from that which was offered to us. A baked fowl appeared upon a beautiful silver dish. Slices of watermelon, grapes, and raisins put upon plates took the place of anything to drink. We finished up with coffee. Then we chatted on fatalism and the will of God. The friend who received us at his table is a most interesting Arab. At the date of the famine, which some years ago ravaged Algeria, the Protestant pastor here, Mr. Duproix, occupied himself a great deal on behalf of the natives who were dying upon the roads and in their houses. The attention of this godly man to the afflicted greatly impressed Ibrahim, and he had a great attachment for him. Mr. Duproix gave him a Bible. He read it through, and returned it into the hands of the pastor, kissing the book as a sign of respect, as he felt a profound veneration for the words he had read.

Some time after Ibrahim had the occasion to show his sympathy for the Duproix family, death having removed the venerable pastor. His aged widow was left without fortune, with a numerous family, though each of the young men had a position which permitted them to sustain their mother and their sisters. Ibrahim came at once to the afflicted family, not only to console them, but also to tell them that he had money to lend them without interest and that they were his friends. The family were not obliged to accept this offer, but the sympathy of this native cheered them very much, and he has always remained a friend of the family, often visiting them, and he never mentions the name of the late pastor without great veneration.

FOR THE YOUNG.

NOTES FROM MY DIARY.

BY CARRIE BALDWIN.

July 16th.—I am sitting in one corner of the pleasant flat roof, of Hope House, because on Thursday it is almost impossible to study in my room, on account of the noise the crowds of patients make near my window. We have all taken our turn in making the tent. We decided that we would rather sew it ourselves, and so save a good many dollars, than employ the slow old man who began it. We shall soon finish it, and shall enjoy its shade all the more because we helped to make it.

July 21st.—This afternoon we had an interesting visit from some men from Medina, in Arabia. One of them was a eunuch, eighty years old, a treasurer of the Sultan of Turkey. He was travelling to collect money for pilgrims to the tomb of Mahomed. He was a friend of our teacher. His name is Sidi (master) Solomon. He wore two kinds of silken gowns, and a fine white jelab, which made his black face look all the blacker. He was accompanied by his three fellow-travellers. One of them was a priest named Ishmael. The other two men were both called Moses. One of them had come in the morning for medicine, and had heard us sing some Gospel hymns at prayers. They had not been seated many moments when the eunuch motioned for me to play on the organ. I played and sang for them, but every time I stopped they asked me to go on, so I called the children and made them sing some of the bright hymns I had taught them. This pleased the men very much, especially when Miss Herdman told them what we were singing. Then we showed them the photograph album, and also some Bible pictures. We gave them tea, biscuits, and corn-starch pudding, the latter they said they enjoyed for they used to have it in their own home. They seemed to be much interested in watching baby Anna and her dolls. Papa took her on his knee and whispered some Arabic questions to her which she asked Sidi Solomon. They seemed to think it very wonderful that she could speak any words of their language.

It is really astonishing to see how much Arabic she learns. She is constantly asking us the meaning of Arabic words. She knows the patient's days, and if they come on any others and she sees them, she tells them in Arabic to go away and come back the next day. They seem to understand her. But to return to our visitors. After their tea, the Iman or priest, read a chapter from the Bible to them, and on his promising to read to them in their house, Miss Herdman gave him the Bible. May God use His own Word to bring them all to a saving knowledge of the crucified and risen Saviour. As they were going, the priest said he loved Mahomed, Jesus Christ, Papa, and our teacher all the same.

July 25th.—We have a very pleasant time at our little Sunday School class, but find it hard to get any English-speaking children to come. I had feared that the children here at Hope House, would tire of learning their hymns and lessons if there were not some others with them. But as they look forward eagerly to five o'clock, and beg me not to stop when six comes, I am encouraged.

