

# NORTH AFRICA.

THE QUARTERLY RECORD

OF THE

## NORTH AFRICA MISSION,

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

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YOUNG KABYLE WOMAN.  
(See page 256.)

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# NORTH AFRICA.



WARM SPRINGS OF HAMMAN-BOUGHARA. (See page 255.)

## THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL—GOD'S ONLY PLAN FOR SAVING THE LOST.

THE Apostle of the Gentiles, whose position was perhaps more akin to our own than any other of the writers of the New Testament, inasmuch as his sphere lay beyond those who were instructed out of the law, refers frequently in his letters to those who had once been heathen, and as to what their condition before God had been. They are not found to be so ignorant as some would think. The Apostle declares that the invisible things of God are clearly seen, so that they are without excuse, and that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God; that they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, and, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit the terrible evils they are more or less guilty of are worthy of death, they not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them. These statements of the Apostle exactly correspond with what some of us have found amid unevangelized races. They have not a true or full knowledge of God; they have not a knowledge of how they may be saved from sin's curse or dominion; but they have some knowledge of right and wrong, some consciousness of what is and what is not God's will, and yet they do and love to do the things they know are displeasing to God, and thus they need a Gospel which will tell them of God's willingness and power to deliver them, not only from doom, but also

desires for evil. Their own systems of worship are powerless to provide a sufficient sacrifice for sin, or inclination to do what is holy. Their occasional efforts in the right direction are made, not for God's glory, but as so much barter for blessing.

With regard to these people, the Apostle tells us that God will render to every man according to his deeds, and that as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law—that is, that their judgment will be according to their light—but the verse holds out no hope of salvation for any without hearing the Gospel. In Romans viii. 8 we further read that they that are in the flesh cannot please God; these heathen and Mohammedans being in the flesh, therefore, are unable to please God. In Romans x. 13 we are told that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved; but the Apostle, by a series of questions, seems to argue that they never will call unless a preacher of the Gospel be sent to them. In the First Epistle to the Corinthians we are further told: "Seeing that in the wisdom of God the world through its wisdom knew not God, it was God's good pleasure through the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe." (R.V.) If, then (to repeat the argument in Romans), there is no preaching, how can they truly know God?

In 2 Cor. ii. 15 Paul speaks of being a sweet savour of Christ in them that are saved; beside these, he only speaks of them that perish. In the Epistle to the Ephesians the condition of these believers before conversion is described as

'dead in trespasses and sins," "by nature children of wrath, even as others," and that at that time they were without Christ, without hope, and without God. The Colossians are said to have been "delivered from the power of darkness." To the Thessalonians it is declared that the Lord Jesus will avenge on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. From these and many other passages we gather that the condition of those who have not heard the Gospel is one of sinful ignorance and hopeless helplessness; that one only way exists by which they can be rescued, namely, *by the preaching of the Gospel*. Without it they must remain what they are—children of wrath, lost, without Christ, without God.

What solemn responsibility rests upon us as we think of these inspired statements, and remember that Christ's great commission was given on the ground of them; nay, more, that He came from heaven and died because of these truths, for while Christ's death is the measure of God's love, it is also the measure of the needs of the lost. We plead, therefore, these two truths on behalf of the unevangelized:—First, that Christ commands us to preach the Gospel to them; and, second, that God teaches clearly in His Word that if that Gospel is not preached they must be lost eternally.

How searching are the words of the Holy Ghost as to this in Ezekiel xxxiii. 6—"If the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take away any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hands": verse 8, "When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak or warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." These verses seem to plainly show that if we do not warn the wicked from God he will die unwarned—*not be saved some other way*; but that for our negligence we shall have to give an account at the judgment seat of Christ. No wonder, therefore, that Paul writes in 2 Cor. v. 11, "Knowing therefore the error of the Lord, we persuade men." Paul knew that, as a steward of the truth of God, he must render an account, and he wanted Christ's well done, which he seems not to expect if, failing to warn or evangelise the wicked, he permitted them to perish through his sloth or indifference.

May we also live in the light of that day!

### GIVING TO GOD AND RECEIVING FROM GOD.

Of every man that giveth it WILLINGLY WITH HIS HEART ye shall take my offering.—*Ex. xxv. 2.*

For if there be first a WILLING MIND, it [the gift] is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.—*2 Cor. viii. 12.*

Every man according AS HE PURPOSETH IN HIS HEART, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.—*2 Cor. ix. 7.*

In the pages of NORTH AFRICA we make known the spiritual needs of the inhabitants of those regions, and the efforts that are made to supply them. We pray to God to incline His servants to sustain those who thus spend their strength for Him. We do not personally solicit money, but consider the facts themselves, under God, should be a sufficient appeal to those who have a *willing mind*. The passages we have quoted almost seem to put the giver in the position of indebtedness, instead of the receiver, as though we who give our time, our money, our talents, or what not, ought to be very thankful that the great God deigns to accept our humble gift. And is not this after all the right way to look at the subject—as a matter of blessed opportunity rather than a miserable necessity? Thank God, not a few of the gifts received by us for God's work seem to be sent in this spirit, the donors expressing thankful-

ness for the privilege of having their gifts accepted as given to God.

The missionaries of this mission have again and again been made to realize how really their support came to them from God in answer to prayer, though through His servants. Sometimes not till the last franc or peseta had been spent did the new supply come, like the fresh manna for the morning meal. Sometimes when special or peculiar needs were felt, special and peculiar help in answer to prayer has come like a message from the Father's lips, telling of care and forethought in heaven. Then, too, there have been times of continued exercise of faith, like a tonic for the spiritual man, letting him breathe more freely the atmosphere of prayer and communion, and trim his flickering lamp. Sometimes in these dark days, alas! unbelief may steal over the soul, much discouraged because of the way, for missionaries are of like passions with other Christians, and need the prayers of God's people, that they may humbly walk in His ways with unwavering faith. Then He who gives faith and tries it will assuredly justify it.

### NOTES ON A RECENT VISIT TO NORTH AFRICA.

By E. H. GLENNY.

I SPENT the months of November and December in visiting North Africa, and had the pleasure of meeting most of those working in the North Africa Mission as well as other labourers. Time would fail, and space too, to state details of the various mission stations and the measure of progress made; but a few general remarks may be given.

The missionaries everywhere become increasingly conscious of the immense difficulties of the work they have undertaken. It is more easy to overturn the tent of rude heathenism than to overthrow Mohammedanism, which has its foundations so firmly fixed and its walls so boldly reared in the social and political life of its deluded followers. We do not expect Mohammedans to become Christians *en masse*, but that while God by His providence is withering its political power and, to some extent, breaking its social fabric, an election according to grace will be called out from among them. We realize that behind this system there is a mighty power—the power of darkness, the power of the devil—and consequently in order to accomplish our work we need superhuman strength. For this we cry and wait, and doubtless shall not wait in vain, for greater is He that is with us than they that be against us. It is instructive to see those who have been successful soul-winners at home brought face to face with Mohammedanism, and compelled to realize that however real the power of Satan is at home, it is still more manifest and terrible abroad; that the measure of Divine power which was sufficient for work in England is not sufficient amongst Mohammedans. Yet we are not discouraged, but rather rejoiced and braced as we realize that we have a more difficult work to face and a fiercer fight to wage, and consequently a more glorious victory to gain through Him in whose strength we are more than conquerors.

Will our readers pray that those who are in the forefront of the battle may never quail, but say one to the other as David, who had already slain the lion and the bear, said to Saul when about to meet Goliath, "Let no man's heart fail because of him, thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

It was very interesting to meet here and there a native Christian who had given up his false faith in Mohammed and was now trusting only in Jesus the Son of God as his Saviour, and endeavouring to obey Him. It is difficult for friends in England to realize what a serious thing it is for a man to abandon the religion which his family and his country have accepted as the only true faith for more than a thousand years. He will be ill-treated, and may be killed. He will be unable to get employ-

ment, and cast out by his family. The missionary has been brought up in such different circumstances that though the young convert finds him a kind adviser and friend, he is only to a limited degree a companion. He is indeed in a lonely condition; his old friends have given him up, his new friends, however kind, can scarcely enter fully into his feelings. Is it a wonder that some, through fear of man, give up their *profession* even though still believing in their heart in Christ? Thank God, however, there are some who stand firm amid all their difficulties.

I was filled with thankfulness by the earnest faith of the workers, and the few instances of manifest blessing which God has granted fill them with hope.

The seven journeys I have taken in North Africa impress me deeply with the fact that we have as yet hardly begun work in this group of countries. Large districts with hundreds of thousands of souls lie still unreached even by the occasional visit of a missionary, while, where work has been begun, the labourers need reinforcing. The doors are open, the people will listen, but the *labourers are lacking*. Let us pray the Lord of the Harvest to thrust forth more labourers into this harvest, assured that if HE sends them HE will sustain them.

The Europeans in North Africa are rapidly increasing, and sadly need the Gospel. We speak elsewhere of this, and commend the matter to the prayerful attention of our readers.

### THE GOSPEL FOR EUROPEANS AND JEWS IN NORTH AFRICA.

WE have for years seen and felt the spiritual needs of the non-Moslems of North Africa, but have hesitated to attempt any regular work among them, because the wants of the Mohammedans seemed greater, and also because in some places efforts were being made among them. These efforts we had hoped to see extended more rapidly than they have been, but during the last few months the needs of Europeans and Jews, especially in certain parts, have been again and again pressed upon us, and we are now looking to God to find several suitable labourers who may devote their time specially to them. Our desire is to plant workers among Europeans or Jews where we have already stations among Moslems, and not where efforts are being made by others. In Tangier, for instance, there are several thousand Spaniards. In the province of Oran about 80,000, with only one Spanish Protestant pastor working among those in the town of Oran. In the Regency of Tunis there are many thousands of Italians without any Gospel work being done, except casually by those whose time is mainly otherwise occupied. Besides this there are the French, for whom a little is being done; but there are hundreds of villages of colonists who are sinking into almost heathen darkness. The Maltese also call for labourers. The Jews have had two or three labourers, but in most parts they are quite neglected.

Are there not some friends who might think themselves too old for learning Arabic, who would yet be able to work in Spanish, Italian, or French? We shall be glad to correspond with any who feel drawn to undertake such service.

We have received tidings from our friend, Gen. F. T. Haig, who has been for some months in Egypt, of the terrible condition of Alexandria and of the great need there is for Gospel work amongst Europeans there. Could not two or three ladies with means go there and make known the glad tidings to those who are perishing in ignorance and sin? We shall be pleased to give further information to any desiring it, and to help them so far as we can.

MR. HOCART, of the French Wesleyan Mission, who has lately been on a visit to France, has now returned to his station, El Maten, near Bougie, Algeria, bringing with him two ladies to assist in the work amongst the Kabyles of that neighbourhood.

### MR. BALDWIN'S WORK IN SOUTH MOROCCO.

OUR brother reports a very remarkable work of God in South Morocco, particulars of which have to some extent appeared in the *Christian*, to which he has been contributing a series of articles on Missionary work. In these articles he states his belief that Missionaries should go forth on the lines laid down in Matthew x. With much of what our brother has written we most heartily agree, but we think we should take these instructions in the light of other and later revelations, and especially in the light of the fact that since those words were uttered by our blessed Lord, Israel having rejected Christ has been set aside, with its temple and priesthood, and now God is gathering out a people from Jews and Gentiles, the Church, Christ's body, which now represents Him on earth instead of Israel.

Does it not therefore follow also that as the workman was then sustained by God through the worthy among Israel, so he will be now by the worthy among the Church, as he goes forth for Christ's name sake, taking nothing of the Gentiles? We feel, however, with our brother, how great is the need for simplicity, and the *practical* consecration of ourselves and our all to the Lord and His service.

Our last news from him tells of much persecution and trial, and of the converts at Mogador being scattered. Quite a number of converts are reported by some of the natives who have gone out preaching, but Mr. Baldwin does not wish to speak positively of these successes until they are confirmed. We commend our brother, amid his joys, sorrows, and trials, to the prayers of our readers. Though not now a member of our Mission, we shall be pleased to forward any money to him that friends may be disposed to send for his support.

