

# NORTH AFRICA.

*THE QUARTERLY RECORD*

OF THE

## MISSION TO THE KABYLES AND OTHER BERBER RACES.

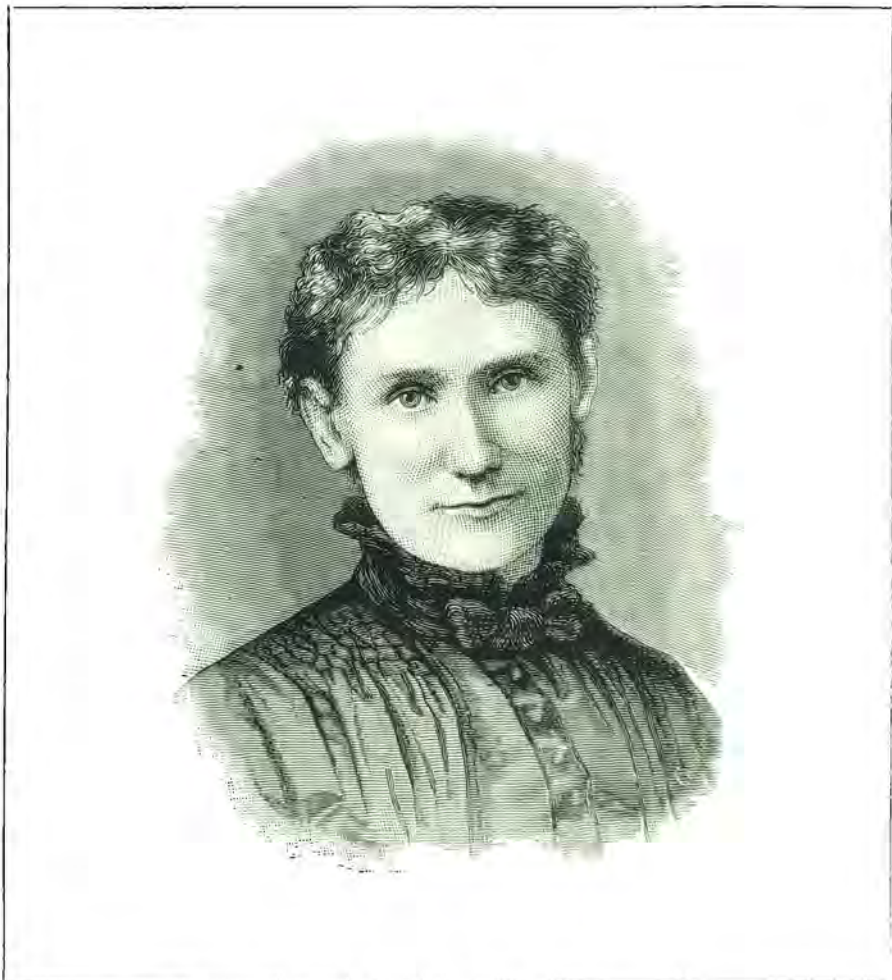
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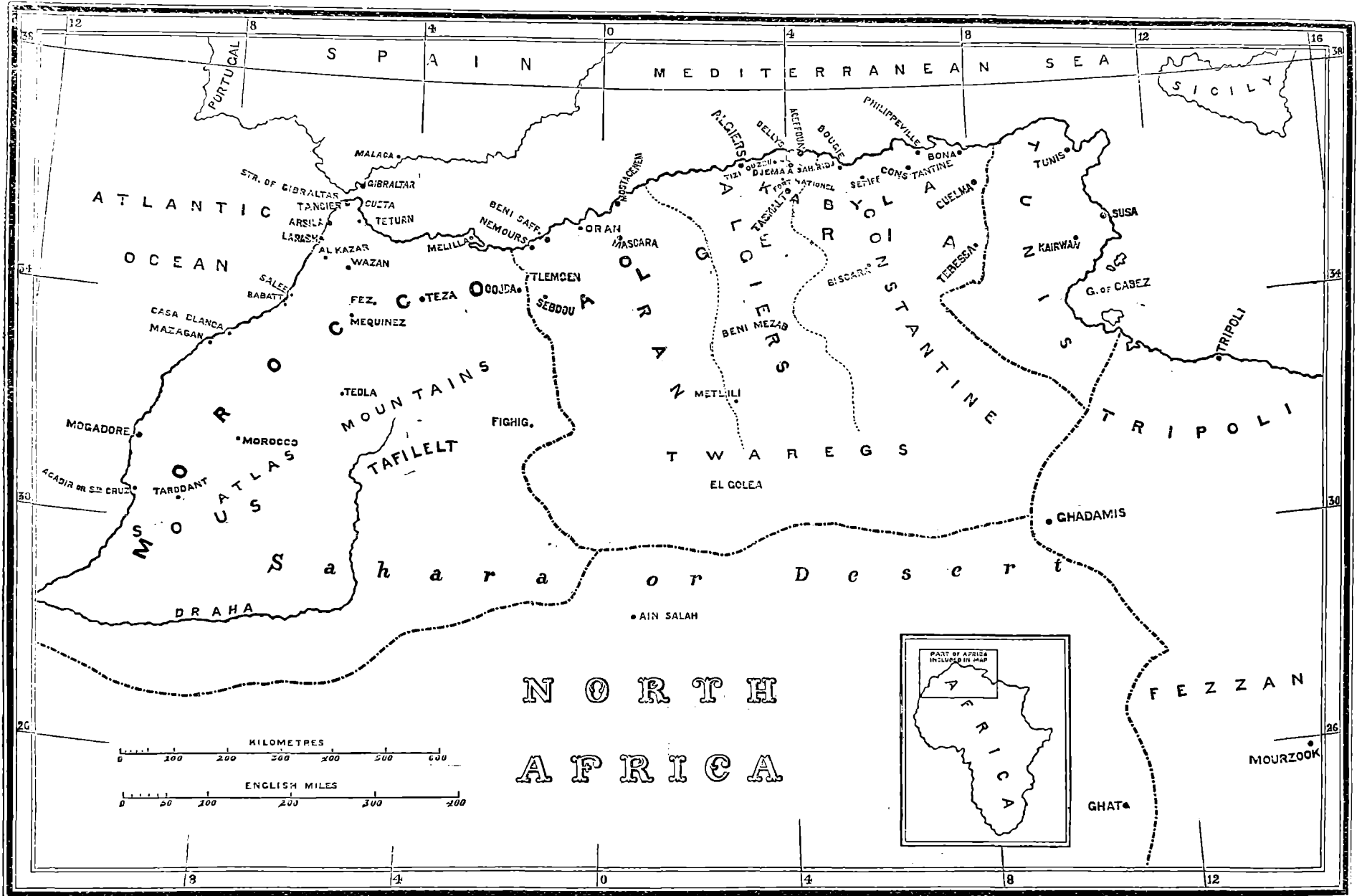


THE LATE MISS TULLOCH, OF TANGIER (*page 116*).

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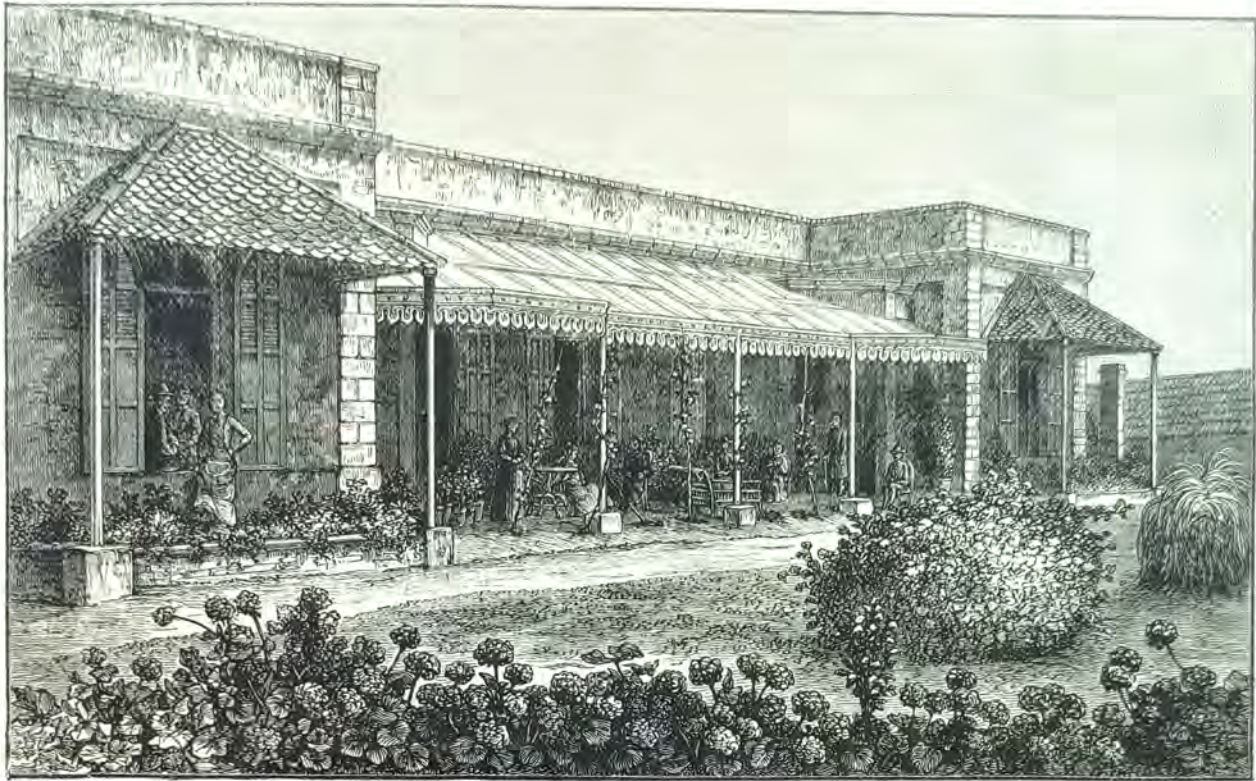
This Map represents a portion of the Globe's Surface, 1,570 miles from East to West, and 1,000 miles from North to South.