August 1st.—We have come to the beginning of another month, and that the hottest, when we are told we can do little but try and keep cool; but we have much more important things to occupy us than that, and consequently we have no time to think of the heat. The days and months are all too short for the work we want to do. We began bright and early this morning. Some of our circle went to a village an hour and a half's ride from here to labour there, and the rest of us had our work all planned, as much as we could possibly accomplish in one day. The night before I had begun to print some of the much-needed tracts, part of Numbers xxi. and John iii.,

and before noon I had a thousand ready for distribution I enjoyed doing it, and prayed earnestly as I printed them that they might find their way into every village and town in Morocco, and that each one might lead at least one soul to the feet of our blessed Saviour. I sent some to the village by Miss Herdman. I also printed forty or fifty copies of a letter for Papa. This, together with my reading some of John's Gospel in Arabic, and the different duties which come with each day filled up my time.

August 3rd.—What a busy place this is! Mamma treated

SEVENTY-SEVEN PATIENTS THIS MORNING.

She could not possibly have done it if she did not spend much of her time in her little medicine room, making up the different medicines which she knows will be needed. After taking a lesson of an hour and a half with the teacher, I went out among the patients to see what I could do there. There were half-a-dozen or more women crowding about the window of Mamma's room and all clamouring to be given their medicine first. After telling them to go to their places and wait their turn, I took two young girls aside and tried to converse with them. I found one was from a wealthy family in the town and the

OTHER WAS HER SLAVE.

We had given medicine to the brother of the former a day or two before; after talking with them awhile, I brought out one of the tracts and read it to them, and tried to tell them about Jesus—His dying and rising again. It was in a very broken, blundering way I told it, still I made them understand. Every time I mentioned God's name they both kissed their hands. Many of the people do it. I made them promise to learn John iii. 16, and I told them I would give to each a pretty Arabic card when they said it to me. They were both much interested, and I hope to see them again; meanwhile, I trust they will think of what I said.

Papa, Miss Herdman, and I visited a near village this afternoon, the largest about here. We were kindly received, and, as usual, the people listened attentively. On the way home I could not help singing, as I rode—

"All glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free."

Seeing that at present we are the only missionaries here to tell people of this free salvation, what an overwhelming responsibility rests upon us. How much we should be on our knees before God pleading for souls. Every day increases my longing to live more entirely for my Saviour.

A VISIT FROM AN AGED EUNUCH.

YESTERDAY afternoon we visited, by invitation, one of the treasurers of the Sultan of Turkey. The old gentleman had with him an Iman, or Mahomedan priest. They have been two years in Fez collecting money from the Emperor of Morocco and his subjects, for the tomb of Mahomed at Medina, in Arabia. The treasurer is from Constantinople. They think highly of our teacher; said he was very dear to them, and could not thank Mr. Baldwin enough for his attention to him. They consequently treated us with respect and kindness, made us drink the three cups of tea that are customary here, and gave us cakes to eat and to take away for the children. I could only say a few words about the Lord Jesus Christ, but this afternoon they returned our call, and the Lord gave me the opportunity of conversing with them on the merits of God's Word, and about salvation through the death of Christ. I gave the Iman an Arabic New Testament, and he read aloud to us all the story of Nicodemus. I was surprised, having expected to find the whole party very fanatical. We rejoice exceedingly that our Lord sends us from time to time these people from afar to hear the glad tidings of salvation.