### TRIPOLI OCCUPIED.

WE rejoice to report that at last Tripoli has been entered. The Lord has thus enabled us to occupy in some measure Algeria in 1881, Morocco in 1884, Tunis in 1885, Tripoli in 1889. Mr. Michell, who has been working in Tunis, accompanied by Mr. Harding, who left England on February 1st, landed in Tripoli on February 27th. Thus far they are getting on satisfactorily, working with caution. They find the people more bigoted than in Tunis. Beside the work they may be able to do in the city and neighbourhood, they will be able to send some scriptures by the caravans leaving for the Soudan which, with the blessing of God, will spread the light around Lake Chad. Our brethren will need much heavenly wisdom as well as faith, as they are within the Turkish Empire. We commend them very specially to the prayers of God's people.

### INCREASED INTEREST IN AFRICA.

BESIDE our brother Graham Wilmot Brook, who left England on March 16th for the Soudan, a new Mission to the Upper Congo, called the Balolo Mission, is being established under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness and Dr. Guinness. The first party of Missionaries expect to leave during April.

Mr. F. S. Arnot is also returning to South Central Africa, with a band of labourers, in March, and will be followed by others (D.V.) in June. We would advise our readers to procure the book our brother has written, giving an account of his seven years' experience in Central Africa; it is most interesting. Its title is "Garanganze; or, Mission Work in Central Africa" (price 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.; James E. Hawkins, 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.) We should like all the Missionaries of the N. A. M. to read it. Perhaps some friends would like to send them copies.

Mr. W. Spencer Walton has been visiting South Africa,

and has had much blessing among the Europeans. He is now founding a permanent work, to be called the Cape General Mission, and hopes to return to South Africa in August. His little book "Rest and Victory" can be obtained of Marshall and Co., Paternoster Row; and in a few weeks the same publishers are to issue a small book giving an outline of the proposed work of the Cape General Mission. We pray God all these efforts and every other for the evangelising of Africa may be greatly blessed.

### OUR ARABIAN MISSION.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE EAST OF JORDAN, BY MR. SAML. VAN TASSEL.

SOUTH-EAST of the Dead Sea, in the land of Moab, a small Methodist Mission has been carried on during the last few years by Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby, who took up their residence in Kerak (the ancient Kir of Moab), that they might, if possible, reach some of the various tribes of Bedouins frequenting that neighbourhood. In the autumn of last year it was thought advisable that Mr. Van Tassel should endeavour to reach Mr. Lethaby, and confer with him before commencing work amongst the tribes of and beyond the Hauran. We append a few extracts from our brother's journal, which illustrate very forcibly the difficulties of travel in these Eastern lands.

*Tuesday, Oct. 30th, 1888.*—The road between Beyrout and Sidon is very uninteresting. Nothing but the sandy beach, with now and then a rough, rocky point projecting out into the sea. About 4 p.m. we overtook Ameen, the muleteer, about one and a half hours from Sidon. When we reached that place it was quite dark, and it was with considerable difficulty that we got the tent pitched, and everything snug for the night. Our difficulty was increased by a crowd of men and boys who gathered about us, very anxious to help, but with an eye to carry off something. It was only after some time spent in firmly but kindly telling them that I did not require their services, that they went away and left us alone to finish our work. Saleem says that I am foolish not to let them do the work when they are so willing, and against my protest he allowed two of them to help him a little; 'true they went away quietly when he thanked them, but he is not done with them yet or I am mistaken.

We are encamped in a very bad place, at the edge of the MOSLEM GRAVEYARD and near the public fountain. A lot of camels are near us, and every little while one of them stumbles over the tent ropes, nearly pulling it down over our heads. The noise they make is horrible, and we are not likely to have a very peaceful night.

*Wednesday 31st.*—Just as I expected, Saleem's "helpers" were on hand this morning before we were out of the tent, and demanded their "pay." I told him not to give them anything, but he did, and afterwards came to me for it. I have given orders that no one must be allowed to help or touch any of our effects. Several articles are missing this morning, and unless we keep clear of these fellows we will be stripped before the journey is over.

Continuing their course southward for the next two days, past Tyre and Sidon, they had at times some difficulty in obtaining supplies, in consequence of either the greed or bigotry of the people. The journal then continues:—

*Friday 2nd.*—We did not go to Acre, but turned off to the left just before we reached it, and struck across a broad plain leaving the seashore behind us, and having Mount Carmel on our right, 15 miles away.

This plain is very level and fertile, and what is more we found it very hot, for the sun poured down its scorching rays upon us most unmercifully.

About 2 p.m. we came upon several booths constructed of branches and leaves, and filled with water-melons, and with a man sitting before each door.

There was a village a quarter of a mile away, and as our animals were in need of rest we stopped there. The men all sat in their places until they saw that we were at leisure and then came over to where we were, greeted us respectfully and sat down outside the door. There were a dozen of them, and although very rough looking, I found them very pleasant, and spent an hour and a half in conversation with them. When I began to speak on religious subjects one man said, pointing to another, "Speak to him about those things. He is a Christian while the rest of us are all Moslems."

"Well," I said, "is he the only one who has need of religion?"

"No, indeed," replied another, "we all want to go to heaven." I never met a more sensible lot of Moslems, or more easily spoken to.

After the rest had gone one fellow remained to ask me for medicine, as he was suffering from fever. When I spoke to him personally about his need of salvation, he replied that he was saved—that God saved him. "And why has He saved you?" I asked. "Because I have never sinned," said he, and then began to mention several sins which he had never committed, and ended with telling me that his heart was

AS WHITE AS SNOW

and that he was perfectly pure and spotless. "Then," I remarked, "you must be just like God if you are without any sin." Raising his hands in horror, he exclaimed, "No! no! no! my lord, not so, not so." "Then you are not sinless, like God?" "No, by no means. There is no one without sin, as He is without sin. I am very sinful compared with Him." "And how about Mohammed, was he without sin?" "No, no, all have sinned." "And how about Jesus the Christ? Do you think that He sinned?" "I am not sure about that but hardly think that He did. No I believe that He was without sin indeed."

These were remarkable confessions for a Moslem to make, especially that Mahommed had sinned, for they hold that no prophet could possibly sin.

It was easy now to show him that all were lost and needed salvation, and that He the sinless one was the sin-bearer for all. May God enable him to take Christ as his salvation.

The next day the travellers reached Tiberias, and avoiding the usual camping ground on account of its filthy condition, the tent was pitched outside the walls on the shore of the lake. Here the Lord's Day was spent, our brother having happy fellowship with the Rev. Wm. Ewing and his wife, who have gone there to labour amongst the Jews, of whom there are a large number in the place. After a disturbed night, in consequence of a panther prowling around their tent, they again start on their journey southward.

*Monday 5th.*—Got Ameen packed up and off early, while we rode down to the hot springs south of Tiberias.

Baths have been constructed over these, and many sick people come here to bathe, with the hope of being healed by the waters. Those we visited were filthy places, more likely to give one disease than to heal it.

We soon overtook Ameen again and rode on till the afternoon when we came to a small village called Keft-Keuneh, supposed to be the Cana where Christ performed His first miracle.

A woman with whom I got in conversation assured me that this was the Cana, and triumphantly told me that only the day previously the head mason had fallen from the top of a new building to the ground below without sustaining the least injury, and added that if this was not a holy place such a "miracle" would not have happened.

An hour later we had reached the top of the hill and were looking down upon

NAZARETH,

a lowly, quiet little spot, nestled amongst the hills which surround it on every side, completely shutting it out from the world! We should like to tarry awhile, but a large black cloud is coming up from the west, and we must hasten on or we are likely to get a wetting. It is hot work for half an hour, and then just as the tent is up and everything inside, down comes the rain in torrents. We are in for a wet night, but we are snug and comfortable in our cosy "house," and our horses are in the khan out of the rain.

*Tuesday, 6th.*—It is still raining, but we pack up and start. Soon we have crossed the hills south of the village and descend into

THE PLAIN OF JEZREEL,

the scene of two memorable battles (Judges iv., 2 Kings xxiii. 29). During the afternoon we pass some distance from Jezreel with Mount Gilboa to our left, and at nightfall reach the small village of Jeneen (the Engannim of Joshua), and camp. It has been anything but a pleasant ride to-day, in the pouring rain over the muddy plain, and it is still raining with a cold wind.

*Wednesday, 7th.*—To-day it has been much clearer. We have had a long and exceedingly rough ride to Shechem, where we are now encamped. Most of the way was through rich olive groves, where the people were busy gathering the fruit. At one village a marriage was being celebrated. The men, of whom there were several hundred, were busy shooting at a mark with their long flint lock muskets, while the women and children were enjoying themselves. I stopped and tried to speak with them, but at once such a scream for "backsheesh" went up from several hundred throats that I was obliged to beat a retreat to escape the noise. It was just growing dark when we rode up the valley between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim and reached Shechem.

*Thursday, 8th.*—Clear this morning. Sent Ameen off on the road towards Jordan while we went to visit the native missionary in this place. A short distance from the town I overtook Ameen and rode on all day till nightfall, when, after passing through many Bedouin encampments, we reached

## THE BANKS OF OF THE JORDAN,

and pitched our tent in the dark. The Jordan here runs between steep clay banks, which are covered with a thick growth of bushes and plants, and run back for about 100 yards, where another rugged clay bank rises steeply to the height of perhaps 100 feet, and spreads away in a broad level plain to the foot of the mountains. The Jordan at present is a rushing, muddy stream, being swollen by the late rains.

*Friday, 9th.*—While we were packing up this morning the sky became covered with heavy black clouds, and just as we got across the ferry the storm broke upon us. We were accompanied by three men who were going to Salt, that being also our destination. One of these was a native of Salt, another a Protestant Christian from Jedaideh, which I visited last spring, and the third was a poor Arab mounted on a donkey. We rode across the sticky plain and over the foot of the hills, and then up the side of

## MOUNT GILEAD,

The rain seemed to increase every moment, and the cold grew almost unbearable as we neared the top. Our horses were often wading up to their knees in the rushing torrents which poured down the mountain side. In spite of all precautions we were drenched by the rain, and were a sorry-looking lot. The poor Bedouin tried to shield himself for some time with his single thin garment, but soon gave it up, and then sang at the top of his voice all day long, as though he was very happy.

At 3 p.m. reached Salt (Ramoth-Gilead), and rode to the house of the agent of the Church Missionary Society here, who welcomed us in the name of the Lord.

Salt is quite a large place, having 12,000 inhabitants, mostly Moslems. About seventy families are Protestant Christians, and attend the Church of England services. It is built in a valley on the S.E. side of Mount Gilead, and is surrounded on all sides by steep hills, so as to be wholly out of sight to any one approaching it until they reach a point right above it. Its inhabitants are mostly Arab in dress and customs, and tillers of the soil.

*Monday, 12th.*—Clear at last. We were off before our host and his family were astir, and rode out of the city eastward up the mountain sides. On reaching the summit we found ourselves on

## A LARGE PLATEAU,

reaching as far as the eye could see to the east and south. Here we met eight horsemen, all mounted on fine mares. My guide tells me it is Zebton, one of the two powerful Bedouin chiefs, and we stop to speak with him. My horse just then began some of his antics, so that I was unable to get near them, for which I was very sorry, as I wanted to be acquainted with him. He asked my guide about me, and told him that if we met any of his tribe to tell them that they were to treat me the best they could, the same as if he himself was present.

We now turned to the south and rode along in the face of a high, cold wind. Towards noon this increased until it was almost a hurricane, and we had great difficulty in keeping in the saddle and our horses on their course. I found my loose Bedouin clothes to be a great trouble, and could hardly keep them from blowing away altogether.

At 3 p.m. passed through Heshbon, now in ruins, but near it to the east was a large reservoir almost without a break in it. About this time a heavy haze overspread the sky and settled down around us, making it impossible to see more than a quarter of a mile in any direction. The wind kept increasing and grew bitterly cold, and we, not having had anything to eat since the night before, except a little dry bread, were almost chilled to the bone.

I then noticed that we were not following a straight course, but seemed to be wandering about.

I asked the guide if he had

## LOST THE WAY,

and at first he denied it, but at length admitted that he could not tell where we were for the haze. Suddenly we almost fell into some large holes into which some Bedouins had taken refuge. They pointed out the direction of Medeeba, and in only fifteen minutes we reached that place. We first visited the Chief to whom we had letters of introduction, and where we found several men sitting about smoking. The house is about fifty feet square and perhaps twenty feet high. It consists of but one room. The roof is supported by two arches, whose bases divide each side of the room into three small spaces, each about 12 by 8, into some of which barley, wheat, etc., is stored, while others appear to be used as sleeping or living places.

