

NORTH AFRICA.

THE QUARTERLY RECORD

OF THE

NORTH AFRICA MISSION,

Formerly called "Mission to the Kabyles and other Berber Races."

No. 14.

OCTOBER, 1888.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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THE LATE MISS C. E. CALEY.

S W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

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LOCATION OF MISSIONARIES.

MOROCCO.	Date of Arrival.	ALGERIA.	Date of Arrival.	ALGERIA—contd.	Date of Arrival.	Regency of TUNIS.	Date of Arrival.
<i>Tangier.</i>		<i>Tlemcen.</i>		<i>Akbou.</i>		<i>Tunis.</i>	
Dr. T. G. CHURCHER	Oct., 1885	Miss L. READ ...	April, 1886	Mr. A. S. LAMB ...	Oct., 1883	Mr. J. BUREAU ...	Jan., 1884
Mr. J. PRYOR ...	Nov., 1885	" H. D. DAY ...	" "	Mrs. LAMB ...	" "	Mrs. BUREAU ...	Aug., 1885
Miss J. JAY ...	" "	" B. VINING ...	" "			Mr. G. B. MICHELL	June, 1887
Mr. W. SUMMERS	April, 1887	Mr. M. MARSHAL ...	June, 1887	<i>Djemâa Sahridj.</i>		Mr. G. MERCADIER	Sept., 1884
Miss M. COPPING...	June, 1887	Mrs. " "	Mar., 1888	Mr. E. CUENDET ...	Sept., 1884	Mrs. MERCADIER.	Sept., 1887
Miss I. L. REED ...	May, 1888			Mrs. CUENDET ...	" 1885		
" F. M. BANKS	" "	<i>Oran.</i>		Miss J. COX ...	May, 1887		
" M. C. LAMBDEN	" "	Mr. F. CHEESEMAN	Jan., 1886	" K. SMITH ...	" "		
		Mrs. CHEESEMAN...	" "			ARABIA.	
<i>Larache.</i>		<i>Mostaganem.</i>		<i>Constantine.</i>		at present near	
Miss E. HERDMAN	Jan., 1885	Mr. A. V. LILEY ...	July, 1885	Miss L. COLVILLE..	April, 1886	<i>Beyrout.</i>	
" S. JENNINGS...	Mar., 1887	Mrs. LILEY ...	April, 1886	" H. GRANGER	Oct., 1886	Mr. S. VAN TASSEL	Nov., 1886

LIST OF DONATIONS FROM JUNE 1st TO AUGUST 31st, 1888.

1888.	No. of Receipt.	General.	1888.	No. of Receipt.	General.	1888.	No. of Receipt.	General.	1888.	No. of Receipt.	General.	1888.	No. of Receipt.	General.			
June	4...	2540 10 0	Brought forward	125	8 5	Brought forward	220	1 10	Brought forward	638	2 11	Brought forward	1077	8 9			
	4...	2541 0 16	June 29...	2568	8 5 0	July 11...	2596	2 0 0	July 25...	2623	1 0 0	Aug. 11...	2651	0 3 0			
	5...	2542 3 3	29...	2569	0 10 0	11...	2597	10 0 0	25...	2624	100 0 0	13...	2652	0 14 6			
	5...	2543 10 0	29...	2570	1 0 0	12...	2598	0 1 0	27...	2625	2 0 0	13...	2653	0 18 2			
	5...	2544 0 16	29...	2571	0 5 0	12...	2599	0 3 6	27...	2626	0 2 6	14...	2654	0 4 0			
	5...	2545 30 0	30...	2572	20 0 0	12...	2600	1 0 0	28...	2627	1 1 0	15...	2655	10 0 0			
	5...	2546 25 0	30...	2573	20 0 0	12...	2601	1 3 9	28...	2628	1 0 0	16...	2656	2 2 0			
	5...	2547 10 0	July 2...	2574	0 2 6	13...	2602	1 10 0†	28...	2629	1 0 0	16...	2657	9 18 0			
	5...	2548 } 0 5 0	2...	2575	0 2 0	14...	2603	10 0 0	30...	2630	3 0 0	16...	2658	3 10 4			
	6...	2549 1 0 0	2...	2576	0 7 5	14...	2604	0 10 0	Aug. 1...	2631	0 2 6	16...	2659	2 2 0			
	8...	2550 0 12 0	3...	2577	0 5 0	14...	2605	1 6 0	1...	2632	0 3 6	17...	2660	0 15 3			
	8...	2551 5 0 0	3...	2578	2 0 0	17...	2606	0 10 0	1...	2633	300 0 0*	17...	2661	0 10 0			
	9...	2552 0 5 0	3...	2579	0 2 6	17...	2607	2 14 0	1...	2634	3 7 6	17...	2662	25 0 0			
	11...	2553 5 0 0	Clanmarina	4 0 0	5...	2581	0 10 0	17...	2608	5 0 0	3...	2635	0 7 6	17...	2663	2 0 0	
	16...	2554 0 10 0	4 working party	4 0 0	5...	2582	5 0 0	18...	2609	14 13 4	3...	2636	1 0 0	17...	2664	1 1 0	
	16...	2555 1 2 7	5...	2583	1 0 0	6...	2583	1 0 0	18...	2610	20 0 0	4...	2637	1 7 6	20...	2665	3 0 0
	16...	2556 2 0 0	6...	2584	0 5 0	6...	2584	0 5 0	19...	2611	1 1 0	4...	2638	1 0 0	20...	2666	2 4 6
	19...	2557 1 0 0	7...	2585	5 0 0	7...	2585	5 0 0	19...	2612	1 0 0	4...	2639	2 0 0	20...	2667	1 0 0†
	19...	2558 1 5 0	7...	2586	2 2 0	7...	2586	2 2 0	19...	2613	20 0 0	7...	2640	10 0 0	20...	2668	1 0 0†
	20...	2559 1 0 0	7...	2587	0 10 0	7...	2587	0 10 0	20 ..	2614	1 0 0	7...	2641	1 0 0	20...	2669	1 10 0†
	20...	2560 1 6 0†	7...	2588	0 10 0	7...	2588	0 10 0	20...	2615	2 10 0	8...	2642	3 17 0	20...	2670	0 10 0†
	20...	2561 6 0 0	9...	2589	1 0 0	9...	2589	1 0 0	20...	2616	2 0 0	8...	2643	13 0†	22...	2671	10 0 0
	21...	2562 0 2 6	9...	2590	0 10 0	9...	2590	0 10 0	21...	2617	300 0 0	8...	2644	1 10 0†	23...	2672	0 2 6
	22...	2563 0 7 0	9...	2591	5 0 0	9...	2591	5 0 0	21...	2618	0 10 0	9...	2645	0 13 4	9...	2673	10 0 0
	23...	2564 6 5 0	9...	2592	10 0 0	9...	2592	10 0 0	23...	2619	0 5 6	9...	2646	0 1 0	25...	2674	25 0 0
	23...	2565 2 0 0	10...	2593	0 2 0	10...	2593	0 2 0	23...	2620	0 15 0	9...	2647	0 1 0	25...	2675	20 0 0
	25...	2566 0 5 0	10...	2594	0 10 0	10...	2594	0 10 0	24...	2621	11 2 6	10...	2648	2 0 0	25...	2676	1 1 0
	27...	2567 0 2 6	10...	2595	1 0 0	10...	2595	1 0 0	24...	2622	7 5 6	10...	2649	0 8 6	28...	2677	0 15 0
Carried forward	£125	8 5	Carried forward	£220	1 10	Carried forward	£638	2 11	Carried forward	£1077	8 9	31...	2678	0 5 0	30...	2679	0 5 0
												31...	2680	50 0 0†			
															Total	£1263	0 0

Gifts in kind:—June 5th: (123) from R.E.M., box of bottles and sugar. 6th: (124) box of clothing. 13th: (125) two boxes of medicine bottles. Aug. 1st: (126) parcel of linen for T. M. H. 31st: (127) locket, brooch, and bracelets. 31st: (128) box of bottles and old linen. Too late for present list—N. A. M. M. F. ... £8 8s. 5d.

* Purchase of Hope House. † Passage and Outfit Fund. ‡ Hospital Maintenance. § Gripoli. ¶ Med. Mission and Hospital.

NORTH AFRICA.



2 years on field

LIGHTHOUSE AT RACHGOUN.

THE LATE MISS CALEY. *aged 28*

"I passed from them, but I found Him."—Song of Sol. iii. 4.

THE North Africa Mission has sustained a heavy loss in the unexpected death from fever of Miss C. E. Caley. She had come to England for a brief visit to her mother and friends, and was to have returned to be married to Dr. Churcher, and settle down at Tangier for work amongst the people she so deeply loved.

Within a little more than a fortnight of her arrival, she was called home to the presence of the Lord whom she had so faithfully served. A brief sketch of our sister will we feel sure be of interest to our friends, who have so often read of her work.

Miss Caley was born at Windsor, October 28th, 1860, and was blessed in having Christian parents.

When a little more than seven years old, her aunt was the means of leading her to the Lord Jesus Christ, and from that time to the end of her life, she never doubted her salvation. In 1868, her family moved to Hammersmith, and in 1871 to near Tunbridge: here it was that she began to work for the Lord by taking a class of girls in a Sunday-school. Bible readings were held every week in her parent's house, and by this and many other means her soul was fed and strengthened. In August, 1874, she was baptised, and shortly after this it was her delight to help in mothers' meetings, children's services, etc., and though engaged in teaching her sisters she used to visit the poor.

When quite young, she took the greatest interest in mission work abroad, and both at home and at school read all she could on the subject. She was blessed to the conversion of her two sisters, some of her school-fellows, and members of her Sunday class. Afterwards she worked amongst rough lads of Tunbridge Wells, several of whom were brought to Christ through her instrumentality.

In the autumn of 1884 she offered herself to the North Africa Mission, and after being accepted, spent some months

in preparing for work abroad. On November 6th, 1885, she left London for Tangier in company with Miss Jay, and stayed at Hope House five months studying Arabic, and helping in the medical mission.

In April, 1886, she went with Miss Herdman to the little coast town of Arzila. The work there was deeply interesting, the people welcomed them most heartily, and they were able both among Jews and Mohamedans to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ, several women and some men professing conversion.

And then the two larger towns of Alcazar and Larache had the Gospel carried to them. Miss Caley made use of her little knowledge of medicine with good effect, and not a few lives were saved, and many sufferers relieved by her tender and loving care. This endeared her to the people very much, and opened doors which otherwise might have been closed to the Gospel message.

Miss Herdman and Miss Caley lived in a native house, and conformed as far as they could consistently to the habits of the natives, receiving all who came to them. Thus Miss Caley by daily converse with the people rapidly acquired the Arabic spoken in Morocco.

After a year spent at Arzila, Miss Herdman and Miss Caley made Larache their headquarters, and from thence Miss Caley from time to time visited her Arzila friends, by whom she was most warmly welcomed. In Larache, also, the Lord gave abundant opportunities for service amongst Jews, Mohamedans, and Europeans, some receiving the word gladly.

In the spring of the present year these two labourers were joined by Miss Jennings and Miss Kendrick, and during April these four started on a journey to Fez, some particulars of which will be found in the July number of NORTH AFRICA. In that great city Miss Caley worked most diligently and was greatly appreciated for her medical skill, visiting the secluded ladies of the upper classes, and making known the Gospel to those who had never before heard the glad news. They also visited Mequinez, returning to Tangier about the middle of

June. Miss Caley's diary, which follows, will give her own account of the last few weeks of her service in Morocco.

During the short time she was in this country some one suggested to her that perhaps some day she might make her home in England. She replied, "No; Africa is the land of my adoption. If I come to live here it will not be till after I am seventy."

And yet her constant desire was to be "absent from the body, present with the Lord." Away from the fearful sin by which she was surrounded in Morocco—away also from temptation, for, personally courageous to a high degree, she knew no fear but that of grieving the Lord. Her co-worker testifies that Miss Caley's heart was in heaven—her life "hid with Christ in God." She breathed the atmosphere of prayer, and attributed her wonderful success in healing the sick to her practice—no matter how crowded by patients or how hurried—of praying to be guided as to the suitable remedy for each particular case. Her life also was a life of praise; she was quite distressed if, through want of time, the singing was omitted at morning or evening prayers. She ever chose hymns either on the presence of Christ with us here below, or on our going to be with Him there above. She has obtained her heart's desire expressed in her favourite hymn:—

"When my feet shall come to the golden gate
How glad my heart will be,
When the King shall say, as I stand and wait,
Come in; there is room for thee."

What has the Lord to say to us by calling home our beloved sister? Surely it is that each one of us should diligently use the opportunities which we have of making known Christ—knowing that our time here must be short. May it not be also that the Lord intends our sister's death to stir up many others to go forth and carry on the work which she has left unfinished.

In our last number we stated that we desired to send forth fifty more labourers by the end of April, 1890. We are thankful to say that twelve have been accepted towards that number, eight of whom are hoping to leave during October. Some others are offering; but oh, the field is very wide and the need is most pressing. We seem to hear the Master saying, "Go out quickly and compel them to come in, that my house may be furnished with guests." We would commend to the prayers of our readers the bereaved family, and specially our beloved brother, Dr. Churcher. Her fellow-labourers and the Council feel that they have lost a loved friend as well as a most valued co-worker.

We give on the front page a portrait of our departed sister, enlarged from a photograph taken about four years ago.

Since the foregoing was written we have received an account of a visit paid to Arzila, where Miss Caley and Miss Herdman formerly laboured, by Miss Copping and Miss Reed. They started on the 4th of September, two days after our beloved sister had departed, though of course they were ignorant of her death. Miss Reed writes on Thursday, September 6th, the very day on which dear Miss Caley was buried:—

"Our next visit was to three sisters, Sophia, Adija, and Minana, all of whom were brought to Christ through the teaching of Miss Herdman and Miss Caley. It was worth coming any distance to see the joy and simple faith of these three women. They welcomed us with such delight, and taking our hands said: 'We are all sisters.' A happier time of Christian fellowship I think I never experienced. It seemed an earnest of what God can and will do for these poor dark Mohammedans. They were so hungry too to hear the words of Sidna Aisa (Jesus Christ); they cannot read, but in their Bibles delight in pointing to His name which they can always distinguish. One of them had a 'wordless book,' and showed us with such gladness the red page, saying: 'It was *that*—the blood of Jesus which had washed all her sins away.' The eldest is married and has a dear boy of about five, whom she is training so nicely; her husband too delights to read the Bible. As we walked through the streets we constantly heard one after another saying in glad tones, 'Oh, it's Miss Caley.' She is universally beloved here; the people tell us that the whole town wept when she went away. Eternity alone can reveal the results here of the work of our beloved sisters, Miss Herdman and Miss Caley.

