

NORTH AFRICA.

THE QUARTERLY RECORD

OF THE

MISSION TO THE KABYLES AND OTHER BERBER RACES.

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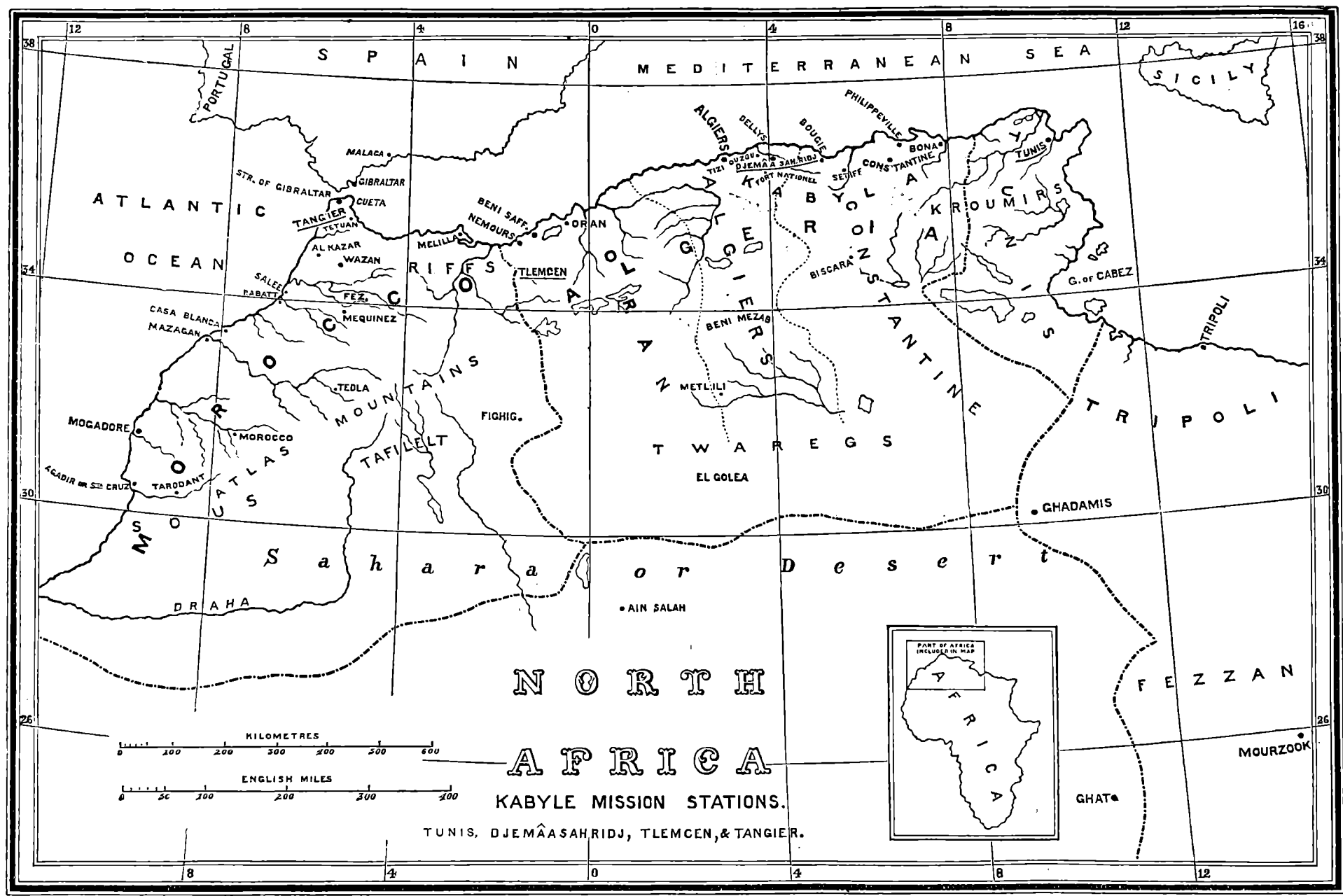
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A MOSQUE IN MOROCCO.

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

NORTH AFRICA.



THE BLUE FOUNTAIN, ALGIERS.

MY LATE VISIT TO NORTH AFRICA.

By E. H. GLENNY.

WE travelled rapidly from London, *via* Marseilles, Algiers, and Oran, to Tlemcen, as I had with me missionaries who were going to their posts of service. This city is in the province of Oran, the western of the three into which Algeria is divided. It is the principal centre of native population, and is visited by the tribes round, as well as by the Riffs and other inhabitants of Morocco, and therefore admirably adapted for a centre of missionary effort.

Mr. Bureau and Mr. Mercadier, who first went there, were very well received, but both of them removed to continue their study in Arabic at the college in Oran. Mr. Bureau has since left to begin work in the important city of Tunis. Those who are now there are learning the language, and are therefore limited in their work. I had the advantage of Mr. Mercadier's presence with me, and so was able to visit amongst natives and French Protestants.

I was greatly struck with the readiness with which the Mohamedans received portions of the Word of God and tracts, and the kind way in which the missionaries were welcomed. The Imam of one of the principal mosques which we entered, wearing wooden clogs, received us with a pleasant smile, and took a tract from us with thankfulness.

In stores, workshops, cafés, baths, fudouks, and market we were kindly received, and not a few portions of God's Word have been scattered by our brethren, who, when they can speak Arabic fluently, will have a *most interesting and promising field of labour*.

It must not, however, be supposed that the people are ready in a moment to give up the false religion of their fathers.

They defend it and cling to it, and even when, in some cases, they have doubts as to its value, and are inclined to believe in the superiority of the Gospel, the fear of man holds them back. There will, on our part, be need of *persevering* effort and *persevering* prayer; but with such a kind reception and such an open door to circulate and make known the truth of God, we can have no doubt as to future blessing.

Since my return I have heard that Miss Read and Miss Day have an entrance into the houses of the women, where the knowledge of medicine possessed by the former has enabled her to relieve some cases of severe suffering, for which they are extremely thankful. Among the European population, which here, as elsewhere in North Africa, is very godless, numbers of tracts and Scriptures have been distributed, as well as words of instruction and warning spoken. Mr. Eldin, junior, and some of the French Protestants of whom he is pastor, have shown our missionaries no little kindness.

From Tlemcen I went to Trois Marabouts, where some of the Vaudois from the Hautes Alpes have settled. Mr. Mercadier introduced me to them, and with his help I was able to speak to them when they assembled on Sunday morning.

These people have had a hard struggle, but hope that this year they may be able to reap the fruits of their toil. It was no easy task to break up the fallow ground, and bring it into cultivation, and only after four years have they the prospect of a good harvest and vintage. It reminded me of our work among the natives, of the long patience necessary in uprooting the Mohamedan prejudices which for forty generations have been growing in their hearts, the sowing of the good seed into the ground that has been ploughed, and the disappointment at finding the prejudices we seemed to have rooted out springing up again to choke the word; but at last, after disappointed

hopes and heart-breaking failures, the golden grain will be seen to reward the weary toiler, who will then return "bringing in the sheaves."

In the afternoon, in company with a Christian Vaudois, we went to visit an Arab douar, or village, about three miles distant. We found the son of the Kaid with some companions gathering honey, his father was in Oran at an agricultural show, but he took us to the encampment. On the way we passed a number of matamoroses, or large bottle-shaped holes in the earth where the Arabs store their corn, covering it with branches, stones, and earth. Sometimes, as may be imagined, it gets spoiled with the damp, but they use it when we should throw it away. The tents of the douar are arranged in a circle with a hedge of prickly bushes surrounding them.

The tent we entered was about twenty-five feet long by sixteen wide. It was supported by stout branches, some upright, others slanting. It was made of a brown cloth, composed of a mixture of the fibre of the dwarf palm, wool, and goats' and camels' hair, and was divided lengthways into two rooms, one of which is for the use of the women. Calves and fowls share the tent with its owners. We were invited to be seated, and coffee and sour milk were given us, as well as çous-cous. They were very ignorant of the Koran, and did not believe that God had sent Christ into the world. Mr. Mercadier spoke and read to them in Arabic. They were greatly pleased to find that he could write Arabic so well, and accordingly he rose considerably in their estimation, and we were invited to come again. The women were very much interested in us, and sat with the men while we were talking and reading; they did not cover their faces. Very few of these people can read, but they would be glad to learn.

This movable village, with perhaps one hundred and fifty inhabitants, is a sample of thousands in North Africa, where the Gospel is unknown. *Who will go and teach them?*

Next day we returned to Oran. In the Arabic part of the town Mr. Mercadier visits frequently, and it was most interesting to see men who had received Scriptures get them out when we came that they might read together. Even in some of the mosques Mr. Mercadier has been able to place copies of the Word of God, which are read by those in charge. These Scriptures have been given by the kindness of Mrs. Robertson, of Hampstead.

I sailed from Oran, where I had left Miss Hammon and Miss Vining, on Tuesday, April 20th, and next morning landed at Ceuta, a Spanish town in Morocco, opposite Gibraltar. It is strongly fortified, but has few native inhabitants.

In the afternoon I landed at Tangier, and received a most hearty welcome from Mr. Baldwin and the other workers there. After a few days there, I went with Mr. Baldwin to Arzila, thirty-five miles south on the Atlantic coast, where Miss Herdman and Miss Caley have not long settled. We travelled on horseback. As soon as we left Tangier all signs of a road ceased, although we were on the route to Fez, the capital of the Empire. Where there was a ditch or a stream it was necessary to plunge through as best we could, sometimes sinking deep into the mud, and possibly falling into it. It reminded me of our Essex marshes, with this difference, that there were no bridges. Then there was a range of hills to cross, and the poor horses had to pick their way between or over the rough stones. In some places it was so steep that it was hardly possible to keep our saddles, and on descending I preferred to walk. The country looked fruitful, and the barley was beginning to ripen. We crossed two rivers without any accident, though we are told riders or loads frequently roll into the water. After seven hours' riding we came in sight of Arzila, and a canter along the sands brought us to the gate close to the sea. It is difficult to travel more than five miles an hour even on horseback, the tracks are so bad.