E. HERDMAN.

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

| 1885. | 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 2 | 366 | 0 2 6 | Brought forward | 191 13 8½ | Brought forward | 370 2 9½ | Brought forward | 473 18 1¼ |
| 8 | 367 | 0 5 0 | June 13 | 418 0 10 0 | July 24 | 470 0 5 0 | Aug. 28 | 523 6 18 7 |
| 11 | 368 | 0 2 0 | 13 | 419 25 0 0 | 28 | 471 0 7 0 | 28 | 524 0 10 0 |
| 13 | 369 | 6 0 0 | 16 | 420 1 10 0½ | 28 | 472 0 2 6 | 28 | 525 0 15 8 |
| 13 | 370 | 20 0 0 | 17 | 421 1 0 0 | 29 | 473 2 0 0 | 28 | 526 1 0 0 |
| 16 | 371 | 0 13 0 | 18 | 422 3 0 0 | 30 | 474 1 0 0 | 28 | 527 0 5 0 |
| 16 | Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott 372 | 2 10 0 | 19 | 423 1 0 0 | 30 | 475 2 2 0 | 28 | 528 1 0 0 |
| 18 | 373 | 0 10 0 | 24 | 424 0 17 5 | 31 | 476 8 12 2 | 31 | 529 0 10 0 |
| 18 | 374 | 0 2 6 | 24 | 425 1 4 0 | Aug. 4 | Acts xiii. 47 477 | 31 | 530 1 9 0 |
| 18 | 375 | 0 6 11 | 29 | 426 10 0 0 | 6 | 478 10 0 0 | 31 | 531 1 0 0 |
| 18 | 376 | 0 2 0 | 29 | 427 19 18 9 | 7 | 479 2 9 7 | Sept. 1 | 532 2 0 0 |
| 18 | 377 | 1 2 0 | 29 | 428 5 1 0 | 7 | 480 0 10 0 | 3 | 533 3 4 0 |
| 18 | 378 | 0 5 3 | 29 | 429 0 5 0 | 8 | 481 1 10 0 | 3 | 534 4 0 0 |
| 18 | 378a | 0 10 3 | 30 | 430 1 0 0 | 8 | 482 2 10 0 | 3 | 535 1 0 0 |
| 19 | 379 | 2 0 0 | July 1 | Anon 431 0 2 0 | 10 | 483 0 14 10 | 3 | 536 0 10 0 |
| 19 | Anon 380 | 0 5 0 | 1 | 432 1 0 0 | 10 | 484 2 2 9 | 3 | 537 0 5 0 |
| 19 | 381 | 5 0 0 | 2 | 433 1 0 0 | 10 | 485 1 6 6 | 3 | 538 0 2 0 |
| 19 | 382 | 1 0 0 | 3 | 434 1 0 0 | 11 | Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott 486 | 3 | 539 0 3 0 |
| 19 | 383 | 5 0 0 | 4 | 435 2 0 0 | 13 | 487 5 0 0 | 3 | 540 Cancelled. |
| 20 | 384 | 60 0 0 | 4 | 436 2 10 0 | 13 | 488 1 1 0 | 5 | 541 0 10 0 |
| 21 | 385 | 1 10 5 | 6 | 437 1 3 0 | 14 | 489 0 2 7 | 5 | 542 1 0 0 |
| 21 | 386 | 0 2 6 | 6 | 438 0 15 0 | 15 | 490 3 0 0 | 8 | 543 0 10 0 |
| 21 | 387 | 0 10 0 | 6 | 439 0 5 0 | 15 | 491 0 10 0 | 8 | Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott 544 |
| 23 | 388 | 1 0 0 | 6 | 440 0 10 0 | 17 | 492 1 0 0 | 9 | 545 4 3 4 |
| 23 | 389 | 0 10 0 | 6 | 441 3 5 7 | 17 | 493 1 0 0 | 10 | 546 0 8 2 |
| 23 | 390 | 1 0 0 | 7 | 442 1 1 0 | 18 | 494 21 0 0 | 10 | 547 0 11 6 |