Monday, Sept. 10th. Returned safely to Ilope House, to learn that the one formerly so bright and strong, for whom we were laden with loving messages, had been suddenly called to higher service. It is a very great grief and loss to us all.

THE LAST DIARY OF MISS CALEY.

Tuesday, June 4th.—Up at 2.30 a.m., started at 5 on our homeward journey from Mequinez toward Tangier. About noon we gladly rested under the shade of some olive trees, and while lunch was being taken from the basket, I approached a number of men with sickles in their hands, who had come from a neighbouring harvest-field for a little mid-day rest and refreshment. It was a most interesting and attentive group, and *true to His promise, God gave me words*, and though many among the thirty or more gathered around me were bigoted Mohammedans, the most perfect good-will and earnest attention was preserved during a long and plain talk on sin and salvation. About 1.30 we rode on again, and at last, about 7 o'clock, we sighted some huts, and gladly made our way to them. At once pitched our tent, and dear Miss Herdman went to bed, being very exhausted. We were preparing a little tea, when suddenly a strong gust of wind came, then another and another, followed by a terrific sand-storm, and down came our tent, notwithstanding all our efforts to hold it. The Kaid of the village kindly sent and offered us a room to sleep in. This we gladly accepted; but no sooner had we seated ourselves in it and longed to rest, than in came the Kaid and the chief men of the village. They stayed and talked, then asked us many questions and waited for answers, then talked again. At 9 o'clock I said we should like to sleep, we were all so fatigued, but to no purpose, and finally, about half an hour later, I had to plead for us to be allowed to be left to sleep, and we laid down with a note of praise for the mercies of the day.

June 5th and 6th.—Continued our Tangierward journey, Miss H. being so weak as to need a rest every two hours. *Our God has proved His Fatherly, thoughtful care for His children*, for across the wide hot plain, which I had so dreaded for our dear invalid, He caused a soft cool breeze to blow, so that we could ride in comfort. This plain is inhabited by wild tribes, who are noted for robbery and murder, and when at noon we wished to pitch our tent to be able to rest in its shade, our men would not allow us, saying the people would see it, come down and kill us all, and take our goods and animals. At sunset we pitched our tent in a little village of huts, and while tea was preparing went and talked to several men, and gave a gospel to one. Late in the evening a man came and asked for a book, saying the one I had given had been taken by the receiver to a distant village, and he wanted one to read himself. How gladly I gave one, and told him to read and lend.

June 7th.—Rose early, rode through lovely country, crossed the Sebou in a large boat, tormented by midges, reached Alcazar on the 8th, about 1 o'clock, and went to a nice Fundak (native inn). While my companions rested it was my privilege to go and see some with whom we made friends in February last year. It was pleasant to be remembered and warmly welcomed back, even by many in the street, but my joy was great when, on going to one house, I found that through reading a New Testament given on our previous visit, a *Sherif had learned to know the Lord Jesus as his own Saviour, and was rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven*. God's Spirit has taught him, and we raised our hearts and voices in heartfelt praise and thanksgiving. He asked how we Christians prayed, and when I read to him the prayer our Lord taught His disciples, and explained it to him, he exclaimed, "Why, it is all there; what else do we need?" He also asked what form of prayer we "*Messiaheens*" use when about to die (the Mohammedans have a long form from the Koran). I told him the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of Stephen, and he said, "Then, if I die, I will say the same." He knows the Lord Jesus is always with him, and is so bright and happy. He goes to the markets and reads and speaks of Christ, and being an important man all are obliged to listen. Hallelujah! The hour with him went all too quickly, but in the evening he came to see Miss Herdman, and she, too, was much encouraged by her conversation with him. Visited other houses, and found those who remember words told them fifteen months ago. *God's word is true*, it shall accomplish that whereto He sends it. Oh for faith!

June 9th.—Left Alcazar, and after a long day's ride reached a village, where we encamped. The people received us kindly. The view of mountains all around us is charming.

Sunday, June 10th.—Spent to-day with the "Children of Moses," as the name of this village signifies. Spoke to many, and found them very ignorant and dark, but willing to listen to words of truth.

June 11th.—Started at 4.30 a.m. on our packs, and had a very pleasant day's journey, but at sunset the wind rose, and we wondered if our tent would stand; but our God knew our need, and led us to a building where there was a room which we were able to occupy for the night, and glad indeed we were to be under a roof.

June 12th.—Our journey, *encompassed with our Father's lovingkindness*, is over. This morning we reached Tangier, and were welcomed by our friends at Ilope House. Dear Miss Herdman is wonderfully better, and it is a joy to be again with Christians, and see the dear new lady-workers, and wish them God's blessing on their work in Morocco. *As we see the deep, deep need, we rejoice over every one our God sends to be His witness in this land.*

June 13th to 20th.—At Hope House. Spent in resting, unpacking, packing, and helping Miss H. in her preparations for her visit to England. Sought to embrace opportunities of speaking for Christ to those who came for medicine, etc.

June 21st.—Saw dear Miss Herdman off. How I do praise God for all the privileges, joys, service, and training of the two years we have lived and worked together.

June 22nd.—This morning early, started on donkeys, with Miss Banks and Miss Copping, to a village two hours' ride from Tangier. The latter, who had visited them several times, was warmly welcomed by the people, and we were soon seated under the shade of a fig-tree, and great was my joy to tell of the Lord Jesus to the dear women and children who gathered around while Miss Copping gave the medicines. One dear woman has really learnt a good deal, and delights to hear of "Sidna Aisa," and I believe truly loves Him. Returned home in the cool of the evening, after a truly happy, and I trust useful day, and Miss Copping asked, "Who wouldn't be a missionary?"

June 23rd.—Quite a party of us from Hope House went to-day to a village three hours distant. Were received by the chief man, who knows Miss Jay well, and gave us all a hearty welcome, and brought us tea, cakes, etc., under the shade of a large tree. Miss Jay had brought medicines with her, and treated many, and we visited in the cottages, and some women seemed specially glad to hear of the Lord Jesus and His love.

June 24th to July 11th.—At Hope House, visiting, conversations with those who came from the villages.

July 12th.—Went with Miss Jay and Miss Jennings to a village which we had never visited before. Took medicines with us, and having seated ourselves under a tree, sent for the villagers. They soon gathered around, and three or four hours passed quickly away as we told of healing for both soul and body. One young man seemed to drink in the words of life. He scarcely took his eyes from my face, was specially pleased with the hymn, "Jesus Christ is our Redeemer," asking me to repeat it, and just before leaving said, "Sing it once again." After a little lunch we saw the women, but they were less intelligent than the men.

July 19th.—Left Tangier in steamer to go to Rabat.

July 20th.—Anchored about 6 this morning. Bar too rough for any "fighters" to come out. Tried to speak to passengers. About 8.30 came a boat; rough still and dark, but went, and landed in safety in Rabat.

July 21st to August 9th.—Happy days spent with Dr. Churcher and Dr. and Mrs. Kerr. The greater part of the time we were staying in a little house in an Arab encampment outside the town, and every day sought to teach the inhabitants of this and another village of the Saviour, poor sad dark people, so ignorant and sinful. One day, while seated in a tent, I noticed a great scar on a young man's arm, and asked how he received it. He said, fighting with some of his neighbours when he went to steal their cows and horses. I asked how many people he thought he had killed in his life. "Oh, ten or fifteen," he said, smiling; and afterwards, when I spoke of sin, he said his heart was as "white as milk." "Satan blinds the minds." One Fokee in this village was so glad to listen, and liked the words, "Oh God, make me to know Thy way," not Mahomet's or the Englishman's, but *Thine*.

August 9th.—Left Rabat, 10th reached Tangier, saw Hope House friends, secured a box, and went over to Gibraltar.

August 11th.—Sailed for England in the *Mecquinez*, only passenger on board.

August 13th, 14th, 15th.—Sea a little rough, good passage through Bay of Biscay. Rain and cold. I am wonderfully well, able to read and write and study. Our God is good. Praise His name.

THROUGH THE PLAINS OF THE ZAMOOR.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM RABAT TO MEQUINEZ AND BACK.

By DR. T. GILLARD CHURCHER.

In the early part of June a report reached Rabat that the four ladies returning from Fez were delayed at Mequinez through illness. This report (which afterwards proved to have been much exaggerated) being confirmed by others who arrived, Dr. Churcher deemed it expedient he should visit Mequinez, feeling that even should his services not be required he would gain valuable information as to the tribes inhabiting that part of the country, with a view to future work amongst them.

June 13th, 1888.—By five o'clock I march off, only to be met a few hundred yards from the door by my man, who says that one of the horses will not get into the ferry-boat, and it would mean another day's delay if this were really so, so I press on, and am rewarded by finding the troublesome beast already shipped. We cross the Rabat River, with four animals and six men. We are remounted at 5.30, and proceed into Sallé, noted only to Europeans as the abode of the *Rovers*. We pass down charm-

ing old lanes, with ancient gardens, red ruined walls, and the bright green of fig, and vine, and pomegranate, the rustic water-wheels, with their slowly revolving, endless round of water-pots, and the closely veiled women. Passing out, we get a glimpse of a stately gate of the now ruined city of Silla, still beautiful in its decay, which has hardly faded from sight when our attention is caught by a viaduct—in fact, an aqueduct—supported at a considerable height, and arched with pretty Moorish arches over the wide roadway. The fields on our right are splendid vineyards, while on our left we are soon passing a vast extent of ground covered with a thistle which possesses in its flower the power of curdling milk, like rennet. Every few minutes we meet groups of two or three brown country people, and it is an awful thought that they are dying—

DYING WITHOUT THE LIGHT.

I was able to speak of Jesus and His love to some of them. We were very thankful that we could make progress on our way while the sun did not shine: from 5 to 7.45 we travelled in delightful coolness, as the sun was obscured by clouds. We now came to a well and duars, where the people were sulky rather, and the servant said they were not good. I found afterwards that a neighbouring tribe had two days previously made a raid up in them, captured about 200 cattle, and killed two men, so there was some reason for their tempers being slightly soured. I have been interested by a plan the people adopt to prevent them from suffering from the dry wind or sun: they just take a couple of turns of their turban, and let them pass over the mouth. I have tried this when the east wind is blowing, and certainly it was a great help in keeping the mouth moist and comfortable. I am interested with the sweet smell of mint, yet none is growing in this dry land, but I find I carry it with me; thus may my life be ever perfumed by the savour of the Holy Ghost. Arrived at a duar having fifty-five tents in a circle, where I was well received. I had a most interesting time, speaking of Jesus and doctoring, and then to bed, tired out.

My most interesting case here was a cancer of the stomach, sadly common in Morocco, and the poor fellow could not buy suitable food.

Up at 4. Breakfast and reading. While the tent is packing I walk round the duar. A woman comes to me with a tumour of the neck, apparently cancer. Soon a crowd of between twenty and thirty women and children collects. I chat to them, speak of Jesus, inspect a dear little baby, sick with smallpox, hardly a pin's head space of sound flesh on its little face. Lots of darling children running about, but my men are waiting, so I mount my pack-horse and away. We are travelling to-day over

A VAST PLAIN;

on our right at perhaps five miles' distance the ground rises, and is covered with woods. This is the land of the Zamoor, a large tribe, said to be very rich, but wild and independent. What a mission-field! There are five kabyles of them in this district, each kabyle estimated to contain a hundred duars, or movable villages. As we rode along we passed a village in the act of removing. How they manage the exceedingly regular arrangement of the tents is at present a puzzle to me. Soon after this we came to a duar pointed out as being peculiar, from the fact of its having permanent gardens round it. Here the road divides, one going near the forest-land, the other farther out on the vast plain which we are travelling; this plain is said to be from forty to fifty miles each way. It is like a sea of grass, and it is quite easy to get "out of sight of land." It was

THE GRANARY OF ANCIENT ROME,

and might again be a marvellous corn-field. It is wonderfully level for such a large area. This we soon demonstrated by the appearance on the skyline of a speck sweeping rapidly along. At first I could not detect it, but the Moors did; then it became larger, and we could see it was a troop of horsemen at a gallop, apparently bearing down upon us, although still far away. The soldier drew the cover from his long Moorish gun, and saw that all was right with the flint and steel. The Syrian loaded his gun afresh, and I put up a prayer that if we were to have trouble the Lord might have glory out of it, and so we went on, when suddenly the flying horsemen took a fresh direction, and soon disappeared. At about nine we stopped for half an hour, for a rest to the animals, one of which improved the occasion by falling into the mud, so that it required a great deal of shouting and some physical effort to get him out again. The soldier soon after stopped at a duar and demanded milk, requesting me to go up also; I did, but much to his disgust offered payment: my Moors also remonstrated in not very measured terms, so I had to put down my foot, and tell them once for all that I was master, and not they, and that I would be no party to bleeding the people. Free-will gifts are, of course, another thing. I followed up my payment by a few kindly words, and when they saw I was a doctor a fine old man brought out a patient with bad eyes. I got down to see her, and then nothing would do but I must go in and sit down. I soon had an audience of about twenty-five hearers, as strange a meeting as I ever saw, but I never wish for one more appreciative. I doctored some; they were tattooed on the tips of their noses, as well as their cheeks, arms, chests, etc. One boy appeared without any clothes, save a small piece of dirty linen hanging from his shoulders to his waist behind. They begged me to stay, and even held my horse in fun, and said the others could go on, but I must stop. I find it very nice to have the Syrian with me; he is really

earnest and clear, and needs no urging to speak of Jesus and His love as opportunity offers. On arriving at Lillo Aito we find the people excited, as last night a raid was made by the Zamoor on their horses, and fighting ensued.

Having pitched our tent, we find that the people will not sell us any bread, but just as I am told this a Moor passes and looks in. So I called him, and he begins to tell me of his ailments and asks for medicine; so I say, "How can I give you medicine when you will not sell me bread? do you want me to die of hunger?" This altered the case, and at once he went off and secured some bread. I am tired, so said I could only see four cases (the number already waiting). May the Lord bless the word spoken to them. They are splendid men, but oh, how dark! Here is

A FAMILY HISTORY,

man, say forty, three wives, fourteen children, only three living, and he himself suffering from sickness which does not allow of description.

Saturday.—Up 3.30. To-day our ride is still through the wonderful plain. We come to a spot where a new well is being digged, and it was interesting to see the converging paths being formed by the thirsty people, as they came again and again to draw. May they soon thirst for the living water.

Arrived at the river where we were to stay for the mid-day halt. We found it much swollen with water from the mountains, and quite unfordable for laden mules. A horseman crossed late in the afternoon, but he rode naked, and carried his property upon his head; at times only the horse's ears were visible. We adjourned to a neighbouring duar, where we were well received.