The centre of the room is open, with a round fire-place of clay in the middle of the floor. There are no windows, the low door being the only opening to admit light and air.

After sunset a great crowd came in, and several large pans of boiled wheat and mutton were brought, which the crowd rapidly devoured. When these were finished more took their places, and more food was brought. I found upon asking that K——'s brother has just been married, and this was

## THE WEDDING FEAST.

After a time a special pan was brought in, containing a rich broth and a large plate of boiled mutton, with coarse, hot, half baked bread, and, dirty as everything was, we ate with grateful hearts, being almost famished after our long fast and cold ride. Immediately after supper we are taken to another house to sleep, the one in which we ate being for the bridegroom.

The second house is much like the first. As we enter a man lights a fire on the hearth in the middle of the floor. A carpet is spread beside it for

me, and on this a dirty blanket and pillow are placed. On the other side of the fire an old woman lies continually coughing with consumption. At my head Saleem lies down with our guide and a Bedouin, while several men lie at the feet of the old woman. At my feet stand two large cows, almost near enough to tread on me. After a few minutes the fire burns up brightly, and by its light I see many bright eyes peering at me from the recesses at the sides of the room. I find that two of these spaces on one side and one on the other are occupied by families, each consisting of a man and his wife with three or four children. As near as I can tell there are twenty-four persons in the room, besides the two cows, a flock of goats, dogs, cats, chickens, etc., etc.

I try to start a conversation, but all keep silent; so, after prayers, we lie down to sleep.

After spending a few days at Medeba, during which the heavy rains continued, and finding there was no possibility of reaching Kerak for some considerable time, owing to conflicts between the people of Medeba and another tribe, between that place and Kerak, our brother made his way through Jericho to Jerusalem, and from thence returned to Beyrout.

It was the intention of Mr. Van Tassel to spend the next few months in the Hauran, but after making preparations, he was reluctantly compelled to forego his intention, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country through Jesuit intrigues. He is now itinerating amongst the villages to the north of Damascus, in order to make further investigations as to getting among the various Bedouin tribes.

## A VISIT TO THE STUDENTS IN TUNIS.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. G. B. MICHELL.

ONE Sunday evening, in a café, I was recognised by a man as the former employer of Tijani, who, he said, is his cousin. He therefore explained to all the others what he had learned from Tijani about our teachings. They seemed very interested, and several said that Tijani, who had accepted our views, seemed all the better for it! He explained carefully that his cousin had not become a Catholic, which they seemed to have a horror of, but had come to believe *the truth* about Jesus Christ. They did not seem to think that at all incompatible with his being a good Mussulman. Several said they had received tracts from him, but they didn't understand them very well. I invited them to come to my house, and I would explain them; but it is not easy to get them to come. I was obliged to leave soon, as I was to preach at the McAll meeting; but just before I left, Ali, the Kabyle whom our brother Mercadier takes such an interest in, and whom he believes to be really converted, though afraid to confess it publicly, came in, and recognising me, the others asked him all about me, so I left him there to carry on the conversation. The next Sunday afternoon Miss Harding asked me to accompany her to a place she had discovered near their house, a kind of "college" or lodging for the young men who are studying in

## THE GREAT MOSQUE

here. It is a large courtyard, with a great many little rooms opening out of it, where the students live and take their meals, but at certain hours go to the mosque for their classes. They have a chief, whom Miss Harding had seen, and who authorised her to bring a friend to interpret for her. I don't think he quite took in the object of her visit, but she took Mr Mercadier with her, who had some conversation with a few of them, and gave tracts and Gospels to those who would accept them. When I went with her, at first there were only one or two there, and I did not see the Sheikh, but they came in one by one, and soon we had a little knot of them round us in the courtyard. One of them, who had had a long argument with Mr. Mercadier, seemed quite glad to get a chance of another argument with me, though I did my best to avoid discussion at all. I read, however, a few verses of our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus, but when I arrived at the words, "That which

is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," he caught me up, and said he denied the latter half. I only said it was just as evidently true as the first half, and wanted to get on with the Lord's words, "Ye must be born again." But he would not let me, but insisted that, according to my own showing, Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, was a man, "born of flesh." I said, "Quite so; that was

THE MAN THAT DIED ON CALVARY,  
since all flesh must die," which he stoutly denied. I went on to say that "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was raised again for our justification, seeing that it was impossible that God should be holden of death, and 'that which is born of the Spirit is spirit,' and their own Koran says that the Lord Jesus was born of the Holy Ghost, by His Word, which He sent unto Mary." He was most positive that the Koran said no such thing, and I said it was a remarkable thing that a Christian should have to come all the way from England to tell him, a student of the Koran, what was in the Koran. He said he was delighted I had come, and was only grieved to see one who was so evidently in earnest about the truth was not walking in the real truth. Why was I not a Mussulman? I told him there was nothing in his religion which could be the slightest help or comfort to me. In Jesus Christ I have "the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" in Him I have peace with God, I have eternal life, I have positive present forgiveness of all my sins, I have His sure word of promise to keep me from all evil; I have Himself, and I am His, the true Islam—"abandonment of self to God." I had

QUITE A LITTLE CROWD  
round me by now, and though the other was so eager to interrupt me every moment, that I could scarcely explain myself, they listened in a most friendly way; and when I told them, in answer to their questions, that Mohammed was quite right in saying he was a messenger from God to turn the idolatrous Arabs to the true God, but the moment he left the Bible to invent the Koran out of his own head he ceased to do the work of God, they took it in good part. I do not like, however, to discuss those questions. I feel that if one can show them the truth they will soon leave the false of their own accord, as it will become very evident. We stayed about an hour, and then left, as they had to get their meal. But I promised to bring them back a copy of the verses of the Koran which prove the Divine birth of Christ. During the week I prepared a long paper, of verses fitted together out of the Bible, showing the need of a Saviour, and that in Christ God has provided One who is able to save to the uttermost. I marked the quotations from the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels, which they acknowledge; but though the whole of the rest was taken from the Bible, I did not mark them, but joined them into a continuous narrative, illustrating the texts. I hope they will understand it, as the Arabic, though difficult, is very pure, and as students they can probably take it all in. But on returning

THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY  
I was very coldly received, and a kind of porter at the gate told me that strangers were not admitted. Those that had spoken to me before scarcely looked at me, but I went up to one, handed him the paper, and told him that was the paper I had promised to write. While they were handing it from one to another, wondering what it could be about, I took myself off, leaving it with them. I could see they wanted to give it me back without reading it, and I could get no conversation with them, so I was anxious for them to read and study it, as they will do, if only from curiosity. I was disappointed not to have a talk with them, but I pray arenestly that God's own Word will work a work in the souls of at least some of them. I think the Sheikh must

have given orders not to admit me again, seeing that things were taking a serious turn, and we were coming pretty often. Besides, he was probably a little afraid of losing his influence with the young men, as Mr. Mercadier has posted up an invitation to his school, near the door of this "Medresa." I have not since met any of the students, as they spend nearly all their time at the mosque, and we are not allowed to enter.

## OUR FIRST WINTER IN TUNIS.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MISS GRISSELL.

THE month of January has been very cold and wet. We have felt the cold in the house quite as much as in England, but now it seems that the sun has more power each day, so much so that a parasol was really necessary this morning. I expect the worst of our winter is over. We have done our best to study hard ever since we arrived here, and feel we have made fair progress, with God's help, for which indeed we praise Him, and we are now beginning to attempt little sentences, to the great amusement sometimes of our Arab friends. Hadijah, our servant, looks up with great pleasure as we understand her better, or bring out a new word or little sentence, and some of the Arabs living near at their shops take great interest in our attempts to talk with them. It seems to me that if we could only talk to make ourselves understood, there is an open door for us on every side.

We would ask our dear friends to join us in prayer for an outpouring of His Spirit to accompany the reading of His Word, for we have given away Gospels and Testaments in French, Italian, and Arabic sufficient to make not a little stir, if God's Spirit went with them with convincing power. We do believe many will be used in preparing the way for a rich reaping-time.

Last Sunday we went again

AMONG THE ITALIANS,  
feeling we had left them for so long, and received such a pleasant welcome again. We went into a room by invitation, and soon were closely packed together in order that all who wished might come in. Miss Harris stood up and read from a Gospel, and next to her an Italian woman repeating and explaining. It was beautiful to see the interested faces listening to her over each other's shoulders, smiling as they understood. There were two sweet-looking young women—sisters, we thought—whose faces lit up with pleasure and intelligence. They were all Roman Catholics, and of course assented to a great deal that was read. Presently a young man appeared at the door, and he came and took the Gospel, and read out clearly and easily. He seemed interested himself and begged for a Testament. We gave him a Gospel, and promised him a Testament the next time we went.

## TLEMEN, ALGERIA, REVIEW OF THE WORK.

FROM DIARY OF MISS DAY.

Monday, 31st Dec, 1888.—Being the last day of the old year, our thoughts have been naturally turned back on the past twelve months. Though grieving over our failings and the shortcomings in ourselves, yet we can praise the Lord for giving us grace to see them, and seek for His help to avoid them in the future. Our very failures make us feel what nothings we are in ourselves, and that all of good that we possess is from the Lord Jesus. We can praise Him, too, that He has cared for and sustained us both in soul and body, and given us great joy in His service, and blessing in our work. During this year more people have come up to hear the Gospel, and some of them have shown a real inclination towards seek-



ing after the Truth, and some, too, praise His Name, have confessed their faith in Christ. Our children's meetings have increased, for which we take the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." The Lord has opened up the way, too, for

WORK AMONG WOMEN

whom we could not well reach before, in their own homes, by inclining a dear Christian convert to invite them to her room to hear the Word of Life.

*Sunday, Jan. 3rd.*—A great many people came to the morning meetings, and in the village outside Tlemcen we always get encouragement. The little room in which we hold our meetings was crowded with women, and the children gathered around the doorway. A strange woman going by also heard the sound of our singing and came in, saying "What holy words are these?" and being invited to remain, stayed till the end of the meeting, and promised to come again. This being the first Sunday after New Year's Day, we took with us frocks for two little babies whose mothers have brought them with them since they began to attend the meetings. We told them some dear friends in England had made and sent them because they loved the Lord Jesus, and the poor women's delight and thanks seemed unbounded.

*Sunday, 13th.*—Our work goes on much the same. Boys and girls come up to the classes in numbers since our Christmas fête, and are very teachable. To-day, from early morning till tea-time, we have had

A CONSTANT INFLUX OF VISITORS

bringing us their little gifts for the New Year. The custom of the Arabs here on their New Year's Day is to send presents to their friends, consisting of loaves of bread with eggs baked upright in the centre, accompanied with dried figs, other fruits, and nuts, and if we could live on fruit, or if the bread would remain fresh enough to be palatable, we should have enough for a week, but as it will not, we pass on some of these good things to our poorer Arab friends. Nearly all the girls of our sewing-class have brought something, also the people who come to the meetings and other friends, but the most touching gifts were those of two poor women who had no money to even make a feast for themselves, yet brought us a few eggs. How grateful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father for surrounding us with so much love; among rich and poor we are always welcome visitors.

From MISS VINING.

*January 1st.*—We had a large number of girls for the sewing-class to-day, and so many beginners that the hour and a half was very fully employed. But they all seemed so happy, and most of them try so hard, it is a real pleasure to have them.

*3rd.*—Large class of boys in the afternoon, several new ones having come up in prospect of another treat at some future time.

*Sunday, 6th.*—Took men's meeting to-day. The subject was "Stephen." I spoke much on

SUFFERING FOR CHRIST'S SAKE,

as we do want to lead those whom we really believe are Christians to confess Christ, but we know when they do so they must be prepared to suffer for it. One of them asked in what position the "Nazarenes" prayed. I said the usual way with us was to kneel, as being more fitting in speaking to God, but that it did not really matter. God looked at the heart, and we could pray just as really when travelling or lying in bed, if we felt the need or the desire. A little discussion followed, but one said very decidedly and thoughtfully, "She is right! God looks at the heart; if that is pure we can pray anywhere."

*13th.*—The weather during the past week has been bitterly cold, wet and snowy. I have not been able to visit much. We had our class of girls on Tuesday, both our rooms fairly full of them, and a good number of boys and several new ones on Thursday.

