

N.B.—Kindly read, circulate, and do not destroy.

NORTH AFRICA.

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

NORTH AFRICA MISSION,

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

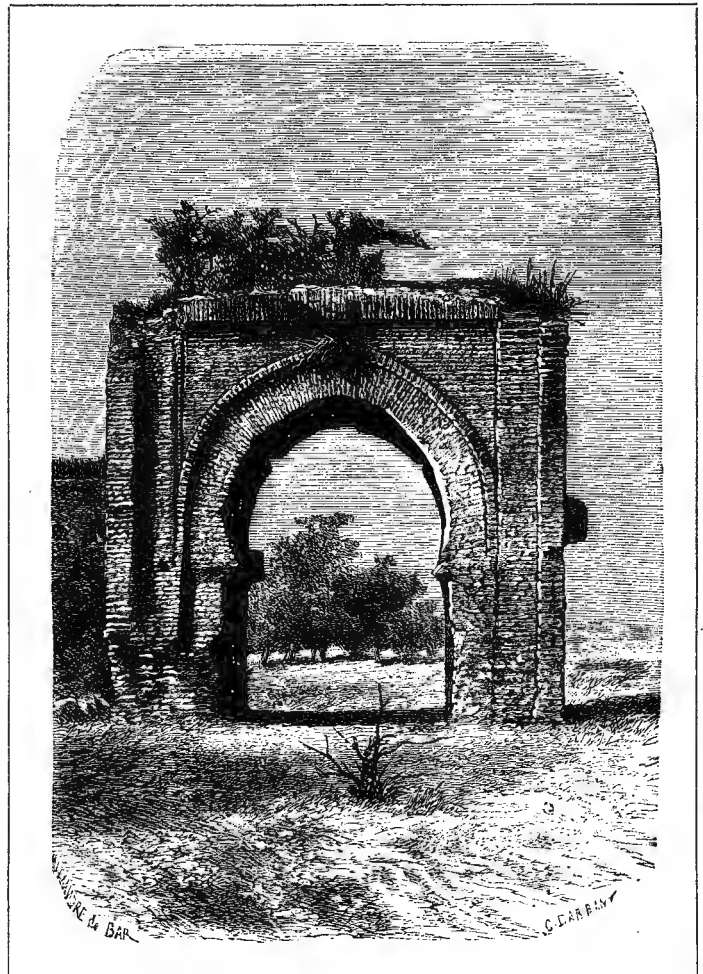
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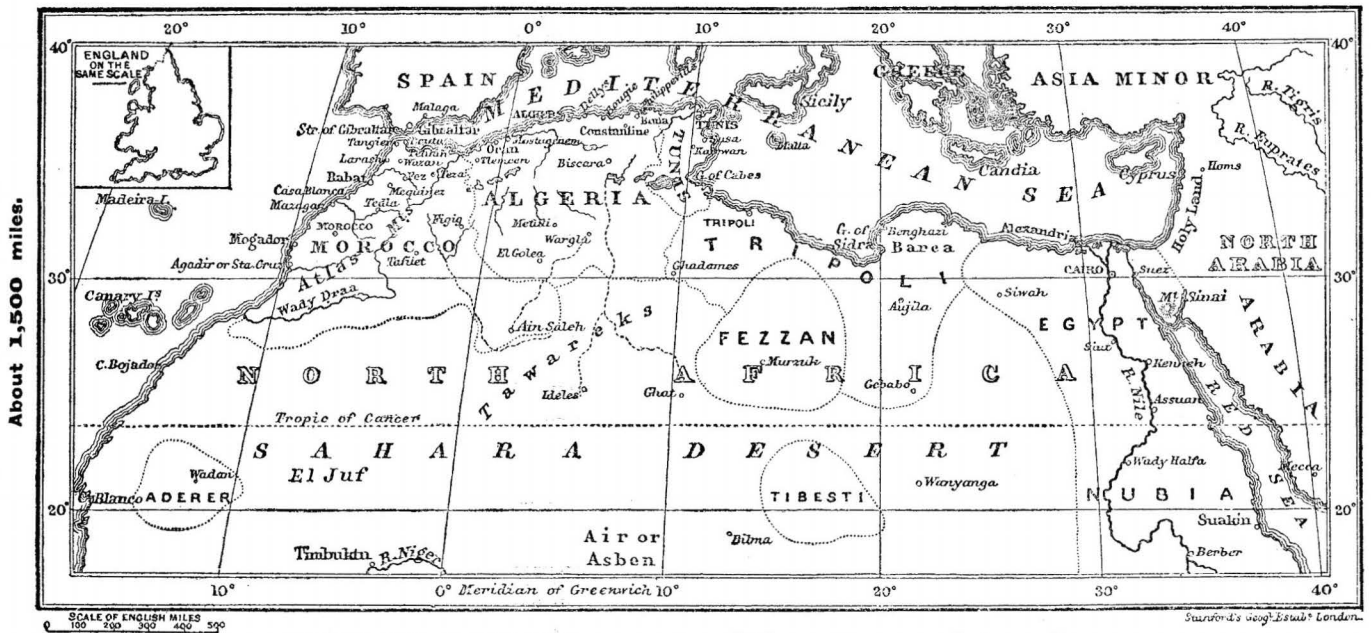
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About 3,600 miles across.



NORTH AFRICA west of Egypt consists of—

Tripoli, Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, and the Sahara. Its native inhabitants are all Mohammedans.

Mohammedanism has nothing in its teaching that can save the soul. It teaches some truth, but carefully denies the fundamental doctrines of Christ's divinity, death and resurrection, etc.

No effort has, until recently, been made to evangelise this part of the Moslem World. It was considered impossible to gain an entrance, much more a hearing amongst these followers of the False Prophet.

God has withered and is still withering the political power of Mohammedanism in Africa. Its vices were too glaring for civilisation to endure. Slavery and piracy in Algeria led to its subjugation by a nominally Christian power. Tunis and Egypt followed. Morocco and Tripoli enjoy only nominal independence.

Islam's spiritual deceptions and social degradations cannot be removed by force of arms. Only the reception of the truths of the Gospel can remedy these evils.

MOROCCO can be reached from London by steamboat in four or five days; it has an extent of about 260,000 square miles (equal to five times the size of England), and a population estimated at from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000. It is governed by a Sultan, whose name is Mulai Hassan. The country is divided into thirty-three districts, each of which is under the superintendence of a Kaid. The semi-independent hill tribes are ruled by their own chiefs, and scarcely acknowledge the authority of the Sultan.

The North Africa Mission began work in Morocco in a small way in 1884; at the close of 1889 it has substantial mission premises, with hospital, in Tangier, and stations in Tetuan and Fez the capital. It has twenty missionaries in the country, labouring amongst Moslems, Jews, and Europeans; but half of them are at present mainly occupied in learning the languages. As the bulk of the population are in villages, many workers are needed that this great country may be evangelised.

ALGERIA (fifty-five hours' journey from London) is the most advanced in civilisation of all the countries of North Africa, having been held by the French since 1830. After great expenditure of life and money, it is now thoroughly subject to their rule. Its extent is about three times that of England, and its population about 4,000,000, principally Moslems, but with some tens of thousands of French, Spaniards, Italians, Jews, etc. The country has a good climate, and much beautiful scenery; there are many good roads, and more than a thousand miles of railway.

The North Africa Mission has six mission stations and nineteen brethren and sisters working there. The bulk of the people live in villages scattered over the country, and only a very few have, as yet, been reached by the Gospel.

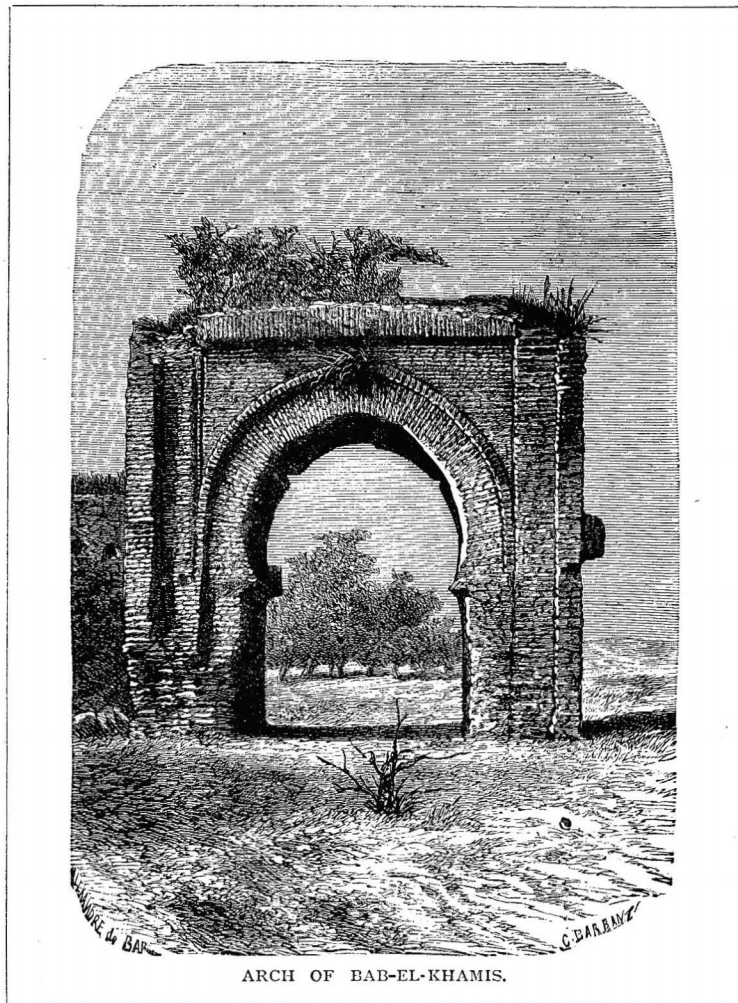
TUNIS is under French protection, and practically under French rule. It is hardly so extensive as England, but has a population of about 2,000,000, nearly all of whom are Mohammedans. There are, however, a few thousands of Italians, Maltese, French, and Jews, etc., on the coast. Nine workers of this Mission are stationed in the capital, most of them at present engaged in study; the remainder of the Regency, with its cities and villages, remains unevangelised. Who will go to them? A Medical Mission would be most useful.