Very early in the morning my tent was visited by patients. My servant, I fear, tries to make something out of seeing the doctor. However, I stood firm not to see anybody till later, and having rested till about six, had breakfast. I organised a little meeting. Absalom and the Syrian read Luke xv. in turns. The parable of the lost sheep never came so forcibly home to my own heart as while explaining it to these Moors; it was so distinctly suited to our surroundings. Three or four women joined the company. One of them, a really beautiful woman, was evidently the favourite wife of the chief man, who has three others, but this Rachel is childless.

I saw about a dozen cases, principally eyes. One young fellow of about seventeen, who could read well, had lost one eye entirely, and I fear the other has gone beyond recovery, and all from a simple inflammation, which might have been stopped at once if seen in time. I tried to point him to the Physician of the *soul*, but how my heart yearned over him! My own loss makes me able to sympathise with others. In the afternoon I had a nice read with the Syrian and a talk with

THE SHIEK'S SON,

a boy of about twelve. He sat and chatted to me, and I could but think of Edinburgh "Arab" children's service; but what a difference! He asked me where my home and my father were, and I told him far away. "In Larache?" said he. "No! In Rabat? No! In Mechenez? No! Then where?" I told him far away over the sea; I told him also of the *better* land I was going to, and he said he would like to go too. I told him of Jesus, and he asked where He lived, and if I were going to be with Him after I got to Mequinez. Then he wanted to know if I were a sheriff in my country, and I told him there were no sheriffs there. He wanted to hear me repeat the Koran, which I requested *him* to do, and he did. He has just come in again from swimming across the river to see after some flocks. He is surprised to find me writing, and supposes it is the Koran I am writing out. I tell him it is from my own head, but he still thinks I am writing the Koran, which I had previously committed to memory. The river is still so full that it seems doubtful whether we shall be able to cross. One patient this afternoon I told not to go into the sun. The reply was, What, then, is she to eat? she is harvesting."

Monday night.—I am too tired to write, and fall asleep with my clothes on on the bed, to wake later and find all dark. It has been a very tiring day for everybody, animals included. We left the village where we had camped at daylight, forded the river without much difficulty, and arrived about midday at Beni Kussum, where the great plain we have been traversing comes to an end, and we pass

THROUGH MOUNTAIN PASSES,

and breakfast by a torrent, which reminds me forcibly of the Highlands, and for a few minutes my mind is back again to camping in Scotland—a very sweet few minutes, too soon dispelled. I was anxious to push on and reach Mequinez at night; those around me are as determined that I shall not. It becomes a conflict of wills, which only ceases a few miles from Mequinez. With a last effort I reach my destination, thoroughly done up.

After resting a day or two to refresh the animals, that were somewhat overdone, the doctor set out on his return journey. He describes the roads in Mequinez as being very bad, a small ditch running down the middle of each, where water and dirt accumulate, and which smells badly under the influence of the hot sun.

Wednesday.—I rode out to Wao-Shejera, where my tent was already pitched in an adjacent duar. I had a most encouraging talk about the things of God with an exceptionally intelligent Moor, whose two sons were sick, and witnessed to about fifteen others, who had gathered about my tent door, of Jesus and His love.

Friday.—I was besieged before starting by between twenty and thirty women and children asking for medicine, which I could not give, for one very good reason, that I had not the needed things with me, and also that I needed to start at once. I could only say, "I hope I may come again and help you all." I left a Gospel of John with them; may it indeed be the word of God to those villagers; I shall pray that the Lord may open the heart of the taleb. There are only two men who are reported to be able to read in that village. As I expect one of the boys, who is ill, to come in the winter to the hospital for an operation, we may hear more of them.

DARK VILLAGES.

But what of all the other villages off the road, that we ride past every hour? When shall their dark night of ignorance have a dawn of gospel light? When? And away on the right I can see the shrine of Muley Edris, whose name is upon every lip in this part of the country. In that noted spot I have it on good authority that there are at least 400 young men living, preparing to go forth as talebs. They are said to be liars and thieves, and that their lives are most impure. How long, O Lord, shall Satan's servants crowd this land, and Jesus' willing slaves hang back? On the road, to-day, we met a party of villagers going to join the Sultan's army. About half a dozen of them had a heavy chain round their necks, and thus were bound together, because they did not go willingly. More than once to-day across the valley came the sound of singing. It was very sweet; it came from a string of harvesters, rejoicing as they gathered in the golden grain. We sow in hope, nothing doubting that the harvest-song *will* come, and then he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together. This evening I have spent more than an hour with a man who appears to combine the characters of friar and doctor in all its branches—I suppose, a Mohammedan medical missionary. He is a really handsome old man of sixty, with a commanding presence and fine eyes. He gives me particulars of three drugs and one caterpillar which he says constitute his entire stock of medicines, except a beeswax ointment, and last, not least, charms which are extracts from the Koran, and are extensively believed in as cures for everything. He told me of his many wives—one here, two there, and three in another place; of his great holiness, so that if he met a lion in the way it could not hurt him; that when the French came to a certain river, and the Moorish troops were on the opposite bank, a sheriff like himself just beckoned to the river, and it swept up the bank and drowned the Frenchmen. But a really clever thing which he did was to produce a jet of water from his right eye, shooting it more than two feet from him; he did it a second time. I preached the word of God to him, and thought of Elymas, the sorcerer. He was much more interested in the coin I gave him for his drugs than the pearl of great price. O unbelieving heart, is anything too hard for the Lord? This man also may be saved.

Saturday.—Up and away from Sedi Kussum by about 6.30. I was astonished at the prosperous condition of this kaid; he has

MANY FARMS

along the river banks. Those round his house are said to be occupied by his own blood relatives, those farther by friends. It is said that he can turn out 1,000 horsemen for the Sultan's service when required. He is kind and prosperous. He reminded me of the account of Abraham, his servants and friends. We were surprised this morning to see rain falling heavily upon the hills. I thought of Elijah's message to Ahab, "Get thee down, that the rain stop thee not," for had we delayed we might have been stopped by the swollen river, as we were last week. We continued some distance along the river-side, intending to camp at Sedi Oitub; but we were not to go far, for very soon from a duar a little farther along the road a man came up asking if I were the doctor, and would I come to see his brother, who was sick with his eyes. I went, and had a most appreciative audience of some twenty or thirty souls while I preached Jesus. I try always to speak of the Gospel *first*, as that is its right position, and after I have commenced consulting I find it more difficult to bring their minds to spiritual matters. I saw about six patients; two of them brought four eggs each, and another a basin of milk, and another a basin of butter. One man could read, and was so attentive that I felt constrained to leave him a Gospel. May the gracious Master preserve and bless His own word. This was the duar of Shiek Si Abd Allah. I left amid many more requests for medicine, and told them that if they wanted me to return they must pray God, in the name of the Lord Jesus, that I might be sent to them again, as I was only "in the hand of God" (one of their own religious expressions). On re-mounting I was reminded of Bible scenes by finding a man at a well which he himself had just digged. They make a very primitive drinking-trough beside the well for

WATERING THE FLOCKS;

it is just of plastered mud; the heat of the sun keeps it hard and dry outside, and it seems to be efficient. I wonder if Rebecca poured water into such a one when she met Abraham's servant. But before we had gone very far several men from a neighbouring duar intercepted us, and said there was a boy whose leg was very bad; would I stop and look at it? Having pitched our little tent, I tried to eat my lunch, heal the sick, and preach the Gospel at one and the same time. About thirty, I think, formed the congregation to whom I spoke of the blessed plan of salvation, and that it was because *my* sins had been taken away that I had come to bring them the good news too, and that others who loved Seidna Aisa (our Lord

Jesus) had given me the medicine to give to them—all in the name and for the sake of Jesus. I seldom have spoken to more attentive people. One man sent to beg a Gospel, which I accordingly gave him, assured that *His* word shall not return unto Him void. The dear people here were most importunate that I should stay with them the night. They persuaded the servants, promising to supply us with corn, milk, everything we needed, without remuneration. But our travelling expenses made me obdurate. Then they asked me to stop for the sake of Muley Edris (their patron saint), then for the sake of Seidna Mosa (Moses); then I heard some one whisper to the chief man, "Ask him to stay for the sake of Seidna Aisa" (our Lord Jesus); this failing, he sat upon my box, saying that I *must* stop. It was hard to tear myself away, telling them that if they wanted me very much they must pray "Allah" to send me back again, for Jesus' sake.

Sunday, 24th.—*Sedi Aish.*—Resting to-day. There being much grass in this place, the animals have a good time. I have three separate times of

MEDICAL MISSION

to-day. As I leave at daylight to-morrow, I did not feel it would be consistent with the spirit of the Gospel if I refused to help those in distress. I saw about twenty-five sick persons, though many more visited me. I commenced—morning, noon, and night—with a little talk, explaining why I am here, and giving them all the Gospel message. It seems so strange to them; evidently they have *never* heard it before. To the midday group the Syrian read the prodigal son, and he and I both applied it. It brought tears into my eyes to see these wild sons of the plain manifestly moved by hearing for the first time of the matchless love of God. I feel the need we have of knowing the Koran, as they say that Si Allie has risen from the dead as well as Jesus Christ, and we need to be able to meet them upon their own ground. Several bad cases have promised to go either to Dr. Kerr, at Rabat, or to come to Tangier later on. I was shocked to find that the "djemma" here is a hotbed of unnamable vice. If the scholars are such, what can we expect from the common people?

Monday, 25th.—This morning a patient with a thorn in his eye started with us for Rabat, as the thorn cannot be removed without chloroform. On arriving at Sedi Aish we found one of the country markets just commencing. If a medical evangelist were trying to reach these people perhaps the best way would be to go to the sokes first—they are equivalent to our country fairs in England—and as men from all the neighbouring duars are present, he would be sure to be pressed to visit some who were sick and could not come a distance. And what a sphere! At a low estimation I reckon that there are 500 of these

MOVABLE VILLAGES

in this vast district. Reckoning fifty souls to each village (which is often much below the mark; the one I am writing in contains at least 200)—but putting fifty to a village, we have a total of 25,000 immortal souls, without a solitary Christian among them all, without one ray of Gospel light; and ninety-nine per cent. being unable to read, the good news *must* come to them *visu voce*. We halted for our noonday rest amid a group of five duars, clustering by the edge of an extensive marsh. My men said there was any amount of sickness among them, and it would never do to let them know that I was a doctor, or we should never get away. As the stock of medicine was nearly done, I consented, but just before leaving the spot it leaked out that I had medicines, and I was struck by the disappointed way in which a man remarked, "You help others, and why not us?"

Tuesday.—Left the duar at about seven, and very soon came to a branching of the road, one, the shorter of the two, passing through the angle of the forest of Memona, infested with the Zemoor, a wild tribe who care not for the Sultan. My men were evidently scared, so I consented to take the longer route, *via* the old Portuguese town of Mehadeer. The road lay for some time along the banks of the Sebou, really a fine tidal river, I should think here as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. I was struck by seeing large flocks of a white bird of the stork order, which the natives regard as unlucky to disturb. They call them "cattle-birds," because they destroy parasites which live on the cattle. I am reminded of the parable of the vineyard as I see towers being erected in several vineyards. As soon as the grapes ripen a watchman armed is stationed on this tower, night and day, to protect the vineyard from being robbed. We rode safely on into Sallé, and again came under the most hospitable roof of our beloved friends Dr. and Mrs. Kerr. I learned afterwards that the very day before I passed this way a party of travellers was stopped by a troop of horsemen and

ROBBED OF EVERYTHING

—money, animals, clothes—and came into Sallé with nothing (they offered no resistance, and hence there was no bloodshed). This occurred upon the safer of the two roads, and the property stolen included the Spanish mail-bag. If I had not rested on the Lord's day I should, humanly speaking, have been just on that road at that very place and time of the attack, and should probably have shared a similar fate. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." I yearn over these wild, brave tribes "for Christ." Though it is said they have some talebs among them, they are not religious, are said not to observe the feast of Ramadan nor to pray. Has Jesus no brave volunteer who will lay himself on the altar that he may take the good news of salvation to these lost ones? The Lord seems to ask, "Who will go for us?" Who among us will reply, "Here am I; send me?"

TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, TANGIER.

WITH THE IN-PATIENTS. BY MISS COPPING.

Monday, May 7th.—I began work at 6.30, after a good time with my Lord. Read Colossians iii., feeling very thankful for work to do and strength to do it. I have eight in-patients to provide for. So while the water boils for breakfast, one lad, who is nearly well, is sweeping the wards, another is helping me to make the beds. When everything is tidy they sit down to their morning meal, and we have a short prayer in Arabic. One poor sick woman, Minona, says she never thought bread and coffee so nice before. I think the white cloth and fresh flowers have something to do with it. From seven to nine, breakfast and morning prayers; from nine o'clock preparing the dispensary and welcoming the patients; at ten, Arabic service, after which dispensing and dressing until nearly three. Now I am quite ready for dinner. We took in

TWO NEW PATIENTS

this morning, so directly after dinner I returned to the Hospital and spent the rest of the day ministering to the comfort of the in-patients, and clearing up after the out-patients.

Tuesday, 8th.—Went to the wards at 6.30; had five hours Arabic to-day; the rest of the day with the patients; tried to teach a woman to wash her daughter's garments.

Wednesday, May 9th.—Began work at six. Medical Mission in town to-day. I had such a nice time with the patients; two of them help me in dispensing, I telling them Bible stories the while. To-day I have to leave them, so I prepare their midday meal, dress all their wounds, pour out their medicine, and leave it, with their food, near to each. My two native dispensers go with us to town. At 10.30 I went with one of them to see a sick woman in his village. I found her very ill and very dirty, in a tiny hut; so tiny that the woman who was minding her had to come out before I could crawl in. My little boy, Abd el Kereem, sat outside to mind my hat and basket. After telling me all her troubles, I began to tell her about our Lord. "Oh, yes," she said, "we know about your prophet. Abd el Kereem tells us all about Him." This dear child has only been with us four months, and is not well yet. I do hope some day he will be

A REAL MISSIONARY

to his village. I could not stay long with her to-day. She begged me to come again soon. On my way back to the town dispensary, I met a woman with a sick baby on her back, so I took her along with me to see Dr. Churcher and hear the Gospel.

Monday, May 14th.—Medical Mission. Many came. Took in one very bad case, a young man named Mahamed ben Hamed.

Tuesday.—When the doctor paid his morning visit to the wards, he found Mahamed so bad that he operated upon him at once, after a few words of prayer in English. The father, Hamed, came in just in time to help, by holding his son. When the doctor had finished, he prayed with them in Arabic; all the patients were in the ward and joined the doctor, with such a real *Amen*; then Hamed blessed the doctor and all his relations and future relations. The young man was very ill all day. One of the patients kindly offered to sit up with him for me, and give him his medicine and nourishment through the night, he is too ill to fast. I put an alarm clock in the other ward to awake the boys at the right time for their food.