*Friday.*—I had a happy time with the men to-day. I was speaking on Paul and Silas in prison, and when I began the first line of the hymn, "Come to Jesus, oh my friends," one man sitting next to me broke in, "We have come; we love Jesus, and He loves us;" and one or two others responded, "Bissah" (true). Thankfully, indeed, do we believe it is true of at least some, and with all there is frequent inquiry and

INCREASING EARNESTNESS.

*Sunday, 13th.*—Good meetings, notwithstanding it was very wet. I spoke to the women on Jesus and the woman in John viii. It is a favourite incident with me, and perhaps for that reason I spoke with more fervour even than usual, but they seemed so to enter into it. These little details of Christ's life have a manifest influence upon them. I remember being told by a missionary from India that the first thing that strikes the poor captives in the Zenanas is Christ's kindness and sympathy with women, and I think it is much the same here, for they are often treated with indifference and contempt, as though an inferior creature.

*14th.*—Our large girls' class was increased by two, one new and one old member, who have returned after some weeks of absence. Some have finished their robes (carrying them off to their homes in high glee), and have begun to make "frimlas" (short jackets). Some of the little ones are very anxious to have dresses, but knowing the handkerchief must be finished first, are tempted to put an inch-long stitch here and there to get done quicker, and are sorely disappointed to find it must be done again.

MR. MARHSALL'S WORK IN TLEMCCEN.

WE are thankful to be able to record that our brother, Mr. Marshall, after an interval of four months, partly occupied by removal from Tunis and partly by a trying illness, has now sufficiently recovered to resume the study of Arabic, and to begin systematic effort amongst the Arabs of this large town. The following extracts from his journal will, we doubt not, prove interesting to many friends:—

*January 31st.*—My efforts at present are mainly directed towards getting among the men in their cafés, to which they resort in numbers in the later afternoon and evening. This afternoon I visited one such café at the corner of the native market, and met with an encouraging reception. My plan is, on entering, to order a cup of coffee and take my seat among the Arabs where they sit chatting or playing draughts, etc. Then a friendly greeting to those nearest me opens up the way for conversation, which as soon as possible, consistently with prudence, I seek to turn on to *the one great subject*. Many are the questions I have to answer and explanations to give. Am I a Frenchman? Where do I come from? How long have I been in Tlemcen? Am I married? What is my occupation? etc., etc. The question as to my occupation opens up an opportunity for the very thing I long for, and I tell them first that I come among them because I love them and wish them good and want to learn their language. This of course creates a good impression, which I follow up by producing Scripture text-cards, and distributing them to those who can read. Then I take a Gospel from my pocket, and introduce it as

THE BOOK OF GOD,

from which the texts are only extracts. There is nearly always an opportunity to read a portion and speak to them of Christ, and if on a first visit to the café I am unable to get far beyond merely general conversation, I tell them I mean to read out of the Book next time, and they seem pleased and willing. I try, too, to make them feel they must help me to learn more by telling me words I do not know in Arabic. At this particular café I left amid assurances of friendship and invitations to come every day; and on offering the usual payment for my coffee, both proprietor and customers joined in a general chorus of refusal to accept.

February 5th.—To-day I had a most encouraging and glad afternoon in a café not far from my own house. I found about a dozen men there, who received me pleasantly, and we were soon chatting away on good terms. I had not long produced "the Book" and explained its character when one Arab, a quiet, serious-looking man, asked me to read aloud from it. So I gladly turned to the third chapter (St. John), and read part of Nicodemus' interview with the Lord. After a few verses I always stop to see whether they understand, and to put into the vernacular words which are unintelligible to them. They seemed interested in what I read, and in the remarks I made on the verses going along, and I was able, simply but freely, to speak to them of the sinfulness of the human heart and the need of a new birth by the operation of the Holy Spirit. The man who had asked me to read was particularly attentive, and kept his eyes fixed on my face all the time I was speaking. I left this place feeling truly glad in my soul for the

## GREAT PRIVILEGE

of being allowed thus to witness for Christ, and grateful for having been able to speak more freely than ever before. Of course I told them I should come again, to which they readily agreed. On coming home to tea I found my wife had been visiting at a house, where she was well received by the inmates, who taught her some new words in Arabic, and made her take coffee with them. One man living in the house, a taleb, has promised to visit us.

12th.—I was at a large Arab café this afternoon, where there must have been about thirty men present. I sat for about half an hour talking with an Arab who could read a little, and who seemed friendly; but he appeared a little restless, and all of a sudden started up and went out with some hurried excuse. I had just mentioned Jesus as the Son of God, and this probably was what "scared" him. Finding none of those sitting close to me could read, I walked round the café, showing some Gospels, and asking aloud whether no one could read. An intelligent-looking young man then started up from a back corner, saying he could. I found he was

## A SCRIBE

by occupation, and fairly educated. He took the Gospel of John from my hand, and read aloud nearly a whole chapter, many others gathering round. Questions were asked, which I answered as well as I was able. I told them I loved the Lord Jesus, and wanted them to know and love Him too. The young scribe replied, "Why do you tell us this? Who is He who does *not* love Sidna Aisa?" I stayed a good long time here, sitting beside this man, and listening rather than speaking; for he talked at a great rate, and poured forth voluble quotations from the Koran, evidently anxious to impress me with his learning. However, he accepted the copy of John's Gospel, thanked me many times for it, and promised to read it, as also to visit me at my own home, writing down my name and address with pen and ink he carried with him.

13th.—This morning we awoke to find

## SNOW

had fallen heavily in the night, and the mountains around Tlemcen all robed in white. They looked very beautiful, and I was struck with the way they seem to appear nearer to us when thus covered with snow.

14th.—Visited a good-sized café to-day, but found only about twenty men there, the greater number of them playing aards. *Not one could read.* The proprietor was very friendly, and told me to come some evening about 7 o'clock, when he said I should find the place full. I stayed chatting with this man some time, and picked up a few new words. Before I left I heard them asking him who I was, and whispers of the words "Sidna Aisa" and "Injil" passing round among them. So, though unable this time to speak to them as I would have liked, it was cheering to feel they had some idea of my object in coming among them. I gave the friendly proprietor a text-

card, which he fastened up where all might see it who came in.

23rd.—This evening our sister, Miss Hodges, who arrived last Saturday, was with us at our weekly prayer-meeting. Praise the Lord for sending out

## ANOTHER WITNESS FOR CHRIST!

25th.—This afternoon an Arab came to visit us. I had spoken to him on the subject of religion more than once before, but had a better opportunity than ever to-day. He speaks French well, so we generally converse in that language. On the walls of the room where I receive native visitors are coloured Gospel pictures, and texts in Arabic. These attracted his attention, but he would not allow me to fully explain the way of salvation, always interrupting when I got to the point of the death of Christ, and shaking his head and hand impatiently. A picture of Moses and the brazen serpent I was able to explain, but when I proceeded to the "*even so must the Son of Man be lifted up,*" he turned away to read something else. We have three illuminated texts in Arabic on the wall. Two of them are Acts xvi. 31 and 1 John 17; the third is, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." "*That is true and good,*" said the Arab, on reading this last text; "*there is nothing about Jesus and the blood like in the others.*" Antipathy to the "blood" of Jesus is as great among Moslems as among some theologians in England. I have not the slightest doubt that this man knows perfectly well *why* I am here and go among the Arabs. He asked why I had so many Gospels; was not one enough for me?—referring to a stock of books on the table in the room. I told him they were to be given away to the Arabs, but he assured me the latter would only throw them away, and not one in a million would believe what I said.

28th.—This afternoon, while out among the cafés, I found outside one of them an old Arab I know, a nice, gentle old man of seventy, sitting sipping his coffee and smoking a cigarette. He invited me to join him, so I took my seat on the stone bench beside him, and before long we were talking about the Gospel and Jesus. I read him the opening sentences of John's Gospel, with which he was delighted, and to which he readily assented, as Jesus is called in the Koran "the Word from God." I sat quite an hour with this old man, seeking to put the Gospel message clearly before him, explaining to him the "wordless Book," etc. He was more receptive than many I have spoken to, and admitted Jesus to be the *greatest* of all prophets, *save Mahomet*—not every Moslem will admit this even. But he seemed to have no idea or need of a Saviour. May his eyes be opened, as his time must be short on earth!

## MISS J. L. TROTTERS' WORK IN ALGIERS.

## EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

WE have at last found a mission-room, which we hope to open in three or four weeks. We feel sure that it is God's will that we should have these French meetings, for the time being at any rate. The people seem so hungry to hear, troublesome though they often are. We are stopped in the street even, and asked when we are going to begin again. We are hoping to get French-speaking Arabs in—many have said they would come if we had a room near the Arab town, and this one is almost within a stone's-throw of it.

We are having real cheer about one Arab who comes regularly for instruction. The light does seem really to be penetrating and he is ready—*anxious even*—to be baptised; but one would not like to take such a step without full conviction that he is really saved. I should be very thankful if Mr. Marshall or another of your staff came this way, and could talk to him in his own language, and judge how far he has really got; he seems a very childlike, simple soul. Please pray for him, and for us, that we may have a fresh baptism of power from on high for starting in this mission-room.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WARM SPRINGS OF HAMMAN-BOUGHARA.—There are found in several places amongst the mountains of Algeria, thermal springs, some of a sulphurous nature, and others possessing alkaline properties. The one of which we give an illustration on page 247, is in the province of Oran, about midway between Tlemcen and Nemours. After crossing the ford of the Tafna, the ground rises again in a gentle slope to Hamman-Boughara, where the traveller comes upon a most unexpected and beau-

slightly sulphurous, and here Arab and Jewish women go to seek a cure for all maladies. An old Arab has a café under the turpentine trees. He is the only inhabitant of this tropical spot.

INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF BOU-MEDINE.—These Mosques, found throughout all Mohammedan lands, differ much as regards size and finish, although nearly all present the same general features, viz., an open courtyard in the centre, with possibly a ruined fountain and a colonnade running round two or more of



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF BOU-MEDINE.

tiful sight. In front stately palm-trees erect their lofty stems, and shoot forth their long plumes towards the sky. Gigantic umúweeds, clematis, and sarsaparilla, entwine round the trees and fall in festoons, and golden-headed rushes sway in the wind; indeed were it not for the olive-trees, one could imagine themselves transported into some central part of this great continent. In the middle of this forest rises the building containing the baths; two pools receive the warm water, which is

the sides. Many of these were erected in those days when the great Ottoman Empire was in its prime. Of these ancient Mosques most are more or less in a ruinous condition, although there generally remains enough to convince us of their former grandeur. The village of Bou-Medine lies on the slope of a hill a mile S.E. of Tlemcen. It is so named from Abou Median, who is considered the patron saint of Tlemcen, and whose tomb is near this spot. The Mosque, built in the twelfth cen-

tury, is well worth a visit from tourists, possessing, as it does, some beautiful specimens of Arab architecture. The columns, twelve in number, are square, the arches all horse-shoe shape, and either round at the top or very slightly pointed. The lower part of the walls and arches are plain, while the upper part is covered with highly finished specimens of stone-carving.

**YOUNG KABYLE WOMAN.**—Many thousands of such are waiting for the Gospel, within a week of London, yet growing up and passing into eternity without having once heard of "the redemption which is in Christ Jesus." What a call to our well-educated Christian sisters!

## BEGINNING WORK IN TETUAN, MOROCCO.

BY W. SUMMERS.

TETUAN is a city "beautiful for situation," nestling between two ranges of mountains in the north of Morocco. In the sunshine it is like a huge pearl in verdant setting. It has a population of 30,000 Moslems and Jews, with a few Spaniards, and amongst the two former classes are some of the best families in Morocco. Yet this fair spot is cursed with an awful darkness; not that darkness which is like a lullaby calming you to sleep, but with a darkness as cold and icy as the hand of death itself, unseen by the natural man—unfelt by the people themselves. It is the blast of Mohammedanism. The state of the people may be illustrated by the following:—One evening on the housetop, while engaged in meditation before retiring to rest, I heard sounding through the still air, the cry "God is great! God is great! God is great!" It proceeded from the watchman of the prison as he performed his grim duty. This cry was repeated at intervals of about a minute. He cried thus, I was told, partly to keep himself awake, and partly to remind the prisoners they were suffering punishment from the hand of God.