TRIPOLI is a province of the Turkish Empire, several times as large as England. It has a population of about 1,250,000, who, with the exception of a few thousands, are followers of the False Prophet. The Moslems here are more intelligent and better educated than further west, and more opposed to the Gospel. Two brethren, in 1889, began to labour for Christ among them, and notwithstanding their bigotry have been encouraged. A Medical Mission has been attempted with cheering results.

THE VAST SAHARA, with its few scattered millions of Berber and Arab Mohammedans, remains still without a solitary missionary. We pray God that soon some brethren full of faith and of the Holy Ghost may be able to preach Christ amidst the inhabitants of its palmy oases.

NORTHERN ARABIA is peopled by the Bedouin descendants of Ishmael; they are not bigotted Moslems, like the Syrians, but rather indifferent to religion. One brother is working among them, and is sorely in need of fellow-labourers willing to endure the trials of desert life.

NORTH AFRICA.



ARCH OF BAB-EL-KHAMIS.

MISSIONARY TRIALS—DISAPPOINTED HOPES.



HE missionaries at Tunis and Algeria have lately been much tried by the apostasy or deliberate hypocrisy of professed converts. This is, perhaps, the heaviest trial in the life of a missionary. He "lives" if the converts "stand fast in the Lord." They are his "glory and joy," the one reward for the labour, to win which he is content to "endure all things," and for which he counts no labour and no suffering too great. But when they fail, when they prove false, "reprobate," how bitter is the sorrow, how keen the disappointment! To have marked what seems to be the dawn of spiritual life in a soul, and then to have watched for months, or even years, its seemingly gradual development; to have rejoiced with a joy too deep for words over a soul that seemed really to have been won for Christ, and then to find that the whole profession from first to last had been merely a clever counterfeit; is indeed a bitter sorrow, such as none but they who have, at least in a measure, tasted it can fully understand. Yet one thing is perfectly plain, that this has been the lot of the faithful ministers of Christ from the very beginning. The base treachery of Judas was, perhaps, the most piercing sorrow in the bitter cup of the Master Himself, and this not merely at the time of the actual betrayal, but during all the three previous

years, when He, who "knew from the beginning who they were that believed not and who should betray Him," watched from day to day, with an ever-deepening agony of solicitude, the growing power of sin in the heart of His "own familiar friend," and by innumerable loving, faithful warnings sought, as we may well believe, to save him from the final act of apostasy which was to plunge him in destruction and perdition. Jesus "*was troubled in spirit*, and testified and said, one of you shall betray Me."

Paul, too, drank deeply of this bitter cup of sorrow. Even at "the beginning of the Gospel, false brethren were unawares brought in, who came in privily" to work mischief in the infant Church. It would have been easier to bear if these Judaizers had openly cast off all profession of Christianity; but instead of that they remained to dog the Apostle's steps from place to place, everywhere labouring to depreciate him, to alienate the affections of his converts, and to sow the seeds of error. And many a faithful missionary has since wept in secret bitter tears of sorrow over those who once seemed to run well, but eventually turned out to be little better than impostors. In this also the disciple is not above his Master, but is called to have "fellowship with Him in suffering," and to realise more than ever before the tender sympathy of Him who endured the sacred sorrow, having been tempted in all points like as we are. "Beloved, think it not *strange*, . . . but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."

Such tribulation works very valuable experience, and one can hardly believe that without such painful discipline the labourer can be perfectly fitted for his work, seeing what "depths of Satan" he will yet have to encounter in that warfare with the world-rulers of this darkness to which he has definitely devoted his life in the winning of souls for Christ. Let every faithful labourer expect such trials.

Let us, however, endeavour to draw one or two practical lessons from these painful occurrences.

And, first of all, it is very instructive to note in what way the Lord Himself dealt with inquirers, or even professed believers, who yet were not the subjects of any real heart-work by the Spirit of God. We read (John ii.) of "many who believed in His name when they saw the miracles which he did;" and, again, in the eighth chapter of many other, "who believed in Him," powerfully moved by the majesty and grace with which he answered his opponents, but who yet were not, in that stage at least of experience, true disciples.

Concerning such professors we are told two things: (1) that "Jesus did not commit Himself unto them"; and (2) that the aim and object of His teaching was to convict them of sin, cutting deep down into their hearts with the sword of the Spirit, and opening up to them in words of terrible force and significance the hidden evils of their souls (John viii. 30 to 47). A holy caution in dealing with professed inquirers. Clear and faithful teaching in regard to the real nature of sin and the human heart, a deep probing of motives, and a scathing denunciation of all discovered pride, self-righteousness, and hypocrisy. Such seems to have been our Lord's method of treatment of those whose "belief" was merely intellectual, and whose hearts were still like the stony or thorny ground of the parable. And this fact is, doubtless, recorded for the guidance of His followers. A careful study, not only of such passages as those referred to, but of all the accounts in the Gospels of our Lord's dealings with individual souls, or with special classes of men, seems a very needful preparation for intercourse with Mohammedans and heathen alike.

Again, is not our Lord's treatment of Judas a model for His missionaries in dealing with those in whom they detect, or think they detect, the workings of hypocrisy and false motion? He read the man's true character from the very first; yet what traces there are all through the Gospels of the holy and loving patience and faithfulness with which he treated him. Love, the love of Christ, will never abandon any soul, however debased and degraded, so long as it is possible by any amount of self-sacrifice to win it to the Saviour. And yet, again, hypocrisy may be a later growth in the heart of a professed inquirer than we might suppose. Judas was, first, a covetous man; then "a thief;" and, lastly, "the traitor." Let us judge such characters hopefully as well as faithfully. Lastly, what a call we have here for increased intercession for our missionaries, for the manifestation of loving sympathy with them in these heart-breaking sorrows, and for prayer for such a mighty out-pouring of the Spirit of God that our missionaries will almost forget the tearful sowing in the joy of an abundant harvest of true converts, manifesting by steadfast and consistent lives the sincerity and reality of their profession.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The little Moorish town of Sifroo, in which Miss Herdman and her two companions resided for a time last summer, has been lately visited by a dreadful flood. The Jewish quarter of the town, which is situated on the banks of the river, suffered by far the worst. The flood rose in the night and soon filled the houses and shops, carrying away both goods and people. About twenty Moors lost their lives, but the number of the Jews who perished must have been several times greater. Twenty-eight bodies were recovered from one house, a fact easily understood by those who know what fearful overcrowding exists among the Jews in that country.

* * * *

The workers in Tunis have had the joy of baptizing four converts on a profession of their faith in Christ. Three of these were French and formerly Roman Catholics; the other an Arab from Mascara, of whose conversion Mr. Cheeseman was hopeful. He was sent to stay for a time with Mr. Bureau, who, being satisfied of a real change of heart, baptized him.

Thus while God permits their faith to be tried by the apostasy of some, He graciously gives them fresh tokens of His presence in the conversion of others.

* * * *

Miss Granger and Miss Colville have arrived in England from Constantine, Miss Cox and Miss Smith from Djemâa Sahridj, and Mr. S. Van Tassel from Syria, while others are expected before the close of the month. During their brief visit to this country, they would be glad of opportunities of telling of the work being done in their respective fields of labour, and we should be thankful if some of our friends could assist us by arranging meetings in drawing-rooms, churches, schoolrooms, or other buildings. Please address the Hon. Sec., 21, Linton Road, Barking.

* * * *

It has been arranged to hold a meeting at the Strangers' Rest, St. George's Street, on Friday, July 4th, to welcome the missionaries who are returning for a short rest. Tea at 6, meeting at 7 o'clock. The presence of friends interested in the work of the North Africa Mission is requested.

* * * *

On page 93 we give some lengthy extracts of a journal received from Mr. Summers, in which he describes his journey through a little-known district of Central Morocco. The two journals from our sisters in Fez, Miss Copping and Miss Herdman, and those from Miss Grissell and Miss Johnson of Tunis will, we are sure, be read with interest.

* * * *

Mr. Summers has since visited Morocco city, on his way passing through the province of Shiadna, which he describes as a most beautiful country. With Morocco city he was much disappointed. It is large, but sparsely populated, and has the appearance of being in ruins. He found great bigotry and fanaticism there.

* * * *

There are now fifty-two missionaries (including wives) labouring in connection with the NORTH AFRICA MISSION. These are scattered over five distinct countries. In order to sustain them and their work efficiently, we need £120 per week.

* * * *

Mr. Liley writes us that he has at length been able to purchase from one of the Arabs a good, useful horse, and has already made two or three short journeys to the duars in the neighbourhood. He greatly needs a fellow labourer, and we should much rejoice to be able to send our brother the help he requires.

A PEOPLE WHO DO NOT REQUIRE THE GOOD TIDINGS.

A LETTER FROM MISS ROSE JOHNSON, OF TUNIS.

WELL, if you must go to Africa, why *don't* you go to the heathen, not to the Mohammedans? *They* have at least one God. So far they know the truth.

Yes, *so far*, but no further; and what a God! One separated from them by an almost impassable gulf, exercising His sovereign will as a despot, regardless of the feelings of His subjects—one to whom, they think, mechanically repeated prayers and long-continued fasts are pleasing. A God, yes! but a father, no! A God, yes! but a friend, no! The very idea is preposterous. And these people living in this darkness, bound with the chains of such a religion, have (according to some) no need of the good news of salvation; do not require to be told that "God so *loved* the world." As you read this letter giving a slight description of some of the scenes we have witnessed these last few days, will you not lift your hearts to *our* God, and our Father, our own Father, that He may send out more workers into this part of His world? And if He shows any one of you that

HE WANTS YOU

out here, do not hold back, for though the work is truly difficult *He* is intensely precious out here, and His presence is very real and good.