Missionaries of the Kabyle Mission are now residing at Tangier and Arzila in Morocco; Oran, Tlemcen, Sebdo, Mascara, Tasmalt, Djemâa Sahridj, and Constantine in Algeria; and Tunis in the Regency of Tunis.



# NORTH AFRICA.



SOUTH VIEW OF HOPE HOUSE, TANGIER, MOROCCO (*page 126*).

## NORTH AFRICA AND OUR MISSION THERE.

UP till 1881 the Mohamedans of North Africa (excluding Egypt) were unreached by the Gospel. A thousand years of sanguinary wars had reduced the population, misrule had blighted commerce and agriculture, and apostasy had extinguished the Gospel lamp, without even leaving the lampstand. But a brighter era was now to dawn. The French had subdued the Algerians, and Algiers instead of being a nest of pirates, had become a winter health resort for invalids from all parts of Europe.

Through the whole country roads and railways had been made, and along the coast steamers plied. With the fall of the Empire in France, Roman Catholicism lost much of its power, and thus in Algeria the Moslem and Romish barriers to the Gospel were removed. It was, however, still supposed that the Mohamedans were so opposed to Christianity that it would be futile and dangerous to attempt to evangelize them. They were therefore neglected for another ten years, till in 1881 Mr. George Pearse and his wife, acting on the advice of Mr. Grattan Guinness, travelled among the Kabyles, and found that they were far less opposed to the Gospel than had been imagined.

The people were very ignorant of Mohamedanism, and were willing to hear the good news, and, when able, to read the Scriptures.

Mr. Pearse returned to England in the summer, and besides writing in *The Christian*, published a small pamphlet, called "Mission to the Kabyles." A small committee was formed, consisting of Mr. Pearse, Mr. Grattan Guinness, and Mr. Edward H. Glenny. Mr. Glenny had been independently led

to consider the needs of the field, and finding what his friends were doing, was invited to unite with them. A piece of land had been secured at Djemaa Sahridj, in Kabylia, and in October, 1881, Mr. Pearse returned with Mr. Glenny to Algeria. They took with them two young men to plant among the Kabyles. For a time all went well, but the French local administrator, thinking the brethren must be political agents like the French priests in other lands, endeavoured to frighten them away. Then followed a period of trial from a variety of causes, but the willingness of the people to listen to the Gospel was more than ever established.

In 1883 the Mission was to some extent remodelled. The Council was enlarged, and the sphere of its operations extended from the Kabyles of Algeria to the Berber races, etc., of all North Africa. Mission stations were opened in Oran and Morocco, and more labourers were sent out, who have again been followed by others from time to time, till there are now twenty-two missionaries, and six wives of missionaries, in Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis. Eleven more are accepted to go, and it is hoped that they will be sent out shortly.

Three years and a half is not a long period, and much of it has been spent in necessary initial work, but already we have news of some Mohamedans renouncing their faith in Mohamed, and resting their souls on Christ and His atoning work.

At present, only a few groups of Missionaries have been planted along the 1,200 miles of coastline from Tangier to Tunis. *Many immense districts with numerous tribes, where various languages and dialects are spoken, remain to be entered, and those entered have yet to be fully evangelized.*

We feel that the work in North Africa claims in a special manner the sympathy of the Church of Christ.



1st.—The people, except in the few places where missionaries have been, are totally ignorant of the Gospel.

2nd.—North Africa has been long neglected, though it is within less than a week's journey from London.

3rd.—It is everywhere open to the Gospel.

4th.—The field is immense, being sixty times as large as England.

5th.—It is in the land where Tertulian, Cyprian, Augustine, and others laboured, some of whose works have been a help to the universal Church.

6th.—None of the larger and older missionary societies have men or money to undertake the work.

7th.—The Mission is unsectarian in its character, being composed, like the Bible Society, Young Men's Christian Association, &c., of members of various sections of the Church of Christ.

We therefore commend it to the sympathy and prayers of the Lord's people of all denominations.

### THE TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, TANGIER.

IN the January number of NORTH AFRICA, we mentioned that it was proposed to alter the mission premises at Tangier so as to form a small hospital, provided funds were specially sent for that purpose. It was decided to call it the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, in memory of our late beloved sister in Christ, who had worked so earnestly and successfully in Tangier, and then been called so suddenly to her reward. In our present number we are enabled to give a woodcut of the late Miss Tulloch, and are glad to be able to report that some progress has been made towards the accomplishment of what we know was her earnest desire, namely, the providing of a place where natives of Morocco requiring continuous treatment, would be taken in for a time, and, while receiving medical or surgical aid, also hear the Gospel of Christ.

Up to March 10th, about £150 had been received for this purpose, and a further sum of £200 promised. We have therefore already commenced the alterations, but before they can be completed, we calculate we shall require a further sum of £150.

Our valued medical missionary, Dr. Churcher, has returned to Tangier, after his brief stay in England to recruit after typhoid fever, and has recommenced medical mission work, which had been interrupted by Miss Tulloch's lamented death and his and Mr. Pryor's illness.

In writing of the work he says: "If the Lord Jesus, Who wept over Jerusalem, were again upon earth, might He not weep over these forgotten millions, and with tearful eye and loving voice speak to all His followers in favoured Britain in the language of Scripture, and say: 'Deliver them that are carried away unto death, and those that are tottering to the slaughter forbear thou not to deliver. If thou sayest, Behold we know not this, doth not He that weigheth the hearts consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it, and shall not He render to every man according to his work.'—Prov. xxiv. 11, 12 (R.V.)."

Last year a thousand consultations were held, and much suffering was relieved, while the Gospel of God's love was stammeringly (Arabic is a difficult language to acquire) yet faithfully preached. The people listen, very often almost eagerly, and we believe that, even in this the day of small things, God has set His seal of conversion to the work, and while we are engaged yet sowing, He has cheered us with an earnest of coming harvest.

But there is a hindrance. Many have been sent away with little or no relief, for need of a small hospital where they could be nursed and cared for while under treatment. Outbuildings already belonging to the mission stand waiting, and could

readily be made available to accommodate twenty persons, together with dwelling-rooms for the medical missionary, for the cost of £500 in all, while the keep of patients is small—about sixpence a day. We sometimes look round and think, "How can these things be?" No wealthy denomination is behind the work, morally pledged to its support, but our help cometh from the Lord. A great field for Gospel influence lies open in the daily and constant teaching of hospital patients. Few men, and hardly any women, can read, so that printing reaches but a small fraction of the people. Practical kindness is understood by all. It disarms opposition, removes prejudice, and opens the heart to listen to the voice of infinite love, proving that to heal the sick and preach the Gospel is a command which still has the Lord's approval, as it must ever retain the Lord's example. May workers and donors alike hear our Saviour say: Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me. Well done, good and faithful servant!

### CHRISTIANITY AND MOHAMEDANISM.

WHEN Peter confessed to our Lord, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matthew xvi. 16), He replied, "My Father which is in Heaven hath revealed this unto thee; on this rock I will build my Church." That is, the fact that the Son of Man is God's anointed Prophet, to teach the world God's will, God's Priest, to offer the acceptable sacrifice for the world's guilt, and God's King, to rule the world according to God's mind, is the foundation on which Christianity is built. The creed of the Mohamedan is: There is no God but God, and Mohamed is *the* prophet of God. In other words, he denies that Christ is *the* Prophet of God.

Further, the Scriptures teach us that Christ's atoning work on the Cross is sufficient to meet every sinner's need. Mohamedans do not believe that Jesus died; but by *their* prayers, fastings, almsgivings, and pilgrimages, endeavour to gain God's favour, thus substituting their works for His death as an atonement.

Their creed, therefore, dishonours Christ's person, and their practices set aside His finished work. Whatever, therefore, others may say in favour of some Mohamedan teaching, the Christian can only regard it as a wicked and dangerous imposture, dishonouring to Christ, and fatal to the souls of men. It is a false light by which Satan has succeeded and is succeeding to wreck many deluded souls.

Is there not in these facts a solemn and urgent call to those who know Christ and believe His Gospel to instruct these deceived ones?

Is it possible for us to have any love for Christ and yet be content that 170 millions of souls should thus deny Him His rightful place?

Is not the fact that we have done so little to evangelize Mohamedans a proof that, having received eternal life ourselves, we care but little whether our Saviour's name is honoured or disgraced?

If not, then by our plighted love to Christ, and for the honour of His blessed name, let us by holy living and patient teaching make known the worth of our Lord and the dignity of His character, till some, at any rate, convinced of His excellence, put their trust in Him and His sacrifice for sins.

Does not the fact that these people are *deceived* give them a special claim upon our sympathy and love? They have been brought up to believe a lie, their fathers believed the same lie before them, and Satan with fiendish hate is leading them on to destruction. But shall not we carry out Satan's desires if, having been delivered from his delusions, we stand with folded hands and watch with sanctimonious complacency our fellowmen led on in fatal ignorance to dark despair and endless woe? Christ has commanded us to go and preach the Gospel to every

creature, and to refrain from doing so is to raise the standard of rebellion against our Lord, and rank ourselves among those who do not own His authority. Surely we have not so forgotten Gethsemane and Golgotha as to be indifferent to His wishes, Who, by bloody sweat and broken heart, revealed His love to us. Everything seems to unite to "call us to deliver their lands from error's chain." The very earth refuses to yield her increase where Mohamedanism has sway, so that it has passed into a proverb that "Where the Turkish horse sets his foot the grass never grows."