The city did not look as though there were more than five

hundred people in it. But the inhabitants crowd together so, that there are really four times that number. There are no Europeans here except our two sisters, the population consisting of about five hundred Israelites and fifteen hundred Mohamedans. The Israelitish women dress more like Europeans than anywhere else in North Africa that I have noticed. The Mohamedans are of mixed races; those who are apparently Berbers call themselves Hillmen, and speak Arabic; they are distinct from the Riffians.

With our sisters I visited some native houses, and walked through and round the city. Everywhere they are received with delight, and their house is frequently thronged with visitors, who seem much interested to hear about Jesus Christ. At night Mr. Baldwin and I slept in our tent, pitched in the Casba, where goats, donkeys, and cattle are also put for safety.

In the market, held twice a week, which strangers from various places attend, and in the villages around, there is plenty of work to be done.

Our friends are very happy in their new sphere, and as Miss Herdman is able to speak both Arabic and Spanish, she can make known the Gospel to all around.

Returning to Tangier, I was able to see something of the medical work done by Dr. Churcher and his assistants. There can be no doubt that this brings many to the mission-house, not only from Tangier, but from quite remote parts, who, besides receiving medicine, are spoken to about eternal realities.

All our work here is but in its infancy, and now that Miss Herdman has gone to Arzila there is no one fluent in Arabic, though all seem to be making fair progress. It is one of the great trials of the workers not to be able to speak as they could at home, but the trial leads them to increased diligence in study. Even now, with their imperfect knowledge, they are able to converse a little, and in city, market, and villages find attentive listeners.

The Arabic class, which Mr. Baldwin conducts, with the help of a native teacher, has been of great service to the new comers, who will thus make more rapid progress than those who preceded them.

We hope when a further advance has been made in the language to begin a school. Mr. Baldwin has been most diligent and painstaking in getting part of the Scripture translated into the Morocco Arabic, which, though it may never be wise to publish, as being too vulgar, can be read to the common people, by whom it is better understood than the purer Arabic.

The services for English-speaking people on Sunday and Thursday have been a great spiritual help to those who have attended them, and the family worship has also been a continual refreshment.

At the time that I had arranged to leave, the steamboat by which I should have gone had broken down on the coast of Spain, but as there is no telegraphic communication between Europe and Morocco, I was kept in suspense for two days, when, after vainly attempting with others to charter another vessel, I was compelled to make up my mind to wait till the following week. We determined meanwhile to take another journey, and on Monday, the 10th of May, Mr. Baldwin and I took a seryant and a Moorish soldier, and started eastward for the Angera country and Tetuan.

The day was decidedly warm, and the road, though less muddy than that leading to Arzila, was rougher and more wild. A little way outside Tangier we turned among the mountains, which at first were but little cultivated, but as we proceeded seemed better tilled; barley was the main cereal. As we went over hilltops and round hillsides we passed villages where flax was grown, spun, and woven into towels. Pears, plums, and apricots were growing in the gardens, though not yet ripe. At last we pitched our tent for the night in a lovely spot, perhaps 2,000 feet above the sea, with still higher mountains round. I counted fifteen villages from our tent-door, and the

hillsides were most carefully cultivated. After supper Mr. Baldwin gathered some of the men of the village, and read to them from his translation of Matthew's Gospel. It was an interesting sight to see them gathered round him with a lamp, reading and asking questions. As I drew near they were reading the verse, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up" (Matt. iv. 16).

How wonderfully true of the inhabitants of these valleys and hills that *they sit in darkness and in the very shadow of death*, in the region where death reigns. And here was Christ's messenger reading God's Word, the entrance of which giveth light; I could not help thinking that God had planned that I should come up at that moment. It seemed like the voice of Christ telling of a brighter day for dark Morocco. Then they came to the passage, "I will make you fishers of men." This greatly amused them, but my heart went up in prayer that some of them might have this blessed occupation for Christ. Our servant and soldier slept in the open air on a rug, while we rested in our tent. We were told that four hours would bring us to Tetuan, and then that by a short road over the mountains it could be reached in an hour and a half. We did not, therefore, start very early, but took the Macadam, or head man of the village, as our guide.

I think it was about mid-day when we left to descend into the valley by a steep path, so steep, in fact, that we all had to dismount. Great stones lay in the path, and it was a wonder we reached the bottom in safety, as my horse was lame through throwing a shoe.

After crossing the valley, and continuing to follow it a little way, we had to mount again and climb some very steep mountains where it was only possible to keep on by holding to the saddle or horse's mane.

The hour and half had long passed, so had the four hours, still Tetuan was not in view, and it was a question whether we should reach it in eight.

At last, after crossing a range of mountains probably at a height of 2,500 feet, it came in sight, and beyond it the river winding its way at the foot of the glorious mountains of the Riff country.

It was a splendid sight; the sun was setting, lighting up the hilltops, and making the little white villages shine out brightly against the side of the steep mountains, while Tetuan nestled below. But we had to hurry on through the scrub lest the gates should be closed.

The city is surrounded by high walls, which, though utterly useless to resist artillery, serve to keep out robbers from the country where cattle-stealing is frequent. We lodged at the hotel kept by the British Consular Agent, and were not at all sorry to rest our weary bones after our two days' journey in the hot east wind and sun. In the morning we inspected the city, which is full of business, each trade having its own quarter. Gun-making, wood-turning, leather-working, and many other occupations give employment to the inhabitants, who are said to number 30,000 souls, while the people of the Angera country and the wild Riffians throng the markets.

Among these busy thousands no messenger of Christ is seen. What a wonderful sphere for Gospel work! Probably 60,000 persons could be reached. What openings for schools, medical mission work, and other evangelising agencies! Who will help to enter this city in the name of the Lord?

We left at mid-day, returning by the usual road to Tangier, which is terribly rough, and camping for the night near the fudouk built by the Sultan for the protection of travellers.

Next morning we were up at four, and after an early breakfast, started without our attendants. We missed the track, but struck another on the hills to the south. The country looked most fruitful; as far as the eye could see fields of barley waved in the breeze. About seven we had a heavy, cold shower,

which drenched us to the skin, and made the clay-soil very slippery for the poor horses.

Mr. Baldwin was badly thrown, but fortunately we were able to reach Tangier.

Next day I started for Algeria again, calling on the way at Gibraltar, Malaga, and several places on the African coast.

In Oran I discovered that the goods of the four sisters who had come out with me had been wrecked on the coast of Spain, and though some of them had been recovered, they were all spoiled. This was a great trial for them, as, though they were insured, no money can replace the gifts of loving friends.

After a brief stay at Tlemcen, Algiers was reached, and some of the Christians there visited. At the McAll meeting I heard three simple and earnest addresses, full of the Gospel. With our old friends Mr. and Mrs. George Pearse, who began this work, I had an interesting time, and on Sunday had the privilege of preaching to a small English congregation.

Eighty miles by diligence and mule brought me among the lovely mountains of Kabylia to our mission station at Djemâa Sahridj. Here our brethren Mr. Lamb and Mr. Cuendet, with their wives, are working. This is the oldest station we have, and although it has not a few advantages, it has also many difficulties.

The most useful work is itinerating through the country among the numerous villages, reading to the people from the Scriptures, and speaking to them of Christ. The Gospel of John in Kabyle, just published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, is a great help in this. As very few of the people can read, we can do little in the way of either giving or selling the Scriptures.

In company with our two brethren, I went to see Mr. and Mrs. Mayor, now connected with a French Society, and also Miss Gillard and Miss Merralls.

We started on mules at five in the morning, and about ten reached Mr. Mayor's house at Mocknea, where we were kindly welcomed. We then pushed on over a high range of mountains and through a dense forest of cork oak. The country was most grand and beautiful, but thinly peopled. After leaving the forest we came on a carefully-cultivated but mountainous district. The steep hillsides were covered with fig-trees and the valleys with corn, while numerous villages were to be seen on the spurs or crests of hills.

It was getting dusk ere we met Miss Gillard and her friend, and we were heartily glad to partake of their hospitality. They live six hours' journey from the nearest European town, so that English visitors are not numerous. Miss Gillard has built a house in superior Kabyle style, and lives among the people. Her day-school is attended by nineteen girls, and she has also an orphan child in the house.

Men also come for instruction, and some of them understand the Gospel, but are afraid to confess it.

In this wild mountain region the people are very clanish and will not give information of one another's crimes. Cattle robberies are frequent and murders not uncommon. Robbers have tried twice to enter Miss Gillard's house, but by God's mercy have not succeeded. It is a bold undertaking for two ladies and their English servant, who is also a true missionary, to go to such a place.

We spent the night in a respectable Kabyle house. Our rugs and some of Miss Gillard's blankets were spread upon a wooden platform, and notwithstanding rats, birds, and insects, we were soon asleep.

Next morning we were off again, for I was anxious to hasten home.

I cannot stay to describe the lovely scenes through which we passed as we travelled on in the sultry heat. We rested a while in the djemâa of a village, and were supplied with sweet and sour milk. In the hearing of about fifty men Mr. Cuendet read part of John i. in Kabyle, probably *the first*

time the Scriptures had been read there for 1,000 years—the first time those men had ever heard the Word of God in their own tongue. Our little service was rather interrupted by some cattle, worried by the flies, dashing through the building, but we were unhurt. In the evening we reached the French village of El Késeur, where some Swiss Christians received us most kindly. This is the most prosperous village I have seen; the original colonists have nearly all gone, and their places are filled with more intelligent and temperate persons. The new railway in construction from Bougie passes through, so that it seems likely to be a very prosperous place; the situation is charming. The massive mountains in the north, the river Sahel to the south, with the towering heights beyond, and around the fruitful valley.