This month is the Arab month, "Ramadan," a month very much dreaded by most of them. For during its continuance every good Mohammedan is expected to fast every day, from the first appearance of dawn to the last signs of daylight, or just so long as they can distinguish a black thread from a white one; in this southern land this means a long time at this time of the year. They begin the month at midnight on the first day of the month by a grand feast, then again about 2.30 a.m. they have a slighter repast, and about 3 a.m. a cannon is fired, warning everyone that is over seven years old that

NOT A MORSEL OF FOOD,

not a drop of water, must pass their lips, not a pinch of snuff must be taken, not a cigarette smoked, until they hear the sound of another cannon about 6.50 p.m. The consequence is that every afternoon we see men going about with haggard faces, parched lips, and wearied bodies, almost (in the case of very many of them) unfitted for any work, with irritable tempers and peevish words. In every house we enter, the inhabitants are either too sleepy to pay any attention, or too busy cooking for the evening meal, or too thoroughly cross to restrain themselves at all. And this is a people who do not require "the good tidings" of a free salvation, purchased by Him who loves them! Perhaps if I describe one visit to a family where the fast is well observed, you may more easily understand

THE EVIL OF THIS SYSTEM.

At five o'clock one Saturday afternoon Miss Grissell and I started to go to a house at which we had promised to have supper. When we arrived there about 5.45, we found the father of the house and his two sons very sleepy, constantly looking at the clock, hardly knowing whether to sit still or to wander about. The womenkind of the house also very sleepy: Lilla, the mother, very busy superintending the cooking; the two wives of the sons, pale, tired, and untidy. One of them looking after her two little children, of which one was a baby and very poorly, and the other helping to cook; none of them at all inclined to listen.

As the time for the meal drew near, the father prepared a cigarette, cups of a green-looking gruel-like mixture, and a basin of water were brought into the room, and fully ten

minutes before the hour, the supper table, all ready spread, was carried into the room; a mat was spread for the father to use for his prayers. At last

THE CANNON WAS HEARD,

and then all was life and energy. Nearly all took a drink of water. One of the sons lighted his cigarette; the father went across the room to his mat and commenced a series of genuflexions and muttered words of prayer, for about five minutes, the other son sat down to the table and ate, voraciously literally devouring his food. Then the father having finished his prayers, came and sat down, and we two began our supper. The mother was now praying, for the wives had to wait till their husbands had both finished. Being Ramadan we had extra good food. Of course all Arab dishes, but oh! if you could have seen the way in which the food was eaten, you would have felt, as we did, what an utterly false system of religion Mohammedanism is, how it tends to the demoralization of its followers; how hard, how cruel, how dishonouring it is to the Creator who made men as men,

LIKE UNTO HIMSELF,

and not as brute beasts.

After supper we enquired what they were going to do till the time of the evening meal (Zadok had gone out, probably to sit in cafes or watch some of the many shows in the streets during this month). They replied that they should sit up, and about two they would have a cold meal of sweet foods. This is not a universal practice; most people go to bed when they have finished supper and are called for the next meal. For this purpose there are special men appointed; one goes past our house every morning about two o'clock, beating an instrument that sounds like a tin kettle, and calling out "Rise for the lahoor." After this meal J. told us that they went to bed and slept till about noon, some of them.

They asked us "did we fast," and when we said "no," they asked "why not?" It was so delightful to have the opportunity of explaining to them that because

JESUS WAS ALWAYS WITH US,

we had no need to do so.

Again, to illustrate the bigotry of these Mohammedans, I must take you to another home to see the effects of Ramadan. You have read, in former letters and journals, of the family by whom we have been received so warmly, and one of whom, the son-in-law Mahomet, has opened his heart to receive the Saviour. When Ramadan began, his father-in-law discovered that he was not going to have the usual feast, nor to keep the fast. This made the old man extremely angry, and he threatened to separate Mahomet from his wife, whom he loves dearly, to take him before the Cadi, and accuse him of changing his religion; thus depriving him of all his means of support, and turning him out of house and home; in matters like this they seem to lose all natural affection.

The Master has opened before me a new little bit of work for Him, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to Him for so doing; it is this, to

TEACH THREE GIRLS TO READ.

Two of the number have accepted the Lord as their Saviour, and are not fasting this month, and one of them Tonna declares she shall never marry a Mohammedan; how good if some day she could be a Bible-woman; in the meantime it is very necessary she should learn to read; at present she can only learn by word of mouth, and this is His work for me. It is so good of Him to put it before me while as yet I can talk so very little. Perhaps some of you are thinking it means a good deal of trouble. I know it; patience, time, love and wisdom are all needed; but it is His work, and "I shall not want," and

then the joy it will be to them when they can read and write, and does not

HIS WORK IN US

need endless patience, skill, and love? are we not slow to learn even the very alphabet of His lessons, such dull scholars, and He such an infinitely wise Teacher?

I know you do not forget us in your prayers. We need much to be upheld by you. Pray that we may be kept with our eyes upon Him, our faith strong in Him, ourselves so out of sight that His life may be manifest here. Pray for the converts that they may be strengthened and established in Him. Pray also for this great city that His truth may spread rapidly among Arabs, Europeans, and Jews.

TAKING THE GOSPEL TO MANSOURAH.

NOTES BY MISS A. GILL.

Miss Gill sends us a few interesting notes of a fresh effort now being made by herself and Miss Hodges amongst the French children in the village of Mansourah, about one and a half miles from Tlemcen. Thus far they seem to have been much encouraged.

Tlemcen, Wednesday, April 2nd.—A very wet morning, but watched anxiously for it to clear, as Mr. and Mrs. Marshall had promised to go with me to Mansourah in the afternoon to see if we could find a room to start a little meeting for the French girls. After dinner, it having ceased raining, we started, but had not gone far when we were enveloped in mist, and the rain came down so heavily we had to take shelter. After a time it left off, and we decided to go on, and very soon the sun came out, and we had a lovely walk. When we reached the village we went first to a Frenchman, who is proprietor of most of the village—a Protestant and an office-bearer of the French Church, which I am told he never attends. We met him in the yard, and Mr. M. told him what we wanted. He very emphatically said "No; there was no room anywhere to be had." We told him why we wanted it, and then, to our surprise and grief, he said he believed neither in God nor the Bible. Mr. M. stayed some time talking to him. On leaving here we went to the little Post Office and saw the Spanish woman and her husband. They also said it would be

VERY DIFFICULT

to get a room, and there was not one empty then. From here we went over to the Mosque, and saw Leonie's mother, and here we had our first ray of hope. She said she knew of a small room, and if I would come up on Sunday she would let us know if it was still to let.

Monday, 7th.—In the afternoon Miss H. and I went to Mansourah; first to the Mosque, and heard the room was to let. Leonie's father took us to it, and we found it belonged to a Protestant woman whom we knew. It was larger than I expected, and only five francs per month; so we agreed to take it, the landlady promising to have it cleaned and whitewashed by the end of the week.

Thursday, April 17th.—Another wet day. We had arranged to go to Mansourah and get the room ready, but as we shall have to go now, wet or fine, we decided to go in the wet, which was unpleasant, as we had texts and other things to carry. Several of the girls came over to help, and very soon we had the texts up and curtains to the windows. We had sent a table by a milkwoman, who comes into Tlemcen every day. Tomorrow she is to take the chairs and a small cupboard for the books.

Sunday, April 20th.—The girls at Mansourah had asked to have the meeting at two, so after an early dinner Miss H. and

I started with our little Jewish maid. On our way we found the girls

COMING TO MEET US,

and directly we opened the room I thought the people would never stop coming in—girls, boys, Arabs, and mothers with babies—and Miss H. had her work to keep the door. We had only six chairs and a form, so most had to stand, there being quite forty in the room. It was a very warm day, and we were unable to open either the door or window because of the people outside. The children learnt to sing "Tell me the old, old story" in French, and then we had a little talk about the Bible. We had taken twelve new ones with us, so we found the places for the elder girls, and they all read a few verses aloud from Psalm cxix. Then they learnt two verses—John v. 24 and Luke xi. 28. One girl took all the names down of those who would come regularly, and another saw to lending books. We spent a very happy hour together. The whole thing seems such a wonderful answer to prayer, step by step, and it has been abundantly above all we could ask or think, for over thirty names are given in. We would ask prayer for this fresh effort.

ONE OF OUR ARAB FRIENDS.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MISS GRISSSELL (TUNIS).

I now want to tell a little about the nice family Miss Harding has frequently mentioned, and with whom we are all so friendly. The married daughter, living in an upper corner of the big house with her husband, has lately been very ill, and as she was but poorly cared for by her own people, Miss Harding offered her services, and her husband and mother very thankfully left the nursing in our hands. We had to care for her night and day, because in our absence all manner of wrong things were given her, and any number of visitors allowed into her little room, and she really was seriously ill. I would like to describe to you a night I passed by her bedside, that you may a little understand

ARAB WAYS OF LIVING.

Our patient has a beautiful big bed, nearly filling up the room. This was, however, very necessary, as the baby was not allowed off it, or rather from under its canopy for seven days; nor was a drop of water allowed to touch mother or child for that time. The nurse curled herself up on the bed to care for the child, and the mother-in-law slept on the bed the night I was there. In the outer room, on the floor, slept the husband and two servants, and a child in another corner. You must not think these are poor people, for they are in very comfortable circumstances, only their rooms happen to be small, and Arabs seem to prefer large furniture. We are always treated with courtesy and kindness in this house, indeed like friends of the family, and M—— himself saw I had everything I needed for the sufferer during the night. I felt it to be

A GREAT PRIVILEGE

to be able to minister to a sick one out here and experience nothing more of loneliness than I should under similar circumstances at home. My patient suffered much, but it was very sweet to see that my faltering Arabic prayer to Sidna Aisa calmed and soothed her. We think our attention has done much to win her to listen to our words, as she likes to hear now, and is not opposed to her husband as she was before. He seems to have drunk in the Words of Life, never wearies of listening, and has a quick, happy perception of the Gospel truths. He is not dependent on being told, for he reads beautifully, and delights in the Bible in Arabic, which he bought from us, and which lies on his table. Pray much for

him that his way may be made clear to

CONFESS CHRIST.