Saturday.—Medical Mission in town. Began work at six this morning. Had such

A GOOD TIME WITH THE PATIENTS.

I am sure they will never forget their stay with us. One town beggar, who had been with us for a month, has given up his profession and is working like a respectable man; he comes every day to read or copy something out of the large Bible we always keep in the waiting-room.

Miss Copping has since been making short expeditions into many of the surrounding villages, dispensing medicines and making known to men, women, and children "that wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin." We append a few notes.

Tuesday.—I left Hope House early this morning to take two old women back to their huts in a village, the locality of which I did not know. I afterwards found Boranias was a village about two hours' ride from Tangier. This was my first trip, and it shall not, God willing, be the last. I had no idea there was such a lovely country, or so many people so near, and so willing to hear the Gospel, or that I could use Arabic so well. As we drew near to a village, the savage dogs came out to meet us, barking dreadfully. My boy, Abd el Kereem, provided me with stones in case they should attack me. Then nearly every man who passed came to have a look at me, now and then asking inquisitive questions concerning me. The Moor who was with me answered that I was only a Nazarene.

At last we reached our destination, which we found to be a large village. When we had tied up the donkeys, the man made himself comfortable under a tree, and was soon asleep. I entered a little mud hut, where I received a very warm welcome. Being tired, one of the poor women spread her hiak on the ground for me to recline upon. I was very glad of a place to rest. Then

THE PEOPLE CROWDED ROUND

me until the hut was quite dark. I had a nice long talk with them; and left, promising to come again soon. I had not gone many steps before I was stopped by a woman who begged me to see her husband, who was sick. In vain I pleaded that I was not a doctor, that I did not know how to give medicine to men. I was obliged to go with her. I could not treat the case without medicine, but I had a nice long Gospel talk with them. I told them how our Lord healed sick people without medicine; and about that dreadful disease of sin, and that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Then I left that hut, only to be led by the people to another, to see a man who could read, but when I found him he would not, here I had another congregation, and tried to convince them of the sinfulness of sin. After singing to them and promising to come again, I rode away,

FOLLOWED SOME DISTANCE

by the men and children. Met two women, and talked with them by the way to the next village, Masanah, which we could not enter because of the dogs, the women still with me. I try another village, Masterosh, where I visited three huts, and reached home safely about 7 p.m. This afternoon went with Abd el Kereem to see the poor woman in his village: found her quite well. She was so thankful for the medicine we sent her. I told her to thank the Lord Jesus, then we had a nice Gospel talk, and prayed together that the Lord who had taken away her pain would take away her sins.

Saturday, May 26th.—Started early in the morning for some visiting among the villages, accompanied by Miss Banks and Miss Lambden, Abd el Kereem, and a Moor to drive our four donkeys. Abd el Kereem rode the pack which contained the medicine, books, a spirit stove, and bread, tea, and sugar. Our first village was Boranias. I have two old patients there, Minona and her old mother; they were so pleased to see us. I dressed her ulcers, which are still improving, and while I treated a few simple cases the women and children gathered round us, until we had

A GOOD CROWD;

then I closed the medicine chests and began to talk to them. Out of about twenty women and girls only one could sew, and not one could read. I used the Wordless Book, and sang to them some simple Gospel hymns. Then we mounted our donkeys and rode to another part of the same village, where I again opened the medicine. It was not long before we were surrounded by a curious crowd; here, again, I treated a few simple cases, and did my very best to preach the Gospel, and really it was nice to see how eagerly they listened.

Monday.—The mother of a young man whom the doctor operated upon came and besought me to go and see her son; he was in great pain and she did not know what to do. They live in a large village, more than two hours' ride from Tangier. So I filled my basket with things that I knew would be useful, and after praying for help in this difficult case, went with her. It was a lovely ride, and Awina is a new village to me, the largest I have seen. The people are much cleaner here, and very friendly; but my first thought was our patient. After doing what I knew was necessary for him, with the help of his mother, I asked them if they would like to hear some of the words of the Lord. While I put away the dressings and drugs, they opened the door and brought in some of the neighbours, and I had a real good time. I then wished them good-bye, and told them I must go; one of them said, If you love us stay with us, we will take care of you. I told them I could not to-day. When I left, the women came out of the village and

BESOUGHT ME TO COME AGAIN

and talk with them. I was able to address several groups at the entrance of the village after I had mounted my donkey. It is nice to be received so kindly. I did not get home until evening.

Monday, June.—Studied Arabic for six hours. In the afternoon cut out little jelabs for the babies in Masterosh, and packed needles, cotton, etc. We meant to try a new way of reaching these poor sisters.

Tuesday.—Rode out to Masterosh, accompanied by Miss Banks and Miss Lambden. The women seemed very glad to see us, and the ladies tried to teach them to sew the little jelabs, but they did not care for it, much less for the Gospel. Once when I thought they were listening, a woman asked me where I got the paint for my face, and how many wives my father had. I think, during the afternoon, we must have seen quite all the women of the village, and they were all more or less noisy and dirty. We could not help feeling sad when we left. Before returning home we went to another village, where I feel sure the people are learning something, and had such a good time with the women; we could not stay long, but they listened to every word.

Wednesday.—Two men came for medicine, they could both read well. I read with them from Matthew's Gospel, then they told me that they knew all about Sidna Aisa, as they had seen my sister at Larache, and she had told them that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and all about Him. They certainly *knew* a good deal. I prayed with them that God would send the truth to their dark minds, that they might believe what they had heard, and be saved. I lent them the Gospel to read for themselves.

Friday, June.—We started early in the morning for a good long day in the villages. Our party consisted of Miss Banks, Abd el Kereem, and Abdel-

lah, his brother. We only took three donkeys, one carried the medicines, provisions, and books, and very often one of the boys. We reached Boranias about ten o'clock; the people received us gladly, and brought the matting from several huts and spread it

UNDER THE TREES

for us, and there we stayed. Very soon there was a nice group of women and girls around us, who listened attentively as I told them about Jesus, how He loves them, but cannot love sin, and if they would see the Lord Jesus they must have all their sins washed away. I taught some of them a little prayer, asking God to take away their sins, and give them new hearts. Two women came, one very ill, so I opened the little dispensary and gave her medicine. I *do want a tent* badly, as I often find it difficult to treat women in public; of course with children it does not matter. I treated a few simple cases, and then told Bible stories—treated a few, and then read to them, and so on until three in the afternoon. Looking round I saw twenty-five women and girls, three big boys, besides ever so many little children, as quiet as possible. They cried, Zeede, zeede—Go on, go on; but I told them I was tired; so very soon they all left us, saying, The Christians want to eat. We soon made a fire and some tea, which we very much needed; as soon as we had finished they came back, and I talked with them as we packed up our things and then rode away, but for some distance I could hear "Go in peace," "God bless you," and so on.

Our next village was quite new. I do not believe it has been visited; the children were

SO FRIGHTENED

they ran into the huts screaming, as we came near the village. Abdellah went first to ask if the people would like to see us. An old man took him aside and questioned him about us. I heard him say that we were still daughters, not to be afraid. We only wanted to see their women, and if any of them were sick we would give them a good medicine; that was quite enough. He came to us and said, "O daughters, you are welcome." So we went in with him to his hut. Two women were making bread, one had a child in her lap, I am sure it was dying. She told me it had small-pox, but it was not going on well. I do not know much about small-pox. There were four women beside the little children, Miss Banks, and myself in the little hut. I spoke to them as if it was my last opportunity, and they listened, but did not seem to realise their danger; they begged me, however, to come again soon. Giving them all the sulphur and soap I had, which was only enough for two, we rode away. It was near sunset when we came to a well, and the air, which all day had been oppressively hot, having become cooler, the women from the villages were

COMING FORTH TO DRAW WATER;

it was a pretty sight, the storks flying so near to us, the camels reclining as they take their evening meal, looking so thankful, and the cattle and sheep on the hill-sides; we were able to overlook miles of country, and everything was lovely and bright; but the poor women were a sad contrast. I tarried awhile at their well to speak with them as they waited for their turn to draw water; poor things, they were so dark, and I felt so sorry for them, and almost longed to be one of them, that I might come and live with them. I told them I wanted to be a sister to them, but I could see they could not understand. We walked with some of them to the nearest village, El-ar-zebe, where I visited two huts. The men were very tiresome, much too friendly. The women gladly received us, and wanted us to stay at the village at least overnight. I treated a few cases, one very bad case of dropsy; unless she is tapped I am afraid she will die. I have promised to go again soon—God willing, on Tuesday.

Saturday.—To-day a poor woman asked me if I would give her some poison, she was tired of life. She was ill and could not work, and her husband did not love her, but beat her for not working enough. So she said she wished to go to God if it was true that He loved her. I told her that I could not poison her, I would give her medicine. I was afraid to trust her with liniment for her rheumatism; I tried to make her understand how sorry the Lord would be to hear her

ASKING FOR POISON.

She said she did not wish to grieve the Lord.

Wednesday.—Visited the Casba; I have not been there since the first week I spent in Africa one year ago; I remember how lonely I felt then that I could not speak a word, and the language seemed as it were impossible to understand; to-day I thank God I can understand, and what is more, make myself quite at home with the women. I did not know anyone there, so I went to the first house I came to that was open. It was a large one, and I could hear native music and singing, so we entered, and after a few questions, were invited upstairs into a nice lofty room with windows, very different from the huts in the villages. The women were sitting upon the floor dressed very prettily, two were playing native music; one old woman was beating a brass tray filled with glasses and spoons, she thought her music must be the best because it made the most noise. I asked them to sing to me, and they did, oh! such nonsense, about some beauty with a picture of the stars on his face. I of course agreed with them that he must be a beauty, but told them that it was not true, and if they would play for me, I would sing to them something that was true. After two or three attempts we succeeded and sang, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; this we repeated again and again until they all knew the words, and the music did not sound half bad; then I explained

to them the meaning of the text, and told them how Jesus lived and died to save them, but, alas! they did not believe it, telling me they were not sinners.

I have paid 21 visits to the surrounding villages, and given medical or surgical aid to 280 patients, concerning each of whom I have kept records of name, disease, and treatment. I have grown very fond of these poor country people; and they have the greatest confidence in me. They gladly and attentively listen to the Word of God, saying again and again, "*We have never heard that before; do go on.*"

In consequence of these journeys to and from Tangier occupying so much time, our sister was lead to pray that some better arrangement might be made, so as to accomplish more each day. The Lord graciously answered this request by a friend offering to lend a tent; this was gladly accepted, and on July 16th Miss Copping, accompanied by Miss Lambden, left Tangier to gain their first experience in camping out. Dr. Churcher kindly lent his travelling medicine-chest, which enabled them to take medicines for three weeks, beside gospels, material for making garments, needles and thread, etc. Mr. Summers rode out with them, and pitched their tent in the midst of a large village, surrounded by many smaller ones. We ask prayer for this effort of our sisters to reach these poor needy women and children.

MEDICAL MISSION WORK AT TANGIER.

Miss JAY sends us the following interesting notes of work amongst the out-patients at Hope House.

May 3rd, 1888.—A lovely day—summer beginning in earnest. Had a most interesting time with the patients. The court was quite crowded with them, and we were busy till past 3 p.m. A large number of Talebs came, with whom I spent nearly the whole morning reading and talking, especially with two men from near Fez. They had heard we gave medicine and did good deeds here from love to Sidna Aisa, and were anxious to hear more; they read with me the whole of the 3rd of John's Gospel, and they stayed a long time after seeing the doctor in order to hear more. I gave them each a Gospel; three other Talebs also asked for and received Gospels.

5th.—Yesterday and to-day I have had most happy times, reading with our in-patients; it is so encouraging to watch how their interest deepens from day to day, and how those who at first are quite indifferent, sometimes almost rude, gradually soften and become eager to hear.

8th.—Both Sunday and yesterday at the Medical Mission we had very encouraging Arabic services—large numbers present, and Asad, our teacher, who spoke both days, so interested them that they forgot to dispute and never attempted to interrupt him. On Sunday he expounded the 3rd chapter of John, and yesterday spoke very eloquently on the 15th of Luke, a favourite chapter with the patients; so often when I have been reading and talking to them they say, That is very good, but please tell us about

THE MAN WITH THE TWO SONS.

They never seem to tire of it, though told them so often.

On Thursday I had a very busy day with crowds of patients, keeping us hard at work from 10 till past 3. Asad took the service and stayed with them for a long time afterwards, reading and answering their questions. I had a most happy time with the women, several from the town were most attentive; one of them sat with her eyes fixed on me, just seeming to drink in what was said, and when another woman interrupted with some question about my dress, she said, "Be quiet, her words are holy and sweet; you must listen." She promised to ask God to wash her heart from all sin in the blood of Jesus. I wish I could see her again, but there is little chance of this as she is only a visitor in the town. I gave away three Gospels and several tracts to the men. Our poor beggar, with the bad eyes, left us to-day nearly well. We feel,

all of us, so much cheered by the change there is in him. He promises often to come and see us.

19th.—To-day one of the women begged me to go and see her sick daughter, so as soon as I could be spared, I and Miss Lambden went and had rather a strange visit. The woman took us to a large high house and led the way to a room on the third story. All the rooms we passed were filled with different families, mostly Spaniards. A great deal of laughing and smoking was going on. Our guide knocked at a door which was opened by a Moor; she explained to him I was

THE TABEEBA.

He immediately welcomed me warmly, and said his wife was very ill. To my great surprise I found his wife was a Jewess, a most unusual thing; she was young and good-looking. The room was prettily furnished entirely in Moorish style, two or three mattresses were on the floor covered with fine embroidery. On one a pretty Moorish woman was sleeping, but she woke when we entered, on another was the patient. They gave us another to sit on. I found she had been ill for three months with a bad leg. I took off all the coverings in which it was wrapped, and discovered an ugly sore several inches long, which she said was always growing worse. Fortunately, I had brought all I needed with me, so I was able to dress it and leave a good supply of medicine, etc., with her. Three of the neighbours came in while I was busy to watch the operation. When it was over I got them all to sit down, telling them I had some news for them, and preached to them Jesus. Before very long both mother and daughter were in tears, and I was too, for it all seemed so sad, and the poor girl seemed to think there could be no hope for her after what she had done, and they did seem glad to hear of One Who loved and died to save all who would come to Him. Going down the stairs we were dragged into several rooms to see sick babies, etc., but got away as quickly as we could.

21st.—Yesterday the room was quite full for our Arabic service; certainly we shall soon need a church attached to our dear little hospital.

