

NORTH AFRICA.

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

NORTH AFRICA MISSION,

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

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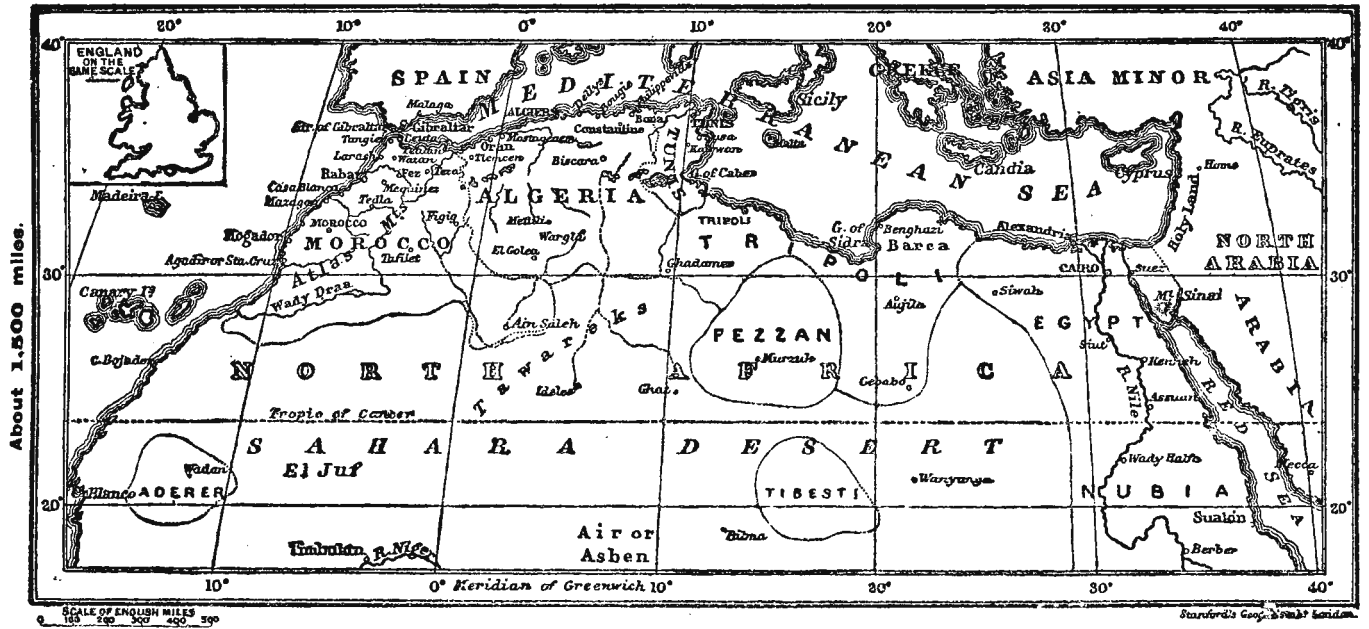
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NORTH AFRICA.

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 less 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 area 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 1891 it had substantial mission premises, with hospital, in Tangier, and stations in Tetuan, Fez, and Casa Blanca. It has twenty-eight missionaries in the country, labouring amongst Moslems, Jews, and Europeans; but several 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 fifteen hundred miles of railway.

The North Africa Mission has eight mission stations and twenty-five 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, some of them at present engaged in study; the remainder of the Regency, with its cities and villages, remains unevangelised, with the exception of Sfax, where a missionary and his wife are located. Who will go to them? A Medical Mission is being begun in Tunis.

TRIPOLI is a province of the Turkish Empire, several times larger than 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, but much opposed to the Gospel. Two brethren began, in 1889, to labour for Christ among them, and two more labourers were sent out last year. 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 sent to preach Christ amidst the inhabitants of its palmy oases.

NORTHERN ARABIA is peopled by the Bedouin descendants of Ishmael; they are not bigoted Moslems, like the Syrians, but willing to be enlightened. One brother went to labour among them in 1886; he was last year married and joined by another brother and his wife,

NORTH AFRICA.



MR. W. SUMMERS IN NATIVE COSTUME (see p. 24).

Why the World Needs the Gospel of God.



OD, by His servant Paul, gives us in his Epistle to the Romans, not only a picture of the world as it then was, but also some light on how it came into that sad state (Rom. i.).

He speaks, in the eighteenth verse of the first chapter, of men who hold down or suppress the truth in an unrighteous manner, and from what follows, this seems to be a characteristic of man in his natural state. He dislikes the truth and tries to suppress it. "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, *because their deeds were evil.*" This was pre-eminently true with regard to the world's treatment of Him who is "the Light of the World," but it is also a general principle applicable to all men, in all ages and in all places, when left to the natural bent and inclination of their evil hearts. For

"everyone that doeth evil hateth the light" (John iii. 20), and consequently does not come to the light, but either gets away from it or tries to extinguish it.

This terrible antagonism to truth and light, in fact, to God Himself, is revealed in the passages that follow in the Epistle to the Romans.

The Apostle declares that that which may be known of God *is manifest to them*, for God hath shewed it to them, and that His eternal power and Godhead are facts revealed in nature to everyone who will see them, so that they are without excuse in their evil ways and cannot plead total ignorance of God. They may not have heard either the law or the Gospel, but they have both seen and heard God in His visible creation, and might, at any rate, have used the measure of light they had; for since they rejected the feeble light, is there any likelihood that they would have made a better use of a fuller revelation, unless, indeed, added to the revelation—there had been the gracious influence of the Almighty Spirit inclining the stubborn will to do what, left to itself, it would never have done?