This cry is their life in miniature. It is the extent of their knowledge of God. When the cry sounds forth calling to prayer it is introduced by "God is great." Their ordinary conversation is stereotyped by the frequent interpolation "God is great!" When sin is brought to their door and they are rebuked for it, their only exclamation is "God is great!" Even in their business matters they must conceal their double dealing with the pious remark "God is great!" This, with a belief in a dead impostor called Mohammed, is the miserable mixture of truth and error, of light and darkness, which is more dangerous than darkness itself.

They know not that God is love; that blessed truth has not come down yet to mellow and tranquillise their lives. That God is Light they are likewise ignorant of; indeed, what Divine light is they cannot know, for they shut up their minds against it. They are living in a darkness far more deadly than the darkness of Egypt, for that was a darkness that was felt. Of the truth that God is merciful they have a glimmering ray, but their notion is of so indefinite a character that as an idea it has no place in their minds at all. The other attributes which are the perfection of the Godhead are but dimly perceived, and even these are obscured by much error. Of the matchless story of Salvation they know nothing. In the atoning death of Christ they refuse to believe. The "expulsive power of a new affection" they do not experience; they only know "God is great," they do not know Our Father which is in heaven. The light that is in them being darkness, how great is that darkness!

To this people we have brought the Gospel of the Light of the world. After considerable difficulty we succeeded in securing a house in the midst of the Moslems, and now we are looking forward to a season of blessed labour. Introductory conversations with a few individuals reveal hearts trained to be rebellious against the Son of God and His message of mercy, and if the Gospel which we bring were not "the power of God

unto salvation" the work would be impossible; but trusting and rejoicing in that *All-mighty One* we go forward.

Join with us, dear friends, in the prayer that the Holy Spirit may make us suitable instruments for the exercise of His power, and that this spiritual gloom may soon be dispelled by the rising beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

## OUR SISTERS IN FEZ.

JOURNAL OF MISS E. HERDMAN.

*Fez, Jan. 3rd, 1889.*—A lovely bright day. Praise the Lord, the climate here agrees with us, and we are in good health and spirits. There has been very heavy seasonable rain. The Higher Atlas are deep in snow; the nearer spurs, of which we have a view from our roof, get covered with snow in showery weather, but a sunny day or two melts it: this variability of mountain scenery is very pleasing. To-day we had about fifty men and boys, principally patients; but one came both morning and afternoon to read the Bible with us. Several returned portions of Scripture and had others and tracts away with them. Five of the patients were from a party of Berbers, who came lately from Morocco city to bring a present to the Sultan; they spoke the Shluhs language, but two of their number also understood Arabic well. One had a gunshot wound, and also asked for medicine for one of their *Saints* with a similar wound! Our man had no patience with them, seeing they begged for medicine not only for themselves but for their friends in Morocco. "They are all highway robbers and murderers," he said. But, remembering that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, Miss Copping sent them away with all

THEIR NUMEROUS WANTS SUPPLIED, and I tried to impress upon them the need of true repentance and of a Saviour.

*Jan. 5th.*—It is raining again. The road between Fez and Tangier is now impassable to camels through the depth of the mud. Mules take sixteen days for the journey.

This morning we had men and boys in, reading and hearing the Gospel. Yesterday we had seventy-five women in the house, nearly all patients; about twenty-five at a time. A number came for the first time. Some of those who have been several times are, we hope, receiving the gospel into their heart.

*Jan. 8th.*—The rains have been so heavy as not to allow of country produce being brought in. There was no meat to be had in this large city yesterday, only those who had a sheep ready to kill enjoyed a meal of fresh meat. Many Fez families kill a bullock early in the winter, cut the meat into strips and hang it over a line to dry, and then

STORE IT

for occasions like this. The roof of one of our neighbours was thus decorated in November. Fowls are scarcely ever to be had now, simply from want of means of transit. We hear, too, that the slave market is empty, and the demand exceeds the supply.

We had not so great a crowd either yesterday or to-day, owing to the weather. Among those who came yesterday were two men, grandsons of a former sultan, and second cousins to the ruling one. One was brought up in Tafilat, the border city of the Sahara, where dates and camels' milk are the ordinary diet of the people. It is the residence of the wives and families of a sultan after his death, and considered a very holy place. They read the gospel and listened to the hymns with more curiosity than interest, I fear. Another Tafilat man, a slave, listened with deep interest. He brought in a fellow-slave very ill, but neither was in a hurry to leave us; after receiving the medicine they sat down to enjoy themselves, and I was able to speak seriously to both. To-day a good many

FEMALE SLAVES

were treated, some old friends, some new cases. One young

woman, who has often come, said to me to-day : " I do so like coming here ; I had a feverish attack, and was prevented from coming last week, and missed you all. My master has been in Egypt and likes Christians, and he said to me to-day, ' Go and hear about Jesus Christ.' " " Then you have a kind master ? " " Yes ; but some are very cruel. Mahomedans say it is no sin to beat or strangle a black. " Three of the Sultan's slaves came to-day of the families of his muleteers. These poor women belong to the outer Courts of the Palace. They listened very intelligently to the gospel. We often think of " Cæsar's Household. "

Among other patients was a harmless lunatic. This class is almost worshipped in this land, and its sufferers called *saints*.

*Jan. 12th.*—Several messengers have been to implore us to go to see a boy who has shot himself playing with his gun. We advised them to send for the French surgeon attached to the Sultan. We might have gone over to see him, but if he died they would probably have blamed us, although we appear to be hard-hearted and stay-at-home.

A few days ago our neighbours reported that we had

KILLED A WOMAN ;

they were sure, for they had seen her carried out. It was a poor woman who carried a lame boy of sixteen for treatment. The people are all so fanatical and ignorant that we require to be careful. The roads are still impassable, the butchers' shops are empty, and charcoal is £1 4s. od (English) for a mule load, under 2 cwt. What a boon roads and railways would be.

I find singing gospel hymns and explaining them a good way of spending the time with those who come for medicine, especially when they have a long time to wait and are too impatient to read. We keep the Cross of Christ prominently before them ; but as it was to the Greeks so it is to them, foolishness. Still, it is the power of God unto salvation, and we must preach it whether they will hear or forbear. Among others to-day was a man with elephantiasis, a common enough disease here, as is

LEPROSY,

this last principally amongst the blacks.

*Jan. 22nd.*—Max. thermometer 47°, bitter wind, heavy rain. Numbers of women in to-day for medicine. Most attentive to the teaching of the gospel and singing of Arabic hymns. Many seemed really grateful and well inclined towards us.

*Jan. 23rd.*—Yesterday among the numerous female patients came a lady who read Arabic fluently, and who asked me for the gospel. She took away a portion. This is the first woman we have as yet met who knows more than her letters, but we hear there are more good lady-readers in the city.

Yesterday was cold, and rainy, and to our surprise, and that of all the inhabitants of Fez, we woke up this morning to find the city white with snow. We feel the cold more than in England, as we have

NO FIRES

in sitting or bed room. The kitchen fire is only an earthen pot, or perhaps two, six or eight inches across (holding a handful or two of charcoal), and it is not easy to warm oneself, and impossible to dry damp clothes, at one of these fires. We depend on the sun to dry our washing and to warm ourselves, and often walk up and down, or stand and sun ourselves, on the flat roof when the house is cold.

*Jan. 29th.*—The nights are frosty and the days cold on account of the deep snow lying on the mountains. We have had a very busy day. Seventy-eight women have been treated, some old cases and a great many new. The Medical Mission work goes on steady. Even in the wettest weather a number of people came. We have endeavoured to teach each group, but sometimes the number of women talking together has been rather overpowering. The harmonium is in great request. A poor slave girl who had to wait a long time for her turn came

in from the court again and again, and joined her sweet voice in the easy hymns. She said she had been asking every day since the last time she had come for medicine for a clean heart. I asked one woman the cause of the illness from which she had recovered through the treatment here. She said, " I am

ONE OF FOUR WIVES.

I do not know what the others may have given me. " They are very cruel in this country, and often give enough poison to injure a person for life without absolutely killing them ; besides which many die and are buried within a couple of hours after death, and no one asks the cause.

*Feb. 2nd, 1889.*—The weather is still bright and dry, with frosty nights.

*Sunday, Feb. 3rd.*—Four Englishmen came to our English morning service, viz., Mr. I—, of the *Illustrated London News*, two friends, and their English servant. So far from home we are glad to welcome English people.

*Feb. 5th.*—Notwithstanding the deluges of rain overhead, and the streams and mud of the streets, fifty-one men yesterday and fifty-two women to-day had medicine, and others were in with them to read and hear the music. The women are beginning to be more attentive to the teaching of the gospel, and are attracted by the texts in gold and silver letters we have on the wall. We hear from their friends, who come at their recommendation, of many cured who had been sufferers for years. One woman, who was so loathsome an object that it seemed scarcely right to bring her in among the others, looks now very much like other people, her sores being healed and her general health restored. I had difficulty in believing that it was the same person walking in who had been carried on her husband's back two months ago ; but then they had sent regularly for her medicine, and had done what they were told. Many will not do this, and come back saying the medicine is

TOO BITTER,

and consequently do not recover. They have native powders and pounded leaves, but we have not yet discovered much that is efficacious in native medicine.

*Feb. 7th.*—Among the patients to-day were some of the best scholars of Fez. They were much interested in our newest wall text written in gold letters on blue paper by our servant, who is a Shereef, and a very good scholar. It is Eph. iv. 32. One was a University professor, and another a student from the large mosque close by in this street. I made some few inquiries and learned that there are more than a hundred students in residence in the school building contiguous to the mosque. These young men cook their own food, which is provided by the Emperor, but do not learn so much as is taught in elementary schools in England. The student told me he was studying the four first rules of arithmetic. He was about eighteen years of age.

In a later letter, dated March 2nd, Miss Herdman writes :—

Si Abraham, who was formerly our muleteer, and was baptized by Mr. Baldwin, and travelled with Hosein preaching to the Shlous, turned up on Tuesday evening. We were very uneasy about his non-appearance. Hosein was quite ill over it, and would not eat. Si Abraham had been in irons in the mountains ; they took his books and clothes, but he is all right in borrowed robes, and we have given him a little money to buy a second-hand jellab and a pair of shoes. His description of his journey is very interesting. In one place there was a cave with a Christian inscription, and the people were so glad to find the same name, " Jesus Christ, " in his book.

He baptised one believer at Tedla, and says he is going, like Paul, to see " How they do. " He is about to baptize another, a Sous who has been to us several times. The day before yesterday, while here with us, the " Light " seemed to enter his soul. Abraham was here all this morning, and says the Sous is rejoicing in the Lord. We feel as if living in

Apostolic times, the footsore "brother" arriving, the marks of the irons on his feet, and yet rejoicing and full of hope. Abraham is a very fluent reader, and has a clear head. He is now out in the Soke, looking out for Shlous to teach. He says it is good to be converted, and better to win others.

## A DAY WITH THE PATIENTS IN FEZ.

By MISS M. COPPING.

*Monday.*—Another busy day among the sick. 10 p.m. I am trying to write some letters but cannot, because one of our near neighbours is beating his slaves; it has made me quite sick to hear the heavy blows and the frightened cries of the poor children, pleading for mercy and calling such a wretch by gentle, endearing names. He is a strong man and they are two dear girls about eleven and fourteen years of age.

*Wednesday.*—I wish some of my friends could look in at our mission-house to-day. I have been decorating and improving my

### CONSULTING ROOM.

Our court is a good-sized square; along one side runs a stream. I could not say the water is pure, but as it is always flowing it is pretty clean. We have planted some ferns round it. On the opposite side hangs a picture of the Sower, and above an Arabic text—"Glory to God," etc.

Miss Herdman's room also looks very nice; the walls are adorned with pictures and texts; as we could not get holly we were satisfied to decorate with orange trees laden with ripe fruit; and now, last but not least, is my dear little

### DISPENSARY.

It has no window, I wish it had; but it has two very large doors which open back into the court. At one side we have had a good-sized set of shelves put up by a native carpenter, for the medicines; right opposite the door is a large picture of the Good Samaritan, and above another Arabic text, gold letters on blue; it looks so nice on the white walls. A box for a cupboard and two mats is all we need; and now I must introduce you to the patients.