Can we be deaf to every cry? Shall down-trodden women, neglected children, and oppressed men plead with us in vain? Can we contemplate, unmoved, their eternal doom, and hear with indifference the voice of our once crucified Redeemer commanding us to tell them of the way of life and peace? We hope not. God has, during this century, answered the prayers of His people in a wonderful way. Moslem lands that were barred against the Gospel have been compelled, by the hand of God working through the powers of Europe, to unlock their doors and grant toleration. Why has God opened the door into Mohamedan lands? Is it not that His servants might enter with the Gospel? We must confess we have been far too slow to follow the leadings of our God, and *at present, comparatively little has been attempted* amongst Mussulmans. Since the attempts of the Crusaders to destroy them, they have been left as beyond the reach of Christian effort, and this again is being succeeded in some quarters by an attempt to show that Mohamedans are a good sort of people, and will probably get to Heaven without the Gospel.

With the Scriptures in our hands we may neither destroy them, abandon them, nor tolerate their deadly errors, but in obedience to Christ's word, we must bear witness to them of His person and Cross.

### WAYS AND MEANS.

It is very interesting to notice in what strange ways God supplies the needs of His servants and of His work. Israel, when they left North Africa, and travelled into Asia across that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions, and thirsty ground where was no water (R. V.), were taught that man doth not live by bread only, but by everything that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord. Elijah, fed by ravens, and sustained by a poor widow, and the prophets fed by an officer of King Ahab, their enemy, are instances of unlikely instruments used to fulfil God's purposes, and supply His people's needs. The God of Israel and of Elijah is our God; too, and often He takes away our ordinary sources of supply, keeping us for a time in suspense, and then provides for us from unexpected quarters, that we may learn to look beyond the instrument of blessing to the great Blessor Himself. In our brief experience in this Mission, God has from time to time taken from us kind friends who have liberally assisted in the work, leaving us to wonder who would take their place, and how in future our wants would be met. Faith has been tried, and sometimes unbelief has entered our hearts for a time as our eye has rested on circumstances instead of God and His promises. Then, driven by necessities to lay hold afresh on the promises, in some way or other the Lord has appeared for our help. Sometimes donations have come from missionaries who, one would suppose, needed help themselves. On one occasion two pounds four shillings was brought by a working-man who had saved all his threepenny pieces for the Mission. Then a costermonger brought five shillings with a grateful heart, being part of small sums which he had from week to week put aside for the Lord's use. These gifts, we feel sure, and others like them, are very precious to the Lord Jesus, who, as of old, sits over against the treasury, and beholds what is cast in there. Sometimes a church will

endeavour to sustain a worker in the dark harvest field. Not long since a lady, feeling unfit, through age, to go forth herself, determined to support someone else.

Sunday-school children have sent their pence, which, united, amount to pounds, and widows with limited incomes, out of their straitened means, by self-denial, assist to extend the kingdom of their Master. But, notwithstanding the unexpected and usual channels of supplies, both workers in the field, and those who represent them at home, are seldom without great need for prayer that God will graciously supply all requirements.

At times when we think of our little work in North Africa, needing now some £4,000 a year to sustain it, and remember the wealth and comfort which many of God's true children enjoy, we are almost astonished that there should be much need for prayer. One would expect that those redeemed by blood would be only too anxious to provide all that was required to make their Redeemer known, but it is not so.

A missionary from China recently stated that the church, of which he was a member, frequently spent more money on one church building in a year than in all their efforts to evangelize the mighty empire of China, and that though the Missionaries cried for more men, and the work was suffering from want of workers, money could not be found to send them forth and sustain them.

So it is in North Africa: Though about sixty times as big as England, the whole of the churches of Great Britain, America, and the Continent, do not give as much money to evangelize this dark field per year, as is usually spent to build one place of worship to accommodate a thousand people at home. Yet with all this it is proved by statistics that the churches at home are only increasing on an average, at the rate of about one per cent. per year, while the average increase in the foreign field is eight per cent. per annum.

This unequal distribution of effort and wealth cannot be according to the *mind* of Christ.

Besides missionaries and other workers, Scotland has one recognised minister to every seven hundred and seventy-seven of its population. *In North Africa the male Missionaries to the Mohamedan population are not one to a million.* Is it right that millions of money should be spent, and between forty and fifty thousand ministers should labour for the spread of the Gospel and the instruction of God's people amongst the thirty millions of England, Wales and Scotland, while only about five thousand pounds are given, and thirteen male missionaries labour among the sixteen millions of Mohamedans, only a few day's journey from our shores?

May the Lord help us each to live in the light of His speedy return, and help us to discover what He would have us to do for the salvation of perishing souls by our personal efforts and the means with which He has entrusted us!

### GOOD NEWS FROM FEZ.

By E. F. BALDWIN.

At the close of October our friend, Mr. Baldwin, left Tangier with his young son, Frank, and a European Christian helper. His object was to improve his knowledge of the Arabic language, and learn more of the people, and, as opportunity offered, tell of Christ.

We give the following extracts from his deeply-interesting diary. He has now returned to Tangier, after a residence of three months in Fez, bringing the native brother referred to below with him.

*November 28th, 1886.*—I am daily making interesting acquaintances. This (Lord's Day) morning was up before sunrise. Immediately after breakfast two middle-aged Moorish gentlemen visited us, who had been here before. For two hours they read the Word, and talked of it. I used a volume of

Bible Old Testament pictures to interest them in Bible incidents that typified Christ's work, and then got them to read the type and the antitype, as Num. xxi. and John iii. They also read and spoke much of Christ's return. They wanted to know if our Scriptures did not foretell the coming of Mohamed. I first said, No. But when they pressed it, I showed them what Christ said of false prophets who should come in their own name. God save them.

I sat in a café this evening, where were some I knew, and was able to say a little as to the wrong of the wicked practices of the fanatical *Isouwa*, who do most diabolical things, and contrasted it with the obedience of the Lord Jesus.

I was greatly interested and edified by our *foukie* writing words on the palm of his left hand in instructing me the other day, when paper was not at hand. One of my texts that morning from "Daily Light" had been, "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." How this dark-skinned son of Ishmael, in his Eastern white flowing garments, with his "writer's inkhorn" and reed pen, writing on the palm of his hand showed me on what the charming imagery of the text was based.

I learned that a tailor paid a little fellow who held his thread, crossing it as he sewed, after a manner they have, only about one-ninth part of a penny a day.

*Sunday night, 12th December.*—Though weary somewhat in mind and body, I must note the day's experience of the Lord's goodness, and service in His name. Just after sunrise, as we were about sitting down to our breakfast, two men came to visit us, one a soldier who, a year ago last summer, was with a large party encamped on the Marshan near Hope House. My wife and I had eaten kous-kous with him, and he had been at our house. Miss Herdman or I had given him a Gospel, which he still had, and which had been much read. He seemed to have an understanding of the person of Christ and of the way of life. He well remembered and repeated instructions he had received at Hope House from dear Miss Herdman. They ate breakfast with us, emptying our coffee-pot twice. Just after came our *foukie*—a devout Moslem and serious-minded man—who teaches us Arabic. We sang and read the Scriptures with him.

This dear *foukie* had a little boy baby, perhaps two years old, at the point of death. He had been sitting by it day and night, and was in great distress. It has been long ill, but for several days now seemed dying. He had not come from it to give us our lessons yesterday. Nor had he been at the mosque, where he has daily duties as the *muddin*, or caller to Moslem prayers, for several days. I had been entreating him to consider that no prayer could reach God except through Christ. For two days he had been telling me he was praying for his boy in the name of Christ. Yesterday he told me this remarkable incident. The night before he cried thus for a long time: "*Ya, Sidna Jesa, Wooleede! Ya, Sidna Jesa, Wooleede!! Ya, Sidna Jesa, Wooleede!!!*" repeating it many times, as he told me of it. (Oh, my Lord Jesus, my little boy!—an appeal for help and cure.) He said that in the night he fell asleep, and in his sleep he saw a man come close to him—one who was most beautiful —and he said he knew him to be the Lord Jesus. He said to him distinctly, as though answering his cry, "*La bass! la bass! Wooleede yebrah.*" (All is well! all is well! Thy little son will recover.) That night, which was last night, I told this to Bro. L—, and we prayed for the child. Afterwards, that night, when alone and on my face on the floor before the Lord, in worship and prayer, the Lord made it clear to me that I should go this morning with the *foukie*, and pray with or over the child. I went about eleven o'clock, the *foukie* readily consenting to so unusual a thing as a Christian going into a Moslem family of some prominence. I waited at the door until he had gone in and got the women out of sight. Then he took me through the dark passages and steep stairs, into a

large room where the poor little one was lying, with the grandfather and a slave woman hanging in sorrow over it. It lay like a little corpse, save a convulsive twitching of the wasted hands and feet. Its eyes were open partly, and seemed fixed. It noticed nothing. I laid my hand on it, and prayed very briefly and simply in English (as my Arabic I feel is too slender for prayer), asking the Lord Jesus to again heal as He did on earth, and asking the Father to take this opportunity of bringing glory to the name of Jesus. I went away without observing any change. But, calling to mind the Lord's direction to give the little maid He raised to eat, I told them to give the child some milk. They said its mouth and teeth were clenched shut, and that it had eaten or drunk nothing for seven days exactly. Neither had it noticed anything, or been conscious. The child, just after I left, roused itself and looked around, and recognised its father, who was at that moment speaking to it. They gave it both milk and broth, and it received three fingers' deep (as the father told me) of each—about half a small glassful, and seemed wonderfully better. The native doctor (a friend of ours here, and who daily shows us many disinterested kindnesses) was at the house when I prayed with the little boy. The father told me all this to-day, with many ejaculations of praise to Allah and Sidna Jesa.