SOME NICE LADS

came from the mountains. They have come several times lately, just for the reading. Maarlem Aisa took the service, and Mr. Summers, who had returned well and safe from his interesting trip to Rabat, also spoke. All were attentive while the reading and singing went on, and at its close one of our in-patients declared his love for Sidna Aisa and his belief in Him as the only Saviour. This was specially cheering.

23rd.—Yesterday we had some interesting visitors. First, a funny old black woman, native of Bengal. It took me a long time to dress her very sore foot, so I told her about Jesus while doing it, and found she already knew something and was very proud of her broken English. Later on a man from Fez arrived, a Taleb, to whom we talked and gave a Gospel. He was not particularly friendly and inclined to argue with Mr. Summers over every word. Late in the afternoon two dear town women came for medicine, great friends of mine. I gave them tea and had a happy talk with them. They always seem really glad to have me tell them more about Sidna Aisa.

MISS COX AND MISS SMITH have visited Dellys, but are now busily occupied at Djemma Sahridj again.

MR. E. F. BALDWIN writes from Mogadore that there are abundant opportunities for work amongst the people in the streets, shops, and houses, but there are many adversaries. Mrs. Baldwin and daughters, in addition to visiting, give a weekly dinner to poor widows and divorced women, and have a sewing class of little girls. Muley Hasham had returned to Fez for the present. A young Sous, who was converted at one of the open-air meetings where Mr. Mackintosh was speaking, had been baptised, and was going on well. Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Tangier, had removed to Mogadore to assist Mr. Baldwin in his work, but, in consequence of opposition to the truth on the part of some in authority, Mr. Baldwin was thinking of itinerating for a time.

THE PLAGUE OF CRICKETS IN ALGERIA.

THE province of Constantine, Algeria, has this year been visited with one of those terrible insect pests which are the scourge of all Eastern lands, and which has completely devastated the country for three or four hundred miles in length. It was at first attributed to locusts, but it has since been found to be a species of cricket, known to scientific men as the *Stauronotus Maroccanus*, bred on the slopes of the Atlas mountain range, and which has occasionally ravaged the cultivated districts of Morocco, now for the first time making its appearance in the adjoining country of Algeria.

The locust, the cricket, and the grasshopper, belong to different families and vary considerably in size, the locust being from 2 to 2½ inches in length, while the cricket which has this year invaded the French colony is only from ¾ to 1¼ inches. Their colour is russet or reddish-brown. The female lays her eggs about the end of June or beginning of July, choosing dry barren ground not likely to be disturbed. She bores a hole in the earth about an inch deep, by means of a natural apparatus, which enables her to lift and remove the grains of sand. In this hole she deposits the ovary, a hard case about ¾ of an inch long, containing the eggs, about 40 in number; these she covers by filling up the hole. They remain nine months, being slowly hatched by the heat of the sun, when the new-born insect emerges a little white caterpillar, which speedily becomes a cricket. What they lack in size they amply make up in numbers, swarming in millions over the land, advancing rapidly by means of their long legs and wings, and by a mysterious instinct are guided to distant cornfields. Those that appeared in Algeria this year were said to form a column from five to seven miles in width, and about 40 miles in length.

As soon as they enter a field of wheat or barley, they rush at every cornstalk, five or six of them climbing up it at once, and presently gain the top, which bends under their weight. Then, with the sharp-edged shears attached to their upper jaw, two strong horny hooks moving horizontally, and crossing each other like the blades of a pair of scissors, they quickly cut the ear of corn to pieces, feeding on its nutritious part, and casting away the husk. In attacking an ear of barley, they begin by stripping off the beard, which they do not eat. Any crumbs which the plunderers above may let fall are eagerly seized by the multitude below who cannot find an unoccupied stalk to ascend, and in a few hours all is over.

The aspect of the country this summer in that part of Algeria where they most prevailed is dismal and distressing, and the Colonists are in despair; the damage is estimated at six or seven million francs, or over a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

In reference to the destructive habits of these insects, Joel says, "He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig tree: he hath made it *clean bare* and cast it away." "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and *nothing shall escape them.*"

The lighthouse at Rachgoun, on the coast of Oran, Algeria (see page 211), warns mariners of danger and directs them in the right way. We need many spiritual lighthouses in North Africa to warn Mohamedans, Jews, and nominal Christians, of their souls' dangers, and guide them to Him who is able to save.

MR. MERCADIER, in addition to some translation work on which he is engaged, has a school for Arabs, several of whom attend regularly. In consequence of the excessive heat, they now come for their lessons either at 6.30 a.m. or 10 p.m., often staying till midnight.

MR. F. CHEESEMAN, being desirous of further prosecuting his study of Arabic, has removed from Mascara to Oran. The latter town, being much larger, and having an Arabic College, possesses greater facilities for acquiring the language.

AWAKENED INTEREST IN ALGIERS.

NOTES BY MISS I. L. TROTTER.

DURING the past three months our work has been chiefly among the French. We began a meeting for our immediate neighbours, at their own request, in an empty room in this house. At first the attendance was fluctuating, two or three times failing altogether; but for several weeks we have been so overcrowded that we hardly dare to invite any new comers, and we are looking about for an empty shop into which to migrate. There is such a real soul-thirst among the people, we have to have one after meeting after another before we can reduce the numbers to those who are the most in earnest, and even then there are more than we can talk with separately. Already God is letting us begin to have "the joy of harvest" among them, though their ignorance is extreme. Hitherto we have only had two meetings a week, but we feel that when our staff increases a little we must give them more; one after another complains that it is so long to wait between whites.

We have also been holding a little cottage meeting once a week among French-speaking Spaniards in St. Eugene, one of the suburbs, and there too we see signs that God is working; one girl has come clearly to His light.

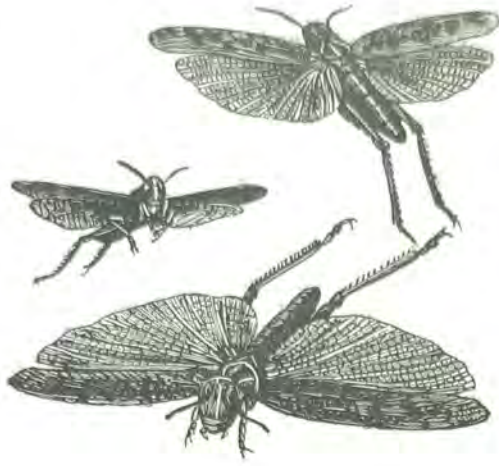
Among the Arabs we have not got much individual access yet, as we are not far enough on in Arabic to be able to visit the women. All that we can do is to print off by typograph passages of the Bible and hymns, and circulate them. By this means we often get talks in French with one and another of the men, and often as we go along the streets on other errands they stretch out their hands, saying, "Papier, papier." For the Arab town our bags have to be stocked with tracts, etc., in Spanish and Italian as well as French and Arabic, and the Jews clamour for Hebrew. One has to move on quickly to avoid being besieged, and one loves to hear the murmur of "Sidna Aissa, Sidna Aissa Echold," on all sides, even by the little brown-skinned boys who act as our fore-runners up and down the narrow streets.

On the quay and in the public squares there is plenty to be done too in the way of this polyglot seed-sowing. (It makes one love the promises to "all the nations.") And in taking tracts round the cafes on Saturday nights we have found them eagerly welcomed, the waiters themselves helping us sometimes to distribute. The whole place gives one the impression of being "White unto the harvest." May God Himself put in the sickle and gather the souls into His garner, to be made in their turn seed for future sowing.

WORKERS IN TLEMCEN, ALGERIA.

WE are thankful that Miss Day, who has been suffering somewhat from an attack of intermittent fever, is feeling stronger and more able to take up her work. She sends us an interesting diary of their work in this important centre, from which we make a few extracts.

Thursday, June 21st.—Did a little study this morning, and this afternoon visited the home of one of our needlework girls. We were warmly welcomed by the mother and father, and the children all came and sat down near us. A boy of about twelve years, whom we cannot get to come to the Sunday-school, said "I know one of your hymns right through," and then he repeated it word for word. His sister had taught him, and we all sang it through together. While we were singing, a dear little mite of two and a half years was just toddling about, singing, "Adjji, Adjji, Adjji," (come) in different keys. Her mother said since we sang "Come to the Saviour," in their house about a fortnight ago, she had trotted about singing this word over to herself, again and again, though she cannot yet



EAR OF BARLEY, INTACT.



CRICKET ATTACKING THE CORN.



CORN HALF-EATEN BY CRICKETS.



CORN-STALK ENTIRELY STRIPPED.



SECTION OF THE OVARY, CONTAINING EGGS OF THE INSECT.



RELIC OF HUSKS.

CRICKETS. (See page 218).

say her own name. We find the Koran far more interesting to read in the original tongue, though there is a great deal of repetition. But after that part of our study, with what pleasure and satisfaction we turn to our own precious Bible! What a contrast there is, even as light contrasts with darkness! We cannot thank our Heavenly Father enough that we were born in a land where He Who is the "living way" unto God the Father is preached and made known as the Saviour.

Sunday, 24th.—Our people came up as usual at eleven, and Miss Read addressed the women, and I the men. My subject, the stoning of Stephen, called forth many remarks, the greatest wonder to them being that Stephen, in all his pain, could pray, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." They seemed so impressed at the time, and by the earnestness of their words, one would think that they too would be ready to leave all and follow Him; but no, apparently with most of them it is but vain talk, because they apply the lesson to every one but themselves. It is just a year to-day since we started our Sunday-school. One difficulty has been getting the boys to come up at the proper time. Some of them would appear hours before, and if sent away might probably arrive again when the class was over, and seem so disappointed at not being able to come in; but this, too, we have got over by starting off our little Arab boy an hour before the time on a round to their homes to call them up, allowing them to enter and play in our court-yard as he sends them to us, until all are present, when the lessons commence. Our experiences have been very variable. Sometimes we have felt very encouraged by large numbers of children coming up for a Sunday or two; then we have missed them, and visiting their homes, find that their parents object to their coming, as they are

AFRAID OF OUR CONVERTING THEM.

But one thing always encourages us; the children pick up so quickly our simple Gospel hymns, and even those who have gone from under our control now, have the words in their heads, although they may not realize their depth and fulness until many years later, when they, hearing men and women of their own nation confessing Christ, may recall what was taught them in their earlier years. We have now upon our register twenty-six names of boys, who come up very regularly. Some are boys who joined us the very first Sunday; others have replaced old scholars, who, since our removal, have found it too far to come.

Monday, 25th.—I do praise the Lord for giving me strength enough to work all this day through. It is one day less of opportunities and time never to be recalled. Father! may it be a day to be remembered by Thyself as one of glory to Thy Name and pleasure to Thyself, because in the strength of my Lord, I have sought to serve this day. "Out of weakness were made strong."

Friday, July 6th.—At our weekly meeting Mustapha came out so bravely for the Lord Jesus during a conversation among the men on the subject of Miss Read's address. One of the other men put the Lord Jesus on a level with Moses, David, and Mohammed, but Mustapha said, "No, Jesus is greater than they; He alone has

POWER EQUAL WITH GOD.

He alone can forgive sins and save the sinner." Poor Mustapha! he is blind to the things of this world, but the eyes of his understanding have been opened to see Jesus, the Light of the world. After the meeting, Marma was very anxious to take us to see a friend of hers, but as we had made a previous promise, we had to put off going with her. She has been repeating to this friend what she had heard at our meetings, and so this woman wants us to go and see her that she may hear for herself. Marman ever loses an opportunity of speaking a word for Jesus, and trying to get her friends up to the meetings. One woman she brought comes up regularly now twice a week.

From MISS VINING.

May 22nd.—Sewing in the morning for the girls' class, as all work has to be carefully tacked. There are enough children now to employ all our odds and ends of time. Some of the little ones can hardly hold a needle, and make such queer stitches; but they are so earnest over it; their wee, fat hands, labouring so patiently, and their intent faces, with puckered brows, make quite a picture. Some of the bigger girls work very well, and they are learning also to sing the hymns.

23rd.—We visited Habeeb, the man who read "Garra" and afterwards came and stayed three hours reading verses from the Bible and talking. He was very incredulous at first, but quiet and gentle, but he seems just as willing now to read and talk as when we first met him; and on telling him we were going to his house he said he would come home at once, and he did. He referred to the Lord's Prayer, which I had repeated to him at my first visit, and with which he was much struck. I gave it to him to read, and we had quite a long talk about prayer and fasting. He gave me up my book with reluctance when I said we must go, and asked how soon we would go again. I think he has at least the desire for something better. Such a wistful look came to his face when I said Ramadan was not ordered by God. He did not like to see them always so tired and weak, and many

ILL FROM FASTING.

He would like them to be always happy and glad. Oh, may he soon find "rest unto his soul"!

31st.—Went in the afternoon with Miss Hailes to mend a rug for poor Yourah, it having by accident got a large hole burnt in it, and she was much distressed. Some of the women came up and sat with us. A little child in an adjoining house died while we were there, and the mother's wailing cries reached us as we sat. We were touched to see both Yourah and another woman in tears. It was sheer sympathy, for the woman was unknown to them. They have tender, loving hearts, these Arab sisters!

June 19th.—Sewing-class. Took some little comforts to Yourah, who was better and trying to do a little washing to earn a few sous. Visited a new house, where I had a most cordial reception and an invitation to go again. Five new houses opened this month. May the Lord make us a blessing in each.

From MISS HAILES.

Friday, June 22nd.—Visiting in the afternoon. In one of the houses there was a woman with a bad eye. Over her bandage was tied a little piece of paper with some verses from the Koran written on it. She did not know what it was, but firmly believed it would cure her.

Sunday, 24th.—An interesting meeting with the women, who listened most attentively while Miss Read took up the parable of the sheep and goats, and told of Jesus being the one and only way to God. They seemed quite to understand; may it be not merely with their heads, but in their hearts. After the Sunday-school in the afternoon, I paid a visit alone, in order to practise the amount of Arabic that I know; I got on very well. Miss Vining came to fetch me, and together we sang to them.

Monday, 25th.—In the afternoon we visited a new house, where were eight women besides children, some of whom were visitors; they listened so attentively, and were very pleased with the singing, making us sing a second time "The Great Physician," and often repeating the words after us. The old master of the house was very friendly, too, and asked us to drink coffee, going himself to buy it for us.

Tuesday, July 10th.—In the afternoon the girls' sewing class, and then out visiting. One poor woman, who was not well last week, told us that the Lord Jesus had healed her. She said that on Saturday, when she, her husband, and her blind child were all ill, she prayed to Him to cure her. She told us her prayer; it was very simple, "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am very poor, my husband and child are sick, and I am sick, I have no

brother or sister to help me; wilt Thou make me well?" And she added, "He did."