Then follows apparently a picture of how the world gradually went from bad to worse in its departure from God. Beginning in verse twenty-one with, "when they knew God," and ending with "they did not like to retain God in their knowledge" in verse twenty-eight, "and knowing the judgment of God" that their sins merit death, they still love and cling to them, as declared in verse thirty-two.

But notice the steps of this terrible story of departure from God. Verse twenty-one tells how *they knew God*, and yet failed to glorify Him, and thank Him for His mercies, and in their vanity and folly *changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image*. In other words the first great step down was to make images of God, probably then, as now, considered as aids to worship. These images, supposed to represent the great uncorruptible Creator and Sustainer, were first made like corruptible man, then like birds, thirdly, beasts, and fourthly, reptiles. In consequence of this (verse 24) God gave them up to follow their immoral ways.

Then they seem to have gone down another step in the terrible declivity, and, as before they had changed the glory of God into an image, so now *they change the truth of God into a lie*, and not only use the images as "aids to worship," but actually worship the stone or wood itself. At the same time that they thus descended in their worship from the Creator to the creature, they took a corresponding step downward in immorality. Again we read God gave them up (verse 26) to a lower degradation. And again they descend, and having come down from knowing God, to images of God, and from images of God to worship stocks and stones instead of God, they now wish *no longer to retain God in their knowledge*. They want to forget Him, and try to forget Him. For the third time *God gives them over* (verse 28) to a mind void of judgment, and they sink, worse than wild beasts, into every description of spitefulness and vice.

Such is the picture drawn by the inspired penman of the down grade of heathenism. They had sunlight, but put it from them; then God left them with moonlight, but this was too bright for them; so God gave them only starlight, and this they hated, for their deeds were very evil, and there was nothing left but either in grace to save them by the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings, or let them follow their own wicked inclinations, and hasten away into the outer darkness they love, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. And, indeed, in the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty, the weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth seems almost to have begun. Is it not almost like it to see burning villages, dying men, and wretched slaves? To see men, and women, and children, hating one another, and behaving to one another worse than savage wild beasts? Love, peace, and joy they know not. Hell is begun on earth when men and women have become devilish.

But this principle of degeneration is seen everywhere among men except where God in grace and mercy by Almighty power prevents it. Men were idolaters in Abraham's day, for it is written (Jos. xxiv. 2), "Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah the father of Abraham and the father of Nachor: and they served other gods. And I took your father Abraham from the other side of the flood and led him," etc., or as Stephen put it: "The God of Glory appeared unto our father Abraham when he was in Mesopotamia." It would seem, therefore, that when the descendants of Noah became image-worshippers, God in measure gave them up and called out Abraham to be the father of a chosen race. Yet the principle of degeneration soon asserted itself even here, and Israel is seen in the wilderness adoring the golden calf as a representation of Jehovah, and later on sinking into the worship of the creature rather than the Creator, until not wishing to retain God in their knowledge, they are given up by God to their enemies, and we read in Chron. xxxvi., "there was no remedy."

The principle asserts itself even in Christendom, where we see the same apostacy. First, the use of pictures, etc., as aids to worship, then the actual worship of images and relics instead of God. Then atheism and the French Revolution, etc. In so-called Protestantism the principle is to-day manifest, and men are relapsing into Romish "aids to worship," and will soon be seen worshipping their metal, stone and wax gods. This produces agnosticism, rationalism, and atheism; then comes the judgment of God. Do not these facts prove indisputably the terrible depravity of man's nature in all ages, in all climates, and under all circumstances?

What is God's remedy for this terrible disease? It needs to be twofold. First, men's crimes and iniquities cry to heaven for justice, and second, man's continual failure demands that he himself shall be renewed. These two requirements the Gospel of God and nothing else provides. The sacrifice of Christ at the Cross meets and satisfies the demands of justice, and the regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Spirit meet man's need of renewing, which the second advent of Christ will consummate by changing our vile bodies into the likeness of His glorious body. Here is God's remedy for man's dire need, *and there is no other*. Neither law, nor morality, nor education, nor civilisation, nor anything else will do as a substitute for the Gospel. "It is the power of God unto salvation to *every one* that believeth." For 1800 years it has been tried and has never failed. Like every other remedy it is of no use to us unless applied, and the sorrow is that so few use it, and that those who use it use it so imperfectly. Still, there it is, GOD'S REMEDY FOR SIN. It divinely suits the sinner's needs, whether at home or abroad. The people of North Africa need it most terribly, but at present but few of them have ever heard of this remedy, much less used it. They are prejudiced against it, and their very disease makes them hate the remedy God has provided. Still our Master has bidden us take them the remedy, and *in His* stead beseech them to receive and apply it. He knows the difficulty there is in persuading them to take the medicine they hate, yet so sorely need, and has promised to be with us by His Almighty Spirit, and help us unceasingly; so in His omnipotence we go forward. He can make the people willing in this the day of His power. By His grace and power we are sure to save some; apart from it we can do absolutely nothing. Even the Gospel itself will fail except as He makes it effectual. The Sword of the Spirit requires the Spirit to use it through human lips, or it will be a useless weapon.

Forward be our watchword! The Gospel has not lost its power or efficacy; and the Lord of Hosts is with us. Hallelujah! Who will come to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Let us lay ourselves and all we have at our Master's feet for Him to use as He sees best.

Notes and Comments.

PRAYER MEETING.—A meeting for united prayer on behalf of this rapidly-extending work is held at 21, Linton Road, Barking, every Friday afternoon at four o'clock. A convenient train leaves Fenchurch Street at eight minutes past three. We should be greatly cheered by the occasional visit of friends. Tea is provided at the close of the meeting.