There is a dense Kabyle population here, who seemed more intelligent than the people we had previously seen, having had more contact with civilisation.

Next day Mr. Lamb and I went to Bougie, the port of Eastern Kabylia, which is beautifully situated in a bay at the mouth of the Sahel, with grand mountains around, rising up thousands of feet into the clouds. The scenery here is some of the finest in North Africa.

The population of the town is almost 5,000, and is principally European, though large numbers of Kabyles visit it. The Wesleyans of France propose to send Pastor Thos. Hocart, of Jersey, to begin work here among the Kabyles in November next. He will have in this valley a splendid field, full of promise, but far more than he can possibly occupy without helpers. Sunday was spent at El Késeur, where Mr. Cuendet preached in French to a small audience.

I started on Monday at two in the morning from Bougie on a splendid diligence ride to Setif, about seventy miles distant to the south-east, where I arrived at five in the evening. For some miles the road was on a level with the seashore; when we reached our destination it was 3,575 feet above it. The gorge of Chabet El Akhira, through which we passed, is inexpressibly grand. The road winds for five miles between two immense mountains, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet high; beside it rushes a torrent, while the rocks rise almost perpendicularly on either side, in some places even overhanging the road to the height of a thousand feet. Where the rocks are not too steep there are plenty of trees, and everywhere, maidenhair and other ferns abound.

Setif has an important native market, held on Sunday, where, in summer, 8,000 to 10,000 Kabyles, Arabs, and Sahariens assemble. The town has a population of 8,000 to 10,000, principally European, who, as a rule, live without God. It is situated on the uplands of Algeria, which are almost devoid of trees, and therefore very uninteresting to the eye. *There is no one here to work for Christ among the natives.*

Next morning I left by train for Constantine, where Mr. and Mrs. Pos and Miss Colville had just preceded me, in the hope of thence going to the Aures mountains.

Space fails me to describe this remarkable city, of between 30,000 and 40,000 souls, perched upon a rock, on one side 500 feet high, and 2,500 feet above the sea. There are a great number of natives here, and we trust our friends may do good work among them while they are preparing to move elsewhere. They are deeply and sadly impressed with the utter godlessness of the Europeans. A gloom seems to hang over one's soul in such a moral atmosphere, to which one can only be superior by walking with God. Some souls have been spoken to, and cases of interest have been met with, both among Europeans and natives.

My next halting-place was at Guelma, the ancient Kalma of Augustine. It is a French town of 6,000 inhabitants. I only stayed here for the night, and went on to Souk Ahras, where I breakfasted. This is the ancient Tagaste, the birthplace of the celebrated St. Augustine, and where his friend Alypius

was afterwards bishop. The light of those days has passed, and now Mohamedanism, and Romanism, with its child infidelity, have taken the place of early Christianity.

Passing on by train, we are stopped by a river where the bridge has been swept away by a flood, and all have to alight and cross by a temporary structure, and enter a train on the other side. Now we come to the Regency of Tunis, and travel across an immense plain, with here and there a village of Arab tents among the fields of corn, while away in the distance on either side can be seen low ranges of bare hills.

There is but little to vary the monotony of the journey, save occasionally crossing a river on foot where the bridge is swept away. By ten at night Tunis city was reached, and our brother Bureau, with the Bible Society's colporteur, welcomed me. I was not sorry to rest, after twenty-four hours in a third-class carriage.

Next day was spent in seeing Tunis, not so much its wonders as its people. It differs from all the other cities I have seen in North Africa, being more Eastern in character.

Its covered bazaars and streets are thronged with people able to read the Gospel. In the afternoon we went out to sell portions of Scripture, and in about an hour disposed of five Gospels. In the process of selling, many interesting conversations took place. One man asked Mr. Bureau if he could read Arabic, and when he learned that he could, asked him to read the passage, "To them gave He power to become the sons of God." He said this was false. Our brother asked, "Do you not know that God created Adam?" He replied, "Yes." "Then can He not make sons?" The man was silenced, and purchased a Gospel.

An Arab, who came from Constantine, and was apparently suffering from consumption, had been reading the Gospel, and said he believed that Jesus was the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. He seemed really interested in the truth, and after asking us many questions, desired us to come again.

On a native druggist's counter was written, "Here medicines are sold, but healing comes from God."

The people of Tunis are better educated than in other cities I have visited, and there is therefore a greater opportunity to sell or give Scriptures and other books than elsewhere. *Open doors are to be found on all sides, and the present is a specially favourable time to enter them.* Schools for the young, medical mission work, as well as the ordinary work of evangelising, are sorely needed.

Mr. Bureau has, in company with Pastor Dumeyer and the Bible Society's colporteur, been carrying on a McAll meeting, which has been fairly well attended. Mr. Bureau was himself led to Christ through the McAll meetings in Paris.

Under a French protectorate there is as much safety and more liberty than would be likely if annexation were to take place, and work begun now would not be so likely to be interfered with as if begun under French laws. Besides Tunis, numerous cities and towns are waiting to have the Gospel carried to them. Who will give themselves? Who will give their means? Who will give their prayers for this country?

I left Tunis on Monday evening, passing the ruins of old Carthage on the way. It was half past-five when I quitted the African shore, and on Friday morning, at six o'clock, I was in Cannon Street Station, London.

Does it not seem a marvel of negligence that in a country of 2,000,000 of people, eighty-five hours from London, there should only be one missionary and his wife labouring amongst the Mohamedans, and in the neighbouring country of Tripoli none. One thing above all others struck me on this journey through Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, namely, the opportunities on every hand for one who knows the language to speak of Christ and the Gospel. There are difficulties, without doubt, and none should go forth thinking it is easy work; but *these countries are open, and wide open, for missionary effort. Who will enter in?*

TOUR AMONG THE KABYLES OF THE DJUR-JURA.

BY MR. A. S. LAMB.

June 15th.—Having some mission business to transact at Fort National, I resolved to make a tour to the other side of the Djur-jura range of mountains, whose rugged steeps form so grand a background to the lovely panorama one gazes upon to the south of the Fort.

The time at my disposal, three days, was little enough for such a tour, but by a long journey each day I think I must have covered at least 110 miles on mule-back. From the Fort to Ain el Hammam is a distance of twenty-one kilometres, or fourteen miles, along a good route, over which passes the courier or post-gig.

With a Kabyle, who overtook me on the way, I spoke of the one thing needful. A few minutes' repose at Ain el Hammam, which is a French village, with a bureau of administration for the surrounding tribes, and once more my mule and I were on our way towards the Kabyle village called Soumour, in the tribe of Ait Itsourer. Falling in with another Kabyle, I made known to him our mission, and we chatted freely together. For several miles he rode my mule, while I walked by his side. We passed his own village in order that he might show me the one I was in search of. He also invited me to pass the night with him, and partake of his humble fare. When in sight of Soumour, he left me.

There lay the village, away down on the edge of a ravine, about three hundred feet below me, with mountains towering above on every side. The path was so steep that I had to lead the mule to the foot of the mountains.

On arriving, I asked for

THE AMIN OF THE VILLAGE,

who kindly let me pass the night under his roof, brought me cous-cous and milk, and was not unmindful of my faithful beast. I soon made known my business as the bearer of good tidings, and spoke a few simple words there and then. I was surrounded by a little group, and on leaving them, to accompany the Amin's son to his house, one of the men asked me to give them more of these words of the Gospel later on. I had the opportunity of doing so at day-break next morning, when an interested group gathered near the mosque, among whom were several old men. Although this is the month of Ramadan, in which the Mohamedans observe a rigid fast during the day, I was offered coffee more than once during this tour.

To a young man who acts as scribe in the mosque, and who, of course, knows Arabic, I gave a copy of the Gospel of Matthew in that language. Bidding these people farewell, "Begaoulkhu," I ascended the mountain-side to the Government road to resume my journey to Beni Mançour.

On reaching the road, I entered on one of the most beautiful of mountain-paths, having the range of the Djur-jura to right and left of me, with a wonderful pass in the foreground, called

THE PASS OF TIROURDA.

To make this path, cut out as it is from the mountain, must have been no easy task. Two rocks have been pierced through, thus forming tunnels, one of which is about forty to fifty yards long. I should fancy that in winter this is quite impassable, owing to the snow which falls and rests for months at a time—in fact, the day I passed I went a little out of my way to wash my hands and face in some snow which had not yet given way to the sun's piercing rays. In making this slight detour, I also wished to approach several cedar-trees, there being many of them on the Djur-jura heights. I am told that the scenery here very much resembles that of the Alps. How such scenes help the soul in considering the power and majesty

of God! And, to the believer, they help to add to his faith in the God of Redemption. At length, what is really the pass is reached, being the highest point to which the road rises. Then, as if by a transformation scene, the grandeur of the Djur-juras is left behind—for the time lost to view—while a new panorama opens before the traveller as he looks down upon hill and valley towards the river Sahel, along the right bank of whose course are several French villages, at a distance of about twelve miles from each other. The soil of this valley is said to be very productive.

Having mistaken the path which I should have followed in going towards

BENI MANÇOUR,

I found myself, after a very delightful ride through a little forest, in front of several houses, some French in style, others mere gourbies, or huts.

This, I found, was the quarter where the road-surveyor and his workmen put up while making these mountain-paths under Government direction. I met two Frenchwomen here, one of whom accepted a Gospel and some illustrated tracts. I could not but believe that I was led out of my way to deliver a message to these solitary ones.

At last, after passing through a wood of splendid olive-trees, the finest I have seen in Kabylia, I reached Beni Mançour, but great was my disappointment to find that there was no village at all—only a kind of fort no longer occupied.