*Monday Night, 13th December.*—A remarkable day, full of both joyous and mysterious dealing on the part of God. On awaking and dressing this morning before sunrise, I was much exercised about the "foukie" and his child. I told Frank not to call me to breakfast, but to leave me until I should call him, but letting me know of the health of the little boy as soon as the "foukie" should come. I cried to God that no unbelief of mine should hinder the blessing he was willing to give. I read Isaiah lviii. as to the fast that God accepts, and then Matthew xvii., especially dwelling on "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Many profitable thoughts were given me, and I continued long in prayer. I was on my face on the floor, humbling myself before God, and with much prayer, fearing (as the foukie was then an hour behind his usual time for coming, that my feeble faith had failed in securing the healing it might have obtained if stronger, when I heard his step on the stair, and I was soon overjoyed at his telling me the child was quite healed. The dear man praised God, in the name of Jesus, in our presence, for I had called both Mr. L— and Frank to rejoice with us. I found that, as far as I could discern, to my inexpressible delight, the "foukie" was accepting Christ as his Saviour, and His blood as cleansing him from all the sins of what he called "the times of his ignorance," which he said was up to last Friday night. We sat by him on the floor, where he sat, Moorish fashion, much of the time in silent wonder. As the "foukie" spoke on and on as one whom the Spirit was directly teaching—"Stand still and see the salvation of God;" "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, little children, and know all things, and need not that any man should teach you," these texts glowed before me. In the beginning of our conversation this morning I was enabled to make quite clear to his mind the truth of substitution and the meaning of the words, "the blood of Jesus." Evidently taught, then and there, seemingly sentence by sentence, by God the Spirit, he poured forth at one time praise to the Lord Jesus, lifting his eyes and hands heavenward, and this he would repeat at short intervals, as the incoming truth overpowered him. He said that up to Friday last his heart was black and hard, and in darkness, and the eyes of his heart blind, and he groping about at his prayers and almsgivings and other good works, which he now saw could never wash his sins away. But now his eyes were open, and God was showing him many things. He saw that all Moslems, Christians, and Jews, who did not trust in the blood of Christ, and go in His ways, were lost for ever. He spoke of how his heart filled with love to

Christ and those who loved Him, of how if struck or wronged he would not retaliate, of how he was determined to walk in the exact ways of Christ, and would not eat or drink, lay down or rise up, go forth or return, or speak, save in the name of the Lord Jesus. He embraced me with much affection, and kept continually taking my hand in his, though a man of middle age and very sedate and grave. But he seemed carried out of himself. As he touched one and another precious truth of our holy faith, I turned and had him read of it in God's Word, which he did, with many interruptions of praise and comment on his part. He began putting the Gospel most clearly to Frank, and asking him if he understood and believed it. Some of the Scriptures read were Isaiah liii., Psalms xxii. and xxiii., Romans iii. and iv., 1 Peter i. and ii., beside others. He said that as he read the Word with me, as my teacher, prior to last Friday night, he understood nothing of it, but now he understood all he read. He said God was his teacher, On Mr. L—— showing him the wordless book with pages black, red, white, and golden, he instantly, without delay, perceived and explained it with unbounded delight. Then as he read different scriptures, he would turn to the colour they related to and speak of it. He made many striking comments on the wordless book. About noon he went away, carrying the little book and a New Testament with him, to read to his father, a man held in great esteem, a teacher or expounder of the Koran in one of the mosques, and a grandson of a former Sultan.

After attending to some business in the town, accompanied by our kind E. H., the cafe keeper and doctor, we returned to his cafe and spent, as is our custom, some time there among the people in the late afternoon. The fookie was there. Imagine my dismay, or at least amazement, when he told me that just then (about five o'clock) his boy had died. He seemed full of joyful acquiescence—indeed, exulting in God's will and goodness. He saw my silence and grief, and it was touching to see how he sought to comfort me, saying, "Do not grieve. God healed the child, and he was well for two days, and now He has taken him." He said he was filled with joy, and could do nothing but rejoice since he had left our house at noon, when, he said, he told the Lord that as He had so blessed him, he might take or leave the child now. I was amazed at the stroke. But he was full of joy in God. He detailed to several in the cafe the child's sickness, and my praying, and its recovery, as it seemed. Then he went on to most beautifully and fully preach the Gospel to two of his cousins who were there. Others listened inside; also a crowd gathered at the door of the little cafe. I spoke also. It was most blessed. Those two cousins are to come with the fookie and E. H., for conversation, to-morrow at two. Another group of four men who were here to-day are coming also to-morrow. My joy in God and elevation of soul, on many occasions of late, is beyond expression.

*Tuesday Night, December 14th, 1886.*—Before sunrise this morning I went to M. H.'s house, just to show my sympathy. He was full of joy and praise and gratitude to me. The child was buried this morning. Soon after he came to our house. His joy and confidence in God and spiritual intelligence was wonderful. I had a long conversation with him. Oh, how he praised again and again. He said to me, "Do you know this, that I am a Messiahee?"—the Arabic word here for a Christian; literally, a follower of the Messiah. He said this with great force and solemnity, as though thereby he made an irrevocable commitment of himself. How little did my faith grasp this blessed, blessed result, when I penned on Sunday night the desire of my heart that he might be converted and become the first pastor of the native church in Fez! *The very next night he was boldly preaching Christ, with me at his side, in a cafe.* He said many striking things this afternoon. Amongst

others, "Now it is my business to speak of Christ everywhere—at home, in the streets, and cafes. What else have I to do?" Again he said, reading about Christ being the light of the world, that until we came to Fez it was in total darkness—no light at all. And now, he said, with much praise, he was one with Christ, and part of the light in Fez, and that he'd never hide his light or fear men.

*December 16th.*—I to-day baptised M. H., with a most joyous confession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour and divine Lord and Master. He has confessed his becoming a Christian to his father and others, so it is known—and has relinquished his position in the Mosque, where he was a *Muddin*, or caller to prayers. His father is profoundly interested, and has made no objection, but himself reads the Word nightly, and far into the night. M. H. read and explained the Word to twenty-two or twenty-three young women at his house one night until he became weary, but they urged him again and again to go on, and wept much. He told them all that he had become a Christian. He came here this Sunday morning, dressed in his best garments in honour of the day. We had our first formal service in Arabic, he praying at length, and then reading and expounding to us John x. and xi., but I giving him the key thoughts in a word, and we went on. We were seated, Moorish fashion, on the floor, but I may say that *every* morning and *every* afternoon, almost without exception, is a meeting for Bible reading of some hours' duration with different ones.

Yesterday was a day of trial—full of it. I was in bed all day with a heavy cold. In the morning early M. H. came down and was told I was ill, but insisted on seeing me. He came up, and I found him in great pain of body. He soon fell on the floor, eyes rolled up, and hands extended, and cold as death. It continued some time, and I feared he was dying. I got up and hung over him, crying to God for His healing power. He presently was restored, he says, from near death. He had drunk a glass of milk just before in a cafe, and was immediately taken ill, and hastened to us. In the afternoon came the sad news of Miss Tulloch's departure; M. H. had returned and was here, and wept with us, and said he had been brought to Christ to take her place.

## PROGRESS IN ARZILA, MOROCCO.

BY MISS HERDMAN.

*Dec. 14th., 1886.*—We have been to two WEDDINGS.

this evening. The Jewish customs are curious and interesting. The bride is dressed magnificently in velvet and gold, the dress as well as the jewellery being generally *hired*. On her head is a tiara, her face is painted and veiled, and her general appearance is that of a queen in "wax-works." With many trills from the women and shouts from all the young men of the place she is set up on a chair on a table to be looked at, the men holding their lanterns up before her, swinging them, and singing love-songs in Hebrew. She is then chaired through the streets, with lanterns and song accompaniments, to the house of the bridegroom's father, and the same ceremony repeated, ending with many shouts and hurrahs and a mock battle, some of the men pretending to snatch her from the bridegroom. Here the bridegroom and all his female relatives receive the bride. A young man does not set up a separate establishment as in England. To-morrow both couples will be married by the Rabbi. It was a weird, wild sight; the Hebrew chants and songs require to be heard to appreciate how different the whole ceremony is from anything European. We went from one bride's house to the bridegroom's with the procession, and then in haste to the other two houses, one being done after the other in order that all the young men might be present.

Several of these young men came for us and protected us through the crowded streets.

*Wednesday.*—After visiting three houses, we returned to find

#### OUR HOUSE CROWDED

with women from the villages around, who came in to pay their respects at the sheriff's wedding. We spoke and sang to fifty or sixty, and were obliged to send crowds of Arzila people away, as we had no room. Some of these villagers were intelligently attentive. What a privilege to be the bearers of "good tidings of great joy." They all said they would like to come again. One man and woman stayed to dinner with us as it was raining and they asked for something to eat. We entertained the others with the raisins of the country at a cost of about fourpence! A Moress came for medicine for her dying husband to ease his agony. Seeing us busy, she said, "My husband wants you so much to come and speak to him of the Lord Jesus, but perhaps you cannot come to-day." The house being cleared, I went out in the rain, the streets being only passable at each side, where they slope for a few inches.

#### THE MAN PROFESSES FAITH IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

I always pray with the household, and to-day I felt that he was praying too in the Spirit. I was overjoyed; he told me three or four days ago, and has since, that his sins were gone, washed in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. He held my hand and said, "Don't go; stay all night," for it was then dark. So I promised (God willing) to come early to-morrow. I could not make out all he said, so he said to his wife, "Tell her to talk to me; I like to hear, and I understand it all, but am too weak to answer." I sang several hymns, and spoke to the wife and aunt about their own salvation. The wife said, "We women are learning; I have got in my head all you have taught me. I know that Jesus Christ died a sacrifice for sin, and ascended afterward to Heaven." As all Mohamedans deny His death, this is pleasant to hear.