*Friday morning.*—A very wet night, it is still raining; but that does not keep the people away. It is the will of God they calmly say, and have brought out

### ALL THE SICK BABIES

and old women; it is real hard work to keep them out of the rain, and in anything like order. At 9.15 we are obliged to close our doors, for Miss Herdman's room as well as the court is quite full, each anxious to tell her story first. Many of them cannot understand the tickets; how we know by a piece of paper who came first, is quite beyond them; often I find them taking them away, thinking there is some charm. As soon as there is perfect silence Miss Herdman asks God's blessing, and, wonderful for Moorish women, they are quiet.

The first patient, a very poor old woman, took my hand as she sat down and drew me to her, saying, "Do you really believe in God, my daughter?" Of course I told her I did; her sad face brightened, and she whispered that her beloved son was sick and in the Fez prison, and if I gave him medicine he will be able to see her again and his heart will be glad. From her description I think he must be suffering from ophthalmia. So I send medicine to him and a message. Next comes

### AN OLD PATIENT,

a lady who has been ill for many years, who brings her little son with her. I have been trying in vain to make her understand how much of her medicine to take at a time; at last the child says, "Tell me, tabeeba, she has no brains;" the children are very knowing here. Next comes a black slave with her mistress: "I have brought her to hear about Sidna Aisa," she said, with great delight. Now a nice affectionate young lady with sick baby in her arms; she is evidently very ill

herself, but she said, "Look at my baby first;" but I said, "That is not your child," for he was a sturdy little dark boy. "I will tell you the truth," she said; "there is not to me one living child; I had seven; I bought this little boy and his mother, and now even he will die." She was very thankful to find that he had only eaten too much, and promised to feed him properly for the future. Two poor blind beggars come next;

### THEY MEAN TO BE CURED.

Some one told them that I can, if I will, restore their sight, although they have not seen for twenty years. They plead in the name of Mahomed, the sent-one of God, *they say*; we think, of Satan. Poor women, if I were a real surgeon and had the instruments I might, but I am only a nursing sister, so I have to send them away; they do not believe me though. Next comes a bright boy about ten years of age; he is cured and has brought me his dear little sister; it is nice to find real brotherly love; he whispers to me that she is a shereefa and very precious to them all. She is not more than three years old, but he carefully covers her face with her little haik before leaving my room. Now there is a little quarrel among the people in the court as to who is next; two ladies want to be seen out of their turn because they *are* ladies; an old woman, quite sixty-five years of age, also, because she says she thinks her baby is crying. Of course I cannot believe she has such a treasure. A threat to clear the court and shut the house of medicine restores peace once more, and they sit down to wait their turn. All this time Miss Herdman is teaching the word of God and singing Gospel hymns; some have gone out and we have admitted a few more. The poor blind women are

### STILL WAITING OUTSIDE;

we are very sorry for them, but what can we do? The next number brings a grandmother, mother, two babies, and a female slave; they are all sadly diseased, and have wisely brought large pots for their medicine; they are very anxious to know who has sent us, if the Sultan sent for us, and if we will stay until they are all cured, to which I reverently reply "Nisher Allah." I must introduce one family more, this is a typical family;

### EVERY MEMBER

of the household has sought relief from us at various times, so I am in a good number of the secrets; to-day we only have the ladies and children, and there are the Leah, Rachel, Zilpah, Bilhah, and several others, each with her child, some of them hopelessly diseased.

These are just a few of the seventy-four patients treated to-day. Many more came, some with their friends, but all heard the Gospel simply and faithfully preached by Miss Herdman. We were all hard at work from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m., except for a short time at midday. The evenings are spent in reading and prayer; surely the Lord will bless us to the people here. He has always done for us more than we have asked.

## MY FIRST THREE MONTHS IN TANGIER.

By E. L. HAMILTON.

It is now just about three months since I arrived with my family in Tangier. What a business it was landing from the French steamer which brought us from Gibraltar. With twenty-four parcels, surrounded by Moors and Jews shouting at the top of their voices, and tossed about in a small boat, we had a lively time of it. If it had not been for the help afforded by Mr. Glenny and the doctor, we should have come badly off. On the beach we received a hearty welcome from the missionaries, and having got our luggage passed through the Customs, proceeded through the town to Hope House. We were much struck with the strange dress of the people, the funny little shops (or stores as they are called here), and the wretched

state of the streets. How strange we felt in this strange land! we could hardly believe we were in Africa, and yet so near home. Six days previously we had left London in a fog, and now we were in

“AFRIC'S SUNNY CLIME.”

Our first business after arriving at Hope House was to settle in, our next to look round and see what was being done to reach the souls of these poor Mohammedans. At a little distance from the house is a building known to my readers as the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, built in memory of the late Miss Tulloch, who, after working some time among these people, passed away. It is built upon the very spot where she died, and we are believing that many who come here for their bodies to be healed will also meet with the Great Physician, and receive healing for their sin-stricken souls.

#### THE HOSPITAL

has usually nine or ten patients at one time, but is capable of receiving many more if we only had sufficient funds.

Every morning the doctor prescribes for all who come; sometimes as many as forty or fifty are treated and receive medicine and advice gratis. Some come from many miles away, and while they are waiting their turn to see the doctor the lady missionaries are reading to them out of the Bible and telling them the story of the Cross. Few of them are able to read, but those who can have the New Testament or some portion of the Gospels given to them. God's Word must be blessed to these people, and whereas we have had a few sheaves, we are believing for a rich harvest.

We had not been here many weeks before we had offered to us

#### A ROOM

on the ground floor in one of the principal streets, capable of holding from sixty to seventy people. Hope House being outside the town, and not having any definite work in the town, we felt that this was an open door, so we took the store, trusting the Lord to supply the funds, and at once set to work to furnish it in Moorish fashion. Having furnished the room, the next question was how to get the people. Christmas Day was at hand, so we decided to open it on that day by giving the people a feast. We decorated the room with Chinese lanterns and evergreens, bought a large quantity of native cakes oranges, and green tea, and issued our invitations.

Much to our surprise and joy, the little room was crowded with men. We had between 100 and 150. Hymns and addresses followed in Arabic and English, and we trust we got at the hearts of many.

We hope that before long the Mission-room will become the centre of much blessing. Every Sunday afternoon we have an Arabic service there, which has hitherto been very successful; and we hope before long to have a Spanish service, as there are between four and five thousand Spaniards in Tangier, and no missionary working among them.

Besides work in Tangier, there is a great deal to be done in the

#### THOUSANDS OF VILLAGES

throughout Morocco, also in the large and small towns. To reach these people we feel we must be truly Apostolic, *i.e.*, filled with the Holy Ghost and willing to suffer any hardships for the name of Jesus.

Up to the present we have had no hardships worth speaking of; on the contrary, we have many comforts we least expected; but not so with the Moors who are truly converted—they lose their property, their friends, and often their lives. No ordinary Christianity will do for them. If they are to boldly confess Christ they must, like the early Christians and martyrs, be so filled with the Holy Ghost that the fear of man will be completely gone.

As a band of missionaries this is what we are asking for ourselves, that the Mohammedans may see in us what Christ will do for them if they will only forsake the false prophet and follow Him.

## A FREE TEA IN TANGIER.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF MRS. BOULTON.

*Hope House, Christmas Day.*—After an early dinner to-day, we all went down to the Djemma, a room that has been taken in the town, and which was to be formally opened to-day by a tea to the Moors. A good deal of work was involved in this, Mr. Hamilton wishing to provide for fifty guests, and having to carry everything down from here; however, all was satisfactorily arranged, Miss Jay who superintended the commissariat, forgetting nothing. The room looked quite pretty, having been whitewashed and a dado added made of coloured matting. Two Arabic texts, in silver and gold letters on scarlet calico, showed up well against the white walls, and some evergreens and coloured lanterns added to the general effect. Several old boxes, turned upside down and covered with matting, made seats for the Moorish guests, and three paraffine lamps served with the lanterns for illuminating purposes. The proceedings commenced by some vigorous singing. Our musical instruments were my little organ (which was carried down on a donkey), Mr. Hamilton's banjo, and Mr. Fortescue's violin. Invitations had previously been issued to several Moors, and soon they began to arrive, and gravely seating themselves, listened to the singing. Then Maalam Aisa gave a little Gospel address in Arabic, followed by more singing and an address by Maalam Azarj. Meanwhile tea was being prepared in one corner, and when the water boiled

#### LITTLE COLOURED GLASSES

of very sweet tea were handed round, accompanied by oranges and native cakes, of which they are very fond, and which resemble in flavour a cold pancake, only having been cooked in oil, are very greasy. While they ate we sang, and then Mr. Summers addressed them in Arabic, followed by the finale in the shape of a magic-lantern. There were but six slides, and these Dr. Churcher explained to them, and all seemed very pleased, but they are too dignified to express their feelings or admit that they are surprised, though doubtless they had never seen such a thing before. As by this time it was quite dark, the meeting was dismissed, and after packing up our various belongings, we all trudged back to Hope House.

## AMONGST THE MOORS AT TANGIER.

NOTES BY MISS JAY.

*Hope House, January 3rd.*—Yesterday we had a great many patients, but to-day far more. Such a crowd! I suppose because it is a bright, lovely day—a real treat after the long-continued rains. We had a splendid party of men from the tents, which are pitched quite near us on the Marshan. They have come with their kaid from beyond Casa Blanca on some business with the German Consul. The men who came to us were huge fellows, very intelligent and interested, never having heard before anything more than just the name of Sidna Aisa. Unfortunately none of those who came this morning could read; but the Wordless Book was a great help to making them understand. A poor man dying of dropsy came again to be tapped. I spoke specially to him. All gathered round to hear what I was saying. Several said, “Yes, tell him the good words. He is near to death; he must listen.” It seemed just like the people at home, who think religion is very good for death, but not for life.

*4th.*—Another bright day, and again a crowd of men from the tents. Had a grand time explaining to them the picture of the Prodigal Son. They were

SO UTTERLY IGNORANT

and so astonished at everything they saw and heard. I heard them say to one another, “Who can have taught her our tongue

and all these holy things?" Then one of them turned to me and said, "Did God teach you?" to which I joyfully answered, "Yes, and He sent me here." They made me write and read before them, and we were not through till 2.30. I was so tired with talking all the time, for directly I stopped they kept begging me to go on and tell them more.

7th.—Busy morning with the patients.

THE DEAR OLD MAN,

Si Mohammed, left us, his leg so much better. He took away a good supply of medicine, some presents for his children, and a large New Testament which Mr. Summers gave him. He had specially asked for a large one, so that he might be able to see to read it. I took him alone before he left, and spoke and prayed with him. His heart seems truly touched; he says he does love Jesus; His words have entered his heart, and he shall continue to pray in His name. He said he would return to us again to learn more, and that all the learned men in his village shall read his Book. We had again a great crowd of men from the tents. I had eighteen in the room together at one time to speak to. I told them the Gospel as fully and simply as I could, knowing it was the first and perhaps with some of them the last time they would hear of Sidna Aisa. Afterwards I got individual talks with several of them. I found one most superior young man, quiet and refined, quite different from the huge, rough fellows the others were, he could read well, and said he had often heard of

THE INJIL

(the name they give the New Testament), but never seen one, and he wanted to know what we really believed. He gladly accepted a New Testament. One of the big men also was very interested, and kept following me about wherever I went. He offered to let me ride his horse whenever I liked, and was anxious we should come to his country, promising us all sorts of good things if we did. He could not read, so there was no use in giving him a book, so I thought I would send a present to his wife and children. I asked if his wife was alive and how many children he had. He began to laugh. "I have three wives and nine slaves, and I don't know how many children." Of course I did not give him anything. I then went with Azard to read with the patients. Read all John xi.—the raising of Lazarus. They were intensely interested, saying continually, "Wonderful! wonderful!"