| 23 | 391 | 0 5 0 | 7 | 443 0 6 0 | 18 | 495 1 0 0 | 10 | 548 1 10 0 |
| 27 | 392 | 0 1 10 | 7 | 444 0 1 4 | 19 | 496 0 10 0 | 10 | 549 0 5 0 |
| 27 | 393 | 5 0 0 | 8 | 445 0 5 3 | 19 | 497 0 8 6 | 14 | 550 0 5 0 |
| 28 | 394 | 5 0 0 | 9 | 446 0 3 0 | 19 | 498 1 0 0 | 15 | 551 2 0 0 |
| 29 | 395 | 2 0 0 | 9 | 447 0 5 8 | 19 | 499 1 0 0 | 16 | 552 1 0 0 |
| June 1 | 396 | 0 2 0 | 9 | 448 0 15 0 | 19 | Anon 500 0 2 0 | 16 | 553 0 4 0 |
| 1 | 397 | 0 10 0 | 9 | 449 0 13 2 | 19 | 501 0 2 6 | 17 | 554 5 0 0 |
| 1 | Sale of Jewellery 398 | 2 10 0 | 10 | Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott 450 | 19 | 502 0 17 0 | 18 | 555 1 11 7 |
| 2 | 399 | 5 0 0 | 11 | 451 0 10 0 | 19 | 503 1 0 0 | 18 | 556 1 0 0 |
| 2 | 400 | 0 10 0 | 11 | 452 1 0 0 | 19 | 504 0 5 6 | 18 | 557 1 0 0 |
| 3 | 401 | 5 0 0 | 13 | 453 0 12 11 | 20 | 505 1 0 0 | 18 | 558 10 0 0 |
| 3 | 402 | 0 13 5½ | 13 | 454 3 0 0 | 21 | 506 1 0 0 | 19 | 559 5 0 0 |
| 3 | 403 | 0 10 0 | 14 | 455 0 10 0 | 22 | 507 0 10 0 | 21 | 560 0 5 0 |
| 3 | 404 | 1 0 0 | 15 | 456 1 0 0 | 24 | 508 0 10 0 | 22 | 561 0 5 0 |
| 3 | 405 | 10 0 0 | 17 | 457 2 0 0 | 24 | 509 10 0 0 | 23 | 562 0 15 0 |
| 3 | 406 | 0 10 0 | 17 | 458 1 0 0 | 25 | 510 1 0 0 | 24 | 563 0 10 0 |
| 5 | 407 | 0 4 4 | 20 | 459 5 0 0 | 25 | 511 1 0 0 | 24 | 564 1 0 0 |
| 6 | 408 | 0 10 0 | 20 | 460 1 0 0 | 25 | 512 2 0 0 | 24 | 565 10 0 0 |
| 6 | 409 | 2 0 0 | 20 | 461 5 0 0 | 25 | 513 0 10 0 | 25 | 566 0 9 0 |
| 8 | 410 | 2 0 0 | 21 | Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott 462 | 26 | 514 0 2 0 | 26 | 567 10 0 0 |
| 8 | 411 | 20 0 0 | 21 | 463 0 10 0 | 26 | 515 0 8 7 | 27 | 568 5 0 0 |
| 9 | Readers of The Christian, per Morgan & Scott 412 | 6 0 0 | 21 | 464 0 5 0 | 26 | 516 0 5 0 | 28 | 569 0 5 0 |
| 9 | 413 | 0 11 0 | 21 | 465 0 5 0 | 26 | 517 0 5 0 | 28 | 570 0 4 4 |
| 9 | 414 | 4 6 9 | 21 | 466 0 10 0 | 26 | 518 0 15 2 | 28 | 571 0 5 0 |
| 11 | 415 | 1 0 0 | 22 | 467 0 7 0 | 26 | 519 0 7 6 | 29 | 572 100 0 0 |
| 11 | 416 | 5 0 0 | 22 | 468 5 0 0 | 26 | 520 3 0 0 | 30 | 573 0 5 0 |
| 12 | 417 | 1 0 0 | 24 | 469 2 2 0 | 26 | 521 0 10 0 | | |
| | Carried forward | £191 13 8½ | Carried forward | £370 2 9½ | Carried forward | £473 18 1¼ | | £665 12 3¼ |