At one time several French officers lodged there, but they have since migrated to Maïllo, which I visited; it is about four miles distant from Beni Mançour. I was greatly pleased with its delightful situation, planted among a number of these fine old olives to which I have alluded.

I did not stay long here, but retraced my way to a Kabyle village, called Ech Cheurfa, where I spent

A DELIGHTFUL TIME

seeking to make known the Way, the Truth, and the Life. I had arrived just as the crier at the mosque was announcing the time of evening prayer, and at the same time the close of the fast for that day. I was guided to the house of the Kaid, who received me kindly, soon setting before me a basin of cous-cous, of which he partook with me, and a cup of native coffee.

After a few minutes' rest, I went with the Kaid to a café, where we again took coffee together. Here were a number of men playing cards. The building in which this café is kept is an Arab college, built at a cost of several thousand francs. The ground-floor, forming a kind of cellar, may be used for stabling.

It was in this place that the coffee-house keeper had taken up his quarters. After a brief stay, I was asked if I should like to go upstairs and visit the Arab professor, and see

THE COLLEGE.

I gladly consented, and followed my guide to the foot of the staircase, where there was a paved court, evidently for the use of the faithful when praying. I was asked to leave my shoes at the foot of the stairs, and did so, though I had more difficulty in unlacing mine than the Kabyle who was with me had.

Soon I was ushered into the sacred precincts and introduced to the professor, who sat in a recess in the wall with several youths round him. He smiled graciously, and bade me be seated on the mat beside him. Then handing me a Kabyle cake, followed by a few apricots, he asked me some questions as to where I came from and what I was doing at Djemâa Sahridj. This gave me the opportunity of making known the Gospel.

He gladly consented to my reading part of the Gospel of St. John. I spoke of the superior worth of the Gospel as compared with the Koran, and tried at the same time to explain how contradictory the Koran was, one passage saying the exact opposite of another.

Then we touched upon the question of future bliss, which I endeavoured to show was so different in the Gospel and the Koran. I told him that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, while Mohamed promises many wives to the faithful. My Arab friend, however, smiled at my poor heaven, thus devoid of marriage, and assured me that the Koran knew better.

Alas! for those poor people who look for sensual pleasures in the world to come.

I must have passed an hour with this professor, who invited me to come and spend some time at this college, so as to learn Arabic, and be further enlightened in the teachings of the Koran.

I said I would be very glad to do so, if able.

Returning to the Kabyle house where I was to put up for the night, I prepared to settle down for a much-needed rest, not, however, before pouring out my heart to God in prayer aloud in English, a Kabyle being all the time in the place quietly looking on. Before praying, I asked him if he prayed. He said no, he did not know how to pray. Then I told him I was about to approach God to ask his blessing upon myself, family, etc. Next morning, at daybreak, I was on my way home. On my road I passed through a large Kabyle village, where, on inquiring for the Amin, I was asked to halt a little, and some milk was given me. Alighting from the mule, I found myself in a *djemâa*, or place of assembly, with some thirty men and several children. Here I had

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY OF READING THE GOSPEL.

After reading awhile, an old man sitting near asked, "Is there nothing in your Book respecting Seidna Mohamed?" I explained that, as there was but one Saviour, the Gospel spoke of no other prophet or man needed as mediator between God and man.

Leaving, I proceeded on my way, accompanied a short distance by one of the men who had been listening to the Word. He came to show me the way, but before parting he said, "I wish to become a 'Roumi.'" Christians are called Roumis, or Frenchmen, which, though an erroneous view of Christianity, is yet the only one these people have. I replied, "You wish to be a believer in Jesus; is that what you mean?" I added a few words, bidding him to come to *Djemâa Sahridj* to hear more about the way of salvation.

Poor fellow, whether he was feeling the long month of fasting, and wished to be freed simply from that painful piece of penance, or whether he wanted something better and higher in his life, a sure hope of sins forgiven and acceptance with God, I cannot say. May the Spirit of God work on his soul, and in that of many others also. What would rejoice us like this, to have a beginning of conversion work among this people! Brethren, pray for this.

MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN TANGIER.

By T. G. CHURCHER, M.B.

WE have now been six months at our medical work, though it has once or twice been hindered for a time by waiting for drugs and bottles, and during Ramadan people are only permitted to take medicine during the night.

The following are the number seen up to date:—Men, 527; women, 679; children, 229—making a total of 1,435. Some of the patients came several times, but the majority live at a considerable distance, and pay us only a single visit.

They are so grateful for all that is done for them that we often wish that donors at home could be present in the consulting room, and have their hands, and even their clothes, kissed by the people, as they desire benedictions upon our heads in Arabic. Through the kindness of friends, we have been

enabled to give some of the dirtiest of our patients pieces of soap, which they value much, and use with manifest advantage. One of our greatest needs has been empty bottles, now happily supplied by thoughtful donors. Old linen for bandaging is also constantly needed.

Some time back a party of us made a day's excursion into

THE ANGERA COUNTRY.

We packed two boxes of medicines, and, in order to collect the sick, sent a man the day before to visit the surrounding villages, and say that the "tabeeb" would be at El Nursah the next day, and that any sick might come and have medicines and advice for nothing. You may imagine the dread of the people *here* of the Hillmen when I tell you that I could not induce the Moor who interprets for me to undertake the journey. He excused himself on the plea that the men of the Angera country were wild and savage, so we obtained an Angera man to go with us.

The scene around our tent next day was most interesting. Both ends of it were filled up with groups of faces belonging to people anxious to receive *dour*. Before medical work began Miss Herdman and Miss Baldwin talked to groups about their souls; and then, the medicines being exposed, the scene was still more busy. Miss Herdman translating, I prescribing, and Miss Caley dispensing at one end of our little tent, while Miss Baldwin at the other had a group with horrid sores to dress, or limbs or chests to be rubbed with liniment. The chief man of the village, the *taleb* or teacher, sat beside us, and was himself a patient. He was a splendid man, physically—six feet four inches without his shoes. He brought his pretty little child for treatment, and helped us in every way he could. Some of the cases made us sad, for in that little company there were two sufferers from cataract, both ripe for operation; but we could hold out no hope, because we had no suitable instruments with which to operate, nor any place in which to put them after operation. One woman, as she smiled and kissed my hand, said, "*Our* doctor is good." I felt it was a great compliment to be considered as "*our*" doctor to these dear people for the Lord's sake.

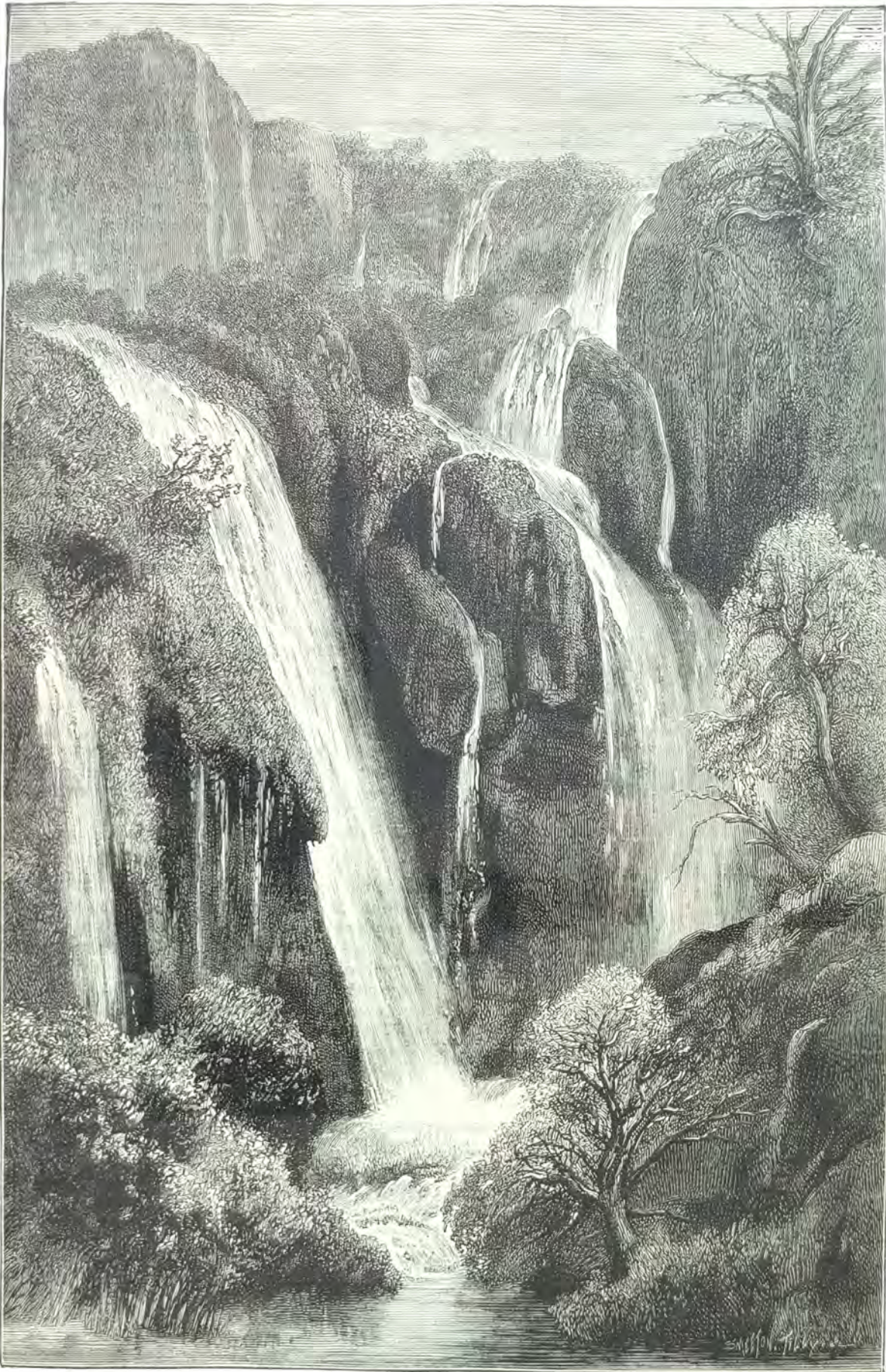
When I came out, a European resident said, "What a shame to waste good medicines on the *Moors!*" But if the Lord of Glory gave His very life "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish," how much more should the Church pass the blessing on by trying to heal the sick and preach the Gospel!