10th.—Mrs. Boulton and I went with Mr. Mackintosh to see the poor man dying with dropsy. We left Mr. Mackintosh to read and pray with him while I spoke to the mother and sister. Outside we found a big group of boys. I made them repeat some texts after me, and then distributed text-cards amongst them. We afterwards went on to the house of the friendly Shereef. He was still away, but his wife gladly welcomed us. She is a Hadja, and has been three times to Mecca. Two other women were there, but she is the most clever and yet bigoted Mohammedan woman I know. When I began to talk of Sidna Aisa she at once began to dispute, and got quickly very excited. After a while she listened as I told of how much Sidna Aisa had done for me. When I stopped she took my hand, and, looking up so earnestly into my face, said, "You are indeed good; you truly love God and Sidna Aisa. Now there is

ONLY ONE THING NEEDED

to make you very dear to God—accept His sent-one, Mohammed, as *your* prophet, and you will be perfect." I tried to show that if the fruit was good all was owing to the beautiful Tree, Sidna Aisa. Though so excited at the discussion, she was most kind, afterwards begging us to stay to tea, and giving me a present of shiereer, which I carried away in my waterproof.

13th.—Directly after dinner I went down to see a French family. They were all out, except the old lady in the first floor. I had a talk with her, and left some books. Coming out I heard a voice calling me, and found it was the dear

Spanish girl I am so fond of. She hugged and kissed me, and took me upstairs. They have moved into this little house, so now I hope to see them often. Several women were there. We sang Spanish hymns and read a Spanish tract I had, and left, promising to return next Sunday. Then on to the mission-room, and found it

NEARLY FULL OF MOORS.

I sat by the door, and while the hymns were being sung had a most happy time, speaking to those who looked interested. It was just like working among inquirers at home. Several were ready to enter into conversations. Most, I found, had never even seen a New Testament. Both Azard and Mr. Summers spoke, and were well received.

15th.—Yesterday we had several Jews. The young man who speaks English came again. I just asked him if he had read the Gospel given him, when he said, "There you are again. I told you before I did not want to hear any more about Jesus; please talk of something else." He wants to learn English, so I introduced him to Mr. Edwards. It was a contrast to have an old man pulling at my sleeve, saying, "The words I heard the other day of Sidna Aisa entered my heart and have stopped there. Come and tell me more."

20th.—Happy, busy Sunday; bright sunshine, too. By 8 a.m. we were all down at the sea, and had the joy of witnessing the baptism of a young Jew, to whom we have often spoken of Christ. He speaks English well, and seems very bright and earnest. We feel so thankful he has had the courage thus publicly to

CONFESS CHRIST.

With his knowledge of languages we trust he may be a great blessing to many. He afterwards joined us at the Lord's Table.

22nd.—Large number of patients yesterday. Spoke for nearly an hour to room full of men, and then in the yard to as many more. Gave away several tracts and Gospels to Jews and Jewesses, as well as Moors. Had long talk in afternoon with another Jew wishing for baptism. The old man Si Mohammed returned again to his home this morning, having much enjoyed his Sunday with us. He comes just to hear more of Sidna Aisa. To-day we had again several Jews, who gladly took books, one man asking especially for a whole Hebrew New Testament. A party of superior

MOORISH WOMEN

also came, with whom I had a long talk about Sidna Aisa. They seemed touched. Aisha, one of our women in-patients who has been with us about three months, left us this morning. She was so loving and grateful. I had a long talk and prayer with her before leaving. She has learnt much while with us, and promises to teach her children all she knows. Many times she said she loved Jesus, and certainly she is very different now from the totally dark, ignorant creature she was when we admitted her.

26th.—Most happy morning. Such a splendid time with the men. A number came, and the doctor not being able to come, I had them to myself. The Shereef with the dogs was there, and read with me to the others. For about two hours we read and talked. He has often helped me in the same way before, but to-day he seemed brighter than ever—seemed to know no fear; declared Jesus was the only Saviour—the only One who could take away sin and open the gate of heaven. I believe in the summer he truly received Christ Jesus, and I was overjoyed to see how he has grown since. I took him alone afterwards, and got Azard also to come and fully put baptism before him. After what he had said this morning I felt constrained to do so. He at once joyfully desired baptism, showing no fear of man, and turning to me, he said, "You know I have not received Sidna Aisa into my heart a little, but *very much*. I wish to do all He says." He is to return and see Mr. Summers, who was out. My heart is just overflowing



with joy and praise. I can so well remember when he used to sit and argue with me about Mohammed's greatness, etc.

28th.—Lovely day. Many patients. Such a number of nice women—one especially so from the house of the Shercef. I have often visited her. She *does* love Jesus, and spoke so earnestly to the other women. She told me she had

GIVEN HIM ALL HER HEART.

Praise the Lord! I do not think any joy on earth can be so great as to watch these precious souls turning from darkness to light.

29th.—Coming back from town I found the Shereef waiting for me just to talk about Jesus. "I want to come every day," he said, "if I can, for I have no one else to talk to of Him, and He is everything to me now—more than friends or mother. His Holy Spirit is in my heart teaching me." His face seems to shine as he speaks of Christ.

31st.—The Shereefa and her group of friends came again. Read with them of the healing of the man born blind. Two of them seem to have received the truth into good soil. They never take their eyes off me while I am speaking, and, when I stop, say, "Go on, for we cannot read the good words for ourselves." They say they have asked Sidna Aisa to save them, and the Shereefa said, "Yes, I do love Him." A man was brought into the hospital with his spine injured. I spoke to him of Jesus, and asked him if he had ever read the Gospel. "Never," he said, "and I never shall. It would be a great sin for me to do so. I have

MOHAMMED AND THE KORAN,

and want nothing else." He would not even look at the outside of the book; he thought it so bad. He is gentle and intelligent and quite refined, but *so* bigoted. He is to stay with us, and we shall pray specially that his heart may be softened. He reads perfectly, they say; so if we can induce him to begin it will be all right. To-day two talebs among the patients drank in the words with beaming faces. They had never heard the Gospel before. It was such a pleasure to talk to them. I offered them Gospels when they left, but they had seen my large book and refused to take them. "It is so good, you must give us all of it—not part." They each had a whole Testament to take away.

### TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, TANGIER.

MISS JENNINGS and Miss Banks have lately taken up their residence in rooms adjoining the Hospital, so as to be better able to devote themselves to the nursing of the in-patients. We are thankful to find the Moors, both men and women, place themselves so trustfully under the care of Dr. Churcher and the sisters who are helping him. The following notes of the hospital work are sent us by

#### MISS JENNINGS.

Tangier, Saturday 5th.—We had a nice lecture on drugs from Dr. Churcher this morning; he is kindly thus instructing us in their characteristics and uses, for an hour each Saturday morning.

Took my sewing up into the women's ward this afternoon, and to their great delight sat and chatted a long time with them. Being unable to sew, read, or write, the days must appear *very* long to them. They are so ready to hear any Bible stories of our Lord Jesus, and assent to all I say. Oh! that God's Holy Spirit would reveal the truth to their poor dark hearts!

Monday 7th.—A few women came to see the doctor; while waiting I had one of the happiest talks I have yet enjoyed with them. I believe God's Spirit must have prepared their hearts, for they sat so *very* still—not chattering to one another as they are so fond of doing, but apparently

INTERESTED

in all. One woman, who understood me much better than the others, interpreted now and again into simple good Arabic.

Sunday 13th.—Sunshine and blue sky again! Such a joy and help to one's spirit after the three or nearly four weeks of rain. Delightful scramble down to the sea before breakfast, much to the detriment of boots and other clothing, as the paths were slippery, and in some places great water courses, after all the rain. Over the edge of one immense perpendicular rock the water fell in a beautiful cascade, and bracken and ferns flourished below; scarlet geraniums and the yellow cistus were in bloom above, where the earth joined the rock, and wild white narcissus with richly perfumed blossoms grow wild on the slopes. Intensely refreshing in the highest sense we found this morning's walk, and our hearts are full of praise for this enjoyment of His good things.

Our in-patients take increasing interest in the Sunday morning Arabic services, and I am sure one of these women is receiving the truth into her heart; she is always glad to hear me speak of the Lord Jesus, and answered two of my questions at their little Sunday afternoon service so nicely. When repeating one

ARABIC HYMN

verse by verse before we sang it to them, I stopped at the line which, translated, runs thus—"Now ascended He will keep me," and asked her from what does Christ keep us. She replied, "From sin, from Satan, from bad words." Again, when explaining the passage in Matthew xiv. of Christ feeding the 5,000 with five loaves, etc., after reading it I asked how it was those few loaves were enough to feed them all. "Because God blessed the bread," she said. May this poor Moorish woman, whose name, "Aisha," means *Life*, soon feed by faith on Christ—the Bread of Life!

Tuesday 15th.—Brought our three women patients down this morning and seated them outside in the glorious sunlight; we afterwards took them individually for a donkey ride in the driest, warmest part of the Marshan, for two of them have bad legs and may not walk. They were nervous at first, but supported by the Jew donkey-driver and myself on either side, they became reassured, and all three declared they enjoyed the treat.

Tuesday 22nd.—Miss Lambden and I started at ten this morning with Aisha, our elder in-patient, to take her to her distant

VILLAGE HOME,

which we did not reach till a quarter-past one, though the donkeys went quickly. The morning was cool and breezy, and I immensely enjoyed my eleven miles' walk, though the mud was terrible in parts. I returned on the donkey which carried our patient. The country was lovely in its early spring dress, the grass and young corn a brilliant green after the rains, and gorgeous large blue and purple flags and white narcissus in abundance.

Aisha has been with us nearly three months; entering the hospital in a sadly diseased state the end of October, she to-day has left us practically cured, and I trust with some knowledge of the Saviour's love in her heart. As we went along I told her the story of the man possessed, who when healed was told to return to his house and tell of the great things the Lord had done for him. She at once took in the point, and responded that she would tell her neighbours of the words of Jesus she had learnt. As we neared her mountain village she met some of her neighbours at work in the fields, and greeted them; the donkey driver informing them this was Aisha, who had been ill, and now was returning well. As we entered the village, through its wall of "prickly pear" hedge, we soon sighted the

DJEMMA,

or mosque, where the boys attend school; and Aisha called

her son. The boy responded, and ran out to his mother, greeting her with tears, so great was his joy. We then approached the few men who had not gone out to work, among them the schoolmaster, and they politely invited us to sit down on some rocky stones in the sunshine, and the eight men, seating themselves in a semi-circle before us, formed a most attentive audience, as from a picture I told them the story of the "Brazen Serpent," and then turned to John iii. 14, and spoke of sin in the heart. Afterwards we sang to them, gave them a gospel and Arabic tracts, and left, promising, in answer to their urgent entreaties, that we would return shortly.

*Wednesday 30th.*—Had a capital time with the men patients this-morning, read John ix., and after dinner went up to the women and gave them

A SEWING LESSON.

They hardly know how to work and cannot use a thimble. As an incentive, I am giving them unbleached calico to make garments for themselves.

As I came home from our weekly afternoon Bible reading in the town, a man called to me. I went to his shop and admired its lightness and height, and sitting down began talking, for he knew me, and was very friendly. He asked if I had any Arabic books; but only English were in my basket. However, taking out my Testament I told him in Arabic the story from Matthew xiv. of Christ feeding the five thousand, and another Moor lounged in and listened, and the Jew lad behind the counter was interested. Before I had finished a shopkeeper opposite brought me some of his native pottery goods and asked me to buy, but I bade him wait till I had finished my talk. One is so thankful for these wayside ministries.

EXTRACTS FROM WORKERS' LETTERS.

*From MR. LILEY.*

YOUR last visit to us seems to have been a "turning of the tide," for of late we have had much to encourage us. I believe the Lord is going to do great things here. The work has begun where it should, viz., in my own soul. I have had no vision, but the Lord has brought me into such communion with Himself that I have not before enjoyed. Since you were with us, a little meeting has been commenced for the native shoeblack boys; they are generally very poor, having lost one parent, or both. The boys are rather wild, but hitherto their interest has been gained, and this gives me much encouragement. We fixed the hour to meet at 4.30 on Friday afternoons, but on my return from visiting at 4 o'clock I generally find them waiting. The first afternoon the Prodigal Son, in colloquial Arabic, was read to them. Last Friday the "Broad and Narrow Way" picture was explained to them. We meet in the garden; I occupy a low stool, while the boys perch themselves on their boot boxes. It is amusing to see how attentively they listen—ears, eyes, and mouths wide open, as though determined to lose nothing. After our little meeting, a cup of coffee and a piece of bread is given to each boy, which is highly appreciated. I noticed that some of the boys' boxes were in a very dilapidated state. To give them a little encouragement to come, new boot boxes were promised if they attended regularly and behaved well. I have made three boxes, but they are not yet given. They cost me nothing except labour. These boys encourage me much by their good attendance, behaviour, and interest. God grant that the seed so imperfectly sown, and in great weakness, may bring forth fruit to the glory of His name.