*Saturday, December 18th.*—The poor Moor died an hour after I left on Thursday. We are comforted to know that he is "for ever with the Lord." I have made enquiries concerning him, and am told he was honest, truthful, humble-minded, and devout, one whose heart was prepared for the good seed, so that it fell on good ground. We paid a very satisfactory visit yesterday to a house where one, whom we have several times mentioned, is, we believe, saved.

#### HER EYES BRIGHTEN AT THE NAME OF JESUS,

and, weak and ill as she was yesterday, she sang, not the chorus only, but every word she could follow in the hymns. One of her daughters is divorced, as a large proportion of the wives here are whenever the husband fancies someone else or somebody else's money. This young woman teaches her little boy our hymns, and they both sing, ere they sleep at night—in Arabic, of course—"Jesus loves me, this I know."

*December 27th.*—We started after dinner to visit the governor's wife, who is a patient of Miss Caley's. She is better and she says they often long to see us, and think our visits very few. We always speak of Jesus to her and the daughter and daughter-in-law, but she says all the same that Mohamed saves his followers, and the rest of the world will not reach heaven. I had a very good time in one house especially, where one of the members, who has been a learner for some time, asked me to take time and explain to her all about the New Testament. A sister, who was sewing and saying nothing, after I had finished, said, "You must have thought I did not care because I am busy. I always listen to every word each time you come, and I enjoy hearing you very much." The other was deeply interested in the story of Thomas and of Pentecost. She told me to-day she knew Jesus loved her.

*Friday, January 14th.*—I have been too busy to write, but have to record a week of special mercies. A girl I mentioned

as a listener to the Word professes to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, as does

#### A MAN I AM READING THE GOSPEL WITH

almost daily for an hour or so. "Thy word was found, and I did eat it," describes his taste for the precious Word of Life. To-day he told me that he knew his sins were gone, washed in the precious blood of Jesus, and that he had a new heart. He never wants to talk; it is always read, read, read. We have read Mark and part of John.

*Monday, 24th*—

#### AN ELDERLY WOMAN,

who knew the Lord Jesus Christ, was gathered home. Her sister told me everyone observed what a sweet smile she had on her face after death. This is the third of the Lord's people here who has gone home. Another, we fear, will die. I felt much rejoiced to-day while reading God's Word with him. He grows in grace daily. He fasted yesterday to spend the day in seeking for more of the Lord Jesus and in praying for Jews and Moors. He then wanted to know if Sunday was the right day to fast, and when I told him it was a day of rejoicing because Jesus rose, he said he would not fast on Sunday again. He teaches his wife every evening, and he says he believes the truth is entering into her heart. We visited a house where we got a hearty welcome and a request to sing, "for," said the mistress of the house, "my boy knows all your hymns, and sings them to us, and your religion is beautiful." After singing and reading passages of Scripture, and some conversation, we invited them to our house. "Yes," said the mother, "we will come, for what you say enters my heart, and I want to come and get it cleansed."

*January 27th*—

#### MORE THAN THIRTY PATIENTS

with their friends filled the house for hours. Some went away with a little knowledge of the way of salvation. These country people who come to market say they kill and steal. They know they are sinners, but believe Mohamed will make it all right for them with God. They have no idea of repentance. "You must repent" is ever on our lips, and we believe ere long we shall hear of a great change in the country near us.

People come a day's journey sometimes for medicine, and the Gospel is sounding out far and wide from our house, for we speak to each group or individual of repentance or salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.

I read part of the Gospel with a young woman at her request. She seemed to drink it in, and said to-day she believed on Jesus as her Saviour. I was surprised at her intelligence and comprehension to-day; we felt that it must be the work of the Holy Spirit. She told Miss Caley a few days ago that she knew she was a great sinner, from which we were hopeful of her conversion. She is dying slowly, we fear, of inherited disease, like so many of the young of this country.

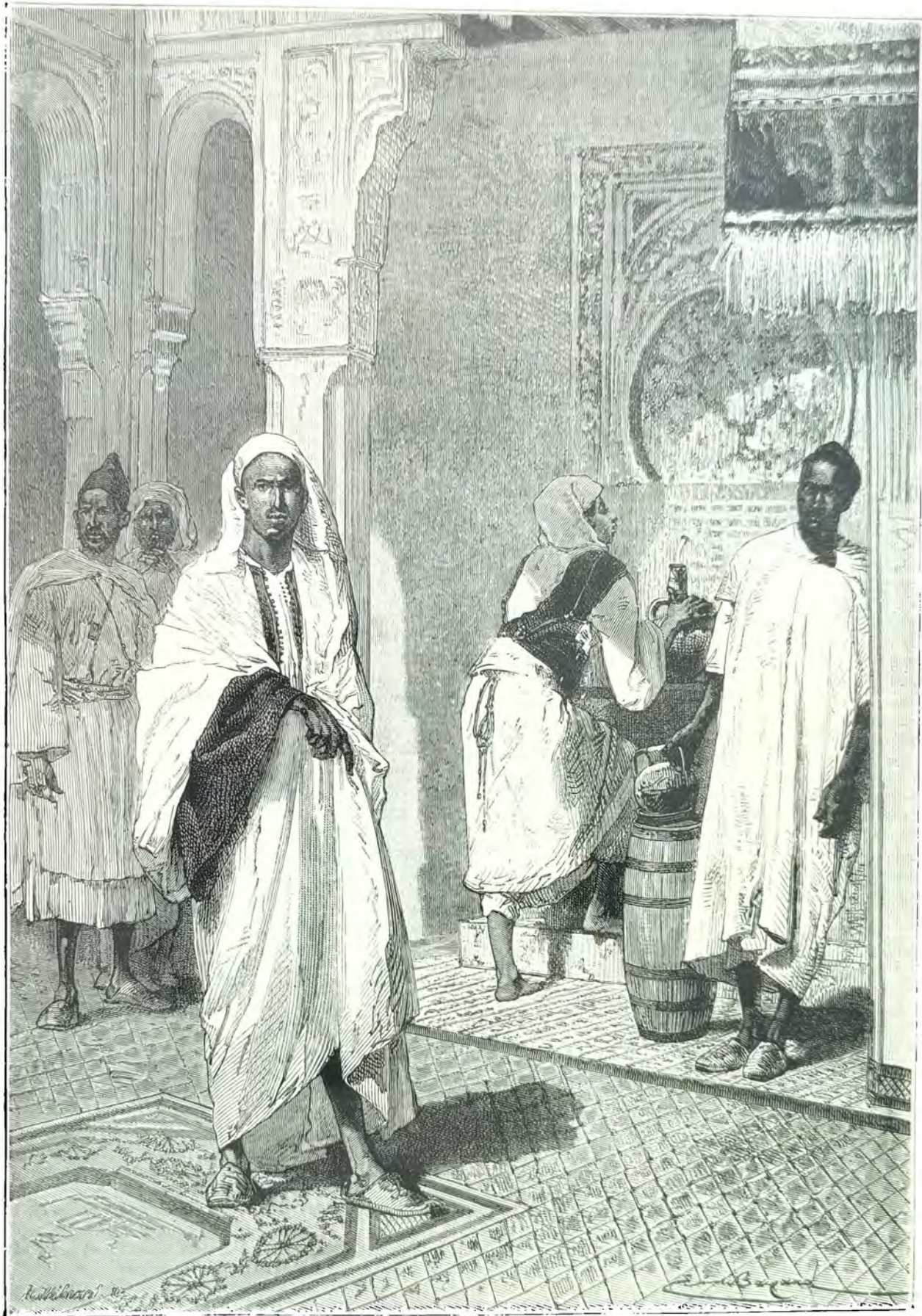
#### ALCAZAR, MOROCCO.

THIS town, which is about thirty-five miles south-east of Arzila, and twenty miles from the coast, has been visited by Miss Herdman and Miss Caley, who needed a change of air, etc. They had a safe though somewhat trying journey on muleback, but were repaid by finding the air much drier than at Arzila, though the lack of sanitation is deplorable. The following extracts from their journals will show how well they were received by the people. They have since returned to Arzila, calling at Larashe on their way.

Miss Caley writes:—

*February 16th.*—Our hearts have been gladdened to-day, as we have seen our little "reading-room" filled again and again with





COURT OF GOOD MOORISH HOUSE (see page 126).



intelligent men reading the Gospel, and listening to the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." To many of them it is a new story, for they always say another was crucified in the stead of Christ; He did *not* die. Our room only holds about eight or nine at a time, but there have been several relays; in fact, with the exception of about three-quarters of an hour in the middle of the day, we have been reading, talking, and singing from 9.30 to 5 o'clock, when we went up on the roof for air and exercise. The mountains only a few miles from here are grand, though bare of trees, and we were interested in watching some storks in their nests on the roofs of the houses.

18th.—Not so many here to-day, but several big boys and young men; one is anxious to learn to sing the Arabic hymns. In the afternoon visited three houses. When speaking to one young man of sins, specially lying (which is so common here), he said, "What difference do a few lies make to God? they neither diminish nor increase His glory." How *much* they have to learn! and how *many* there are who need teaching! Who will tell them of a Saviour from the *power* as well as the *penalty* of sin? and "how shall they hear *without a preacher*?"

Miss Herdman adds:—

22nd.—We have been in several houses each day, and received many visits from travellers, and from the resident merchants and fokees. To-day we moved our matting and books into a larger room, as we could not accommodate those who came. We had chosen a tiny place because the sun came in, and the little room we have now got is very chilly, but to-day was warmer, and we could dispense with the sun. The cold has been much longer and more severe than I have before known it, either here or in Algeria. The men who have the means to buy clothes have on cloth suits of various self-colours, and wear a woollen jelah of the country over this, and a blue cloth one over all, the hoods of both over their heads, so they can sit in the open air, as every one does here, and not feel the cold. More Fez merchants came in to-day. They are very clean and fresh in attire, and intelligent and better readers generally than the inhabitants of the provinces. Fez is really the capital as to intelligence. Morocco, also considered a metropolis, is behind it far in education. Several took away Gospels and papers yesterday to read. Two men sat up *all* last night reading a Gospel, and one came for another for them to read to-night. The one who came has now an intelligent knowledge of the way of salvation.