In his own house his change of views are well known now, both upstairs and down, and his father-in-law, and his own mother, who lives near and is constantly in the house, resent his change of opinions; but we will wait and pray, for the Lord can open a path even through a sea of difficulties. We are obliged just now to be very careful for fear of the father shutting the door against us during the fasting month of Ramadan, which has just commenced. M—— declares his intention of not keeping this fast, but at present is obliged to do so, as his father threatened to inform the Cadi, who has the power to take away his wife and child from him. Only God reigns. He can control the hearts of men.

MEDICAL MISSION WORK AT TANGIER.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM MISS JAY.

SINCE Dr. Churcher left for England, the treatment of out-patients and the care of the few in-patients who remained in Hospital until the feast of Ramadan commenced has been in the hands of Miss Jay. Sometimes as early as six in the morning they will gather under her window calling out for the "Tabeeba."

We trust by the time the Hospital is again opened, the funds may be so replenished, that we may feel justified in again bringing a goodly number of patients under the constant influence of our band of workers.

Hope House, April 9th.—I took the service this morning; the court was full of patients—treated thirty-eight. Many men from the tents came for medicine. One of them told me that three years ago he swallowed a leech, and that ever since it had travelled about his body, sometimes in one arm, sometimes in the other, or in his legs, head or heart. He promised to give me his beautiful burnous if I cured him. I gave him a drop of croton oil. The next day I met my patient in the lane; he seized my hand, and said the medicine was splendid. The leech had gone, and he was quite well; but he never mentioned the burnous.

April 17th.—This is the fifth day of

UNCEASING RAIN;

it has come through almost everywhere in house and hospital, and we have all been busy with basins and baths trying to mop it up. The high wind drove it in at every window and door as well as the roof. We have had hardly any out-patients, but have had happy times morning and evening with the in-patients. They are so attentive and interested, always asking us to come and read.

April 19th.—Yesterday the negro left us. He is much better, and so grateful; he showered down blessings on us all when he said good-bye; he is returning to Maraksh. It is finer, and we have had a number of patients both yesterday and to-day, some very bad cases.

April 21st.—A long tiring morning. We saw

THE RAMADAN MOON

last night; numbers of Moors were watching for it, so the cruel fast has begun to-day, and we must send away the other two men who are in Hospital. There were thirty out-patients this morning. Si Abraheim, a professed Christian from Mogador, arrived to-day. We have received him here as such,

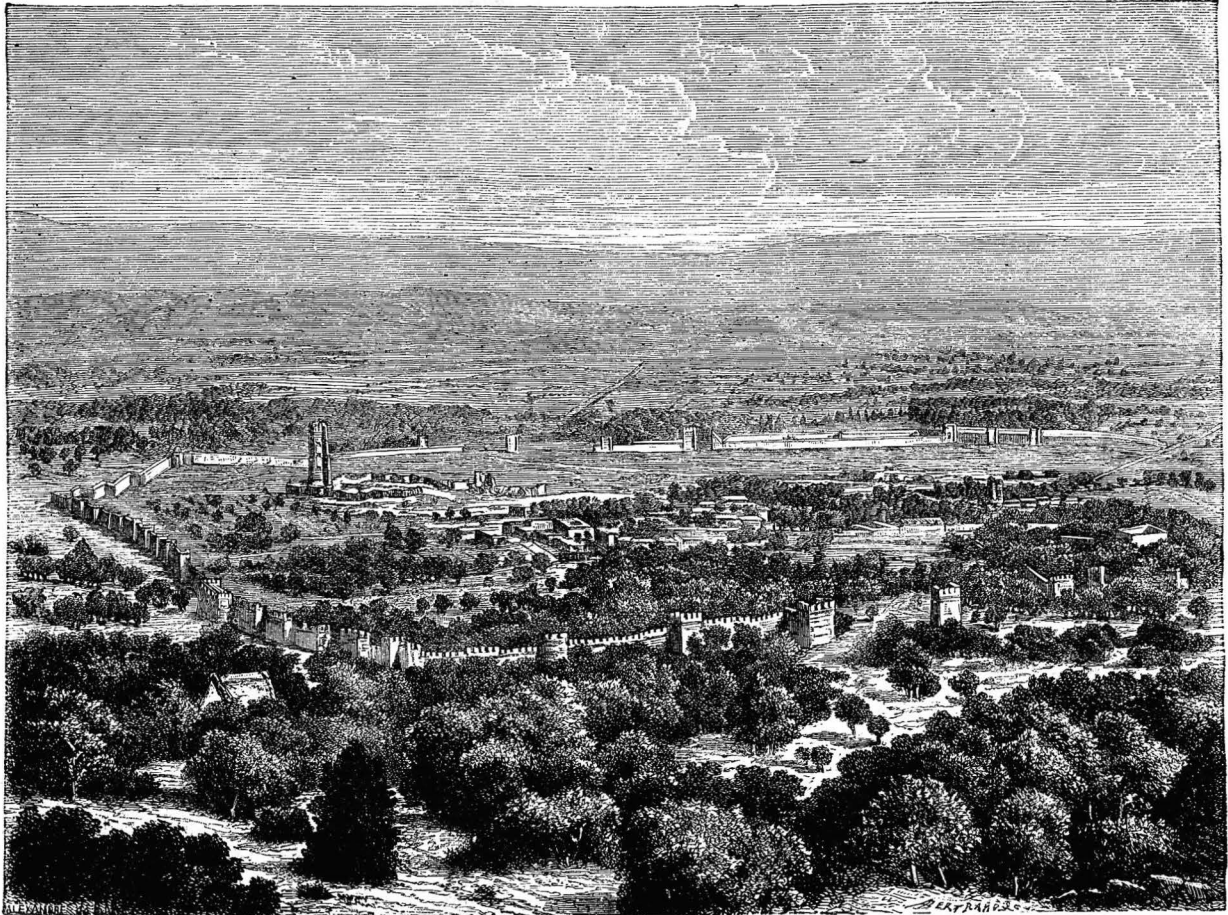
only God can read the heart. We told him plainly what we had been told concerning him, but he declares he is truly a believer. He had a good meal as soon as he arrived, so is not keeping Ramadan, and I took him up with me to evening prayers with our two remaining in-patients, and he read and explained very nicely John xvii., and we sang a number of hymns with him. I have been again to see the sick Moorish lady; she is decidedly worse and in great pain, she was pleased with the flowers I took her. I talked of Jesus, but she did not show the least interest; when I spoke of Heaven she brightened up, but insisted that Mohammed was the way there.

April 23rd.—Very hot. I took service, numbers of patients. Miss Lambden read with them while I treated them—several

took off its dirty rags, and dressed it in new things. It was so pleased, but I did feel sorry to give it back to its poor mother to go on that

TERRIBLE LONG JOURNEY

for which they had no money. We asked them why, when they were all so ill and poor, they should think of going to Mecca, and I think I shall ever remember the far-away look in her face as she answered, "Our prophet has called me, and I *must* go. Many times I have heard his voice telling me to leave my country; for a whole year I have cried because I could not follow him. Then once more I heard his voice louder than ever; my husband saw my tears; we are now following the voice, and I am happy, we have not any fear:



RUINS OF MANSOURAH.

babies to be vaccinated. Sent away our two in-patients, and
CLOSED THE HOSPITAL.

They were very sorry to go. One of them, the young foké, has been a most cheering case; he is quite cured, and we believe is truly trusting in Jesus as his Saviour. I spoke and prayed with him before he left, and he earnestly declared his faith in Sidna Aisa only. We gave him a whole New Testament to take home with him.

April 26th.—Many patients, all very pleasant. Amongst them a strange party of pilgrims to Mecca; the mother was paralysed, and the little girl about two years old also paralysed in both legs; the father was ill and weak too, and all three were wild, ragged, and dirty; but the little child was such a loving little darling, and kept fondling us all the time. We

our prophet always feeds those he calls." I thought, What an example these poor Mohammedans were to many Christians! They were so full of joy at being able to suffer for the sake of their prophet, and thought it such an honour to follow where he called. Oh! that from our dear country may many obey

OUR MASTER'S CALL

to follow *Him*, counting not their lives dear unto them, and being quite sure that He will provide for all the need of those who obey Him. We told these poor people of our Jesus, and of how He lived and died for them. They listened quite eagerly, and seemed strangely drawn to us from the fact that we too had a prophet for whom we had left home and country.

April 27th, Sunday.—Both last Sunday and to-day the boy

from Jebel Mockra has come here in good time for service. He told me he had a beautiful book, and drew it out of its wrappings so carefully I feared it was some Mohammedan book, and it was such a joy to find it was an old torn copy of Matthew's Gospel without a cover, and the type was different to any I have seen; he said a Moor gave it him. He seems to prize it much, and was reading all the time he was here, except during the service. I went back with him to his home to see his sister; she is such a pretty bright girl, and the home is charming, so clean and neat. She has charge of everything, and being a needle-woman as well is always hard at work. I had a long happy talk with them both about the Lord Jesus.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MANSOURAH.

THE ruins of Mansourah, shewn in our illustration, are situated about two miles west of Tlemcen, and are a great attraction, if not the main point of interest, to tourists visiting this town. The road from Tlemcen to Mansourah passes through most lovely country, abounding in fruit trees, such as the olive, fig, pomegranate, orange, cherry, walnut, quince, almond, and others. Indeed, the whole surroundings of Tlemcen are like one vast watered garden. On the way to Mansourah, on the left-hand side of the road, is the "*Bab-el-Khamis*," a graceful brick arch in horse-shoe style, an engraving of which was given in NORTH AFRICA for July, 1887, and which is repeated in this number. About five minutes' walk beyond this we enter the circuit of the walls of Mansourah. The landscape stretching out before us is very fine. On our left rise the steep and rocky heights of "*Lalla Sitta*," crowned by the little marabout (saint's) tomb, whence the mountain gets its name. Immediately in front of us are the ruined clay walls, averaging over a yard in thickness and twelve yards in height, and the circuit of which encloses a space of about 250 acres! In the background rises the high minaret, and on our right hand lies a lovely stretch of undulating country, shut in on the north by a line of dim blue mountains. Far as the eye can reach it lights on the soft, silvery-green foliage of the olive trees, of which there are said to be *more than* 50,000 around Tlemcen. Over all these beauties stretches the cloudless and deep-blue sky, while a glorious African sun illumines the whole—a scene of surpassing beauty!