* * * *

DEPARTURES.—Miss K. Johnston and Miss Ethel Turner left London on Tuesday evening, December 29th, for Algiers, *via* Paris and Marseilles. They arrived safely at their destination on the following Monday, and will be located for a time in Mrs. Lambert's home.

* * * *

INFLUENZA.—This universal epidemic, which our French neighbours call "la grippe," has again visited Algeria, and many of the workers there have been affected by it more or less severely. The natives have also suffered much.

* * * *

ILLUMINATED TEXTS.—Will our friends kindly make known to *their* friends that illuminated texts, in blue, red, and gold, with ornamental scroll ends, for drawing-room or mission-hall use, can be ordered from J. H. B., The Priory, Christchurch, Hants? Prices from 2s. 6d., about three feet long. The proceeds are given to the North Africa Mission.

SALE OF WORK.—We gratefully record that £10 5s. have been realized through the sale of work at Upper Norwood, in addition to the amount, £63, received in December. We are pleased to announce that Mrs. Petrides, of Glenville, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E., is arranging to dispose of the goods left over from the Norwood sale on Wednesday, March 30th. She will be pleased to receive contributions, especially of useful clothing, any day previous to March 29th, *viz.*, the day before the sale. The sooner the gifts for disposal are sent (prepaid) the better. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Medical Mission at Tangier.

* * * *

NATIVE BELIEVERS.—We have received most interesting tidings from the interior of Morocco regarding the scattered Christians, whom we hear of from time to time, in the mountainous districts of the south, and who, like sheep without a shepherd, are yet seeking to edify and encourage one another. Although we have been much tried in the past by unstable converts, there is no doubt but that many of these Berber Christians are encountering many dangers and privations in their endeavour to spread the truth amongst their fanatical fellow-countrymen. We do not think it wise to give the names of either persons or places at the present, but would ask the earnest prayers of our friends at home on their behalf.

* * * *

MOROCCO.—In the early part of December a revolt occurred among some of the hill tribes near Tangier. The cause of

the disturbance was, no doubt, mainly due to the exorbitant taxation enforced by the Basha, as the local representative of power, and which has for a long time sorely tried the patience of the Moors. Several of the European Governments sent ships of war to Tangier for the protection of their respective subjects, but the revolt appears to be dying out.

* * * *

MR. W. SUMMERS, who is now in England, has sent us his journal containing an interesting account of his last journey from

Mogador, through some of the districts of Central Morocco to Tangier. As the route is one but rarely traversed by Europeans, we shall give the journal *in extenso* in this and the following number.

Mr. Summers finds himself in need of a new tent, camp furniture, and utensils for his itinerating work, as his present ones are thoroughly worn out by the long exposure to the weather and constant use. The cost of replacing these would, he considers, be about £30; perhaps some friend would like to take upon themselves the privilege of supplying our brother with this necessary outfit.

Historical Notes.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN NORTH AFRICA.

ROME AND CARTHAGE.

WE have already noticed that Rome had long desired to be possessed of territory in North Africa. Her large armies required to be fed, and the possession of these extensive and fertile provinces was an event much to be desired; but the Grecian Empire was just passing away, Rome was busy extending her conquests in other directions, and could not allow herself just then to become embroiled in another extensive war. A treaty formed between the two Republics, gave the northern power breathing time, and allowed the Carthaginians the opportunity of extending their influence along the shores of Africa to the westward, and even to the opposite coast of Spain.

THE PUNIC WARS.

The conflict between these rival powers, though long delayed, came at last, and for extent, duration, and importance surpass all others recorded in ancient history. The first Punic war lasted twenty-four years, and resulted in the loss to the Carthaginians of much of their maritime power, and the surrender of the isle of Sicily. The second Punic war filled up the long interval of seventeen years, and ended in the complete defeat of Hannibal, who had been recalled from Europe for the protection of his country, and the loss to Carthage of her fleets and colonies.

Half a century passed without any further rupture between these two formidable powers, when war was again declared by Rome, and the last great struggle began. Like the Jews in the presence of the armies of Titus, the Carthaginians were divided by factions and weakened by broils, and after a severe siege of several months, Carthage, containing 700,000 inhabitants, was destroyed, and the survivors were either dispersed or sold into slavery.

CARTHAGE UNDER ROME.

Carthage now became a Roman province, and by degrees the rest of North Africa was brought under the jurisdiction of this imperial power; Numidia (now Algeria) and Mauritania (Morocco) being ruled by native princes, who held the crown in subjection to Rome.

The younger Scipio, by whom Carthage was destroyed, had pronounced a curse upon anyone who should attempt to rebuild it, but in spite of Scipio's curse it soon began to rise, like the Phoenix, from its ashes, and restored Carthage became again the metropolis of a populous district. Long before the time of the Romans the merchants of Carthage had regular

trading stations in the Scilly Isles and other parts of the south coast of Britain, where they bartered earthenware, salt and iron tools for quantities of tin, but in order to keep away competitors the trade was enveloped in the profoundest secrecy. Under the rule of Rome this trade was revived both with Britain and the western coast of Spain. Large numbers of black slaves from the interior of the Barbary States were sold in the Italian markets, together with precious stones, gold and corn, and many of their wares were even carried into France.

THE GREAT BERBER RACE.

In our work for God in North Africa we are brought into contact with two great races of men, having some things in common, but on the whole totally distinct; these are the Arabs and Berbers. The latter, of whom we are especially writing, are the aboriginal inhabitants of North Africa, and at one time peopled the country as far south as the Soudan, and as far east as Egypt and the shores of the Red Sea. As we become better acquainted with the country, we discover that they are evidently far more numerous than we were at one time inclined to think. Not only do we find them amongst the mountains of grand Kabylia, in the province of Constantine, but in the more westerly parts of Algeria; the Riffs inhabiting the mountains to the south of Tetuan, the Shillah tribes in south Morocco, and others amongst the Atlas mountains; again we find them to the south of Algeria, among the valleys of the Aurès mountains, while the wild race of the Twaregs, whose home is still further to the south, and whom the French have never been able to subdue, are distinctly Berber in their origin.