Wednesday, 11th.—Study in the morning and evening. We had a nice time visiting in the afternoon. In one house we had quite a little congregation round us while singing, eleven women and children.

Tuesday, 17th.—Our girls' sewing class in the afternoon. One of the mothers came in to see what it was like. She stayed to the singing, and seemed very pleased with all.

Wednesday, 18th.—In the afternoon Miss Read and I visited in some little villages outside the town some of the poor people who came up on Sunday, one a young mother with her first born son. Poor girl, she is divorced from her husband; he was very unkind to her; she now lives with her grandmother. She listened so attentively to the story of Jesus blessing the little children, and how we must all become as little children before we can enter His kingdom.

WORKERS IN CONSTANTINE, ALGERIA.

LETTERS from our sisters, Miss Granger and Miss Colville, speak of the great heat prevailing in that neighbourhood during June and July; they were nevertheless able to do some tract distribution and visiting in the cool of the day. Their classes also for Arab lads continue to be well attended, and others visit the house frequently, to whom they sing and speak of the things touching the King. We append a few extracts.

From MISS GRANGER.

Thursday.—Studied in the morning. In the afternoon the little Maltese girl came, bringing her elder sister to see us. She is a nice girl; she was much pleased when we sang some hymns, and gave her a French Testament.

Saturday.—At 11 o'clock, went to take dinner with a French lady and her husband; they were both exceedingly kind. We were so pleased to meet him, as he is such a nice Arab; his native town is Fez, which he left when he was young. We had a nice talk with them both, and were surprised to find that she is even more ignorant than her husband on spiritual things. They were so interested when we spoke to them, and seemed anxious to hear. Called on another French lady whose husband is an Arab.

Sunday.—The little Maltese girl came in the afternoon; I read and talked to her; it is so nice to see the interest she takes. A Jewess also came in: Lucie had a nice talk with her about Jesus, and sang some hymns to her; she was so much interested. When she sang "Just as I am, without one plea," she said,

THAT IS TRUE.

Offered a Hebrew Testament to a Jew; he told us he had bought one of the colporteur, which he had read, and now his children are reading it. Went to see a poor Arab girl who lives in one of the little Arab gourbis.

Thursday.—Studied in the morning. In the afternoon eight little Arab girls came to sew; two little Maltese girls also came, so we had them in separate rooms. We spoke to them about Jesus, and sang hymns with each of them. The little Arabs are so pleased to sing "Jesus loves me." Two little girls whom we have seen before in another Arab house with their mother also came this afternoon. When they were going away the eldest said that her father had told her to ask us to come and see them. We went with them as we did not know the house; it is a long way from here. When we arrived their mother welcomed us very warmly. She has a tiny baby and a step-daughter, besides the two who came to see us. One of the little girls repeated the chorus of "Jesus loves me" to her mother. The husband came in before we left, and we had a little talk with them about Jesus, and gave him a Gospel of John.

Friday.—Studied in the morning. About 1 o'clock two Arab women and two little girls came to see us; they were so delighted with our organ and the Arabic hymns we sang. We had a nice talk with them, and read out of the Testament. One of them is always so pleased to hear of Jesus, and seems to believe everything we tell her; the other is a little more bigoted.

From MISS COLVILLE.

Sunday, July 1st.—In the evening the boys came; after the Bible-reading with them we had some Arabic hymns, one they much liked was an invitation to "Accept the Saviour now," "Follow Him now," "Praise Him now." I said, "Do we each one accept Him and wish to follow Him, and Him only?" They said, "Yes;" and then we sang the hymn again. We do believe these two lads have been seeking the Saviour, and trust the Holy Spirit may work mightily in their hearts.

Monday.—In the afternoon, when a little cool, visited the house we were in last week. There are four families. One of the men is a Hadj, also his wife, *i.e.*, they have made the pilgrimage to Mecca. We sat in one room, and three women and two girls came while we talked to them and read some hymns, which they liked; and on finishing "Rock of Ages," one of the women took the hymn-book and ran down to the Hadj with it. We afterwards went down to the courtyard, when the Hadj came and asked us to sit with him and his wife, which we did. He and the man to whom we had given John's Gospel had been up one night reading it, and had now got to the 11th chapter; so we thought we were going to have a discussion, as he had our hymn-book in his hand, instead of which he seemed very interested, and said the hymns were good, but Jesus did not die, as another had taken His place. I told him it was necessary *one* should die for all, and Jesus had completed our salvation on the cross, and asking him to accept a Gospel, which he gladly did. He and the other man looked through it, and made remarks to each other, and several times asked us questions. They are two intelligent men, and we felt a little nervous to encounter them, but the Lord put the words in our mouths, and was our strength in weakness. On our way home gave six Arabic Gospels, one Testament, and a number of French tracts.

The taleb came in. He said he had read the Gospel, and it was good. We had a long talk with him, and sang several hymns, which he liked very much. He was telling us of a friend who has bought a Gospel. The heat is intense, and numbers are leaving for the sea. Nearly every day we have a sirocco.

Thursday.—Went out to try and find the house of a poor Arab woman. Entered two houses without success, but we were welcomed, and asked to come again. They are both large houses, with several families. So we have now

TWO MORE OPEN DOORS,

with access to about sixteen or eighteen families, for which we are so grateful to the Lord.

Saturday Morning.—The Arab woman we have to wash our floors every day told us a young girl was dead near us. We had heard the tum-tum going since Friday morning, and knew some one was dead. She said she would like to go and visit them. We told her to go. She, however, soon returned, telling us she had entered and told them she would like to bring us; so we went, and found the house full of women, as the family is rich. The body had just been carried out, dressed in silk, brocaded with gold. She was seventeen years of age, and had died of consumption—a common disease here. She was to have been married very soon, and her grandmother had made all her clothes, and bought quantities of jewellery for her, as her father and mother are both dead. We looked into one room, and saw about forty women round the room, dancing and smiting their breasts and foreheads, tearing their cheeks, and shouting in a wild manner

"Oh, sidi! oh, sidi!" The tum-tum was in the centre of the room. The grandmother and three negroes and the little sister were sitting close to it, repeating the same words. These negroes had been bought by the father many years ago. It was a

HEATHENISH SIGHT;

indeed, the perspiration and blood streamed down their faces and arms, and they had kept this up since daybreak yesterday—nearly two days. Our hearts went out in pity for these poor creatures, and wondered why *we* have been so highly favoured. What can we render to the Lord for all His benefits? We wish some in dear old England could be transported into these houses, and see these dear women, so precious to the Lord Jesus; I feel sure they would not desire to return, but would feel constrained to stay and dwell among them.

ITINERATING IN THE REGENCY OF TUNIS.

WE publish below a few extracts from the journals of Mr. G. B. Michell, giving some interesting details of one of the many journeys made into the interior, for the purpose of distributing portions of the Word of God, and becoming acquainted with the condition of the people in these inland towns and villages.

I started for Mehemmediya *en route* for Zaghouân, a large town to the south of Tunis, and about forty miles distant among some mountains. My first stage to Mehemmediya being only about $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, I waited some time till the rain, which fell all day, should stop, so that it was dark when I arrived there; I had been unable to collect more than a very few tracts. I had also my Bible, of course, and some provisions. Just before arriving at my destination, an Arab, mounted, like myself, on a donkey, caught me up, and finding I was bound for Zaghouân next day, proposed to accompany me. At Mehemmediya we found a café and a funduk, the sole habitable remains of a large and handsome town, formerly the residence of Ali Bey's predecessor. My new friend, Mohammed es Shater, was anxious to make an early start, so as to get as much of our thirty miles done as possible before the sun became too hot. He therefore started off without even feeding his donkey, but we stopped a few hundred yards out to let the animals graze, and then he

QUESTIONED ME CLOSELY

on my object in making this journey. He was a very superior man, belonging to Kairouan, and could read and write, so I gave him the Gospel of John. We read some of this together, and he declared it "bâhi" or "beautiful." He said if it were the veritable Injil, as it appeared to be, it was worth careful reading and preserving. He wanted to know all about the ideas of Christianity, he asked was it true we had idols of stone, and gold, and pictures in our churches? Did we really worship these things? I told him how sadly false Christians had deceived the Muslims as to the true worship of God, that I mourned even more than he the idolatry which gave such a false impression of Christianity, and urged upon him to search for himself the Word of God, and see the denunciation of idolatry therein, and the hope of eternal life through faith in the crucified Son of God. All the way to Zaghouân we discussed the possibility of salvation through Christ, nay, that He is the only way, the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. He brought up the usual argument, and asked did I really mean to say that

MOHAMMED WAS AN IMPOSTOR,

and his religion false? I told him I could think nothing else. I quite acknowledged the good he had done in taking the Arabs from their degraded idolatrous state, and pointing them to the true God, but after that he led them astray, and instead of preaching salvation through Christ alone, as he

might well have done, seeing he knew at least about the Gospel, his pride got the better of him, and he eventually did more harm than good. He took quite kindly my rather strong language, and even when I produced my Bible, and we sat down to read it together alongside the River Miliiana, which we had to cross, he begged me to sell him the whole book! I had only bought it two days before, a small copy for $1\frac{1}{2}$ frs. I told him it was the only one I had with me, or I would gladly make him a present of it. But he said he was going to a place where he could not possibly get one, and when I went back to Tunis I could get another. Seeing him

SO REALLY IN EARNEST,

I gladly let him have it, and though, Arab-like, he wanted to bargain about it, he persisted in giving me a franc for it, which I took, knowing he would value more what he bought than what was given to him. We arrived very tired in the evening at our destination, and found the town very full for the weekly market next day. Instead of going to the café, he took me to a funduk, where he had a brother that rented a little room. The next morning I was up at six o'clock, and began my distribution of tracts. In the first café I entered every one coldly refused. As soon as I began to offer them to the shopkeepers and others in the streets, I was soon quite beset, and though I only gave to those who assured me they could read, my stock diminished very rapidly. When I saw a quiet, respectable-looking man, sitting in his shop, I would offer him one. To a nice, genial-looking old man, a notary, who invited me to sit down, and even offered to send for coffee, I gave a gospel, which he promised to read. Two or three other gospels I also left in the hands of some that appeared likely to appreciate them. But to

THE CROWDS THAT THROGGED ME,

and even sometimes took them out of my hands, I distributed more than 100. Keeping two or three for Mehemmediya on my way back, I left the town again at a quarter to eight, though my friend Mohammed es Shater was very anxious for me to accompany him further. But I was reluctantly compelled to decline, as I had to be back in Tunis by Sunday. So shaking hands, I said "good-bye," recommending him to study carefully the Book he had purchased.

OUR ARABIAN MISSION.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. S. VAN TASSEL.

Bhamdoon, July 31st.—I have been able to visit some of the nearest villages this month, but not many, owing to the intense heat. The sirocco blew for nine days without ceasing, and the heat was greater than it has been for many years. Two died in this village from sunstroke, and many have been ill. It is very difficult to study during such weather, as it renders one unfit for any exertion, either mental or physical.

At one small village, called

B'KHUSTINE,

far down in a deep valley, I was surprised to hear the first man I met greet me in English, which I found he could speak a little of. The usual crowd soon gathered, to whom I gave tracts and Gospels, while I carried on a conversation with the man; but as he persisted in using his English, which the others could not understand, I left him.

I was much pleased by my reception in this place, having more invitations to enter houses than I could accept, and the people listened to all that I said so earnestly and gladly.

Hearing that there was to be a baptism in the Greek Church one day, I went down to witness it. After the usual tedious time of reading and chanting, the baby was immersed three times in a large basin of

COLD WATER AND OIL

by the priest. After the third dip he turned to me and said, "Now he has become a Christian." After this it was anointed on all parts of the body with chrism (a prepared consecrated oil). Candles were then lighted and given to every one, I being strongly pressed to take one also. When I asked what it was for they said, "Only to hold a little and walk around." Of course I refused, and soon found that the "walking around" meant advancing and retreating several times before the altar and sundry bowings and kneelings before the picture of Christ and the cross, the candles meanwhile being held between the two hands.

After it was all over, and before the people left, I took the baby in my arms and patted its little cheek, which was blue with cold.

I find the best way to win the friendship and love of the people is to love their children and always take notice of them; for instance, my butcher has begged me several times not to pay him anything, *because I am kind to his little girl*. While I stood thus with the child the priest happened to turn and see me. He at once rushed up and took the child from me, saying that I had done

VERY WRONG TO TOUCH IT.

He then said that no one but the mother and godmother should touch the child for three days, when it must be washed, and the water carefully poured in some spot where nothing could touch it. I told him I was sorry, and asked him if the child would have to be baptized over again. He wasn't sure, he said, what he ought to do, but thought he would let it pass.

This gave me a chance, which I was wanting, to talk with him about the baptism. His assistant proved to be like himself, a sensible man and not bigoted. We argued for about three-quarters of an hour, all the people meanwhile listening. Point after point of the sacrament and its end, as administered by them, was discussed, and at length admitted to be of man, and not of God. At last the priest confessed that the baptism had nothing to do with the child's salvation, and that faith in Christ was the one thing needful. Then suddenly seeming to realise that many of his people were listening to his confessions, he pleaded want of time, and hastily locked the church and left, saying that he would see me again and explain it all to me. May God enable him and others, when they see the true way to have done with all this error.

August 6th.—Started early in the morning, to visit some of the villages in the Mattin, a deep valley running along at the bases of Mount Saunin and Mount Kanesie. The first place I reached was

HAMANA,

a large village about an hour north of the Damascus road. There are a number of Protestants here, and a school, but the teacher had just left for America. The people flocked about me, thinking that I had come in his place to take charge of the work, and were much disappointed when they found that I had not. After a short stay I went on, but soon found that I was off the right path. The people I met sent me in all directions, but after a time I got on the right track again, and passing through several small villages, at which I only stopped a few minutes, the men all being busy, I came to

B'ZIBDEEN,

partly Druse and partly Christian. I stopped at the house of a Druse to get something to eat, and soon had a roomful of men about me with whom I talked for an hour and a half. It is very unsatisfactory work talking to them on religion, as they readily consent to all you say, being great deceivers. None of these could read, and I found very few in these parts who could.

On starting, one of the men went with me some distance, and pointed out a large village on an opposite mountain, which

he said was Schwier, the village I wished to reach; but after clambering down into the valley and up the other side, I found that it was not Schwier, that place being an hour and a half farther on. I only saw some women in the place, the men all being away at work. Reached

SCHWIER

at 5.30 p.m., and went to the station of the Free Church of Scotland, Rev. Dr. Carslaw being in charge.