Mansourah is supposed to have been built by the Sultan, Abou Yacoub, who laid siege to Tlemcen during the last decade of the 13th century. The siege lasted eight years, and during this time Abou Yacoub also built within the circuit of the walls a palace for his private residence, and a mosque, the ruined minaret of which (nearly 120 feet high) is seen in our illustration. Half of this minaret, cutting it vertically, has fallen, and *à propos* of this the Arabs have a curious story to the effect that the minaret was built by two masons, the one a Jew and the other a Moslem; and that God withheld His blessing from the labour of the Jew, and destroyed that portion of the tower built by him. Mansourah is said to have become a populous and flourishing city, but I am unable to discover at what period it subsequently fell into decay.

Massive, square, embattled towers rise up from the wall at brief intervals around the entire circuit. These appear to have been used as store-houses for provisions. A stony path conducts us from the main road to the entrance of the mosque. Passing through the door of the minaret, we find ourselves in what was the courtyard of the mosque, the outer wall of which is still standing. Since the French occupation, the tower, which is a fine specimen of Moorish architecture, has been strengthened with massive iron girders, and supplied with a

new door in Moorish style. On either side of this have been placed a pair of fine marble pillars, dug out of the ruins. Further interesting and valuable remains that have been excavated, are to be seen in the Tlemcen museum of antiquities.

Nestling among the verdure in one part of the ruined enclosure is the little *modern* village of Mansourah, with about 150 inhabitants, both French and Spanish. This village has been occasionally visited by the missionaries from Tlemcen, and tracts distributed among the people.

M. H. MARSHALL.

NOTES FROM FEZ.

BY MISS E. HERDMAN.

April 12th.—We are nearing the end of the month before the Feast of Ramadan begins. This month corresponds to the carnival of Roman Catholic countries, and on the last two days the mirth waxes fast and furious. There are many marriages, and consequently many entertainments; indeed, there are so many feasts going on that the richer women have their hands and feet elaborately stained with henna by a professional lady stainer, in wonderful patterns, and at a good deal of expense, an item which corresponds to new kid gloves in civilised lands.

The number of our visitors increases; many want medicine; some wish to see our books, and some to hear our music, but

ALL HEAR THE GOSPEL.

From this time onward the country people begin to come in large numbers, the crops being nearly all sown, and some even gathered. The late abundant rains are making the season an excellent one as to milk and butter. The barley is making good progress, and some are already eating the new beans—the staple article of diet of the very poor. The wheat was very late in being sown, and may not be good, so bread continues dear; but with plenty of barley and beans there cannot be dearth.

Ambassadors from several nations are expected immediately at Fez, and many houses have been emptied and prepared for them. We were anxiously asked last week, by those who did not know the exact truth, whether a whole quarter was going to be given up to Christians. Fresh butter is not to be had, as it is all being collected for the "Christians," who are supposed not to like oil, or the

RANCID BUTTER,

in which the Moor delights. Their butter is never salted, and the more years it is kept the more delicious it is considered.

A Moor of good family called this afternoon to bring us a line from Dr. Kerr, saying he had been well received in Sifro, and was on his way back to Mequinez. This young man's uncle gave us the run of his large gardens last summer, and seems to have treated Dr. Kerr with great generosity. We are glad for the sake of future travellers, as not long ago it was thought too wild a place for Europeans to venture to live in. We are asked by several residents to return there this summer. We are also invited to two other small towns, each a short day's journey from Fez.

We were gladdened to-day by a spirit of enquiry among the women. Two belonging to one of the towns above mentioned seemed to leave our house with a desire to serve Satan no longer, and a belief that

IT IS POSSIBLE

to be delivered in this world from his power. One of them said as she was going out, "I am going to tell the others in our place what you have told me."

The general belief here is that the sins of the lite are written in the forehead, that that is where God keeps "my accounts,"

as they put it. They believe the heart is the seat of present sin, so we teach them to ask God to wipe out their sins from their "accounts" for Jesus' sake, and to give them a clean heart. They understand that if the sins are gone from their forehead their mind will be cleansed from sin. We show them they are written in God's book; but these ignorant, country people can only take in a little at once, and one desires rather to make them wish to

LIVE UP TO WHAT THEY KNOW

than to burden their minds with something new, strange, and difficult. A woman died under very suspicious circumstances in a house in Fez lately, and this led me to speak to the country women of "feeding" people they don't like (the polite word here for poisoning). From their replies the sin was evidently familiar, and one woman anxiously asked me, "Would people who took away life never be forgiven?" which is the Mohammedan doctrine. I told her by true repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ no sin, however great, could shut us out of heaven.

April 15th.—We had some specially attentive women of all classes in again to-day, both from town and country. I am more hopeful of a real spiritual work among the people than I have ever been. Two women belonging to Sifro came in, and on leaving took away with them a wordless book to remind them of what they had heard. One had been before, and brought her friend

SOLELY TO HEAR.

They did not want medicine or anything else from us. The country people are from many parts, so that the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus gets scattered over a wide area. Among others was a very interesting young shereefa from Tafilelt, now residing in Fez, dressed in the garb of her country—a number of yards of thick, dark blue cotton, so draped as to form a becoming garment, nothing to pay for sewing, and no bother with cutting out. She brought with her a sick child, and also carried in from the street a poor cripple who had been brought on a donkey. After being attended to, the poor young girl crawled across our court, and was again carried by her friend to the street door through a passage, and then lifted by the man on to the donkey's back. The cause of her present condition is this. A few months after her marriage, while weak and ill, her husband determined to

DIVORCE HER,

and as she could not ride, he forced her into a panier on the side of a mule, and rode with her from Tafilelt to Fez (ten very hard days' ride) to deliver her to her parents. When taken out of the basket in Fez, her limbs were so cramped with the position she had been in for so many days that they have never straightened since. This is one of many instances of heartless cruelty inflicted in this land.

Miss COPPING.

Miss Copping, writing from Fez, in the month of March, says:—We have on our book the record of 468 men and boys and 642 women and children who attended our house as patients during January and February this year. Among those in January came a poor man with a very bad carbuncle on his neck. He came at first every day, afterwards every second day, to have it attended to. At last he is well. One day he told me his story, and I will try and condense it for the benefit of our friends at home, as it shows a Moslem's idea of religion. He said, "I am a Shereef of Mulai Absolaam. My house is far away over a mountain—a country with every blessing, olives, corn, fruit, cattle, women, sheep, and fowls;

and a country not like Fez, for in her there are no liars, deceivers, or thieves; for if one steals, you gouge his right eye out; if one doubts your word, you shoot him, especially if one deceives you. In her there is also *deen* (religion)." I asked if there was anything about

LOVING ONE ANOTHER

in this *deen*, or if he really thought such a *deen* as theirs could please the most merciful God. I enquired if these mountain people ever became ill, and if they had a tabeeba to go to. He answered, "No, no. Is not sickness and death from God?" (He forgot this creed, I suppose, when he came to me.) "If disease comes to our houses" (they always call their families their houses) "and they die, we praise God."

He also said, "I have had six wives; some of them have died, others of them I have divorced, and I have only one now." This wife is such a pretty girl, and of a good family, whereas he is a poor man and quite forty-five. As he had been ill several months, her mother wanted to get her divorced, but now he is well they are good friends; and this is no uncommon case.

Among the women patients came a sick lady, attended by her

LITTLE BLACK SLAVE,

a merry little girl, and evidently very fond of her mistress. After hearing the lady's sad story of several months of unnecessary pain. I gave her what I expect will relieve her, impressing upon her that although the medicine is from us, the blessing comes from our God. She then became very friendly, and, calling to her the slave to untie a small burden from her back, said, "I will let you see the baby. She is the only one that God has left me of all my children." The women hide their children not only from me, but from each other, for fear of an evil eye. They think a woman who has no children of her own is sure to envy her neighbour and wish evil to them; I am sorry to say they do often curse each other's children. I took and admired her child, being careful to say, "Tabarrak Allah," as I gave it back; this is a sure sign that I am not jealous of her. I humour all their little fancies as far as it is lawful to do so. Before leaving our house, she came back to ask my advice about going to a saint's grave to ask blessing on this new treatment. I told her we did not ask or receive anything from

THE DEAD SONS OF ADAM,

but from a living God who hears, and always gives us what we ask for, if it is good for us to have, and if not something better. These people say they worship one God, but they really worship many saints. Seede Ali Boralibe is the name of the dead saint who is the women's particular friend; they go to him in all their troubles. A mother brought me her little son. He had not quite recovered from small-pox. She said she found a white spot on his eye, so took him to sleep each night at Seede Ali Boralibe's grave; but he had not given them a blessing, for her son had become very ill, so she brought him to me. He is evidently suffering now from the result of exposure brought about in this way. Seede Ali Boralibe's tomb has two rooms in connection with it for the comfort of travellers; but they are kept for the rich, who give the caretaker money, and the poor, like our little patient, have to sleep outside and the nights are cold.

Protestantism is professed by only one in eleven of our race. Mohammedanism by one in seven; the latter is therefore numerically far stronger than Protestantism. There are about 180 millions of Mohammedans in the world, and it is the dominant faith of the whole of Northern Africa.

EXTRACTS FROM WORKERS' LETTERS.

From Miss LAMB DEN.

We had a good gathering of women to-day. One who came from Arzila, and whose father is a fokee, was especially bright, but more bigoted than the others, as is often the case when they are more than usually intelligent. They all listened well, and one young woman, who had no idea of singing, repeated the words of the hymn as they were sung. There were also two charming little boys waiting outside the hospital, whom I tried to teach (by the help of the wordless book) "Give me a clean heart," a little hymn we sing; but when I asked him to repeat the words, he would forget, and say, "Give me sin." Poor child, he evidently did not understand what sin is, or his need of a clean heart. May the Holy Spirit teach him ere he grows old in sin! I asked them to come again that I might teach them more.