We may here say that the name of Berber is probably a corruption of Barbarian, a name given them either by the Greeks or Romans because they spoke a language altogether different to those dialects with which they were most familiar; although some have thought the name is derived from Ber, a rich soil, the duplication of the name, Berber, expressing the joy of those accustomed to the bare aspect of the wilderness at finding a land unusually fertile.

THEIR ORIGIN.

Much has been written concerning the origin of these interesting people. The probability is that they first came from the east at a very early date, and settled first in Mauritania (now Morocco); the description given of them being remarkably like that of the Kabyles of the present day, viz., "of more settled habits than the Numidians, an agricultural rather than a pastoral people, and not unskilled in industrial arts."

The Moors narrate that their origin may be traced to Sabea, a district of Arabia, whence their ancestors, under their King Ifricki, were expelled by a superior force and reduced to the necessity of seeking a new home in the remote regions of the west. This inroad, which could not be accomplished without violence, drove the older inhabitants from the vicinity of the coast into

the less fertile tracts that border on the desert. Here they appear to have provided for their defence by forming caves in the mountains and erecting fortresses in strong passes and ravines.

Sallust, the historian, says that a mixed horde of Asiatics, after advancing to the western shores of Spain, and losing their chief, sought employment for their arms in Africa, where it was supposed they finally incorporated with the natives and assumed a new name. He further states in proof of the above account that the term "Moor" is derived from "Mede."

FURTHER TESTIMONY.

Procopius assures his readers that in the time of the war with the Vandals, when he accompanied the great Belisarius into Africa in the capacity of secretary, there was yet to be seen near a fountain at Tangier two columns of white stone, whereon were inscribed, in the Phœnician tongue, the following words, "We fly from the robber Joshua, the son of Nun."

Whatever accuracy there may be in these several statements, there is no doubt that this northern part of the African continent was originally peopled by successive multitudes from the East, who sought refuge from the tyranny of their oppressors in these less populous countries.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

A REPORT BY MRS. F. T. HAIG.

On the 30th of October last, anniversary meetings were held of the C.M.S. Gleaners' Union, which now numbers 28,383 members.

The meetings of the day commenced with one for prayer held in the C.M.S. office in Salisbury Square, followed by a service in St. Dunstan's Church. The afternoon and evening meetings were held in Exeter Hall, the large Hall being more than filled in the evening by an enthusiastic crowd. The afternoon meeting was held in the Lower Hall, which was, however, so full that there was scarcely standing room. The speakers on this occasion were all ladies, and we think the readers of NORTH AFRICA will be interested in some passages taken from one of those addresses, to use the ordinary term, though one who heard it says "to report that fresh, racy Yorkshire talk would but be misleading, unless we could reproduce the one who gave it."

The speaker was Miss Lillie Lucas, the daughter of a clergyman in Yorkshire; and before she began, Mr. Stock (who presided) explained to the audience that not one word of the previous addresses had been heard by her, nor even the singing—for years she had been absolutely deaf. The subject given to her was "The Gleaner's Influence in Little Things," and her words are as applicable to us as Christian workers as they were to the members of the union to whom she was speaking. She said—

"I want you to mark the point, that a *gleaner* does not mean a *reaper*. A gleaner is one who goes out to pick up grain in leisure minutes. The leisure minutes are your ungirded times, and it is when you are ungirded and lay down your armour that the world looks at you, professing Christians, to see if the very soul of your being belongs to Christ. It is in your ungirded times—the times of holiday, the times when your duties are over, the times when you can *please yourself*—that

the world looks at you. It looks at the book you take up, the topic you select for conversation, the dress you wear; it looks to see whether these are for Christ or against Him. Remember that you should never be off duty, for you have to do with a world that is never asleep. The consciousness of a watching world is an agony; but you are in the hand of a watching God, and that is *strength*."

Passing on to the Gleaner's influence, Miss Lucas vividly pictured the river, clear as crystal, proceeding from under the throne; that she took as a picture of what influence should be. But it was a river issuing from a *throne*. We give her own words again.

"Mark that word *throne*. We have a King. He is not only a Saviour, He is not only the comforting Jesus; He is a King, a *King*, a KING. The dear words, 'God,' and 'home,' and 'father,' and 'mother,' and 'loyalty,' and 'master' are in danger of dying out of the world. The secular press is against them. We must keep these words true. We have a King, and we must show how that King ought to be served."

Showing how the Gleaner's influence ought to be used in little things, Miss Lucas touched on many details of house and home, and pleaded that, above all, an essential condition of influence was unbroken communion with God.

"You *must* preserve unbroken communion with the Lord Jesus. You must be in His hand; not passive, but active. Your will must be laid in His will; but it is not a dead will, it is an active will. It is not that you are to be so quiet that Jesus works through you, but He is to work through you with your active consent and permission. You are a *living* soul. You must be ready with your 'yes's' all along the line. People dear, I have to stop. Remember communion with God maintained is the secret of strength. Broken communion means instant failure to the injury of all you meet. God *can* give you full communion and keep you for Himself, and you have to be kept."

Morocco.

MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN SOUTH MOROCCO.

By MR. W. SUMMERS.

SETTING OUT.