We get some

STRANGE CHARACTERS

as patients. One was a fine, wild-looking Arab, with a gunshot wound in his arm, said to have been received while stealing cattle in the country. Another, a slave woman, who was in great distress because she had lost her master; a third, a Mohamedan saint, with flowing black hair, and armed with a spear. I have been reading in Scripture of those who came to John the Baptist, and our patients are somewhat like them. The Sultan's cousin and the rich Moor, mounted on a good mule, and handsomely dressed, the venerated "saint" and the learned *taleb*, the veiled women and the little children, the harlots and the libertines, the polished townsman, the wild hillman, and the filthy beggar, are equally welcome; for do they not equally need health of body, and most of all, health of soul? May the good Lord give them both!

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.



A CASCADE IN ALGERIA.

ALGERIA, ORAN.

MY INTRODUCTION TO NORTH AFRICA.

BY MISS HAMMON.

April 21st.—Standing upon the vessel's deck about five o'clock on a lovely April morning, we had our first glimpse of the fine city of Algiers and the country to which the Lord our God hath not only sent but brought us. Travelling on by train from Algiers towards Oran, many novel scenes presented themselves to our eyes, the snow-covered mountains of the lesser Atlas looking in the sun's rays like cities of pearl—at their base olive and fig-gardens; still nearer, vineyards, and occasionally rows of orange-trees, their sweet white blossoms filling the air with fragrance. Hedges of aloe and cactus, with many a *wild* flower carefully cultivated in English hot-houses, combined to make up varied scenes of exceeding beauty. Ere the day wore away, there was abundant evidence that all was tarnished by sin. Many times my heart went forth in earnest longing towards the people among whom we have come to live and labour.

Tracts and Gospels are accepted willingly, though with looks of great wonder and astonishment. We pray always that God may accompany them with His blessing.

May 4th.—At last I am able to write of my entrance into the

HOMES OF NATIVE WOMEN.

Miss Vining and I yesterday visited La Ville de Gèrne with Mr. Mercadier. He is already well known there, and was greeted by a number of Arabs, some of whom were very willing we should visit their wives.

Five minutes later a curtain was thrown back, and we came face to face with a native woman. A fine-looking woman she was, with large, dark eyes and finely-cut features, yet with an expression so dejected and apathetic that our hearts went forth to her at once in unspoken pity. She was squatting on the ground, and employed in rubbing *cous-cous* round in a large earthen bowl. Not once while her husband was present did she dare stay her hand from this work. Never as at that moment had we longed for the power to speak in an unknown tongue.

In the next house was a young mother with her baby. The little one was poorly and fretful, so I knelt down and kissed it, and said some kind words in English (the language does not seem to matter with babies). The little one looked up and was quieted, which delighted the mother, and made our hearts meet at once.

Scripture portions were distributed to the men as opportunity offered. Mr. Mercadier appears to be well known and respected amongst them. Whilst being spoken or read to from the Scriptures, they pay earnest attention. After other visits, and before leaving, we saw the Arab market and school, where many little boys, sitting on rush mats around their teacher, were learning passages from the Koran. How it made me long to take such a class, and have the power of teaching them from our Holy Bible!

5th.—Visiting again amongst Arab women impresses the fact that their hearts are easily touched by the smallest kindness. In one house Mr. Mercadier had often been to, the man seems rather impressed with the truths of Christianity. There is a difference in his home; it is so much cleaner, and he appears to love his wife and treat her with more consideration. Her face looked brighter than any I had seen, and it pleased her so much to prepare for us a dish of *cous-cous*. It seemed funny for all to eat out of one bowl with great wooden spoons. But the food was very pleasant to the taste and most nutritious. A warm invitation was given to "come again, and a feast should be made ready."

15th.—This week has been principally occupied with study,

and fruitless effort to recover our boxes, more of which have been fished up from the depths of the sea. May grace be given to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods, knowing that in heaven we have a better and more enduring substance. Last Wednesday

THE FIRST SIROCCO

of the season visited Oran. This hot wind comes from the desert, blowing clouds of dust and sand through every crevice into the houses.

28th.—We have met a Spaniard, who made our hearts glad. His face is so bright; he is a Christian. A tract was the means used by God in his conversion. Though very poor, he appears to make the most of his advantages, and can speak a little both in French and Arabic. Last Sunday he lent his courtyard to Mr. Mercadier for an Arabic service. There was a good attendance.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ORAN.

BY MISS VINING.

April 20th, 1886.—Just a week to-day since we arrived in Oran; it seems much longer, and more like two months than a fortnight since we left England, we have visited so many places and seen so much during that time. I cannot say I am much prepossessed with the town of Oran itself; after Paris, Marseilles, and Algiers it strikes me as somewhat ill-kept and dirty; there are not many fine wide streets with avenues of trees as in the regular French towns, and at present I have seen but few buildings with any claim to be called handsome. There is one pretty sort of square we came through last night, with a cluster of fine palm-trees and an old stone fountain in the centre; but in general the town seems to consist of low-class *cafés* where men of all classes and colours sit to drink and smoke, and ordinary shops.

The streets are mostly of fair width, but so thronged with people—French, Spanish, Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, and Jews—that one is jostled right and left, and sometimes brought to a decided standstill by some group at *café* or shop-door, talking in French or Arabic, or both, with marvellous rapidity and extraordinary gesticulations.

We attended morning service in

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

on Sunday; rather different from Archibald Brown's Tabernacle in London. But we were told the service was more hearty and the congregation larger than at Tlemcen. What I could understand of Pastor Eldin's sermon contained the pure Gospel of the grace of God. I spent most of the time in prayer that those who better understood the language might also understand and receive the message of God's love to them in Christ Jesus. Oh, it is saddening that at this Easter-time, when our hearts are rejoicing in a crucified and risen Saviour, we should be surrounded by error and superstition and false religion, or almost worse, by those who do not even believe in the existence of the God we love as our Father. May the Lord grant us speedily the opening of the lips among these people that we may speak to them of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. We hope now to begin regular and close study of French and Arabic; Mrs. Eldin and Mr. Mercadier promise us all the assistance they have time to give. The weather is getting very hot, like July in England; the sky is clear, deep blue, and the sea looks magnificent. We are beginning to distribute tracts and Scripture portions, and little picture papers among the children. May the Lord bless the seed thus sown by the wayside. There is a Roman Catholic cathedral here and several Romish churches, but the priests do not seem to have much power over the people; they make fun of them openly in the illustrated papers. May be the

Lord is thus preparing the way for the entrance of His Word, which "giveth light."

Friday, April 30th.—Got up at six, had *café* at seven, prayers at eight, studied till twelve, had *déjeuner*, rested till half-past two, studied until four o'clock. After tea (we do not go in for dinner in the evening) did needlework till six, then went for a walk till dusk. On our return read and worked until nine o'clock, when we have prayers at the same hour and read the same chapter as they do at Tlemcen; we take it in turn, week by week, to choose the portions. Retired at ten o'clock. This, with little variation, is

THE USUAL ROUTINE

of our days. We go to market, if necessary, on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, starting at 6.30 a.m., and are getting accustomed to dealing with the people now; they are generally content to take about two-thirds of the price they first ask; and the bargaining and disputing is amusing to witness, but for some reason, whether because they see we are English I cannot say, but they usually take the price we offer without making any dispute.

Sunday, May 22nd.—Spent the morning in Bible study; attended service in "la temple" at 1.30. We are beginning to understand and follow in the prayers and sermon better than when we came. After tea Mr. Mercadier took us up to

THE ARAB VILLAGE,

and into an Arab home, also a Moorish *café*. It seemed so strange, sitting perched on a high settee, drinking *café noir*, with little sugar and no milk, out of saucerless cups, with a lavish amount of gold paint about them, with Arabs squatting round, looking like roosting hens without any legs. The market-place was thronged with a chattering crowd of all ranks, from the upper class in spotless burnoose and gay red or yellow slippers to the darker skinned bare-footed beggar, with perhaps an old sack as sole garment. We passed some native schools, with the teacher seated on a mat in the centre, and the pupils all round repeating in monotonous high-toned voice some passage from the Koran. How we longed to go and sit amongst them and speak to them the Word of Life and of One who loves them, and bids them "Come unto Me."

MOROCCO.

MISS HERDMAN AND MISS CALEY'S REMOVAL TO ARZILA.

April 1st.—Our going to Arzila decided. A courier came thence with a letter from Mr. Bensheton, the Consul, to say that he had, subject to Mr. Baldwin's approbation, rented us a small house containing two large rooms, a pantry, and kitchen. I wrote a Spanish letter accepting this for Mr. Baldwin.

We had twenty-five patients to-day at the Medical Mission.

2nd.—Mr., Mrs. Walker, and the Misses Walker spent the evening with us. We all greatly enjoyed the Christian fellowship.

3rd.—All day visiting Jews. A Jew from Oran specially interested me. He had heard the Gospel from Mr. Ben-o-liel, the colporteur there.

Miss Caley was with me, and we therefore visited some English and French-speaking Jews, but also some from the coast, who only know Arabic, and the usual Spanish-speaking families.