* * * *

I had a very nice time with the women (inpatients). One of the girls who are with us in the hospital told me she had a dream about Sidna Aisa, and that He told Miss Jay to give her a new garment. She is rather an avaricious little creature, so I took this opportunity of telling her that all things earthly would not last long, and then related the story of the rich man and Lazarus.

* * * *

This morning I was talking with one of the women patients and her daughter in the hospital. Speaking of fasting, praying, etc., I tried to show them these were not sufficient for their salvation. While we were thus speaking, the woman's husband came in, and seemed very interested. Read John iii., with which they were much impressed. The woman said her little boy, who was standing by, was too young to have

sinned. I think I was enabled to speak with greater freedom than ever before.

From Miss R. JOHNSON.

When you pray for Tunis, do remember the poor Soudanese. If I were a man I would do my utmost to go further south and reach them; poor things, enslaved by Mohammedanism, so ignorant and so dull. I long to reach them; their black faces make my heart ache often. Miss G. and I often speak of them; it is difficult to reach them here, they are slaves; but in their own land—if only some would go! I feel as if I could give my very life if they could but be reached. Them *first*, and then the Arab women are the ones I long specially for.

From Mr. CHEESEMAN.

In our last number Mr. Cheeseman mentioned the case of a young Jew in Mascara who had accepted Christ. Our brother now writes concerning him:—

When I arrived home from Tlemcen he had a bad black eye, the result of a blow given him because of his testimony for Jesus. Since then he received another fearful black eye, and at another time he received a good thrashing, and they threatened to kill him, until he was afraid to go out. I found some work for him at a Christian's about ten miles away, but the Jews have followed him there, and made things so unpleasant that he feels compelled to go farther away, and will, I think, eventually reach Tangier.

His conversion has completely stopped the Jews coming to my house. The greater number of them would not speak to me during the last month, but I think they are coming round again. Two called upon me yesterday (Sunday), and I have had conversation with several in the streets. I pray that it may be so, and that the Word may have free course.

IN CENTRAL MOROCCO.

We noticed in our last number that Mr. W. Summers, accompanied by Mr. Bellamy of the Bible Society and a Syrian Colporteur, had left Tangier on a visit to some of the towns lying to the south of Rabat. We are now able to give some extracts from our brother's interesting journal.

We need not dwell upon their short sea voyage down the Morocco coast, suffice it to say that they were glad to land at Casa Blanca after a fifteen hours' voyage, during which they suffered much from sea-sickness.

April 22nd.—Being too late to pitch our tents that night, we put up at the house of a Spaniard, where we did our best to enjoy a Spanish supper. Tired and weary, we were glad to go to rest.

April 23rd.—This morning we pitched our tents near "dav el Kasbah," or the "barracks." After pitching, a number of Arabs came to me and I had a most refreshing time, shewing them the virtues of Jesus. After listening attentively, they went away, saying that the Lord Jesus was both good and wonderful.

The afternoon and evening we spent in trying to hire the one or two animals we need to carry our books and tents, but we were unsuccessful. The people were most exorbitant in their demands. If it were not for the Lord Jesus' sake, no one could love these people.

April 25th.—Yesterday and to-day have been trying to hire animals, and after considerable trouble have succeeded. The greatest kindness has been shown us by Mr. Feran, the acting Vice-consul, who secured the animals for us, and helped us in many ways. While conversing with the people of the town I was pleased to find

THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS

were held in the highest respect, and that not only on account

of their business capacity, but their high moral character. They seem to be the centre of light and influence. To-morrow we hope to start on our journey.

April 26th.—Started this morning about 9 o'clock for Kasbah abu Rashid. Our road lay through a plain, very thinly populated. On the way we passed various farmsteads owned by Europeans, either in whole or in part. The land here is most rich and fertile, but large tracts of it lie waste. On the way we met many companies of camels bringing in loads of grain. The sun was very hot, and this being the first day the travelling was rather tiring. On arriving at

KASBAH EBU RASHID

about five o'clock, the Kaid received us most cordially, and gave us his summer house to put up in. He also sent us a very plentiful supply of food. On the road I had an interesting and encouraging talk with our muleteer, who is a devout Moslem and an intelligent man. I felt how little sap they had in their faith, how little real comfort, and how miserably unitarian everything they say and think is.

April 27th.—Lord's Day. The morning we spent in reading amongst ourselves. In the afternoon I went round the town talking to the people. Most of them listened but indiffer

ently to the claims of the Lord Jesus. They all seem so bound by authority. They will accept nothing, nor do anything without the sanction and authority of the Kaid (governor of the district). This part of the country is so little frequented by Europeans that we cause

A GREAT COMMOTION

wherever we go, and the different governors feel it their special business to take us under their protection. Yet invaluable service is done merely by our presence amongst them, and many false notions are dispelled. The surrounding country is most rich and fertile, and we see miles of growing grain on every side. The Kasbah where we are, is a collection of houses surrounded by a wall. The buildings are of "tabia," a mixture of lime and small stones, beaten well together, similar to concrete. Nearly everything is in ruin, and the place presents a most desolate appearance. As we look around, we cannot help thinking what a Paradise this would be if it was only in the hands of an enlightened European power. The garden where we are living is full of all kinds of young fruit trees. There are a few Jewish merchants here who live under the special protection of the Kaid. This afternoon we had a long and interesting talk with a Fez man who is staying here for a time; he shewed

THE USUAL DESIRE FOR CONTROVERSY.

I cannot speak too highly of the hospitality and kindness of the Kaid.

Monday, April 28th.—Visited "Soke elathain," the market or fair which gathers near the Kasbah every Monday. Maarlem Aissa was able to dispose of a number of Gospels. Some were put into the hands of story-tellers. I was able to speak with a few of them. Of course their curiosity was greatly excited, and they asked all sorts of questions. Aissa was able to sell a few Hebrew Old Testaments to the Jews. He sought to give them presents of New Testaments in Hebrew, but they would on no account accept them. One well-to-do marabout advised them all not to accept the New Testaments on any account. A little before noon we were once more on the road. The Kaid insisted on our taking a soldier with us. We desired him not to send one, but he would not listen to us. After travelling about four and a half hours over the most fertile land, we came upon a fairly-sized "duar," where we desired to

ENCAMP.

I am afraid the sight of the European garments of Mr. B. frightened them, for they made a great noise, with many gesticulations to prevent us from spending the night amongst them. When they saw we were decided in the matter, they became very profuse in their welcomes. In the evening Aissa gave them some medicines, and disposed of a few books. After sunset, when they had finished their fast, they came round us, and we gave them some tea, and spent far into the evening dealing with them concerning eternal things. The "duar" where we are now was the centre of highway robberies and murders eight years ago, and the governor of the district placed this "duar" here to render the road more safe.

The spring weather is most delicious, the hot sun being tempered by the breeze.

Tuesday, April 29th.—Early this morning, just as it was light, a number of the people came around us and listened for a long time to the story of salvation. They are

VERY IGNORANT

and poor, being just like animals, and in some respects in a worse condition. The people here told us we were the first Europeans who had ever pitched among them. I would have liked to stay with them for a month merely to shew them a Christian life. About noon we struck our tents and con-

tinued our journey, arriving after about an hour and a half's riding on the Kasbah of Gitlab. Here we had to pitch on very hard ground, and broke nearly all our tent pegs, beside taking two hours to raise our tents. In the evening the rain began, which compelled us to keep inside. After the rain cleared away I took a walk with two men, and explained to them how Christ took away the sting of death. Their only exclamation was, "God is great." We shall have to break the bread of life into the very smallest pieces before they can take it in. At night the governor sent thirty men to guard our tents for the night; we remonstrated, saying three men would be quite sufficient, but he insisted on having that number there.

A MOUNTED SOLDIER

called every hour to see if they were all awake, and consequently they had to keep themselves from falling asleep by singing, clapping of hands, and story-telling, an unceasing noise being carried on all night.

Thursday, May 1st.—Mr. Bellamy and I took a stroll through the town; we went principally into the Jewish quarter. We were quite surprised to see so many Hebrews in this out-of-the-way place. They lived mostly in huts, made after the principle of Moses' cradle of reeds and mud. There were one or two houses built of clay. The place is most squalid and filthy. I then went alone to the Moorish quarter built of mud huts; there I found a number of people who listened to what I had to say. But oh, the deep-seated bigotry and prejudice! One man said that if I were not the Kaid's guest he would kill me for putting Jesus in a higher position than Mahomed. By way of refreshment from the weariness of constant conflict with these people, Mr. B. and I went to the Kaid's orange garden, where we spent about an hour. It is more than an acre in extent, full of orange, lemon, olive, and apricot trees, but very neglected.

This morning we left for

KASBAH BU AHMED,

the centre of the governor's province lying to the north; we were accompanied by two soldiers mounted on splendid horses, our poor, humble-looking mules compared most unfavourably with them. These soldiers the Kaid again insisted on our taking with us. After travelling for seven hours we arrived at the Kasbah. The Kaid was from home, and the only one in charge was a slave. He almost refused to receive us. He ultimately gave us a most filthy place to put up in. There is great excitement in the place. After sunset we went out and spoke with a few of the men, but they were very dense. This place, like all the other Kasbahs, is in a most ruinous condition; the people live in a worse state than do cattle in England. Here again we find the Hebrew. He looks as repulsive as I have seen him anywhere. But both here and at Njittah, Aissa was able to dispose of books. As we go along, the people treat us with an assumed deference and respect, but when they find out our real purpose they become quite intolerant, and sometimes refuse to speak with us.

Receiving next morning (Friday) a gentle hint that their presence was no longer required, they started for the Kaid's camp, which they reached about noon, but could not obtain permission to visit Tedla. The Sultan having only a nominal control in this town (which has from ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants) it is not safe for Europeans to visit it. They left the camp again on Saturday morning, and reached Kasbah Eddandi the same night where Sunday was spent. Our brother continues:—

The Khalifah (the Kaid's lieutenant) came to us this

morning with a few of his attendants and M. Aissa, and I spent a long time in teaching him spiritual things, and shewing him the true benefits of a Christian civilization. He thought hitherto that the Arabs lived in a far better and purer way than we Europeans. In the afternoon quite a number of people came to receive a little medicine, when we embraced the opportunity of presenting Christ to them. Last night we called on the Khalifah, and had a long talk with him and his attendants. They are all very stupid and ignorant. To-day it has been very hot, and we have been almost broiled in our tents. In the evening we had a quiet time speaking of spiritual things.