Sept. 9th.—Edoujillool, Flararta. After patiently bearing the many delays which seem to be necessary in this country, I left Mogador yesterday, and after about three hours' travelling reached this place. It is merely a few hamlets clustered together, surrounded partly by wall and partly by a prickly-pear hedge. Round about are several villages and homesteads, all commanding a full view of the lonely valley. After the sand-hills of Mogador it is quite a pleasure to gaze upon olive trees, gardens, and a river. On arriving I was offered the hospitality of the guest chamber, but having unpleasant memories of such a place and its numerous insects in days gone by, I politely returned thanks for the honour thus shown me and preferred pitching my little tent. I was shown into a small enclosure called a garden, and pitched beside the only horticultural specimen it possessed, namely, a dwarf pomegranate tree.

All this morning I have been busy studying Shilha, and I

am looking forward in this journey to having many opportunities to practise it. This afternoon and evening I have been talking to the men and children who live here. They are all illiterate, and it was with difficulty they grasped the one idea I sought to press on their attention—that we enter heaven not because of our own good deeds, but because of the merits of the Man Christ Jesus.

COLLECTING TAXES.

The Sheikh of the place carries a very downcast countenance. He, poor man, has suffered severely from the many and severe exactions of the Governor. Last night he spent in hiding in the open country, as he was expecting one of the Governor's emissaries with fresh demands for money. This

passing through very hilly and woody country, arrived at the house of a Sheikh called Oold Kubban.

WITH THE SHEIKH OF MASKALLA.

On my arrival he sent his servant to give me the usual welcome, and showed me where to pitch my tent, and in the course of an hour or so he sent the evening meal. This morning, on viewing the country round about, I found to my great pleasure quite a number of houses and hamlets, and so decided to remain for a few days and visit them.

During the day, at intervals, heavy showers of rain fell, preventing me from visiting the surrounding places as I had intended. I was able, however, to visit a small Jewish colony close by, and going into the synagogue, where a number of men were sitting, I pointed them to the Messiah as the only



GROUP OF PALMS, SOUTHERN MOROCCO (see p. 24).

soldier actually did arrive, but not until about three o'clock in the morning, when, after satisfying himself that the object of his search was not there, he went away. In a conversation with the Sheikh, he seemed to think of nothing but his own troubles, and when I showed him that the reason of all these sad times was that he and the people around him did not know Jesus, he seemed half inclined to believe it. There is a feeling of great uneasiness in the district because of the rebellion of the neighbouring tribe, called Ait Ziltin. A Government army is encamped near by, but as no satisfactory movement is being made by either side, the people hardly know what to do. The soldiers of the army are being allowed to pillage as they think fit.

11th.—To-night I am in a farmhouse somewhere in the province of Maskalla. Yesterday I left Edoujillool, and after

Deliverer from all their present distresses and calamities. Two intelligent Jews present were very interested, though inclined to object, and I gave them copies of the Epistle to the Hebrews in Hebrew.

After returning to my tent the Sheikh expressed a wish to meet me, so, taking a copy of the Scriptures, I went to see him, hoping to have an opportunity of pressing home to his heart the claims of Jesus.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

Imagine my surprise when he told me I could not remain in his district any longer, and also that I must return to Mogador at once! The reason he ascribed for this unexpected conduct was that I had not a Shereefian letter of passport, and that the country was too unsafe for Europeans to travel. I expostu-

lated with him, and told him if he wished I would leave early to-morrow morning, and thanked him for his kindness and consideration for my safety. The thought of my spending another night with him made him quite angry, and he demanded that I leave at once, and that, too, on my way back to Mogador. He would on no account hear of my proceeding further. It was now within an hour of sunset, and knowing that desperate men were prowling about the neighbourhood, I felt very reluctant to begin travelling at night and risk the safety of my animals. After a brief time of prayer and waiting on the Lord, I decided to strike my tent and look to Him for safe keeping, believing He would lead me to some hospitable roof.

As we were leaving the Sheikh's establishment we met his flocks and herds gathering in for the night. The sight of them and their looks of quiet composure made me feel more intensely than ever that I had nowhere to lay my head. We followed the Mogador road a little bit, and then struck northwards, wandering across trackless country. It was long after sunset when we reached this farmhouse, and at first the people were very unwilling to receive us, but after a little parleying they gave the stereotyped and half-hearted "marhabba bekum" (you are welcome).

WITH NEW FRIENDS.

The owner of the house is a sparsely-built, miserable-looking man, and in the course of the evening I found him to be of a very fanatical turn of mind. After the evening meal he brought forth the usual brass tray and miniature tea-cups, while I provided the ever-welcome green tea and sugar. As he partook of the syrupy beverage his tongue loosened, and he sought to satisfy his curiosity by asking all sorts of questions about Europe and Europeans. Knowing from experience it was useless to discourage this, I allowed him to proceed till he exhausted his little stock of ideas of things European.

I then told him my story of our Saviour's sacrificial and atoning death, and as I spoke, I emphasised the various points by homely illustrations. He and his sons became intensely interested, and when I showed signs of finishing my address, they cried repeatedly, "Zeed!" "Zeed!!" (go on! go on!!). I then opened the New Testament, and read to them the parable of the lost piece of money, and laid special emphasis on the fact that man was as hopeless to find himself again as the inanimate coin referred to. Neither he nor his sons made any objection to what I said until I pointed out that he was lost; then he grew eloquent in the interests of Islam. I here stopped him short by asking him to show me what real benefit he had received from Islam; I could see nothing but oppression, avarice, lust, cruelty, and hatred. Somewhat sobered, he assented to all I said, bewailed the sad state of the people, and asked why *we* were not thieves and liars. In the course of our conversation he told me some very absurd stories. Here is an example:—

THE HOST'S STORY.