Wednesday, 23rd.—Some who have been often before to read came and spent a long time to-day. One returned a Gospel, and took another to read at home. We read and sang and explained, and they say they wish to come every day for a little. We paid a visit in a house where the wife was particularly intelligent, and much interested in God's word, and the husband could not do enough for us when he found we knew his brother in Arzila. He gave us warm milk, with cinnamon in it, to drink; he sells it in the market, carrying about a large kettle with a charcoal fire under it, and a few glasses fitted into a kind of cruet-stand. While reading with the fokees in the morning, a Jewess came with a message from one of the principal Moorish houses, asking us to a feast. We went, and found that to-day was a part of the feast which lasts several days on the birth of a child, and that the full-dress day was Friday. There was a gathering of the sherifas of Alcazar, besides other ladies. The house is in a healthy, fresh suburb of Alcazar, and has a large paved court, with an orange tree for shade, large well-furnished rooms on the ground floor, and also rooms on the roof. I have never seen houses built like these in Alcazar. The court, open in the centre to the sky, has fine dry red tiles, and is slightly roofed in for protection from rain and sun. There is nearly always an upper story, but as the part of the flat roof which covers the court partially is not built on, the upper stories, as

you look on them from other roofs, all look like a separate house, or houses with a terrace, and they are very often (except in the case of rich families, such as the sherif's we were in to-day), inhabited by one or more families. The house below containing a family in each of its long rooms, there are thus five or six families in some houses we have been in, and those not of the very poor.

## AMONG THE VILLAGES IN KABYLIA.

NOTES BY MR. E. CUENDET.

January 1st, 1887.—Early this morning a crowd of Kabyles, mostly children, were waiting before our door to wish us a "Happy New Year." We had invited some of the poorest men of Djemaa Sahridj to come and have some bread and coffee at our house.

Directly after our breakfast we assembled them in a room where, when seated on the ground, Kabyle fashion, close together, we hardly had space left to pass in and out. The distribution was made with great order, but for this help was needed from all—Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, my wife and myself, for among the destitute Kabyles, like many other poor, great care is needed to see that the same person is not served several times. Every one appeared satisfied with this simple meal; the men received enough bread to take a little home for their wives and little children who could not come. Poor men! some seemed truly miserable and ill from want of food. One of them, who had a wife and three children, assured us that they had nothing to eat but a kind of herb that they gathered every day in the fields.

When all were served, we took the opportunity of reading God's Word, and then I wished them a "Happy New Year," telling them that our great desire was that they should come to Jesus during this year, that they might find in Him the bread of life. After that they went away, except a few old men, who seemed so happy to stay a little while by the fire to warm themselves.

2nd.—Visited two families

AT MISLOUB,

where I was able to speak of the Lord Jesus to several men and women without being interrupted by any objections. Then I found a group of thirty men to whom I read and explained some verses of the Gospel of John, exhorting them to come to Jesus that they might be delivered from their miserable state of sin. One of them, turning towards his companions, made this remark, "This man knows well the things of heaven;" another asked me if "Jesus Christ told His people the day that they would die." I replied that we know neither the day nor the hour in which we shall be called to appear before God, and that this was another reason why we should be always ready.

5th.—I have been asked to conduct the

FUNERAL SERVICE OF A LITTLE CHILD

aged five months, whose parents are Protestants and live at Bordj-Ménaïel. They had sent the child to Mekla to be nursed, and as the dead are only kept twenty-four hours here, they could not come to the funeral. Fifteen or twenty people, men, women, and children, were present. It was a good opportunity for preaching the Gospel. I especially insisted on the fragility of man's life, on the uncertainty of earthly hopes, and on the necessity of seeking the kingdom of heaven, and the true hope which is only in Christ.

6th.—Accompanied by Mr. Lamb I visited some families in

THE VILLAGE OF DJEMAA.

A poor man took us to his house to show us where he lived. It was completely in ruins; the wall on the north side was entirely gone, so that day and night they are in the open air, hardly sheltered from the rain by the portion of the roof that remains. This man has three children; we asked him to come

and sleep in our house, but as he is of a marabout family, he has refused. The man and all his family look very ill, which can easily be imagined, when they are constantly exposed to hunger and cold.

8th.—At ten minutes to eight this evening, the time when Mr. Lamb and I were uniting in prayer, there was

A RATHER SEVERE EARTHQUAKE.

which lasted about a minute. The movement was, from east to west, the opposite to that of last year, which was from north to south. This circumstance only stimulated us to prayer, for the power of our God, Maker of heaven and earth, was shown us afresh in a sensible and visible manner.

10th.—I visited some poor families, to whom I spoke of the salvation of their souls and the riches that are offered them in Christ our Saviour. It is sad to see these poor people during the severities of a wet and cold winter, without means of warming themselves.

11th.—Unlike yesterday, I passed a good part of the afternoon at a rich man's house, reading and explaining the Word of God. This man has two wives and several children, one of whom, a young girl of ten or twelve years, is

ALREADY SOLD

to a man of the tribe of the Benni Khalili; she has been bought for 375 francs, or £15. When I arrived the man was not there. I spoke for a long time to his wives and to two young girls of the salvation of their souls in Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world. They listened attentively, and even appeared moved. One of them made the remark to us that the Kabyle men do not like to do what is right. When the husband arrived, immediately the faces of the women assumed a timid air; nevertheless I continued to speak and to read; then we had a little conversation, which the man finished by telling me that Kabyles knew nothing.

12th.—I had intended visiting some special houses in Misloub, but at the entrance of the village I was stopped by

A GROUP OF MEN

seated on a rock in the sunshine; some were sewing, others resting. They asked me to come and sit with them, which I willingly did, thinking it was a good opportunity of speaking to them of the Saviour. After speaking a little of one thing and another, I told them that I wished to read them the Word of God if they would listen; immediately several told me that it would give them pleasure. I first read Psalm li., David's prayer, in which he expresses to God repentance for his sin. After having told them that they, too, had need to repent of their sins, and to ask the Lord that He would wash their hearts and purify them from their iniquities, I read and explained to them the parable of the Prodigal Son; all listened with great attention.

There were present about twenty men, and some women who were passing sat down to listen. Several said, "Oh! our marabouts do not know all these things; they read the Koran a little, and that is all." When I came away they asked me to go often and visit them. One of them, who seemed to be very interested, would not let me go until I had had some figs at his house. He said, "He who announces to us the Word of God ought to take a little of our food." May these men soon come to the light of the Gospel!

13th.—As I was going into the village of Djemâa, I found some men—one of whom was making *sabots*—on the Place de "Sid i Sh'anoun," thus named because it encloses the tomb of this great marabout. These men invited me to sit down near them, offering me a pair of *sabots* for a chair. I spent an hour and a half with them,

READING AND EXPLAINING THE GOSPEL.

As I was telling them that by the sin of one man all had become sinners, one of them replied, "That is not true; all have not sinned; it is only Satan who sins." I replied that when God is not in the heart of a man, Satan is there, and he tempts

men to do evil. There are only two ways—that which leads to heaven, and that which leads to hell; he who is not on the one is on the other. All listened seriously, although one ended by making some objections, giving me passages from the Koran, which led to a little conversation. I had with me a translation that I had made of some passages of the Koran about the person of the Lord Jesus, where several passages contradict each other. I read them a little and their mouths were closed. They ended by saying, "If we recognise Christ as the only Saviour of the world, we shall follow Him."

15th.—This afternoon I visited

THE VILLAGE OF MR'ERA.

I had an excellent opportunity of preaching the "good news." Nearly all the men of the village were gathered together, some making wooden spoons, sabots, etc. These last are of undeniable use at this season; mud abounds, and especially at Mr'era, which is a remarkably dirty village. Nearly all heard the words of the Gospel with attention. One of them, who has visited Mecca, was careful to tell me, as if to make me understand that I could not teach him anything. "I am an El Hadj" (the name given to those who have been to Mecca). "What did you see at Mecca?" I asked him. "Paradise," replied he. I told him that he had lost his time and money, and that he had obtained nothing for his soul.

16th, 17th.—The weather was so wet that I could hardly get out at all to-day. I went round the village, and had an opportunity of speaking to several men, but not without much opposition. While I spoke of the great sacrifice the Lord Jesus made for the sin of the whole world, two or three men came up and opposed to such a degree as to refuse to listen to me, and to tell me that they did not love Jesus Christ, and that if He alone had the right to pardon sins they would have nothing to do with Paradise.

Poor men! they are to be pitied, for their ignorance blinds them. Let us ask the Lord earnestly that He will soon open their eyes.

19th.—Visited

THE KABYLE WOMEN OF LAUASER,

where I had a good time reading the Gospel.

20th.—Reading and long conversation about the Gospel at Misloub. I had from twenty to thirty listeners. An old marabout came to me with his beads in his hand, and told me that he was a good man. I told him if he thought himself so good he did not need to be saved, for God only saves those who feel themselves lost. All approved, saying "Becah" (it is true). This same man desired that I would go and eat "couscous" at his house; but as it was already late, I could not stay.

23rd (Sunday).—Visited

THE VILLAGE OF TIGRIN,

where I had about twenty people, men and women, all very attentive to the reading and explanation of the Word of God; they were also very interested by the singing of a hymn. An old man especially attracted my attention. He appeared to be touched, from time to time giving me a word on his prophet. After the singing of my hymn, he sang a Mohamedan song in Arabic.

While returning I found a Kabyle man, in the middle of the road, completely drunk. I tried to say a few words to him about his soul, but as he was not in his right senses it was useless. He told me he had been a soldier, and that he did everything like the French. Strong drink is forbidden by the Mussulman religion, but when a man living amongst the French begins to take it, he soon drinks to excess.