Monday, May 5th.—Left Kasbah Eddandi, and came on to the Kasbah of Beni Meskean; we were as usual accompanied by

THE INEVITABLE SOLDIER

from the Kaid, who in many ways shewed himself very unpleasant. On arriving at a "duar" we spoke to the people, and Aissa disposed of four gospels. They told us that if we had not been accompanied by the soldier they would have fired upon us, but having one they saw at once we had permission from the Kaid to pass through the country. We talked to them shewing them how love ought to be the ruling principle in their hearts, and not hatred and the love of bloodshed. When we arrived at Beni Meskean, we got a pleasant room in which to spend the night.

To-morrow I shall be leaving my companions to proceed alone to Marraksh, etc., while my friends return to Casa Blanca.

TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, TANGIER

NOTES FROM THE HOSPITAL WARDS.

THREE INTERESTING CASES.

No. 29 *Bed*, Malden Hall; *Name*, Abd Wahd; *Admitted*, Feb. 17th, 1890; *Discharged*, March 17th, 1890; *Result of Treatment*, cured.

STATE ON ADMISSION.

Physical.—Well dressed and clean.

Mental.—Very bright.

Spiritual.—Knows all the Koran, but never heard of the Gospel till he came here.

This man can read and write; was born at Bijad, near Casablanca; is not married, but lives with his mother; kills the animals for the market; has no books; knows the name of Sidna Aisa and of Moses, and other prophets from the Koran; says he prays five times a day, and is very devout; has a good opinion of himself, but is not fierce or bigoted, and seems much interested in the Gospel; joins in the hymns at service, and is always glad to come and read, or listen when we are talking of Sidna Aisa.

STATE ON DISMISSAL.

Do not think the Gospel at all entered his heart.

No. 27 *Bed*, Mrs. Evans; *Name*, Mohammed; *Age*, 40; *Admitted*, Feb. 12th, 1890; *Discharged*, March 26th, 1890; *Result of Treatment*, cured.

STATE ON ADMISSION.

Physical.—Very wild and poor.

Mental.—Intelligent.

Spiritual.—Dark.

This man is a shepherd from Schloo; can only partly understand Arabic; found it difficult to explain the Gospel to him,

and am not sure how much he understood; he says in his country they do not read and have no books; he knows nothing of the Koran, and was never at school; says he has never prayed, because he has no soap with which first to wash.

March 24th.—Had an interesting talk with this patient. He says the words of the Lord Jesus have entered his heart, and seems to have understood a great deal of what he has heard while here.

March 26th.—He left a day earlier than we expected, before receiving the Gospel he was to take away.

No. 34 *Bed*, Caley; *Name*, Si Mohammed; *Age*, 35; *Admitted*, Feb. 24th, 1890; *Discharged*, March 17th, at his own request.

STATE ON ADMISSION.

Physical.—Good clothing, not very ill.

Mental.—Pleasant and intelligent.

Spiritual.—Thoughtful, devoted follower of Mohammed; knows the Koran by heart.

This patient comes from Beni Misower, a day's journey from here; has never done any work, but spent all his life studying the words of God and His prophet; is not married, but lives with his father; for two years he has had a school; knows something of Sidna Aisa from the Koran, but has never seen the New Testament.

March 14th.—Has shown an increasing attention to the Gospel, and after the first few days always been willing to listen when spoken to of Sidna Aisa, and says he believes in Him and loves Him; but there is great darkness, and I am afraid he said this more from a desire to please us than from real faith.

STATE ON DISMISSAL.

He left at his own request, greatly improved in health, and with much knowledge of Christ and His work; prayed with him before he left, and gave him a large New Testament, which he promised to read to the men in his village.

SALVATION AND SERVICE.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BY CAPTAIN DAWSON AT EXETER HALL.

THERE are two words very prominent in Scripture, they begin with the same letter—Salvation and Service. God has linked them together, and "what God has joined together, let no man put asunder." But do we not think much more of the sweetness of the one—Salvation—than of the self-sacrifice of the other—Service? The Gospel tells us that as the Son of God was sent to save, so the sons of God are saved to serve. That is a beautiful motto, royal and historical, "I serve." But have we any right to it? That is a brilliant title that St. Paul uses—"Christ's Servant." But can we lay claim to that?

There is a striking contrast between the two calls. The call for salvation is *come!* The call for service is *go!* The call for salvation is come unto one, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." But the call for service is go unto all. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

What are we doing with these calls? Christ said, "All things are delivered unto Me of My Father; come!" But He also said, "All power is given unto Me, therefore go."

A few years ago there was a terrible accident in the north. One of those tall factory chimneys came down. Before it fell, there had been some talk in the works about the danger of it. There was a little lad who lived with his mother, a widow, and supported her by his work in the factory. He

woke up one morning and said he could not work that day, "for," he added, "I am sure that chimney is coming down." It was one of those strange instances of "coming events casting their shadows before." I read this in the daily papers, and it was stated that at the inquest, when the mother told the story, there was not a dry eye in the room. She reasoned with the lad, and said "You must go;" and he replied, "I don't want to." At last she said, "You *must* go, my boy, the rent is due." Without another word, constrained by a loving mother's heart, that lad got up and went out in the darkness of the morning, saying, "Mother, I will go for thee." She never saw him again until he was carried home dead on a stretcher. Are there none here to-night who will rise up and say, "Lord Jesus, I will go for Thee"? Or, with Joshua's soldiers, "Whatsoever thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us, we will go."

"The love of Jesus shines afar,
To nerve my weak endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever."

FOR THE YOUNG.

DEAR ENGLISH CHILDREN,—Will you come away with me this afternoon, in thought, across the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and leaving behind us sunny Algiers, with its beautiful gardens of all kinds of foreign trees, such as palm, orange, and bamboo, its curious mixture of French, Arabs, and Kabyles, its busy streets and fine shops; come away into the quiet mountains of Kabylia. Perhaps you are like I was a few years ago, altogether ignorant of the people who live in this part of the world; if so, listen, and I will tell you a little about them, their country, and strange manner of life. These mountains do not look at all (at first sight at least)

A SAD PLACE

to call home, for the houses are placed on the summit of what appear to be high hills, surrounded by lovely gardens of fig and olive trees, oh! so beautiful. Then there are all sorts of lovely little birds, and large ones too, the most beautiful, perhaps, being the Chasseur d'Afrique or "Bee Eater." This bird is dressed in a coat of soft green and golden brown, with a waistcoat of bright yellow. I have seen more than a dozen of them flying together at one time, and very lovely they look as they flit under the cloudless blue sky. Well, the villages are picturesque enough at a distance, but we, who know something of the sad lives passed in them, cannot but feel a great longing for the souls of these Kabyle men, women, and little children.

But to return. Shall we, in thought, enter a Kabyle village now? Perhaps Djemâa Sahridj will give you some idea of what they all are. As we approach we see

A FINE FOUNTAIN,

with two solid stone tanks of clear running water. Close by are two or three fig trees, and in the near distance we see the white dome of the Mohammedan Mosque, with its single palm tree. To our left is a flat place encircled with rough stones, where a number of Kabyles are squatting or sitting (very much like owls, we think), all dressed in white cloaks with hoods, which are generally a dust colour, except when newly washed. Beyond are the houses, which to English eyes look like strong huts, as they are built of rough stones, and roofed with red tiles. There are really no streets at all, but long lanes paved with round stones, so smooth, because little and big bare feet have trodden them from generation to generation. When

THE RAINY SEASON

is here, the mud is so deep that English boots and shoes are

quickly covered, and are tempted to slide about in a manner which reminds one of a skating rink in Old England.

Shall we go into one of the houses? Perhaps you would not mind coming with me to see an especial friend of mine. First, we must go through the "Asquif" or outer court. There is D'ah'biya waiting for us. Do you see how black her hair is? Well, it has been dyed; her cheeks, too, have been painted the pretty colour you see them; and the dark brown lustrous eyes have been bordered with some kind of black paint. Her "akhellal," or dress, is very picturesque, with its hanging muslin sleeves and silver ornaments, such as you and I have never seen in England. But what will you say to her home, which is nothing like so nice as

A STABLE

in our own land! with its mud floor, low roof, no window, no furniture, except it be the huge earthen jars of figs and corn which surround the dwelling, its olive oil lamp, the curious earthen dish, out of which the whole family eat their "couscous" seated on the floor; the only cheery thing in this gloomy abode being the dear faces of the women themselves. To complete the idea of this Kabyle home we must not forget to notice the hole in the floor, where a few olive sticks are smouldering, in preparation to cook the evening meal; the long strings of red pepper and wild onions across the roof, also a few coverlids of Kabyle manufacture. But what is most surprising to our English ideas, those cows you see coming in at the door are going to sleep on that raised heap of straw to our left. You ask, "Do these nice people live here

IN THE SAME ROOM

with the animals?" Well, they do, and yet they are in far more comfortable circumstance than many of their neighbours. Here is my dear friend Fadhima, the mother of them all, in her red "akhellal," nicely arranged hair, and quiet, intelligent face. How I do love this dear woman! Then there is Fatima, the eldest daughter; Koulla, the second; D'ah'biya, the third; then the little son, Mohand or Mohammed (named after their great Prophet); and one wee girl, whose name for the moment I forget. Now I am going to sit down on the floor, and read and talk to them. Look how very pleased Fadhima is. She can tell you her favourite verse in one of our Kabyle hymns, and sing it too. Let us commence; the house is nearly full of women now, some come from curiosity, some

REALLY WANT TO HEAR

the precious words; Fadhima is among the latter, and seems to drink them in. Listen, we are going to sing. When we come to the words about rejoicing in the ways of the Saviour, Fadhima is content, for this is her favourite verse. Now we will read to them about the "Prodigal Son." All are very attentive, and Fadhima could tell you almost as well as I that God is just like the father in the parable, and loves even the wandering ones, etc. Now we must say good-bye. As usual, the dear women follow me to the door, waving and kissing their hands; as usual, also, D'ah'biya is ready with her water-pot on her head to accompany me as far as the first fountain.