I was disappointed, however, in not finding him at home, but was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Carslaw. There is a large school here for boys, under Dr. Carslaw's care, and another for girls, under the care of a Miss Darby. There is also a Protestant church, of about fifty members. Dr. Carslaw was in Beyrout, and returned on Tuesday. Another day was spent with the good doctor, visiting about the place, when I started for Beyrout, taking in a number of small places on my way home. I hope (D.V.) to start next week on a trip to the south, and after that on to the east. In most of the Christian villages schools are to be found, and in the Druse villages it is difficult to work, but still I trust that some chosen ones of the Lord may be searched out and brought to a knowledge of Him.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY MISS I. L. REED.

Hope House, Tangier, May 15th, 1888.—It seems almost impossible to realise that after so many years of waiting one is actually in the foreign mission field. God has graciously removed every hindrance and made His will in the matter very plain, and we rejoice to know that He who has led will lead; He will not suffer His faithfulness to fail. Oh, that *we* may be faithful as His stewards in the midst of the perishing ones here.

It seems strange indeed, and most sad, that in a country the scenery of which is so lovely, the climate by no means trying, and so near England, millions of souls are perishing for want of the bread of life.

May 16th.—Rose at six. After breakfast, reading, and prayer together, we had our first Arabic lesson. We are thankful to have had some little foundation in the language through study at home, and now that we are surrounded by those who speak it we mean to work very hard, hoping soon to be able to make ourselves understood.

May 17th.—Most interested in seeing something of the dispensary work. At ten o'clock an Arabic service was held in the courtyard of the dispensary for the patients, who had gathered in a good number. Hymns were sung to well-known English tunes, and earnest addresses given by Dr. Churcher and our Arabic teacher. Every one was hard at work until after two, the doctor seeing his patients one by one, while Miss Copping and Miss Banks dispensed, dressed wounds, etc., and Miss Jay told out the Gospel to

GROUP AFTER GROUP,

as they waited. It was a wonderful sight to see the interested, hungry faces of these intelligent-looking men and boys, as they seemed to drink in every word that was said to them. I was pleased to find at last one to whom I could speak—a young Jew who knew French well. He was very much interested while I read and spoke to him of the Messiah.

May 17th.—Had our first glimpse of Moorish village life. A message had come that a poor woman in the neighbouring village was ill and wished some one to visit her, so Miss Banks and I set off. The hut in which the poor creature was lying was so low that it was impossible to stand upright in it, and the entrance was certainly not more than three feet high. We could only say a very few words, but we had taken her a

bunch of roses and promised to send some medicine, and so grateful did she seem that on leaving she gave us half-a-dozen eggs and some prickly pears.

May 18th.—To-day, Saturday, the dispensary in the town is open especially for Jews, who flock to it in great numbers. As usual, after prayer together, the workers entered the waiting-room, which was well filled with patients, and a service was held, consisting of two or three hymns and a Gospel address by Dr. Churcher. After that, for more than four hours, there was a

CONTINUOUS STREAM OF PATIENTS,

nearly all of whom heard the Gospel, many being individually spoken to and read with. Several gospels and tracts were given away in Hebrew, Arabic, and Spanish. We are sure that the Word thus sown must bring forth fruit.

Miss F. M. BANKS also writes:—

May 16th.—Tangier is much smaller than I expected, and Hope House larger and much prettier. This morning we had our first Arabic lesson from a real Arab. He is very patient. Two ladies have just arrived to be shown over the house, and every one is out but Miss Reed and myself. We have conducted them over, but hardly knew which turns to take. We almost needed a guide ourselves.

May 17th.—Helped a little with the out-patients. They were very attentive as Dr. Churcher spoke to them and explained the wordless Book. They all seem most friendly, and are only too pleased to teach you words in Arabic, etc. They do look so ragged and dirty and poor, one feels so sorry for them.

May 21st.—On our way to the landing-stage to get our luggage, our Arab teacher conducted us through the Moorish quarter, and also to the prison. It was a very sad sight. We just looked in through a tiny hole in the wall, about as large as a small plate. Several poor, pale, half-blind men came up and pushed small baskets through, in hopes we would buy them; and many of them have been there, the keeper said, for two, three, or four years, without any sunshine, hardly any food or air, and no comfort of any sort, and perhaps guilty of no crime. Such sights make one long for the time when the Gospel may be so known that such horrors will be done away with. The atmosphere around was bad enough, but inside it could have been hardly endurable. No wonder so many die or lose their sight.

CENTRAL SOUDAN MISSION.

LETTER FROM MR. G. WILMOT BROOKE.

B.M.S. Station, "Arthington," Stanley Pool, June 4th, 1888.—My prolonged stay on the Mobangi has been terminated by a series of events, which appear to indicate the unsuitability of the Congo route for a long time yet as the principal highway for evangelists to the Central Soudan.

When I left England my principal reason for selecting the Congo was that till then the Soudanese tribes had at no point come into conflict with Europeans on that side. This advantage melted away at my approach. While we were on our voyage out the burning of native villages on the Aruwimi was closing that route to such work as ours. When I reached Stanley Pool we met news just come down river that the Itimiri route was impracticable; the Mongalla had been closed by fighting for some months. In October one highway alone remained, the Mobangi, and I was encouraged by three promises of a passage on European steamers intending to go up.

You have heard how we waited on week after week, most hospitably received by the French authorities at Nkunjia, a post at the mouth of the Mobangi since abandoned, working to fit ourselves for our work, I tending the sick, and latterly devoting some time to the local language. One European after another postponed his projected trip *sine die*, and I have now to announce a final disappointment as the result of my ascent of the river in a native canoe for about 160 miles of its course. On my return from this journey, I was confronted by the following state of things:—

1. No Europeans intended going within 200 miles of the Soudan for many months.

2. To get beyond lat. 2° 30' N. in a canoe would take many months, for the tribes beyond this look on all natives from below as so much food; indeed, their ivory is sold in exchange for slaves to eat.

3. There has been heavy fighting on the river about 2° N. lat., and also about 22° (?) E. lat., since the New Year, thereby completely closing the middle and Upper Mobangi for some months.

On reaching the mouth of the river after my exploration, three courses presented themselves:—

A. To wait on in the neighbourhood till a steamer went up, say in six months, spending the time in Bible study, or asking permission to work with the missionaries at Lukolela.

B. To set off for the coast to try and engage a crew willing to undertake so hazardous a journey in a canoe or boat.

C. To recognise that this route is closed at present, and to lose no time in setting off to find the right one.

It soon became plain that this last course was the right one. All the promised steamers had failed, and on my return into the Congo in the middle of May, I found the question definitely settled by a difficulty in a new direction, which I had greatly underrated on my arrival.

The rapid building of trading steamers on the Upper Congo has caused a great demand for bales of goods wherewith to buy ivory. There is a far greater demand for porters to carry these up than the Lower Congo tribes are likely to supply. The missionary societies on the Lower Congo, much of whose time and energies are taken up in battling with these difficulties, cannot get their own loads up, much less undertake to carry for others. The profits of the ivory trade are so great that no trading firm would damage its own work by contracting for the carrying of a missionary society. To adopt the Congo route to reach the distant Soudan means the throwing away of the first volunteers on highly unprofitable struggles with overwhelming secular difficulties at 500 miles from their starting point. It means great initial expenses, interrupted supplies, and very little Gospel work for some time. I am therefore leaving the Congo.

Our long, quiet waiting time has been very valuable for self-preparation, and Salim and I have had many talks over the Word. As the road to his part of the Soudan is definitely closed just now, I have strongly urged his return to England, where he would have facilities not available out here for studying that *simple, full, and accurate* presentation of the new covenant, which is absolutely essential in addressing the heathen, who are unable to search the Scriptures whether these things be so, and who are wholly dependent on the preacher for all their ideas, while they strangely distort any statements that are not very guarded.

I have greatly missed his friendly sympathy, and when I was unwell he was a most gentle and skilful nurse, but we were both of one mind as to the advisability of employing this momentary pause in the reopening of his country, in getting more of a grasp of accurate statement of the Gospel.

I myself go straight to Lagos to consult the Church missionaries about ascending the Binwe to Yola, which I shall try to reach by the end of the year. There, at this friendly capital of a

vast Soudan kingdom (Adamawa), I hope to get a general idea of the state of affairs in the surrounding country, and so to be able to shape a series of short, simple evangelistic trips in the following summer. I hope, God willing, to send later on a more definite account of prospects on the Niger.

Received by Lieut.-Colonel Brooke, on account of the Central Soudan Mission, June 11th, 1888, No. 11, 10s.

CENTRAL SOUDAN MISSION CASH ACCOUNT,

From June 16th, 1887, to June 30th, 1888.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
To Donations as previously acknowledged in NORTH AFRICA (Receipts I to II inclusive)...	£1 11 6	By Selim Wilson's passage from London to the Congo ...	29 2 6
„ Sale of gifts in kind	15 10 0	„ Stationery ...	1 7 6
„ Balance due to the Treasurer ...	3 17 8	„ Subscription to NORTH AFRICA for 1888 ...	4 0 0
		„ Donation to the American Baptist Missionary Union on behalf of Selim Wilson, in acknowledgment of hospitality shown to him on the Congo, per Mrs. Grattan Guinness ...	3 0 0
		„ Gift of Books for the Stanley Pool Library of the Baptist Missionary Society on behalf of Selim Wilson, in acknowledgment of hospitality shown to him on the Congo ...	2 9 4
		„ Travelling and other expenses on the Congo for Selim Wilson for eight and a half months	60 19 10
Total ...	£100 19 2	Total ...	£100 19 2

R. WILMOT BROOKE, Lieut.-Colonel,
Hon. Treasurer.

I have examined the above Account with the Vouchers, and find it correct.
W. SOLTAU, Eccles.

The above charges, except those under the head of "Stationery" and "Subscription to NORTH AFRICA," are solely on account of Selim Wilson, as Graham Wilmot Brooke has defrayed his own expenses.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

MISS HERDMAN, who returned to England in June, has been holding drawing-room and other meetings in various parts of England and Ireland, as opportunity offered, which have, we believe, called forth increased interest in the work of the Mission. Miss Herdman left England on Thursday, September 21st, by the P. and O. steamer, *Britannia*, for Morocco, via Gibraltar.

MISS GILLARD, in a recent communication, says:—"This summer has been trying, as, owing to the fever, we have not seen so much of the people, but God only scatters that He may gather again more abundantly. Then we want blessing on the boys' class, which is Miss Tighe's special work, for our large girls' sewing class, and our resident children. Also guidance what we shall do about the many orphans left after this awful visitation of typhus fever." Our sister was hoping to arrange for the few scattered workers in the neighbourhood to come together from September 20th to 24th to unitedly claim God's help and blessing on the coming winter's work.

THE FOLLOWING BIRTHS have taken place in the mission field during the past three months:—At Mostaganem, on July 7th, Mrs. Liley, of a son; also at Tunis, in August, Mrs. Mercadier, of a daughter.

MR. AND MRS. BUREAU and family have, through the kindness of a friend, been enabled to spend a short time at Krani, on the sea coast, where the heat is considerably less; we believe they have derived much benefit from their stay. A large number of visits have been paid to our brother's

house, during the past nine months, by natives, to whom he has read and expounded God's Word, and many of whom have received either a Bible, Testament, or portion of God's Word, besides tracts.

THE LATE MR. HALBMILLION, of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, Dr. Churcher writes:—"I was shocked to hear of the sudden death of our dear brother. He rose in the morning quite well, but after dressing felt a little giddy, and lay down again upon the bed, but soon got up and attended to getting food for their donkey, and returned to breakfast. While seated at the table Mrs. Halbmillim saw him resting his head upon his arm, and thinking he was in prayer did not disturb him; then she saw his head fall back, and at once he became insensible; and although he breathed for a little while, yet when the doctor arrived, an hour later, he was quite dead, and the same evening he was buried. For him we cannot grieve, for without the sharpness of death he has passed away from his work into the presence of Him who loved him and whom He loved; but for the poor dear widow my heart aches. *What a blank!* In a strange land and without a relation to share her sorrow. She bears up well, however, but a word of sympathy unlocks the fountain of her tears at once. It is a real joy to recollect Mr. Halbmillion's devotion; he never seemed to lose one opportunity, nor to grow weary with the most unpromising Jews. May the Lord send another servant of like mind to carry forward his work; for though the Lord buries His workers *He carries on His work.*

A CRY FROM ARABIA.—Mr. Van Tassell writes:—"Will no one offer to come out to join me in this work here? It seems to me a very strange thing. Many are offering for North Africa and other places. Why not one for this place? The work here is as needy as any, but because it is a little more difficult and unpleasant than most others, is perhaps the reason why no one offers to come. Should consecrated men hold back for these reasons? I had a little experience of loneliness last winter, and know what is before me if I have to go to the Hauran without a European companion, but I do hope and pray that one may yet be found to go with me, even though it be so short a time before I am likely to start. If one does not come I am quite ready to go alone. Praise God, His "Lo I am with you always," is still true, and He never fails us, and His grace is sufficient for every trial.

MR. J. PRYOR, who has never been quite strong since his long illness with typhoid fever two years ago, is declared by the doctors to be unable to stand the strain of learning the language and working in the climate of North Africa. We much regret, therefore, that he must come home; this is a great trial to him as his heart was set upon his work, but there seems no alternative.

MR. AND MRS. MACKINTOSH have returned for a visit to England. They had taken a long journey to Morocco City, Mogadore, the Canary Islands, etc., where they circulated the Scriptures, and Mr. Mackintosh having returned from this trip unwell the doctors ordered him home for a change.

THE death of the devoted Miss Caley and Mr. Halbmillion, and the enforced return of Mr. Pryor, combine with the temporary absence of Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh, the ranks of the Lord's servants in Morocco have been greatly thinned. May those who remain be so filled with the Spirit that their work may be doubly powerful.

MR. MARSHALL succeeded in passing the French Government examination in colloquial Arabic, held in June at Tunis. On September 18th he was married to Miss Ina de Hailes, stationed at Tlemcen, and they will now work together there. We commend them to the prayers of our readers.

MR. SUMMERS has continued the study of Arabic and general work around Tangier during the last few months.

MR. AND MRS. HOCART, of the French Wesleyan Mission, have removed from Bougie to Il Matten, a village among the Kabyles, a few miles west of the former town.

MR. AND MRS. H. MAYOR are still labouring at Moknea in Kabylia, and were visited lately by Mr. S. Lamb.

WE regret to hear that Dr. Kerr, of the English Presbyterian Mission at Rabat, Morocco, has been suffering with intermittent fever.

MISS JENNINGS has been on a visit to Mr. Martin, at Mogadore, to recruit her health.

MR. LOWITZ, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Algiers, has visited Tripoli, and succeeded in selling a fairly good number of portions of the Word of God.

MR. AND MRS. CUENDET hope to return to Djemma Sahridj in Kabylia in October. Our brother's throat is much better, and we pray God he may have continued health to make known Christ in the Kabyle language.