4th (Sunday).—Happy fellowship with the Walker family. In the evening a farewell meeting for Miss Caley and me, and for Carrie and Gertie, who are going to England on Tuesday with Mr. Hind-Smith.

5th.—As it was a warm day, we went into

A CAFÉ

to get a cup of coffee. The owner refused payment, and told me to call in whenever I was thirsty to drink lemonade, or syrup, or anything I wanted, for, he said, you always help us by teaching us about God, and I am glad—so is my wife—to do anything for you. I have occasionally sat down for an hour or two alone with them in an upper room, at other times, to speak to the customers and give tracts or portions in the public room. The landlord was to leave to-morrow for Fez, and asked me for Arabic leaflets to give away there.

8th.—Sultry. Forty patients at the Medical Mission.

Spoke to many, especially to six Talebs, who came together from Tanja Belya (old Tangier), a village we often visit. These young men read the Bible by themselves, while I spoke to others.

13th.—Rose at 5 a.m., in order to

START FOR ARZILA.

The mules did not come when they were expected, however; but, after various delays, we got off before nine.

Finding that it took three out of our four men to hold one heavily-laden mule up, we stopped in the Soke to see if the load could be re-adjusted. Reluctantly we had to see our beds removed to lighten the load, but, with a strong donkey, we started at ten, beds and all. Hope of reaching Arzila before its gates closed, which is just after sunset, being now faint indeed.

We had a most agreeable journey, resting for an hour at a roadside café of two little huts—a rare luxury in these parts, and only met with because it is the Fez road. The hot sun was tempered by a strong east wind.

About sunset we arrived at

A TROUBLESOME RIVER,

and the men refused to cross at that ford, as the tide was pretty full. So it was nearly night, but, fortunately, moonlight, when, by skirting the river, we came to another ford, paved in the middle, but muddy and dangerous at most parts. The water was deep, but the men, quite regardless of consequences, stopped us to water the horses in the brackish water, taking the bridle from a pack-mule Miss Caley was riding, and leaving the very frisky animal to its own sweet will. Meanwhile two more pack animals wandered into the deeper water, and soon only their noses were visible. By all the men going to each separately they were rescued, not without many shouts and cries of, "He will die!" over the most heavily-laden animal. By the moonlight we tried to pick our way through a swamp, still hoping to encamp outside the walls of Arzila; but our men wanted the protection of a village, and we were not sorry to stop two hours and a half short of the city, encamp, and rest. This was not easy, for a violent gale shook the tent all night. Next morning, rising at dawn, after an early breakfast, we rode in to Arzila.

ON SIGHTING THE CITY

this morning as we rode over a hill, we sang, "We've Sighted the Golden Gates," and at the gate we stopped and prayed for the city and our entrance into it. Before unpacking, we four knelt down and dedicated this house to God. We have named it Hebron at Miss Caley's request.

We have a nice house. I had hoped it was a Jewish one with windows, so felt at first a little disappointed, because in a Moorish house, in order to have light, you must have much air.

The court will be suitable for meetings, being partially roofed, and the longest of the two rooms can be divided by a curtain into two bedrooms; the shortest forms quite a pretty sitting-room. The ceilings are very lofty and of wood. There is a convenient pantry and a good roof, to which we are to have access by a ladder and trap-door. Then we shall have a

view of the city and the sea. Each room opens by a centre door into the court, having over it slits for ventilation.

18th (Sunday).—Moors in and out all day looking at our books. We spoke to them of Jesus. A sherif came in, but rose to go when I said Jesus died.

Several women at various times listened attentively, especially the wife of Abderrahman, our nearest neighbour. He is the best huntsman of these parts, and has two guns, shoots rabbits and birds for the Tangier market. He is also a capital fisherman.

Went out by the east gate through a lovely lane to the sea at the south side of Arzila, accompanied by several boys.

The lane is full of prickly pears, vines, fig-trees, and wild flowers, the effect of the mixture being very picturesque. Half-way up the high south wall, and in the moat, fig-trees are growing and rabbits abound.

The boys and some men came in and read with us.

Several people came for medicine. I told them we had none here, but spoke of Jesus.

19th.—Visitors all day listening to God's Word.

20th.—Breakfast and prayers (and we give a good half-hour to the latter) are over, and we are ready to receive visitors at eight. When the weather becomes warmer we hope to be ready at seven.

21st.—The sherif, our neighbour, called, who has

FIVE WIVES,

and another of the richer Moors who has three. This last seemed to enjoy his visit, and heard of Jesus as Saviour. I was till 9 p.m. telling the glad tidings of salvation, speaking of repentance and faith.

22nd.—Made the acquaintance of two sherifas.

24th.—Mr. Glenny and Mr. Baldwin came, and we sat up late reading and praying; a great joy to us to have them.

25th.—Easter Sunday. Communion service. Mr. Glenny, Miss Caley, and I walked in the forenoon on the walls, followed by a crowd of well-behaved boys. We were invited into Moorish houses as we passed them, and many of the Moorish women in the poorest quarter called after us, "Welcome to Arzila!"

April 28th.—Saw our visitors off on the sands. Very sorry to lose Mr. Glenny, whose visit has been a great pleasure to us.

NINE TALEBS,

that is, Moors who can read, came to us to see our books. Read two hours with them out of Arabic Old and New Testament. One of the leading merchants here had a long talk about the Messiah, and then went away, and brought some nicely-cooked fish stewed in oil with spices. We can only get meat once a week, and it does not keep long in this sunny climate.

30th.—A month of unspeakable mercy ends. Miss Caley and I both feel that we are indeed privileged to have been sent here. The people are to be willing in the day of God's power. These people are willing to hear, and one brings the other and says to us, "I told him (or her) you would tell them about God out of your books," and in several instances in visiting women who have not been to our houses, they say, "Now read to us," or "Now tell us about Jesus," of their own accord. We feel our great responsibility. These people will copy our religion. May it be Christ's, for they look up to us as teachers.

MR. GEORGE PEARSE, who commenced this work, we have just heard is seriously ill. He went with Mrs. Pearse to Azefoun, and from thence made excursions among the Kabyles and Colonists. In one of them he had to climb some high hill to hold a meeting, and returned to Azefoun with a fever. It is feared that his fever is the result of a sunstroke. He is more than seventy years of age. Prayer is asked that, if it be God's will, he may recover. He is now very ill in Paris.

IN THE MARKET, TANGIER.

By MISS TULLOCH.

May 13th.—Was for some hours with the patients this morning. Lent a Bible to a man while waiting. He seemed pleased to get it, for he was a good reader. He read it for an hour and a half, and when he handed it back, asked if he might not keep it. As I could not give it to him, he said he would come back on the following Thursday to read more. Being the market-day, there were many women from a distance. It was such an opportunity to tell them about the Lord Jesus, as I was enabled. One of them said, "You must learn Arabic quickly, as I wish to hear all you can tell me." That was most encouraging. On the other hand, two young women brought up some difficulties that we encounter in dealing with the Moslems. They said, "You read God's word. God's word says you must not eat lard. Do you eat it?" "You do not fast; we do. Why do you pray with your shoes on?" One can see, after a little talk with them, how very dear the name of Mohamed is to them.

14th.—Mr. Glenny left us. Read at morning prayers Heb. xiii. In the fifth verse we have the sweet promise, "I will in no wise fail thee, nor in any wise forsake thee."

I have been to see Mahomed's mother, who is better. She seems grateful for any attention shown her. Dr. Churcher kindly went to see her, and his medicine did her much good.

16th.—Went to the Arabic service, Mr. and Mrs. Macintosh and Mr. W. Hind-Smith having returned yesterday from Fez. In the afternoon, spoke

IN THE MARKET

to some women, who listened and asked others to come to listen, because I was speaking about God.

18th.—A man from Mekinez, several days' journey distant, came to be healed. He travelled all the way on a donkey, and said there were so many sick people, he wished the doctor could go there. He came from a douar, and could not read, but was very gentle, and seemed such a nice man, and trusted us so fully. He would gladly have stayed with us until he was cured, but there was no place for him. At his request, I wrote his name, so that any of us going to Mekinez might find him out. He would welcome us to his tent. I was sorry to see him go away; if not better, he is to come back again after awhile. Perhaps the Lord may bring him back to hear more about the Saviour.

23rd.—Was at the Arabic service as usual. Gave away some leaflets in the soke (market) in the afternoon. The sun is powerful now, and it is rather too warm in the afternoon. There are many groups of women to be seen in the soke. In one quarter are the women that sell grass; in another those who sell the clay pottery. Near them are those who sell firewood. Some of these poor women come in a long way with quite a small bundle of dry sticks. Wood is valuable in this country. In another quarter are the miserable-looking charcoal women. They come in from long distances, carrying great baskets full of charcoal. Near them are the Angera women, who bring in their pretty towels for sale. Reba and I went to the charcoal women this afternoon.

26th.—A man and woman

FROM A DISTANT VILLAGE

came to see the doctor. They had never tasted tea or coffee, nor do they eat white bread. They had some of their black bread with them. It is truly black. This and some milk are what they live on. They are very poor. The man said, "You like the Moslems and are kind to them. I do not know much about your laws, but our laws are not good."

30th.—Went in the morning to the soke. The gathering was immense. I have never seen it so full. There were thousands present; it seemed as if there was not even standing-room. Many there had come in a long way to sell goods to

the value of only a few pence. I did not stay long. Some men asked me for something to read. Having time, I went to ask after a sick woman, and was glad to find she was able to be out. Had a long talk with the young wife about the Lord Jesus, and heard from her of the death of a young girl who had been their servant, and had but lately left them. Being

A COUNTRY GIRL

(or from the mountains, as they say), she did not know how to sew, as the town girls do. She was pleased to learn, and I brought her the materials; and while she sewed I talked to her of the Lord Jesus. The last time I called to see her I found her mother had come to bring her home. I was sorry I had lost my pupil Fatima. To-day I was told that she was killed on the way home—shot by her brother. "That is the way the Moslems do," added the young woman who told me. Poor Fatima! How we must use each opportunity we have of speaking, as if it were to be the last and the only one. When leaving, the young woman begged me to go and see her soon again—the next day, if possible.