24th.—This morning a man from Djemâa came for me to see his sick brother. After I had seen him I went to

GAZELLAH,

having promised a man to go there and see his two children, whose legs had been badly burnt. These young girls when



warming themselves set fire to their clothes; I found them in a sad state. I had an excellent opportunity of presenting to a good number of people, especially the women, the powerful remedy for the soul. All listened to me with much attention. As I explained to them that they were following a bad road, a man replied that they had wandered from the good way. Oh! that all these poor people might soon have their eyes opened, and walk with Jesus, "the light of the world."

The parents of the burnt children would not let me come away without giving me something to eat; they wished even to keep me at their house until the next day.

On arriving at Djemâa I learned from a Kabyle that there had been a great fight at the village of Bouiala, between the men of the village. The assistant of the administrator and two gendarmes were on the spot.

26th.—This morning Mr. Lamb and I visited the village of Djemâa. The news of

#### THE FIGHT OF BOUIALA

was confirmed to us by a gendarme. To-day a magistrate went to the village; one man had been killed and many were wounded. Several men have been arrested. As they had no firearms the men used hatchets and clubs. The cause of this affray was an action at law, brought by a native policeman against one of the villagers. How much these people need the Gospel, which alone can change them. This afternoon I went to

#### OUT-MOUSSA OUBRAHAM.

This village, situated on the top of a mountain, affords in all directions, and particularly in that of the Djurdjura (now whitened by snow, and resembling the Alps), really magnificent views. One can see a considerable number of villages, which made me think more forcibly than ever of the great work that lays before me. On reaching the middle of the village I began to read and explain the Gospel; soon I was surrounded by a crowd of people, more women than men, which I never find in Djemâa, where it is rare to have women among the men, except in their houses. All were very attentive. At first some women laughed, supposing that I was not speaking in earnest, but soon they became very sober when they saw that I was really speaking seriously.

#### A WIDOW

of another village was there with her three boys, and asked me to take the eldest home with me to teach him to read and write; he is about seven or eight years old. But for giving her child she wished to receive two or three francs a month to help her in bringing up the other two, as she is very poor. The little boy wanted very much to come with me at once. How much I should like to have the means of keeping some little orphans! It would be a splendid work to undertake. May the Lord supply all needs by sending the necessary money to carry on the work. May He also soon cause the seed sown to germinate, that it may bring forth fruit unto life eternal!

29th.—I went to

#### MR'ERA OUFELLA,

to see a sick man and to take him some remedies. I found him seated outside with a number of men, to whom I spoke of the great and powerful remedy for the soul—salvation by Christ. A "taleb" who was there wished to oppose and contradict me. A discussion ensued between us, in which I asked him some questions on the Koran itself. He could not answer me, and became embarrassed and ashamed of himself before his fellows, the more so as he had just told me that he read the Koran every day. May the Lord soon open the eyes of these marabouts, "blind leaders of the blind!"

30th (Sunday).—Mr. Lamb and I went to

#### THE VILLAGE OF "OUTMED SUR OHAÏED."

It was as hot as summer; so it was warm work ascending the mountain. We found hardly any men in this village; some were gone to the market of "Lh'ad," others to work in the fields. With the few people that we met we went to the

entrance of the mosque, where they invited us to sit down. There we sang, read, and explained the Gospel, to which they attentively listened.

### TUNIS.

WE read in the Acts of the Apostles that Paul, at Rome dwelt in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things that concern the Lord Jesus with all confidence, no man forbidding him. Now in Tunis, the modern Carthage and once rival of Rome, our brother Bureau seeks to exercise a similar ministry, but instead of Pagan Romans, he receives blinded Mohamedans. How manifest it is that, unless the Holy Spirit works, all labour will be in vain, and what a call for prayer, that the mighty Convictor of sin may exert His omnipotent power.

Our brother Bureau, writes on on December 3rd, 1886:—This morning a young Arab came, bringing with him two others; I spent the whole morning in teaching them from the Scripture. In the afternoon another Arab came, and was delighted to hear that he might call any day. I gave him some tracts which he had asked for.

December 4th.—Read the first chapter of Genesis and some portions from the Gospels with two Arabs in the morning; in the afternoon five came, and remained three hours. They are not so fanatical that they will not read the Scriptures, on the contrary, they seem to be more interested than many nominal Christians.

December 5th.—This morning went to the French Protestant Church, and in the afternoon distributed tracts among the French soldiers. I am trying to establish a soldiers' home in my house.

December 8th.—Had no Mohamedans this morning, as this is a great feast among them, but in the afternoon three came. We read the account of the fall in Genesis. When they heard it was the serpent that tempted Eve, they could not comprehend, until I explained that the serpent was the devil. Some of these natives have a clearer idea of sin than I at first supposed. They own distinctly that every man is a sinner, but do not seem to understand the truth in James ii., 10th verse, that "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all"; but compare themselves with those whom they think are worse than themselves, and thus prop themselves up in self-righteousness. In the evening we had an interesting meeting in Mr. McAll's hall; a good number were present.

December 10th.—Spent the whole day teaching various natives.

December 13th.—In the morning and afternoon spent some time instructing Mohamedans. In the evening some French soldiers came to the house, and stayed some hours reading the good books provided for them.

December 14th.—This morning I had a discussion with an Arab about drunkenness. Yesterday he was drunk, and I heard about it, so when he came in I told him I did not like drunkenness. He replied that he thought he was right to get drunk, as all Christians do the same. I showed him verses of the Bible forbidding drunkenness, at which he was much surprised, as he had told me that the Bible did not forbid it. He went out immediately, but the other Mohamedans seemed pleased that I had rebuked him.

December 16th.—This morning no natives came; I hear that the man I rebuked for getting drunk, has something to do with it.

December 21st.—Five Arabs came in to-day; this is an answer to our special prayer last evening, that those who had been led to stay away through the man I rebuked, might return. In the evening I had a soldiers' meeting.

*December 22nd.*—This morning six Arabs came for instruction. Glory be to God for answering prayer. As Christmas is at hand, we read the story of the birth of Christ, and I explained it to them. In the afternoon five more came, and I again read Matt. i. and ii. At night another Mohamedan came, making twelve to-day. I had also a soldiers' meeting.

*December 23rd.*—Six natives this morning, and four this afternoon. I read with them for a long time. They seem very much interested in what I tell them. One of them brought us a large dish of cous-cous, which was most acceptable, as we were quite out of funds, and the mail had brought us no money. It was like the manna of old to the Israelites.

*December 24th.*—Read and studied with the Mohamedans: six came in the morning, seven this afternoon, and one this evening.

*Christmas Day.*—Went to the French Protestant service this morning. In the afternoon distributed tracts among the soldiers; in the evening had a small meeting of soldiers.

*December 28th.*—Five Arabs came this morning. I gave them tracts which they promised to read. One of the difficulties we meet with, is, that the Arabs here do not fully understand the tracts we give them, as they are written in Syrian Arabic, which is different from that spoken in Tunis.

*December 29th.*—Four Arabs in to read in the morning. In the afternoon we went to see the Christmas-tree in connection with the French Protestant Church. Two of my youngest students came with me, and took great interest in the proceedings, and understood all that Mr. Dumeyer said, especially his explanation about Jesus being the Son of God. They did not seem annoyed by it.

*December 30th.*—Seven Arabs came this afternoon. We read and studied for a long time, and had some interesting conversation about the love of God and Christ. Some of them told me they considered Jesus as the Saviour of the world. How I wished they would accept Him as *their own Saviour*.

*December 31st.*—Several Arabs in during the day. In the evening we had a time of special prayer that God would bless our work here, and all our brethren and sisters labouring in North Africa and elsewhere.

## INCIDENTS IN CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE PROVINCE OF ORAN, ALGERIA.

BY G. MERCADIER.

*Sunday, Jan. 9th.*—In the afternoon I went among the Arabs, and visited,

### THE SPANISH CONVERT,

Jayme, helping me in the work among the natives. This simple man seems filled with the Holy Spirit and love for souls. His wife keeps a small shop for the sale of grocery to the Arabs, and he himself works as a gardener. Nearly every Sunday I meet him speaking of the Master to Spaniards and Arabs, making every effort to win some of them over to the truth. I have often seen him surrounded by Riffs, explaining to them the things of God. In spite of his poverty he had bought an Arabic New Testament, which he lends to his neighbours, and which he gets read to all the natives whom he knows as able to read in Arabic. He is constantly proposing to me to have meetings in his house for Arabs only. I have accepted several times, and have been permitted to speak of the Lord Jesus. I am hoping soon to express myself better in Arabic, and to have frequent meetings among the natives, profiting by the kind hospitality extended by this brother in Christ.

*Sunday, 16th.*—To-day I was  
AT HAMMAN-BOUADJAR,  
fifty miles from Oran; nearly all my time was taken up in

visiting the natives and Europeans. The natives are always models of hospitality. I was able to distribute some tracts in the tents serving as coffee-houses and courts of justice. Several Arabs purchased the Gospels I offered them. They seem, as a rule, to listen with interest to all that I tell them about Sidna-Aïssa (our Lord).

The Europeans at Hamman-Bouadjar are Protestants from the Gard in France. But, alas! it is very difficult to recognise in them the descendants of those who fought and shed their blood for their religious principles in the south of France. Like the rest of the colonists, they are living without God in the most complete indifference. The Bible in their houses is covered with dust, and their children are entirely ignorant of the grace of the Gospel. One of these nominal Protestants, in reply to a question put to him as to the religious teaching of his children, said: "Does the lack of religious teaching prevent their eating?" I went to all the Protestants to get them to attend a preaching service, which I usually hold in one of the rooms of the town hall.