It is quite true our Government is guilty of extortion and plunder, but that only shows its power! It is not every Government that can steal from whom it likes. Besides, we are quite content to be deprived of our money and property, for we know it is going to a noble purpose. Our lord the Sultan is amassing all these sums of money preparatory to the Holy War, when he will lead us in a decisive victory against all the infidels. In the meantime, we welcome you into our country, we feed you and give you to drink because our lord the Sultan commands it; but when he gives the order to rise against you, armed with Divine power, we shall utterly exterminate you; then our land will become once more "dar-es-salam" (the

abode of peace). Poor man! this notion is not his peculiar property; it is held by all the country-people, who seldom see Europeans. Even on their guns, which they continually carry, they have inscribed these words, "bineeat el jehad, in sha Allah" (for the purpose of the Holy War, if God will); yet I was much encouraged and refreshed in soul by being able to press home upon these simple-minded people the story of the Cross.

Sunday night, Sept. 13th.—Yesterday at midday we were resting under an olive-grove, and when on the point of starting rain came on, which led us to delay a little longer.

AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

While waiting till the shower passed away, a man called El Matee came through the olive-grove on his way to water his animal. On seeing me, he got off his animal and ran towards me, kissed my hand, and gave me a thousand welcomes to his house. I at once informed him who I was, thinking that his expressions of welcome would not be so profuse. He expressed great surprise, saying that he took me for some "shereef," travelling, intent on gathering the alms of the pious. I then explained to him a little more fully the object of *my* travelling, and at the same time pointed out to him the wonderful character of our Saviour. Delighted at meeting me, he still extended his invitation to put up at his house. It lay on the top of a hill, about a mile distant, and when we arrived we were greeted with the usual chorus of barking from the dogs.

El Matee's friends, when they learned who I was, were very much displeased with him for bringing into their midst such "a dog of a Christian." Nothing daunted at their chagrin, he went busying about to make us comfortable. The guest-chamber, which was full of dried palmetto leaves, was at once cleared, and he made us as much at home as he could. After a time, owing to the continued rain, the roof began to leak, and rain poured in upon us most copiously. The poor man, when he saw this, was very much disconcerted, and climbed up to the roof with the agility of a cat and filled in the crack with mud. Towards the evening a sheep was brought and sacrificed in honour of the Christian guest, and they wished to have an evening of jollity and feasting.

After a time of "flow of speech," I quietly introduced the great theme, and showed them the efficacy of the great Sacrifice. They had never had Christians with them before, and it was thus my peculiar joy to sow the seed on virgin minds—minds as yet unbiassed with a knowledge of European vices.

FURTHER HEARERS.

This morning I went off to the olive-grove for quiet and meditation. When I returned, I found a crowd of men waiting to see me. Our conversation at once went in the all-important direction, and, while avoiding unnecessary discussion as much as possible, I had a splendid time, removing prejudices, insisting on the need of repentance, and directing their gaze to the One who was lifted up as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness.

After dinner, El Matee and his friends, who ere this time had become quite friendly, quite surprised me by inviting me to see their wives, daughters, and sisters. At such an extraordinary invitation I somewhat demurred, knowing the terrible jealousy that rages in a Moslem's breast; but they seemed to have made it in good faith, so I went with them into their houses, taking a few figs and dates with me to give the children in place of sweets. A judicious distribution of the fruit led to my quite winning the hearts of the mothers, and they all brought me presents of two, four, and six eggs each. But oh!

what a Babel! What a chattering! I thought at the time, no wonder Paul commanded those Eastern women to keep silence in the Church. They asked the most absurd questions, laughed at my matter-of-fact statements, and constantly expressed surprise that I could speak Arabic "just as the Moslems do."

At last I got an opening to press home the Gospel to their hearts. It was in this way: I was asked how we treated our wives, and in answer I told them of the love and tenderness a Christian man showers upon his wife, that we married for life, and there were comparatively few divorces. Then I pointed out what a remarkable thing Christianity was, that it enabled a man to love even his wife! Following up this thought, I got the women to listen to me as Moorish women never listened to me before. After this they got quite friendly, showed me into their houses, revealed the mysteries of the quern stone, and exhibited their dexterity in wool-spinning.

PREPARATION AND DEPARTURE.

And now it is Lord's day evening, and I am thankful for a quiet time. A company of men have just left me. The owner of the house, El Matee's father, I have presented with a large copy of the New Testament and Psalms, and he has promised to leave it in the guest-chamber, so that all their visitors and guests may have an opportunity of reading it. To-morrow I hope once more to resume my journey.

Tuesday, Sept. 15th.—Yesterday morning, after many hearty invitations to return and expostulations at my leaving, I said farewell to El Matee and his household. We still continued going north, intending to reach the main road from Mogador to Morocco. Our way lay over a number of bare hills and green valleys, until at last we reached the Government "mezala" of Ainomast. There was nobody in it, but we pitched our tents, and towards evening we had a few visitors. This morning I saw a number of men resting by a stream under the shade of a few olive-trees, so I made my way over to them with Bible in hand. I found them most attentive and receptive. One especially, a "fokee," expressed great pleasure at meeting me, and having an "exchange of ideas with me," as he expressed it. I left him a copy of the New Testament, which he promised to reverence and read.

On returning to my tent, I found that the muleteers had been visited by two sheikhs from the mountains, and when they had found out that I was a missionary, they upbraided them for treason and apostasy, declaring that I had only one aim in travelling the country, and that was to spy out the land and corrupt God's religion. Poor fellows! they were much put out about it, and felt very miserable. I sought to remove their fears as much as I could. In the afternoon I met those two sheikhs. When they saw me they were most cordial in their expressions of welcome and pleasure at seeing me, and asked if I could give them a copy of the "Holy Book."