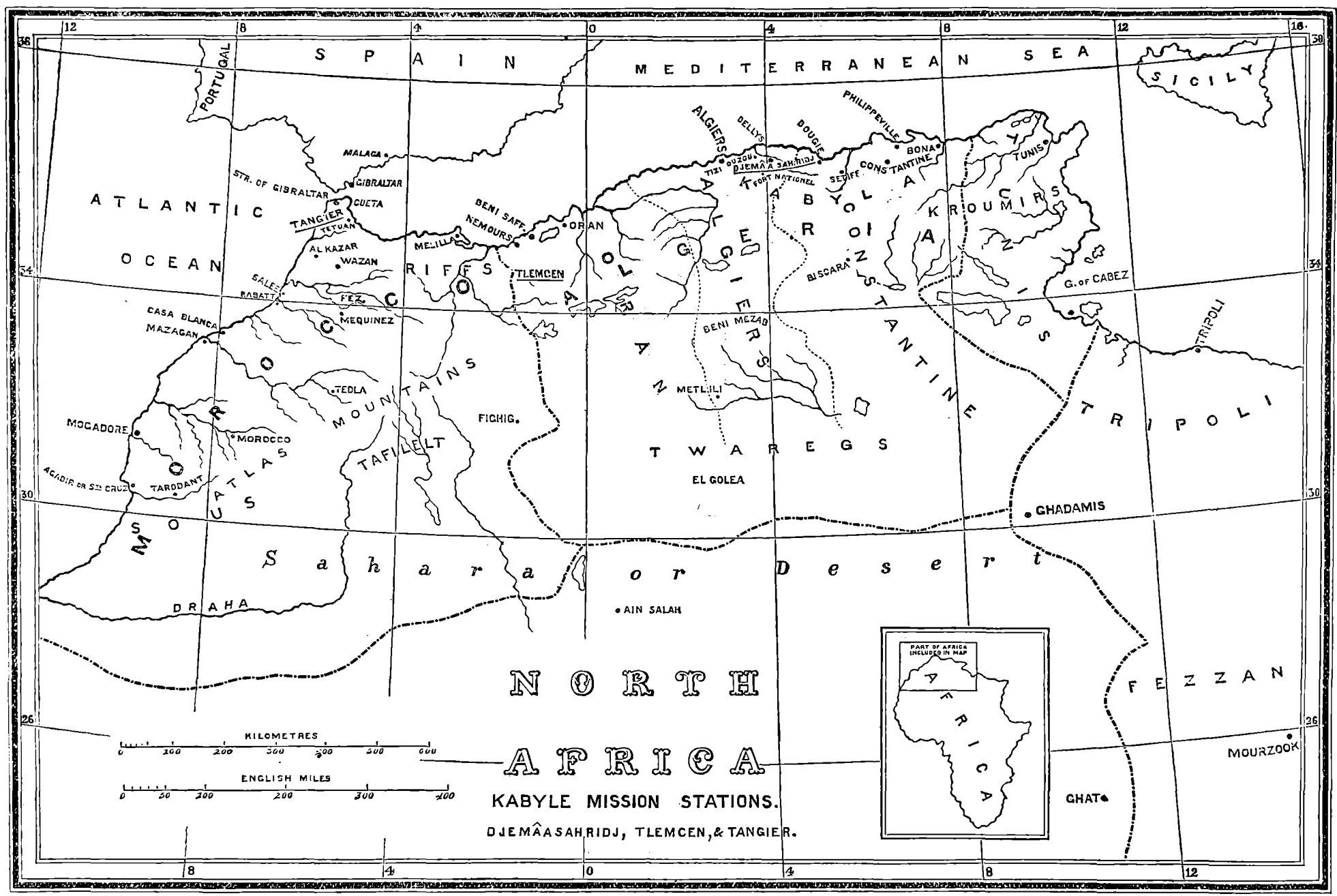
We also thankfully acknowledge the following gifts: some articles of plate, sold for £8; parcels of old linen and some splints for the Medical Mission, and other things noted elsewhere. Also, for sale, a good hand-sewing machine, price, £1 10s.; and a bicycle in thorough order, price £10, worth much more.

NOTICE.

As we now issue NORTH AFRICA quarterly, 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 greater interest in the lost and perishing inhabitants of North Africa, and help to make the Paper self-supporting.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS should be sent to the Hon. Sec., E. H. Glenly, 21, Linton Road, Barking.

ORDERS FOR THE PAPER should be forwarded to the Publishers, S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.



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