Two little girls conducted me

### FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE,

where I paid short visits, and conversed with each about the needs of their souls. One old, grey-bearded man told me that he did not attend the meeting because he was not pious, at the same time giving expression to sentiments of unbelief, which showed a heart hardened in evil and far away from the Truth.

I listened with indignation, and when he had finished speaking I put my finger on a frame filled with hair, and said: "I perceive that you think of, and that you venerate, the memory of persons dear to you, since you preserve their hair. You recall with this frame the memory of those who have preceded you into eternity, and I cannot think you so foolish as not to understand the existence of an eternal life and a salvation. Your dear ones are still living, for they live in your heart; were they for ever dead you would not think of them as you do. I cannot believe in your infidelity, and am persuaded that you are not so sceptical as you say you are."

Two great tears rolled down the bronzed cheek of the colonist, and I left him deep in his reflections. I felt by the pressure of his hand in mine that he was touched, and perhaps a little repentant of having spoken so lightly about the salvation of his soul.

*Sunday, 23rd.*—In the afternoon I went to my natives. Jayme had already begun to interest some by reading the Gospel, and when I arrived he told me that several wished to see me privately. One of them,

### AN AGED MARABOUT,

with an old and dirty burnous, said he had read and re-read the Gospel I had procured him. He is willing to take *dejeuner* with the Christians, and eats pork, saying, "It is not that which goes into the mouth that defiles the man, but that which comes out from it."

After my visit to the hospital I went to my natives. My old Marabout, Sherif B. G., had been waiting for me some minutes. S. K. had detained me some few moments on the road to assure me of his sympathy. He reproached me a little with coming so seldom to his house, etc.

The old sherif's face seemed radiant, and, seeing me coming his way, he took my hand and led me to his house. His wife and family were busy weaving a burnous in the humble room with its lime-whitened walls, which form all my host's riches.

### THIS MOORISH INTERIOR

is one of the most modest. Furniture is conspicuous by its absence. A dirty and very common mat is the only visible object of luxury. On one of the walls two leather bottles are seen, hung by a large nail. One of these bottles serves my old Marabout as a cupboard to contain all the valuables, and

the other serves as a library. Through the holes of the goat-skin are to be seen the black covers of a copy of Sidi Khlill and of a half worn-out Koran.

The little daylight that illuminates this interior only comes through the door, which is in the most remote corner. In broad daylight one has the greatest difficulty in distinguishing the coarse objects which constitute the old sherif's riches.

On my arrival the women at once took some meal, to make me some cous-cous.

The children grouped themselves around me, and the father told me their names one after another.

"May God have mercy on them," said I to him, looking at them, after having heard their names.

Soon the door closes and my host, rising like a spectre, offers his evening prayer, prostrating himself several times towards Mecca, and touching the mat with his forehead. "Allah!" he sighs, lifting his long arms, covered with the flaps of the burnous up to the elbows, and looking like wings. "Allah!" he repeats again, as if he implored a pardon. The prayer being finished, he again seats himself beside me, and, unfastening the chaplet round his neck, he recommences to pray, counting the beads of his rosary.

I waited in silence for the end of my host's worship, praying at the same time to the Lord to make him understand the Gospel of the love of the Father, which he has had in his house for some days.

At a sign from the father, his little boy, squatting on a corner of the mat, began to recite in a tremulous voice:—

"To the Name of God, kind and merciful; praise be to God, Lord of the Universe, the kind and merciful Sovereign in the day of retribution. *Thee* we adore, *Thy* help we implore.

"Guide us into the right path, into the way of those whom Thou hast loaded with Thy benefits, not of those who have incurred Thine anger or strayed from Thee."

The sherif's daughter, at the same time as the little boy, said her prayer, facing towards the east.

By her costume I could see she was a young widow; a red kerchief, tied à la Kabyle, enclosed her pretty brown Moorish face. Her black eyes, shaded by heavy eyelashes, and the painted eyebrows, gave this young woman a resigned and languishing air.

By the light of the little oil-lamp, which illuminated us, her arms resembled the colour of oranges. The nails of her feet and hands were blackened by the "henna." She seemed to be praying in the silence with much fervour, for all noise had ceased in the room. Only the sounds of "Allah" were heard, which she pronounced with sighs, and the noise of some slender copper bracelets on the arms uplifted to the sky.

A few minutes after the young Moorish girl brought two cups on a copper tray, and, with her own hands, poured out the coffee which it is customary to offer to strangers. The poorest Mussulman gives his guests a cordial reception, who are the sent ones of God into his house. I profited by this native's hospitality to speak to him of the prayer of the lips and of the heart. I said I thought it good to pray publicly, but that prayer to God in secret was preferable, for that which the human eye cannot see, God's eye sees and understands our need.

The old man seemed to listen with interest, and he said often: "Truly, I understand what you say."

After having eaten some cous-cous, I took leave of my sympathetic taleb, who followed me some minutes to say that his house was mine.

*Tuesday, 25th.—Wednesday, 26th.*—I had a visit from the old Marabout. He was quite pleased to find himself in my room, and stayed part of the morning,

#### READING THE BIBLE

in an under-tone, and making remarks about the subject he

had just been reading. He was a little troubled at having forgotten his spectacles, and said he read with some difficulty. How the Bible seemed to interest him! His venerable face lighted up while reading. His poverty not permitting him to buy a copy of the sacred writings, I was able to procure him one gratis, at the cost of the Society for Free Distribution.

#### 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.

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.

MR. AND MRS. HOCART, of Bougie, have lost their little child of a few weeks old, by diphtheria. Mrs. Hocart has also suffered from the same disease, but is, we are happy to say, much better.

MR. LILEY has been to Mostaganan, and gives a very interesting account of the people there and in the neighbourhood.

MISS JAY (ACCOMPANIED BY MISS JENNINGS) returned to Tangier on March the 10th. Before they left an interesting and well-attended farewell meeting was held at Bloomsbury Chapel, when they were commended to God for the work they were about to undertake.

MR. LAMB has returned home to Scotland for a few weeks.

MR. VAN TASSEL continues his study of Arabic at Beyrout. He devotes about eight hours a day to it, and is making fair progress, but says he finds it difficult. His health stands it well.

MISS COLVILLE AND MISS GRANGER.—In January our sisters settled in their house close to the Arab quarter of the town, and are delighted to be living so near to the people amongst whom they desire to labour. They continue their distribution of tracts among Europeans and natives. Mrs. Grimke has kindly sent them some of her cards for circulation.

MR. POS has been with Mr. Hocart to visit some of the Kabyle tribes near. They also saw what the Roman Catholic White Fathers are attempting among the Benni Abbes, a tribe numbering some four or five thousand souls, in the east of the Sahel Valley. The White Fathers received them very kindly. This tribe has better fields and build better houses than most of those around them.

HOPE HOUSE.—The view of our Mission House, on page 115, shows the front of the premises. On the right-hand side can be seen the building which we are about altering into the hospital, and where the Medical Mission is now carried on.

QUILTS FOR THE HOSPITAL.—Some friends, who are desirous of helping the Tulloch Memorial Hospital at Tangier, are making quilts for it, of squares worked with the initials or monogram of friends who kindly contribute a shilling for the square. A text in Arabic is placed in the centre of the quilt, so that it not only tells of Christ, but reminds the patients and the missionaries of the many kind friends who have thus sympathised with them. The quilt goes to the hospital and the shillings also, so that there is double help given. Any one wishing to help in this way can send their shilling for a square to Miss Charlotte L. Stewart, 51, Rathbone Place, London, W.

THE COURT OF A MOORISH HOUSE.—Our illustration shows the centre of a good house in Morocco, with the rooms all round. In such places as these our friends gather a congregation of Mohamedans, and read to them from God's word.

WANT of space compels us to omit interesting communications from Tlemcen and Mascara.





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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.

## LIST OF MISSIONARIES.

NAME.	Date of Arrival in North Africa	Name of Town at which Stationed.	COUNTRY.	NAME.	Date of Arrival in North Africa.	Name of Town at which Stationed.	COUNTRY.
*Mr. A. S. LAMB ...	Oct., 1883	Djemâa Sahridj ...	Algeria.	Miss C. CALEY ...	Nov., 1885	Arzila ...	Morocco.
* " J. BUREAU ...	Jan., 1884	Tunis ...	Tunis.	*Mr. F. CHEESEMAN ...	Jan., 1886	Mascara ...	Algeria.
* " E. CUENDET ...	Sept., 1884	Djemâa Sahridj ...	Algeria.	* " W. POS ...	April, 1886	Tasmalt ...	Algeria.
" G. MERCADIER ...	Sept., 1884	Oran ...	Algeria.	Miss L. COLVILLE ...	April, 1886	Constantine ...	Algeria.
* " E. F. BALDWIN ...	Nov., 1884	Tangier ...	Morocco.	" L. READ ...	April, 1886	Tlemcen ...	Algeria.
Miss C. BALDWIN ...	Nov., 1884	Tangier ...	Morocco.	" H. D. DAY ...	April, 1886	Tlemcen ...	Algeria.
" E. HERDMAN ...	Jan., 1885	Arzila ...	Morocco.	" B. VINING ...	April, 1886	Tlemcen ...	Algeria.
Mr. A. V. LILEY ...	July, 1885	Sebdou ...	Algeria.	" S. HAMMON ...	April, 1886	Tlemcen ...	Algeria.
Dr. T. G. CHURCHER ...	Oct., 1885	Tangier ...	Morocco.	" H. GRANGER ...	Oct., 1886	Constantine ...	Algeria.
Mr. J. PRYOR ...	Nov., 1885	Tangier ...	Morocco.	Mr. S. VAN TASSEL ...	Nov., 1886	Beyrout ...	Syria.
Miss J. JAY ...	Nov., 1885	Tangier ...	Morocco.	Miss S. JENNINGS ...	Mar., 1887	Tangier ...	Morocco.

\* Married.