THE REPORT OF THE CENTENARY CONFERENCE of the Protestant Missions of the World, held in Exeter Hall from June 9th to 19th, edited by the Rev. James Johnston, is offered to subscribers at 5s. up to the end of October. It will be in two volumes 8vo., of about 600 pages each. It must be a most acceptable gift to any missionary.

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.

We should be much encouraged if friends could sometimes make it convenient to attend. A train leaves Fenchurch-street at 3.28, in time for the meeting. Tea is provided for those from a distance.

MRS. ALFRED JAY, of 13, Lawn Terrace, Blackheath, S.E., desires to express her warm thanks to the friends who assisted her in providing the quilt and £10 for the support of a bed in the Tulloch Memorial Hospital. Several friends have come forward to help provide a second quilt and support a second bed. She will be pleased to attempt to do so (if one or two ladies will join her in the undertaking). Mrs. Jay will be glad if any lady willing to help will write to her at the above address.

MR. LAMB is labouring on at Akbou; a notice of his work appeared in the *Christian* of September 14th. He desires prayer for his teacher, who seems to be exercised about his soul's condition.

NORTH AFRICA MISSION ANNUAL CASH STATEMENTS.

STATEMENTS of accounts are by many persons thought to be rather dry reading, but when one sees in the figures the goodness and faithfulness of God they become powerful calls to thanksgiving and praise. The year ending on the 30th of April, 1888, was begun with a small balance in hand for the general fund, and a somewhat larger one on account of the Tulloch Memorial Hospital. The donations for the year amounted to nearly £3,600, not quite £700 more than the previous twelve months, and an increase of over £1,100 when compared with the year before that. It is a matter for great thankfulness to God that the income of the mission has increased pretty steadily from the beginning up till now, and that, as in faith more missionaries have been sent out, in answer to prayer more funds have come in. Some people have thought we were rash in frequently sending forth fresh workers when we were not over well supplied with funds for those already in the field, but we feel that God has justified us. At the same time we would say to any who would wish to walk on similar lines, let them not think that such a path is free from trial, or that they can count upon God sustaining them unless there is an honest desire on their part to know and do only His will, willing to send out labourers, or willing to send out none, as He may guide. We feel that the important point is to be clear that we are walking in God's will; then we may expect that where the pillar of cloud leads there will be both manna and streams from the stricken rock.

We desire to send forth to North Africa fifty more workers during the next eighteen months, and are asking God that He will discover them to us. Some have already been found, and nine have been accepted. We are well aware that to add fifty workers to the Mission will mean an initial expense of not much less than £2,000, and an annual outlay of perhaps £5,000 to sustain them and carry on the additional work which would thus be inaugurated, but God encourages us to continue in the principles on which we have worked, and our brief experience during the last seven years has shown us that these principles are blessed. We ask for grace to proceed no faster, nor yet slower than God would have us go.

Gifts in kind are frequently very interesting, as they are often the result of very practical consecration. Diamond rings, earrings, necklaces, etc., generally realize far less than was given for them, but tell of hearts that have learnt that these ornaments little befit those who form part of the Bride of Christ, because they have no value in the Bridegroom's eyes, and they are learning now to adorn themselves instead with the meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

The sale of publications has produced £28 7s. 2d. This has been received principally on account of *North Africa*. We could wish this item had been larger; some of our friends help us by taking a number of copies every quarter and selling them as far as they are able at the week-night meetings they attend. Some take a dozen, others as many as twelve dozen.

Others, again, subscribe for three or four, and distribute them amongst their friends. We send them freely to donors, and shall always be pleased to forward them to any friends interested in the work, free of charge if they are unable to pay for them.

At the beginning of the year, we had in hand in England £164 3s. 10d., on account of the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, there was also a sum of £7 2s. 5d. in hand abroad, £416 13s. 7d. were received during the year, and there was a profit of £9 os. 8d. on exchange of English for Spanish money; £10 12s. 5d. was received on account of sale of some of the materials of the building that was transformed into a hospital; making a total of £607 12s. 11d. Of this amount £98 13s. 8d. was expended by the general fund in various ways on account of the Hospital, leaving an amount of £508 19s. 3d. to be accounted for in the Hospital Building Account, of which we speak further on.

A large part of the £52 6s. 2d. in hand for the general fund at the beginning of the year was on account of passages and outfits. This has since been formed into a separate account, so that although more appears to have been spent under this head than is shown to have been received under it on the other side, there is a balance in hand at the close of the year of £43 1s. 0d. on this account. We wish, in future, to keep a separate fund for passages and outfits, and shall be glad, therefore, if donors will distinctly specify if they wish their gifts to be used for these purposes.

During the year £300 more was cleared off Hope House, by the kindness of three friends, and we are thankful to say that the remaining £300 has, since the close of the year, been repaid in a similar manner. The Mission, therefore, owns at the present time a Mission-station in Kabylia, and Hope House, including the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, in Morocco, free from all incumbrance, and secured for the use of the Mission in a manner as nearly approaching to a trust-deed as the laws of those countries will allow.

The remaining items of the general account scarcely need any comment, unless it be the balance in hand for work in Tripoli. We are hoping before long to send one of our well-trying workers to open up this new sphere; a new labourer would hardly have been fit for it.

We had begun the building of the Tulloch Memorial Hospital the previous year, and the sum of £36 4s. 7d. had been expended. This, with £98 13s. 8d. charged to the general fund, and the £508 19s. 3d. accounted for in the Hospital Cash Statement, makes a total of £643 17s. 6d., which has been received for the Hospital Building. At the close of the year there was a balance in hand out of this amount of £34 1s. 9d., which will be required for sundry details that remain to be finished. We have now a plain but substantial Hospital, capable of containing twenty or thirty patients, with rooms attached for the Medical Missionary's residence. The expense of carrying on the work will be considerable, as, beside the cost of feeding the patients, which we reckon at £10 a bed per year, there is the support of the Medical Missionary and nurses, and a variety of miscellaneous expenses. Any further sums received for the Hospital will be used for the general expenses of carrying it on, also the Dispensary.

We estimate that we shall require, for the support of the whole mission during the year upon which we have entered, and which is now nearly half run out, between five and six thousand pounds.

OUTFITS AND PASSAGES.—As we do not use money sent for the general fund for outfits and passages, will friends who wish any portion of their gifts to be used for this kindly state it when sending.

GENERAL CASH ACCOUNT.

From May 1st, 1887, to April 30th, 1888.

Dr.	£ s. d.			£ s. d.			Cr.
Balances in hand, May 1st, 1887—							
General Fund		52	6 2				
Hospital Fund		164	3 10				
			216 10 0				
Balances Abroad—							
Tulloch Memorial Hospital			7 2 5				
Other Balances	11	10 5					
Less Petty Cash overdrawn	2	12 4	8 18 1				
			16 0 6				
Donations Received—							
General Fund		2,548	5 1				
Tulloch Memorial Hospital		416	13 7				
Hospital Maintenance		80	10 0				
Dispensary, Tangier		5	0 0				
Arabian Mission		82	12 0				
Outfits and Passages		118	10 0				
Work in Tripoli		41	5 0				
Hope House Purchase Fund		300	0 0				
Workers not connected with N.A.M.		5	0 0				
			3,597 15 8				
Profits on Exchange—							
Tulloch Memorial Hospital			9 0 8				
General	3	11 0					
Less Loss on Exchange	1	8 11	2 2 1				
			11 2 9				
Sale of Gifts in Kind		25	17 5				
Sale of Old Fixtures (Hospital)		10	12 5				
			36 9 10				
Sale of Publications			28 7 2				
			£3,906 5 11				
				Repairs and Alterations			
				Amount paid to Hospital Fund	607	12 11	
				Less Amount expended by General Fund on behalf of Hospital	98	13 8	
							508 19 3
				Furniture			55 2 6
				Outfits and Passages			154 0 10
				Freight, Carriage of Goods, etc.			55 19 2
				Postages, Telegrams, and Bank Charges	59	5 5	
				Stationery and Printing	22	15 5	
							82 0 10
				Printing NORTH AFRICA and other Missionary Publications			124 17 9
				Payment towards Purchase of Hope House	300	0 0	
				Interest on Hope House	14	13 8	
							314 13 8
				Purchase of Scriptures for Distribution			16 5 0
				Medicines and Instruments	38	2 0	
				Less Refunded	4	0 0	
							34 2
				Missionaries' Allowances	1,481	0 9	
				Rent, Taxes, and other House Expenses	£266	13s. 9d.	
				Less Amount refunded		2d. id.	
							266 11 8
				Payments of Teachers of Languages, etc.	124	5 7	
				Books for Missionaries	12	3 4	
				Clerks and other Salaries	139	11 8	
				Travelling Expenses at Home and Abroad	149	3 0	
				Expenses in connection with Candidates	53	3 8	
							2,225 19 8
				Payments to Missionaries not connected with N.A.M.			5 0 0
				Cost of Maintenance of Hospital Patients, and Rent of Town Dispensary			28 0 0
				Sundries			13 3 6
				Balances at Home—General Fund	72	16 9	
				" " " Hospital Maintenance	30	0 0	
				" " " Special Funds	3	15 0	
				" " " Outfits and Passages	43	1 0	
				" " " Work in Tripoli	41	5 0	
				" " " Petty Cash	7	0 0	
							197 17 9
				Balances Abroad			51 9 6
							£3,906 5 11

We have examined the above Account with the books and vouchers, and with the statements received from the missionaries, and find it correct.
 W. SOLTAU ECCLES, Hon. Treasurer. THEODORE JONES, HILL, AND VELLACOTT, Chartered Accountants,
 EDWARD H. GLENNY, Hon. Secretary. 1, Finsbury Circus, E.C.,
 17th August, 1888.

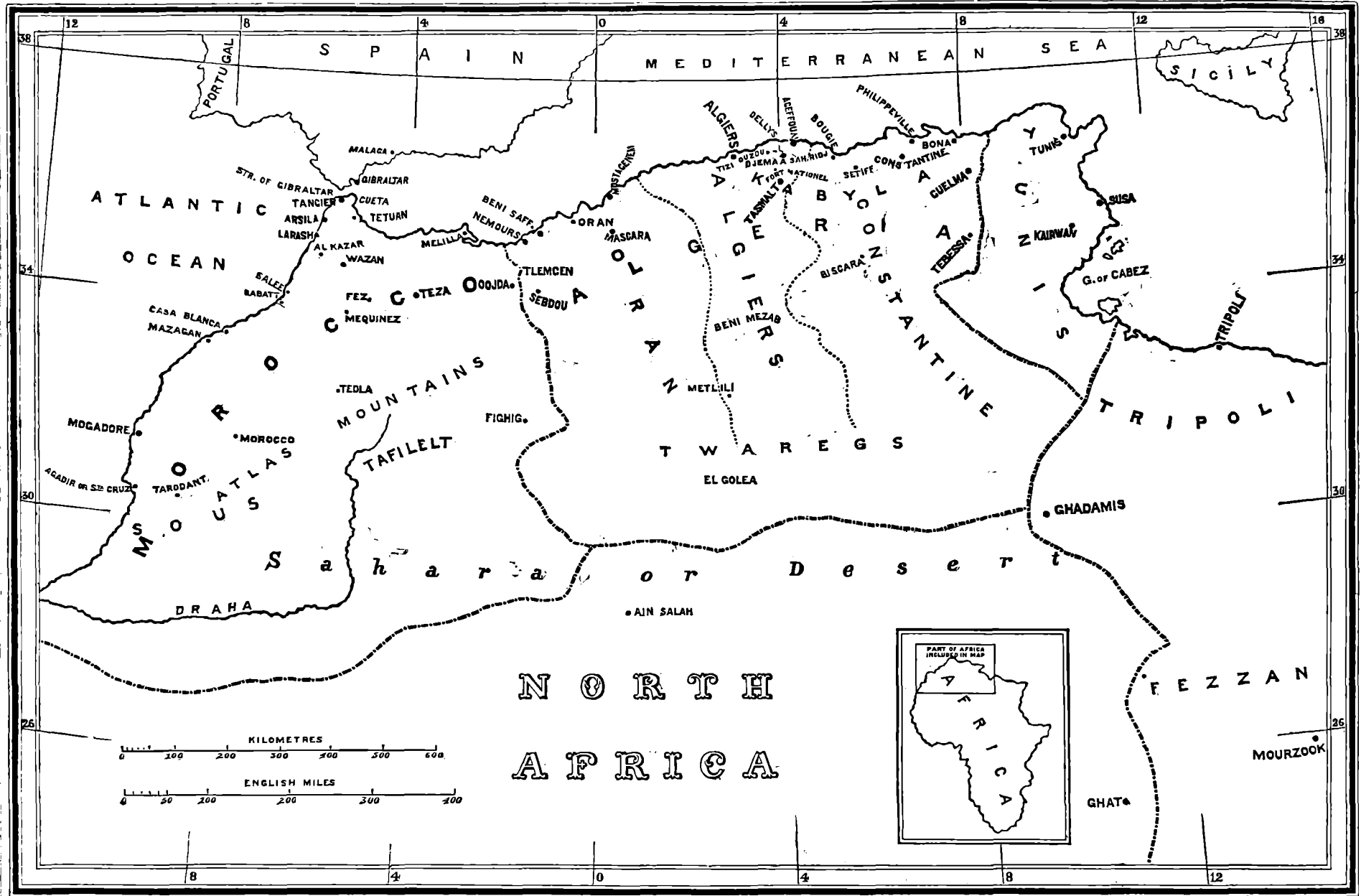
TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ACCOUNT.

From May 1st, 1887, to April 30th, 1888.

Dr.	£ s. d.			£ s. d.			Cr.
To Amount received from General Funds			508 19 3	By Architect's Fees			6 12 0
				" Building Materials	246	2 6	
				" Labour (Wages)	190	14 11	
							436 17 5
				" Freight and Carriage of Goods, Customs Duties, and Landing Charges			27 16 7
				" Furniture	2	17 2	
				" Sundries... ..		14 4	
							3 11 6
				Balance in hand at Home	7	5 3	
				" " Abroad	26	16 6	
							34 1 9
							£508 19 3

We have examined the above with the books and vouchers, and find it correct.
 W. SOLTAU ECCLES, Hon. Treasurer. THEODORE JONES, HILL, AND VELLACOTT, Chartered Accountants,
 EDWARD H. GLENNY, Hon. Secretary. 1, Finsbury Circus, E.C.,
 17th August, 1888.

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.



Printed by HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, L^{td}, London and Aylesbury.

Missionaries of the North Africa Mission are now residing at Tangier and Larache in Morocco; Tlemcen, Mostaganem, Mascara, Akbou, Djemâa Sahridj, and Constantine in Algeria; and Tunis in the Regency of Tunis.