After replying to their salutations, I rebuked them for their unkind words to my men, and showed how wrong it was of them to speak evil of any man, especially as they had never seen me before. They denied point-blank having ever said anything to them, and still more that they had ever seen them before. They declared that at that moment they had seen my tent for the first time! With such audacious liars I felt it was no use dallying. I gave them copies of the Gospels, and enjoined them by the precepts of their own Book and the value of their own souls that they would carefully read and study them, and then bade them good-bye.

(To be continued.)

SOME MOORISH HOMES IN CASABLANCA.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MISS J. JAY.

ANOTHER circle of Moorish women has been opened to us by my being sent for to attend a slave girl, badly scalded. On my first visit they did not ask me in, and I had to do all the dressing seated on a box in the street, with my suffering patient on another; however, on the next visit they were more friendly. I was taken inside and found quite a pretty garden, with a number of rooms round it, and quite a colony of people living in them—quiet, refined people, but in dense darkness. The Lord who has opened the house-door can also open the heart-door. Oh! if but some of these dark hearts would let the King of Glory in.

"FULFILLING THE DESIRES OF THE FLESH."

In my last journal I mentioned having come in contact with a refined and lovely woman who had a rich husband (see Dec. No., page 132). I went to see her to-day, and found her looking far from pretty. Her face was disfigured with tears and anger, her dress soiled and neglected, and she seemed completely changed. Her husband was with her, and instead of being in the usual charming room, they were seated on the earth floor of an empty room I have never seen used before; she only looked at me as I took my seat beside her, but that look told me of a whole world of misery beneath. She said nothing, and held herself with a cold, proud air, not answering her husband at all when he spoke to her.

I thought it well to be very careful, and therefore asked no questions. The man seemed anxious to engage my attention, asking me about my country and other parts of the world, and even about our religion. Soon afterwards he rose, went outside the door into the passage exactly in front of us, and went through the whole performance of their form of prayer. It took some time, and was no doubt done to impress me with his goodness. When he returned to the room, the wife, stung beyond endurance, greeted him with a shower of terrible names, and turning to me, said that he was going to have another wedding, and bring home *two* more wives. She heard this news two days ago.

Her extreme beauty and refinement have made her quite a little queen in the house, and her husband waited on her, and seemed to care for her in a way I have never seen before; he had always told her he would never bring home another wife. When they come she will be considered last instead of first, and be obliged in many ways to wait on them. Her children, too, are likely to be unkindly treated, and, indeed, all happiness will probably be at an end. He bore her abuse quietly, and after awhile, went out.

SORROW AND SADNESS.

Then her manner changed directly, she burst into tears, begging me to help her, to speak to him, to tell her what to do. What could I say to comfort her, except mingle my tears with hers and kiss her sad face, and tell her of God's love? But to-day she will not listen to that; God cannot love her, she says, since He allows such a fearful trouble to come to her. No one can do anything, their wretched religion allows him to bring home *three* more if he likes. He has been making money, and the other men have been telling him he is quite foolish—so rich and only one wife, and they seem to have laughed him into it. She begged me to stay to their meal, and indeed, I felt I could not leave her.

He returned and ate at the end of the room by himself. We all sat on the floor round the little table—my friend and her two children, the slave and her children, and myself.

The slave poured water over our hands before we commenced. The dinner was quite nice, a fish baked in some sort of hot, red sauce, and hot bread. We ate, of course, with our fingers; it is quite easy to do so with the help of the bread; every nice piece both the mistress and slave would give to me. When we had finished, our hands were again washed, and the pretty tea arrangements brought in; the lady presided so gracefully over everything, but she scarcely tasted the food herself, though the slave and I both did our best to try and tempt her to.

While the tea was being made, the husband explained to me that everybody had more than one wife, that she had better behave well about it, etc. I asked him if he valued peace in his house; he said "Oh, yes!" "Well," I said, "peace will go away and never return as soon as you bring in those other wives." By way of answer, he rose and produced from the corner a formidable stick. "This," he said, "always brings peace when other things fail." The wife never showed that she even heard the threat; she had now handed us each our tea, but he said it was late, and he must not wait to drink it, and told her to give him his jaleb on which she was sitting; she only replied "Drink your tea." Three times he told her, each time more angrily, to give him the jaleb, and each time she replied in exactly the same cold tone, "Drink your tea." Her calm daring perfectly amazed me, and I feared what must come next, when suddenly he burst out laughing, drank up the tea, caught up the jaleb which she handed him, and went away still laughing.

SHE KNOWS NO REST BUT THE GRAVE.

There was a ghost of a smile on her face as she turned to me and said, "No other woman will have such power with him." Then she quietly asked me if I had poison that would kill quickly. I, of course, spoke as strongly as I could of the sin of taking her own life, but she said "I am quite decided, I could not live if he has other wives, death would be much better. It does not matter if you do not wish to get me the poison; my slave knows where to get it, only I thought yours would be better."

This slave and her slave-husband are both absolutely devoted to their lovely mistress, and wait on her and her children with the greatest love and care; it was very touching to notice how this was so now more than ever, and the slave drew me aside and with tears begged me to cheer her mistress; so eagerly she spoke, holding my hands. "Tell her," she said, "to eat and drink and go to the bath, to wear her beautiful things and her ornaments, and make herself beautiful; he is patient, but if she goes on like this it will be terrible at last, and if she should do as she says and kills herself, then we must all die too—what would life be to any of us without her?"