AMONG THE PATIENTS.

BY MISS JAY.

May 19th.—Yesterday, at the Medical Mission a poor woman asked me to go and see her son, who was too ill to walk up here for medicine. This afternoon I went with Miss Tulloch. They live in a very poor little hut, not far from here, so I hope to go again soon. They were so pleased to see us, and so grateful for the few things I took them.

After I had seen what the boy needed, we began to speak of the Lord Jesus, and had a long talk with them; they seemed much interested and asked many questions. I told them I was the servant of Jesus Christ, and other simple sentences. It is very encouraging to find that the people are beginning to understand me, but how I long for the time when I shall be able to speak to them freely.

We promised to return and tell them more of these good things. Miss Tulloch told them plainly the only way of salvation.

On returning to Hope House, we heard that Ali our gardener had been to the town to fetch wood; he took our donkey to carry it up here, but instead of its doing so, he made the poor woman who sold it carry it the whole way, while he rode, as he said, "the load was too heavy for the donkey!"

22nd.—Much cheered by a patient with a badly diseased face, saying he loved Jesus; he is

A BEGGAR,

and sleeps in the Mosque; he came for the first time when Mr. Glenny was with us; since that time he has come regularly, and is wonderfully better and so grateful. I had just finished dressing his face, and while doing it had been trying to tell him a little of Jesus; directly I had finished he kissed my hand, pointed upwards and said, "I love the Lord Jesus very much." No doubt gratitude for the help he is receiving made him say it, but it was sweet to me to hear the words for the first time from the lips of a Moor.

A man from the Angera Country came in the afternoon; he had heard of the doctor and came on purpose to see him; he says he is going to stay in the town till he is cured. Miss Tulloch read the Bible with him and talked to him for a long time. He was much pleased with the tea and biscuits I gave him.

24th.—The man from the Angera Country here nearly all day and yesterday (Sunday). He brought me butter and eggs as a present; he can read, and informed me he had been reading the Gospel Miss Tulloch gave him at the bath, and that when he went home he would read it aloud in the market-place.

26th.—

A VERY POOR WOMAN

and her son arrived quite exhausted, as they had travelled from beyond Arzila in hope of getting cured; so sorry so little can be

done to help the poor woman; she is quite old, and about eight months ago her arm was broken. I tried to make her understand that the doctor could only help her a little, but they all think he can cure them of all their troubles, and are sadly disappointed if told he cannot.

We fed them and kept them the night, and saw them off the next day, after a good meal, with a supply of medicines and directions how to use them. One great difficulty in medical work here is that the people are so unused to civilised remedies, that it is very hard to make them understand how to take them. We can never allow them to take away their prescriptions, fearing they might think there was some virtue in the doctor's handwriting and therefore *eat them*. I always take them from them, so they need fresh ones each time.

29th.—We were all made very happy to-day at the Medical Mission, as Mr. Baldwin came down and gave

A SHORT GOSPEL ADDRESS

to the people before we began work. We have so hoped for the time when this should be possible, that it made our hearts overflow with gratitude and joy to hear the "glad tidings" told out to the poor sick folk.

We collected all the women and children in the room and the men in the yard, Mr. Baldwin stood in the doorway so that all could hear. They were very quiet and attentive, and afterwards the men asked many questions. We had a busy morning with about forty patients, but the work seemed light.

30th.—We feel very grateful to the friends at home for their many

GIFTS OF BOTTLES,

sugar, bandages, old linen, and garments suitable for the natives here. We should like to thank each thoughtful helper individually; they can hardly tell how their gifts cheer our hearts, and help us in our work.

We have a good supply of bottles just now, but we use so many it will soon be exhausted, but I feel sure we shall never run short. God has inclined the hearts of so many of His dear people at home to remember our need in this as in so many other respects, and we delight in knowing we have so many co-workers.

June 1st.—To-day at the Medical Mission a woman asked me to go and see her daughter who has bad eyes; they live in a village close to us. The

POOR GIRL

has a bad husband; he never allows her to go out, so she cannot come to the Mission. I went, taking with me the remedies the doctor gave me and some small gifts for the people. I took our gardener's daughter with me as guide.

The girl's eyes were very bad. I doctored them as well as I could; they are like many cases we have had, and I suggested that the doctor should come and see her. They seemed pleased at first, but in a few minutes became frightened, begging me not to let him come, saying the husband would beat his wife if he did; so I had to promise that he should not go.

I gave them pins and needles, and sugar to the children; they all came round in a crowd. I told them just the few sentences I know about the Lord Jesus. They filled my bag with eggs when I left and asked me to come again.

They sent a girl with me, as my guide had left. On the way home I read my little sermon to the girl; it is just a few simple sentences Mr. Baldwin has kindly put into Arabic for me and printed, and which I took with me. She repeated a good deal after me as I read it. It is a great pleasure to visit among the people. I have not done so before, as I could not speak to them, but I hope now to go whenever I can find the time, as I learn the language as much by being with the people as by studying.

2nd.—Again went to the village to see

MY SICK GIRL.

At first they were afraid for me to go to her hut, as the

husband was at home ; no doubt he had stayed at home to see who came to his wife. They saw, however, that I was not afraid, so soon led the way. She is quite a young girl ; the husband is an old white-haired man, with a hard, disagreeable face ; he looks as if he *could* beat her. I began to talk to him, and he soon became amiable ; got out a large carpet for me to sit on, and sent a woman for some eggs for me. When I spoke of God, he became very reverent and attentive, often pointing upwards and not allowing the women to move or speak.

3rd.—Medical Mission. Many

CASES FROM LONG DISTANCES.

One especially we were sorry to send away without help ; the husband had brought his wife on a donkey from a far-off village, feeling sure the doctor would cure her. They arrived here yesterday, and had stayed all night waiting to see him. It turned out to be a case in which nothing could be done unless we could keep the patient, and nurse her after the operation. Daily we feel the need of such a place, and are praying the Lord about it. Funds are very low, but our Heavenly Father is very rich, and we are looking to Him to provide the means, if it be His will.

4th.—After Arabic, engaged in dispensary. In the afternoon went again to the village ; lost my way, and came across another very sick woman lying on the floor of her hut crying and groaning. She was suffering terribly, and had been like that for three years. She seemed thankful indeed when I told her that the doctor would come and try to help her. Then I found the right hut ; the husband was away, the girl busy cleaning it, so I did not stay long. I gave her more medicine and eye-wash, and was glad to find the eyes seem nearly well ; they all seemed grateful. I gave the women some little presents, and one poor child who had only a rag on, a little shirt. I wish the kind friend who sent these shirts could see the pleasure they give to the recipients ; they are most useful, and so are

GARMENTS FOR THE GIRLS ;

but they must be made from a native pattern, as the people will only wear the clothes they are accustomed to ; but I will most gladly send patterns to any lady willing to help. Old linen in any quantity we are always most thankful for. In this country almost every other patient is suffering with some skin disease, and they have nothing to dress them with but what we give them.

It is said that when the fast is over (in a month) we shall have crowds of patients ; so many become ill before it is over, and many die.

Mr. Baldwin spoke to them to-day about the broad and narrow way, and I thought them very attentive. He also prayed with them.

One poor woman brought me a lovely bouquet of roses and choice flowers, and seemed so happy because I was pleased ; her mother brought some eggs.

They brought

A SICK CHILD.

I had to dress its back, and when I came to do it I had to *cut* its little shirt off. I do not believe it had once been taken off since it was first put on, for the child had evidently grown since then, and it could not be got off any other way than by cutting. When it was clean and nice I put on one of those that had been sent us, much to the delight of the mother.

A woman came to my window yesterday with a full bottle of medicine, saying she could not give it to her child *because the cork was in!* I soon removed that difficulty. To-day she appeared at the Dispensary with an empty bottle. I asked what had become of the medicine ? She said she had made her little child drink it all on the way up, tearing that if there were any left she would get no more ; fortunately no serious harm was done.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN IN KABYLE can now be obtained from the British and Foreign Bible Society, 146, Queen Victoria Street.

MEETINGS.—The Hon. Secretary and other members of the Council would be pleased to hold meetings in drawing-rooms, halls, etc., and make known the spiritual needs, etc., of North Africa. Maps, costumes, and articles of interest could be shown.

CIRCULATION OF "NORTH AFRICA."—Will our friends endeavour to increase the circulation of NORTH AFRICA, and thus make known more widely the spiritual destitution amongst its peoples.

THE NEXT NUMBER OF NORTH AFRICA we propose to bring out on October 1st, and quarterly from that date, instead of November 1st. It will be sent, post free, for tennence a year to any address. Any subscribers not receiving it regularly are requested to write to us. It can also be obtained through local booksellers or our publishers, Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

SEVERAL of the labourers in North Africa have been invalided for a time. Miss C. Baldwin has, in consequence, returned for a brief stay in England ; Miss Vining has had a slight attack of fever, from which she has happily recovered ; and Mr. Pos has also been laid aside by a similar attack, but is now better.

MR. MERCADIER has visited Mascara, in the province of Oran ; we have not room for his interesting report of it in this number.

MR. LILEY has visited many villages round Tlemcen, distributing tracts and Gospels ; with the help of private friends, he has obtained a horse, which enables him to go much further round.

MR. CHEESEMAN has visited Sebdou, about thirty miles from Tlemcen, distributing tracts and Scriptures as able. The journey was accomplished on donkey-back.