Now, dear little English friends, I must say adieu to you too. If you feel

A REAL INTEREST

in these dear Kabyles, I shall hope, some day to tell you more about them, of their sad religion, early marriages, also their need of real love in their lives, but most of all of their need of *Jesus*. Do remember, when you kneel down night and morning to pray to our dear loving Saviour, to ask Him to bring into His own fold "these other sheep," who are now so far away in the cold mountains of unbelief; we pray for this, and desire it more than anything else in the whole world.

Your sincere friend,

J. C. Cox.

THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

This Mission was formed in 1881 from a deep sense of the pressing spiritual needs of the Kabyles of Algeria, who with the rest of the Moslems of North Africa, were quite unevangelised, and was then called the Kabyle Mission. In 1883 it was reorganised, and widened its sphere to the other Berber races. Since then, under the name of the North Africa Mission, it has step by step extended its work, establishing stations in various towns of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, and a branch mission in Northern Arabia.

It aims by the help of God to spread through the whole of North Africa and North Arabia, amongst the Moslems, Jews, and Europeans, the glad tidings of His love in giving His only Son to be the Saviour of the world by sending forth consecrated, self-denying brethren and sisters.

Its Character is like the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, evangelical, embracing those of all denominations who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth, and who are sound in their views on foundation truths.

The Management of the affairs of the Mission at home and abroad is undertaken by a Council whose direction all who join the Mission are required to recognise. The Council appoints two of its members as Honorary Treasurer and Honorary Secretary.

Its Methods of Working are by itinerant and localised work to sell or distribute the Scriptures far and wide, and by public preaching, conversations in the houses, streets, shops, and markets in town and country, to make known those fundamental truths of the Gospel, a knowledge of which is essential to salvation. When souls are saved they are encouraged to confess their faith by baptism, and then, according to the Lord's instructions, taught to observe all things whatsoever He commanded. Educational work is not a prominent feature in this Mission, but a subordinate handmaid to evangelistic work. Medical aid, given where possible, has been found most useful in removing prejudice, and disposing people to listen to the Gospel message.

For Support the Mission is entirely dependent on the free will offerings of the Lord's people. It asks from God in prayer the supply of all its needs, and circulates among His people information as to the work, with a view of eliciting Christian sympathy and co-operation, but it does not personally solicit money.

Gifts in Money or in kind should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, EDWARD H. GLENNY, 21, Linton Road, Barking, London, and will be acknowledged by numbered receipts. The names of donors are not published.

Collecting Boxes can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, by giving full names and addresses.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

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

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

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

LIST OF DONATIONS FROM MAY 1st TO 31st, 1890.

1890.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	1890.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	1890.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	1890.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	1890.	No. of Receipt.	General. £ s. d.
May	1...	4152 6 0 0	Brought forward	31	6 0 0	Brought forward	46	12 9	Brought forward	65	10 0	Brought forward	100	19 3
	1...	4153 1 0 0	May	6...	4164 0 2 6	May	8...	4175 0 5 0	May	15...	4186 0 2 6		22...	4197 12 10 0
	1...	4154 6 5 0*		6...	4165 1 7 11		9...	4176 2 0 0		16..	4187 5 5 0		23...	4198 1 6 4
	2...	4155 4 11 0		6...	4166 1 0 0		10...	4177 10 0 0		17...	4188 2 3 0		26...	4199 0 10 0
	3...	4156 10 0 0		7...	4167 0 2 6		12...	4178 0 5 0		17...	4189 10 0 0		27...	4200 0 5 0
	3...	4157 0 18 6		7...	4168 0 2 6		12...	4179 0 1 0		17...	4190 1 0 0		27...	4201 0 3 6
	5...	4158 0 3 9		7...	4169 0 2 6		12...	4180 0 10 0		19..	4191 0 1 0		28...	4202 2 0 0
	5...	4159 0 3 9		7...	4170 0 2 6		12...	4181 1 0 0		20...	4192 0 10 0		28 }	4203 { 1 0 0
	6...	4160 0 4 0		7...	4171 0 10 0		13...	4182 1 1 0		20..	4193 4 13 0		28 }	4203 { 1 0 0
	6...	4161 0 10 0		7...	4172 0 5 0		13...	4183 0 2 0		20...	4194 1 0 0		29...	4204 5 0 0
	6...	4162 1 0 6		7...	4173 9 11 4		13...	4184 0 1 0		21...	4195 0 4 9		29...	4205 1 3 6
	6...	4163 0 10 0		8...	4174 2 0 0		14...	4185 3 12 3		21...	4196 10 10 0			
Carried forward	£31	6 0	Carried forward	£46	12 9	Carried forward	£65	10 0	Carried forward	£100	19 3	Total	£125	17 7

† Tulloch Memorial Hospital.

* Special Funds.

Gifts in kind:—May 12th (182), parcel of garments; May 23rd (183), one box of bottles, and old linen, two bottles of malt extract; May 27th (184), parcel of gentleman's white clothing.

Council of the Mission.

J. H. BRIDGFORD, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.
ALGERNON C. P. COOTE, POWIS SQUARE, W.
W. SOLTAU ECCLES, UPPER NORWOOD, S.E.
EDWARD H. GLENNY, BARKING.

GENERAL AND MRS. F. T. HAIG, RED HILL, SURREY.
R. C. MORGAN, 12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.
JAMES STEPHENS, HIGHGATE RISE, N.W.
THEODORE WALKER, LEICESTER.

Office of the Mission.

19 AND 21, LINTON ROAD, BARKING.

Hon. Treasurer.

W. SOLTAU ECCLES, 100, CHURCH ROAD, NORWOOD, S.E.

Hon. Secretary.

EDWARD H. GLENNY, 21, LINTON ROAD, BARKING

Assistant Secretary.

WILLIAM T. FLOAT.

Bankers.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

Hon. Auditors.

MESSRS. ARTHUR HILL VELLACOTT AND CO., 1, FINSBURY CIRCUS, E.C.

Referees.

REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, CLAPHAM COMMON, S.W.
SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K.C.B., SHORTLANDS, KENT.
MR. AND MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, BOW, E.
DONALD MATHESON, ESQ., 120, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.
J. E. MATHIESON, ESQ., MILDMAY CONFERENCE HALL, N.

GEORGE PEARSE, ESQ., 2, RUE LEVACHER, ALGIERS.
REV. MARK GUY PEARSE, 11, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.
LORD POLWARTH, ST. BOSWELL'S, N.B.
W. HIND-SMITH, ESQ., EXETER HALL, STRAND, W.C.
REV. C. H. SPURGEON, UPPER NORWOOD, S.E.

Location of Missionaries.

MOROCCO.	Date of Arrival.	ALGERIA.	Date of Arrival.	REGENCY OF TUNIS.	Date of Arrival.
Tangier.		Djemaa Sahridj.		Tunis.	
Dr. T. G. CHURCHER ...	Oct., 1885	Mr. E. CUENDET ...	Sept., 1884	Mr. J. BUREAU ...	Jan., 1884
Miss J. JAY ...	Nov., 1885	Mrs. CUENDET ...	" 1885	Mrs. BUREAU ...	Aug., 1885
Miss S. JENNINGS ...	Mar., 1887	Miss J. COX ...	May, 1887	Mr. G. MERCADIER ...	Sept., 1884
Miss M. C. LAMBDEN ...	May, 1888	Miss K. SMITH ...	" "	Mrs. MERCADIER ...	Sept., 1887
Mrs. H. BOULTON ...	Nov., 1888	Akbou.		Miss GRISSELL ...	Oct., 1888
Mr. E. L. HAMILTON ...	" "	Mr. A. S. LAMB ...	Oct., 1883	Miss A. A. HARDING ...	" "
Mrs. HAMILTON ...	" "	Mrs. LAMB ...	" "	Miss M. F. HARRIS ...	" "
Mr. N. H. PATRICK ...	Jan., 1889	Constantine.		Miss R. JOHNSON ...	Oct., 1889
Mrs. PATRICK ...	Sept., 1889	Miss L. COLVILLE ...	April, 1886	—	
Miss M. ROBERTSON ...	Oct., 1889	Miss H. GRANGER ...	Oct., 1886	DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.	
Miss F. R. BROWN ...	" "	Mostaganem.		Tripoli.	
Miss A. K. CHAPMAN ...	" "	Mr. A. V. LILEY ...	July, 1885	Mr. G. B. MICHELL ...	June, 1887
Miss B. VINING ...	April, 1886	Mrs. LILEY ...	April, 1886	Mr. H. G. HARDING ...	Feby., 1889
Miss R. J. FLETCHER ...	May, 1890	Tlemcen.		—	
Miss E. GILL ...	" "	Miss L. READ ...	April, 1886	NORTH ARABIA.	
Casablanca.		Miss H. D. DAY ...	" "	Base of Operations—	
Mr. C. MENSINK ...	Oct., 1888	Mr. M. MARSHALL ...	June, 1887	Homs.	
Mr. J. J. EDWARDS ...	" "	Mrs. M. MARSHALL ...	Mar., 1888	—	
<i>Itinerating—</i>		Miss R. HODGES ...	Feby., 1889	NORTH ARABIA.	
Mr. W. SUMMERS ...	April, 1887	Miss A. GILL ...	Oct., 1889	Base of Operations—	
Tetuan.		Mascara.		Homs.	
Miss F. M. BANKS ...	May, 1888	Mr. F. CHEESEMAN ...	Jan., 1886	Mr. S. VAN TASSEL ...	Nov., 1886
Miss A. BOLTON ...	April, 1889	Mrs. CHEESEMAN ...	" "	—	
Fez.					
Miss E. HERDMAN ...	Jan., 1885				
Miss M. COPPING ...	June, 1887				
Miss I. L. REID ...	May, 1888				