In Tidjiddit, among the men there is much to encourage me. Those who can read are asking for the Bible. They seem to be throwing off that reserve that I have hitherto found a difficulty, and speak frankly and freely on spiritual matters.

My dear wife has just met with a very interesting case. About two months ago our negress said her mother had met with an accident, by a part of a wall falling on her foot. As she did not say much about it, my wife thought there was nothing serious, until the other day, when she mentioned that her mother was very ill. My wife went at once to see her, taking lint, ointment, etc. The negress (a great, stout woman) was found in a horrible state. She had the wound *plastered up with clay*. Before my wife would touch the negress, she got her to promise to pray to God in the name of Jesus to heal and save her. The negress took off the string of six charms hanging round her neck at once, and gave them to my wife, who promised to return them if her foot was not healed under our treatment. The swelling and inflammation has subsided, and the wound is going on as well as can be expected, after being plastered up with clay for two months. Pray for us, especially for this poor negro family. Notwithstanding the small-pox, my dear wife has started a sewing-class in Tidjiddit on Tuesdays, an Arab lending a room. She has another class at the Asa on Thursdays.

*From MR. BUREAU.*

You will be glad to know that the number of my daily visitors that had declined during the month of January, from reasons we can quite account for, has again increased, so that sometimes our large room downstairs is quite crowded. We may expect much blessing from this effort, as all who come either read or hear the Word of God. In order to reach those who do not come in, I have had placed on the outside of my door a wooden case with glass top, wherein lies an open Bible in Arabic, so that passers-by may have the opportunity of stopping to read God's Word. Every day I turn over a fresh page.

I still think that the greatest hindrance to missionary progress here is alcohol. It makes me feel so sad when sometimes I find out that some of my visitors are people that drink. I have known lately one very sad case. Friends in England who think that the Mohammedans are sober people ought to come and spend a week with us, that they might see the contrary.

*From MR. F. CHEESEMAN.*

I am making good solid progress in Arabic. Many things I have had to unlearn. I regret much that I was not stationed here at the first, as I find here many helps both in French and Arabic. I am wanting a French-Arabic dictionary, for translating. There is a good one in the public library, but it takes too long to go there, and sometimes it is in use when I arrive, for we are many studying the language. We can only praise God for the wonderful way in which He has thus far helped us. It is now three years since we arrived, and though we have often failed, He not once. Glory to His name. As to the future, my only concern is that we may in all things do His will. I am sure He will guide in everything. Oh! that we could make Him more fully our friend, *i.e.*, from our own standpoint, because we know He cannot be more our friend than He is. It is therefore a question of our becoming more friendly with Him, by keeping in His company, that we may learn more of Him.

*From MISS L. READ (Tlemcen).*

We are only six here, and there is work for a dozen, open, ready to hand, and waiting for some one to do it. I suppose that men such as Arnot are scarce, not easily to be found, but it is men like him we need in our mission, consecrated wholly to the work, and fully awake to the fact that time is passing, and men are dying without the truth. Oh! there is so much to be done, my heart aches as I walk through the Arab quarters, and see the throngs of men, and think what a little is being done. If a man must be out two years to take up the language before he can attempt to work among the people, oh! that there were a hundred getting the preparation. We still

want at least two sisters to help with the visiting in the homes, which has grown so fast, we cannot keep up with it; people who are willing to listen to the Gospel have no one to tell it to them.

From MISS L. COLVILLE.

We have been very busy ever since our return from Tunis; we have now thirty houses we try to visit regularly; in some we know several families, and they always welcome us. We were called to see a sick baby in one good family, and the same day were asked to see a little boy in the house of one of the richest Arabs here. The husbands gave us as hearty a welcome as their wives, and in the outside hall were interested in seeing a number of poor Arabs having their food; it was, in-

deed, the poor eating at the rich man's gate; so that our work, instead of being hindered, has been increasing, and we do believe God has a work for us to do in Constantine, and we need not be fearful. Last month we had a number of sick ones; some we visited every day; one little boy who had nearly chopped his thumb off, we were obliged to take to the doctor. Another was very ill, and we took the doctor with us one day to see him, and have taken him daily nourishing food and cod liver oil. Our little girls still come on Thursday, and we have constantly fresh faces, but they appear at our doors at all hours in the day. Two new Arabs have been to our house this month; one was very pleased to have a Gospel to take home.

LIST OF DONATIONS FROM DECEMBER 1st, 1888, TO FEBRUARY 23th, 1889.

1888.		General.		1889.		General.		1889.		General.		1889.		General.		
Dec.	No. of Receipt.	£	s.	d.	No. of Receipt.	£	s.	d.	No. of Receipt.	£	s.	d.	No. of Receipt.	£	s.	d.
	1... 2847	1	1	0	Brought forward	181	5	0	Brought forward	309	3	1	Brought forward	520	9	0½
	3... 2848	1	0	0*	2... 2901	0	10	0	11... 2956	1	16	0	28... 3009	0	13	0
	3... 2849	1	0	0	2... 2902	1	1	0	11... 2957	0	5	6	28... 3010	1	13	1
	5... 2850	5	0	0	3... 2923	0	10	0	12... 2958	2	10	0	28... 3011	0	7	0½
	5... 2851	15	0	0	3... 2924	1	0	0	12... 2959	1	1	0	28... 3012	1	1	10½
	7... 2852	0	5	0	3... 2925	1	0	0	12... 2960	0	5	0	28... 3013	0	2	9½
	7... 2853	2	10	0*	3... 2926	0	9	6	14... 2961	50	0	0	28... 3014	0	5	0
	11... 2854	3	0	0	3... 2927	0	10	0	14... 2962	0	3	0	29... 3015	0	5	0
	11... 2855	0	1	0	3... 2928	5	0	0	15... 2963	1	0	0	30... 3016	0	9	6
	11... 2856	2	9	8	3... 2929	0	10	0	15... 2964	1	1	0	30... 3017	0	2	6
	12... 2857	5	0	0	3... 2910	0	2	6	15... 2965	1	0	0	30... 3018	0	10	0
	13... 2858	0	7	0	3... 2911	0	1	0	15... 2966	1	0	0	30... Readers of Christian.	19	16	0
	14... 2859	0	14	0	3... 2912	20	3	0	15... 2967	12	7	1	31... 3020	1	0	0
	14... 2860	1	1	6	4... 2913	0	17	0	16... 2968	2	0	0	31... 3021	0	10	0
	15... 2861	1	0	0	4... 2914	0	5	0	16... 2969	2	7	4	31... 3022	0	5	0
	15... 2862	10	0	0	4... 2915	2	2	0	17... 2970	20	0	0	31... 3023	0	3	0
	18... 2863	0	2	0	4... 2916	30	0	0	17... 2971	0	10	0	31... 3024	0	2	6
	18... 2864	1	1	0	4... 2917	5	0	0	17... 2972	25	0	0	31... 3025	3	0	7
	18... 2865	0	5	3	5... 2918	0	1	11	18... 2973	0	5	0	Feb. 1... 3026	0	10	0
	18... 2866	0	5	0	5... 2919	2	0	0	18... 2974	10	0	0	1... 3027	0	5	0†
	18... 2867	2	0	0	5... 2920	1	0	0	18... 2975	5	0	0	1... 3028	0	7	0
	19... 2868	10	0	0	5... 2921	0	5	0	18... 2976	0	10	0	2... 3029	2	5	2
	19... 2869	0	5	0	5... 2922	0	10	6	18... 2977	0	1	0	2... 3030	0	10	0
	19... 2870	1	0	0	5... 2923	1	0	0	18... 2978	1	1	0	2... 3031	7	0	0
	19... 2871	1	0	0	5... 2924	1	5	0	18... 2979	1	1	0	2... 3032	0	4	0
	20... 2872	0	5	0	5... 2925	5	0	0	18... 2980	1	1	0	4... 3033	0	10	0
	20... 2873	3	0	0	5... 2926	1	0	0	18... 2981	0	5	0	4... 3034	0	5	0
	20... 2874	1	18	10	5... 2927	3	3	0	18... 2982	0	5	0	4... 3035	1	6	3
	21... 2875	1	1	0	5... 2928	0	17	6	18... 2983	0	10	0	4... 3036	1	0	0
	21... 2876	20	0	0	7... 2929	1	0	0	18... 2984	1	0	0	4... 3037	0	4	0
	22... 2877	1	0	0	7... 2930	1	1	0	19... 2985	1	0	0	4... 3038	0	6	0
	22... 2878	5	0	0	7... 2931	0	5	0					4... 3039	0	10	0
	22... 2879	10	0	0	7... 2932	1	0	0	19... 2986	1	1	0	4... 3040	0	6	0
	24... 2880	2	18	3	7... 2933	10	0	0					4... 3041	1	0	0
	24... 2881	2	10	0	8... 2934	1	0	0	19... 2987	0	10	0	4... 3042	0	11	7
	27... 2882	0	14	0	8... 2935	0	10	0†	19... 2988	2	0	0	4... 3043	0	5	0
	27... 2883	1	12	3	8... 2936	0	10	0	19... 2989	0	4	0	4... 3044	0	12	2½
	28... 2884	0	6	0	8... 2937	2	0	0	19... 2990	0	12	0†	4... 3045	1	12	8
	29... 2885	0	10	0	9... 2938	1	0	0	21... 2991	0	7	6	4... 3046	0	5	6½
	31... 2886	0	10	0	9... 2939	7	10	0	21... 2992	0	10	0	4... 3047	0	5	1
	31... 2887	0	10	0	9... 2940	0	5	0	21... 2993	2	0	0	4... 3048	0	4	0
	31... 2888	50	0	0	9... 2941	2	0	0	21... 2994	37	0	0†	4... 3049	0	13	5
	31... 2889	1	0	0	9... 2942	0	10	0	22... 2995	0	5	0	4... 3050	0	2	0
	31... 2890	1	7	0	10... 2943	2	13	0§	22... 2996	1	0	0	4... 3051	0	2	6
					10... 2944	0	9	0	24... 2997	0	4	6	4... 3052	3	0	0
1889.					10... 2945	0	10	0	24... 2998	3	0	0	4... 3053	1	0	0
Jan.	1... 2891	1	1	0	10... 2946	0	5	0	25... 2999	5	0	0	5... 3054	2	5	0
	1... 2892	0	10	9	10... 2947	0	10	0	25... 3000	0	10	0	5... 3055	5	0	0¶
	1... 2893	1	0	0	10... 2948	0	5	0	26... 3001	0	5	0	7... 3056	2	2	0
	2... 2894	0	4	6	10... 2949	0	5	0	26... 3002	0	10	0†	7... 3057	10	0	0
	2... 2895	3	4	0	10... 2950	0	4	0	28... 3003	2	17	0	7... 3058	50	0	0
	2... 2896	2	0	0	10... 2951	6	5	0	28... 3004	3	0	0	7... 3059	0	10	0
	2... 2897	0	10	0*	11... 2952	1	1	0	28... 3005	1	0	0	7... 3060	1	0	0
	2... 2898	2	0	0	11... 2953	1	0	0	28... 3006	0	16	6½	7... 3061	0	8	6
	2... 2899	1	0	0	11... 2954	0	10	0	28... 3007	2	9	5½	7... 3062	5	0	0
	2... 2900	0	5	0	11... 2955	0	6	2	28... 3008	0	7	6½	8... 3063	50	0	0
Carried forward	£181	5	0		Carried forward	£309	3	1	Carried forward	£520	9	0½	Carried forward	£702	3	10

Total -- £815 9 7

Gifts in kind:—Dec. 18th: (144) parcel of old linen, three dessert, and four teaspoons. 24th: (145) basket of bottles filled with sugar, and parcel of old linen. Jan. 4th: (146) pair gold spectacles and gold Albert. 10th: (147) gold Albert. 16th: (148) bundle of old linen. Feb. 9th: (149) material for working meetings at mission stations. 15th: (150) gold watch chain. 15th: (151) gold scarf fastener with diamond chips. 20th: (152) silver table-spoon.

\* Tangier Medical Mission. † Passage and Outfit Fund. ‡ Hospital Maintenance. § Arabian Mission. ¶ Scriptures.