MR. A. S. LAMB has been able, through the help of some of his friends, to purchase a valuable mule, which is of great use to him, and enables him to visit the tribes around and read the Scriptures to them. He desires most heartily to thank all who assisted in raising the fund to procure it.

OUR ANNUAL CASH STATEMENT is a little delayed this year through the long absence of the Secretary in North Africa.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

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

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

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

LIST OF DONATIONS FROM APRIL 1st TO JUNE 30th, 1886.

1886.		No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	No. of Receipt.		General. £ s. d.	No. of Receipt.		General. £ s. d.	No. of Receipt.		General. £ s. d.			
April 1	SS1	1 0 0	Brought forward	...	61 16 6	Brought forward	...	206 3 1	Brought forward	...	291 15 10			
1	SS2	1 5 0	April 7	918	1 2 0	May 7	955	20 0 0	May 28	990	5 0 0
1	SS3	1 0 0	7	919	2 2 0	7	956	1 15 0	31	991	2 0 0
1	SS4	1 0 0	7	920	1 0 0	9	957	1 1 0	31	992	1 0 0
1	SS5	5 0 0	7	921	0 5 0	9	958	0 2 0	31	993	0 10 0
2	SS6	2 0 0	7	922	0 10 0	10	959	0 5 0	June 3	994	2 1 0
2	SS7	0 10 0	7	923	0 10 0	10	960	1 0 0	3	995	1 0 0
2	SS8	0 5 0	8	924	1 10 0	12	961	1 0 0	3	996	2 0 0
2	SS9	0 10 0	9	925	0 6 0	13	962	4 0 0	4	997	0 12 9
2	SS0	1 1 0	10	926	0 5 0	13	963	0 5 0	7	998	5 0 0
2	SS1	0 3 0	10	927	0 10 0	13	964	0 14 9	6	999	0 5 0
2	SS2	0 4 0	12	928	0 10 0	14	965	1 0 0	6	1000	0 10 0
2	SS3	0 19 0	12	929	1 0 0	15	967	0 5 0	9	1001	1 0 0
3	SS4	0 2 6	13	930	2 2 0	15	968	10 0 0	9	1002	2 0 0
3	SS5	10 0 0	13	931	21 14 9	17	969	0 10 0	10	1003	1 0 0
3	SS6	0 10 0	15	932	0 17 3	Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott. 970		12 0 0	11	1004	20 0 0	
3	SS7	0 2 6	15	933	10 0 0	19	971	4 0 0	11	1005	36 13 10
3	SS8	0 10 0	19	934	0 6 0	19	972	1 0 0	12	1006	25 0 0
5	SS9	1 0 0	19	935	1 8 9	19	973	0 5 0	14	1007	5 0 0
5	900	1 0 0	20	936	5 17 0	19	974	0 4 0	15	1008	25 0 0
5	901	2 2 0	21	938	0 10 0	19	975	0 5 0	15	1009	5 0 0
5	902	2 0 0	21	939	5 0 0	19	976	1 0 0	17	1010	3 0 0
5	903	0 5 0	22	940	10 0 0	20	977	0 10 0	18	1011	1 1 0
5	904	2 10 0	21	941	0 10 8	20	978	0 5 0	18	1012	0 5 0
5	905	2 0 0	23	942	5 5 0	21	979	0 10 0	19	1013	2 0 0
6	906	0 13 11	23	943	1 0 0	22	980	5 0 0	19	1014	0 10 0
6	907	2 10 0	24	944	5 0 0	22	981	0 10 0	21	1015	0 5 0
6	908	0 10 0	26	945	1 0 0	24	982	2 0 0	21	1016	0 10 0
6	909	5 0 0	29	946	0 7 2	24	983	0 5 0	21	1017	10 0 0
6	910	9 8 7	29	947	3 3 0	24	984	2 0 0	21	1018	0 6 2
6	911	0 5 0	30	948	7 0 0	24	985	3 1 0	23	1019	1 0 0
6	912	0 5 0	30	949	2 0 0	24	986	2 0 0	24	1020	50 0 0
6	913	2 0 0	May 1	950	0 5 0	25	987	5 0 0	24	1021	1 1 0
6	914	2 0 0	3	951	1 0 0	27	988	3 0 0	25	1022	2 4 0
6	915	1 0 0	4	952	0 10 0	27	989	1 0 0	28	1023	0 2 4
6	916	0 5 0	5	953	2 0 0	31			30	1024	0 2 6
7	917	1 0 0	6	954	2 0 0	28						
Carried forward	...		£61 16 6	Carried forward	...		£206 3 1	Carried forward	...						
															£504 15 5

Miscellaneous gifts:—(No. 12) carpet, 2 hassocks, hearthrug; (13) parcel of Kabyle garments, English, French, and Arabic texts; (14) quantity of silver, sold for £12 14s. 7d., 3 gold rings; (15) box of bottles, sugar, and linen; (16) basket of bottles, sugar, and old linen; (Anon.) box of bottles, etc.

FINANCES.

ALTHOUGH, through the goodness of God and the kindness of His servants, the income of the Mission for the past three months has been half as much again as during the same period last year, it has not been sufficient to meet our increased requirements, as then we had *ten* missionaries only, now we have twenty-six. How is this difficulty to be met? By recalling some of the workers? No. By reducing the amount sent to them? That would be difficult if they are to pay their way. How then? By waiting upon the Lord of the harvest, who sent out His servants, and reminding Him of His promises to sustain them. We have endeavoured to follow this plan in the past, and desire to do so in the future. The trial of faith for those in the work at home, as well as the labourers in North Africa, has nevertheless been severe. At the present moment we require £500 in order to supply the needs of the brethren for this and past months. But the promises of God stand good. So often, when we have been in great perplexity, help has come from quarters the least expected, we dare not doubt that in some way or other the work and workers

will be sustained. The cost of living in Algeria and Tunis is probably one-fourth more than in England. In Morocco it is hardly so much. A single lady Missionary can be sustained for about £60 per year. We have ten such. A single brother can be sustained for about £80 per year. There are four of these. A married couple without children can be supported for about £120 per year or £10 per month; those with families require more. Any person desiring to support one of the Missionaries can choose one whom they can look upon as their representative. Those wishing a definite interest, but unable to give so much, might, if they pleased, pay a Missionary's rent. This varies from £12 to £36 per year. Any unable to help now, but desiring to make a bequest to the Mission, can do so in the annexed form (page 78).

Some friends have helped us by giving us their silver plate, rings, etc., others articles of furniture. The Medical Mission is constantly requiring fresh supplies of drugs, beside old linen, medicine bottles, etc., etc. These latter can be sent, carriage paid, to the office of the Mission, 21, Linton Road, Barking.

COUNCIL OF THE MISSION.

J. H. BRIDGFORD, Christchurch, Hants.
 A. C. P. COOTE, South Norwood, S.E.
 W. SOLTAU ECCLES, Upper Norwood, S.E.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, Bow, E.

EDWARD H. GLENNY, Barking, Essex.
 GENERAL and Mrs. F. T. HAIG, Hampstead, N.W.
 R. C. MORGAN, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.
 W. HIND-SMITH, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

JAMES STEPHENS, Highgate, N.

Hon. Treasurer—W. SOLTAU ECCLES, Lyndhurst, Church Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

Bankers—LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, 21, Lombard Street, E.C.

Hon. Secretary—EDWARD H. GLENNY, 21, Linton Road, Barking.

Offices—21, Linton Road, Barking.

REFEREES.

Rev. WM. ARTHUR, Clapham Common, S.W.
 S. A. BLACKWOOD, Esq., C.B., Bromley, Kent.
 DONALD MATHESON, Esq., 120, Queen's Gate, S.W.
 JAMES E. MATHIESON, Esq., Mildmay Conference Hall, N.

GEORGE PEARSE, Esq., Algeria.
 Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE, Bristol.
 LORD POLWARTH, St. Boswell's, N.B.
 LORD RADSTOCK, 70, Portland Place, W.

Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, Upper Norwood, S.E.

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.

LIST OF MISSIONARIES.

NAME.	Date of Arrival in North Africa	TOWN.	COUNTRY.	NAME.	Date of Arrival in North Africa.	TOWN.	COUNTRY.
*Mr. A. S. LAMB ...	Oct., 1883	Djemâa Sahridj ...	Algeria.	Mr. J. PRYOR ...	Nov., 1885	Tangier ...	Morocco.
* „ J. BUREAU ...	Jan., 1884	Tunis ...	Tunis.	Miss J. JAY ...	Nov., 1885	Tangier ...	Morocco.
* „ E. CUENDET ...	Sept., 1884	Djemâa Sahridj ...	Algeria.	„ C. CALEY ...	Nov., 1885	Arzila ...	Morocco.
„ G. MERCADIER ...	Sept., 1884	Oran ...	Algeria.	*Mr. F. CHEESEMAN ...	Jan., 1886	Tlemcen ...	Algeria.
* „ E. F. BALDWIN ...	Nov., 1884	Tangier ...	Morocco.	„ W. POS ...	April, 1886	Constantine ...	Algeria.
Miss C. BALDWIN ...	Nov., 1884	Tangier ...	Morocco.	Miss L. COLVILLE ...	April, 1886	Constantine ...	Algeria.
„ E. HERDMAN ...	Jan., 1885	Arzila ...	Morocco.	„ L. READ ...	April, 1886	Tlemcen ...	Algeria.
„ H. TULLOCH ...	Jan., 1885	Tangier ...	Morocco.	„ H. D. DAY ...	April, 1886	Tlemcen ...	Algeria.
Mr. A. V. LILEY ...	July, 1885	Tlemcen ...	Algeria.	„ B. VINING ...	April, 1886	Oran ...	Algeria.
Dr. T. G. CHURCHER ...	Oct., 1885	Tangier ...	Morocco.	„ S. HAMMON ...	April, 1886	Oran ...	Algeria.

* Married.