I felt the slave-woman spoke the truest wisdom. There is nothing she can do but bear it as patiently as she can, resistance only means worse sorrow. He will do her this cruel wrong, it is quite certain; his nature is too coarse to appreciate her suffering, and, if he did, he is too selfish to alter his plans, so I counselled patience and gentleness, and told her the darling children would help her bear her burden. Alas! she does not know our Jesus; she has heard a little, but not yet has it touched her heart, and now she is full of bitterness and will hear nothing. But I hope the friendly words helped her a little, for while I was speaking, she turned to her slave and said, "See God has sent this Nazarene to comfort me; truly she is my sister!" I have written the account of this visit fully, because I feel how few at home have any idea of the terrible suffering, cruelty and wrong caused by polygamy

Algeria.

A WELCOME BACK.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. A. V. LILEY.

Wednesday, November 4th, 1891.—Early this morning we left Algiers for Mostaganem. It was the most tedious part of our journey homewards, for the train seemed to creep along so slowly. It was past seven in the evening ere the train crawled into the station at Mostaganem. Many friends came to the station to welcome us home, among them being the French Protestant Pastor and his daughter, also our faithful old negress, Zohra, whose joy seemed to know no bound. We were most thankful to our Heavenly Father for His care in watching over us, and bringing us back again to our home and land of adoption in safety.

Thursday, 5th.—Scarcely had the doors been opened than visitors began to arrive to see us: girls wanting to know when the sewing class was to begin, boys inquiring if they were to come to the class on Friday, etc.

A TRYING SUMMER.

It is most distressing in going through the town to see the number of pale, yellow and thin faces—Arabs staggering about from weakness after prolonged attacks of fever. There has been great mortality this summer. Scarcely a house has escaped the visitation of death.

Saturday, 7th.—Paid a hurried visit to the native quarter to-day; the welcome received from all classes of Arabs was most encouraging, and certainly a token for good that the Lord is with us, and we may believe that He has great things in store for us. Very touching accounts were related of the number of deaths that have happened since our departure. One of my Arab friends has lost all his children, and to-day his wife has died. Poor people, they do not see the hand of God in all this.

Sunday, 8th.—This morning went to the Arab market, as a great number come to town from the surrounding tribes to do their business. One would imagine a plague had visited this district during the past summer. Arabs whom I bid adieu to four months ago are now emaciated and weak as children. One hears of death, death on all sides. It has not always been the old and feeble that have been carried off, but strong men and women in the prime of life. Our poor blind people, hearing of our return, came up to the house in good numbers this morning.

Friday, 13th.—This afternoon began my class for boys. It was a little disappointing to find only sixteen turn up, as I was expecting twice that number. It transpired, however, that all the boys did not know that the class had commenced. I am beginning to read my colloquial translation of the Gospel by Matthew to them. The interest these poor lads manifest is most encouraging. Let us hope and pray that the Lord will raise up some native evangelists from among these lads.

MY FIRST DIARY.

BY MISS E. S. SMITH.

MISS EMILY SMITH went out to Algiers in February last. After some months spent in Mrs. Lambert's home for the study of French, Miss Smith joined her sister and Miss Cox at Djemâa Sahridj in November last, from whence

she sends us her first diary, giving her impressions of this neighbourhood and the need of further labourers among these Kabyle villages.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS E. SMITH'S DIARY.

November 17th, 1891.—It is just three weeks since Miss Shelbourne and I arrived at Djemâa Sahridj, our Kabyle home. How I wish you could see the country. To try to describe it is useless; one must *see* to understand how beautiful it is, and to learn the deep spiritual lessons it can teach. Mountains everywhere! Wherever we go, however high we climb, still always mountains all round us, reminding us of how "the Lord is round about His people." The colouring, too, is marvellous; none but a Divine Hand could have touched the "folds of the hills" with such delicate tints and shades. The "Peace of God" seems breathed on the hills, and one does not wonder at our little Jouhera's unprompted exclamation as we watched the sun set in a blaze of golden glory: "It is all God's home." The vineyards, red in the autumn sunlight, tell of self-sacrifice "having given their all"; the great vines climbing the trees and hanging in clusters of ripe fruit make John xv. strangely vivid to us; while the striking contrast between the rich fruitfulness of the hills on our side of the river Sebaon, which winds like a serpent among the hills, and the pitiful barrenness of those on the other, has its own secret for those who will seek it—all the life-giving streams flow through this side of the country, on the other side there are few or none. "A land where no water is."

PLOUGHING-TIME.

I must not forget one thing that has attracted my attention; it is "ploughing-time," and on all the hills one sees the patient oxen drawing the simple native plough. The other day I watched four teams of oxen in one field. It was difficult work, the sloping ground was covered with fig-trees, and the earth was hard and dry; but the oxen patiently, persistently worked on, regardless of blows from low hanging branches or of the difficult ground. The owner of that field knew it was worth all the trouble. "In hope" rang in my ears—now the ploughing, then the sowing, after that the harvest—and I thought of Djemâa with its 3,000 dark souls, and understood the lesson of "ploughing-time!" If any of you can come out and pay a visit to "our land, taken in the King's Name," you will never regret it. "Everything is beautiful," if we could only stop there. But truth adds "only *man* is vile." Yes, hidden away among the hills, or standing out on some summit, are hundreds of villages where men and women live in sin, misery, dirt and hopelessness; and the children, born there, what chance have they? Djemâa looks "*so* pretty" from the hills; but oh! the lives lived there. I cannot write of it. If I tell you "Satan's seat" is there, you can faintly picture the sad, sad lives. Three thousand *souls*, and only Miss Cox and my sister here this winter to sow the seed. *We* cannot speak. Are there *none* among all those who read this who are daily seeking to walk with God, possessing a fair education, and with life before them, who could, for His dear sake, leave home and country and come out to work? The labourers are few, and "the Lord is at hand!"

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

The two workers here are always busy. "There is work for a dozen," as one of them said. You know something of S—C—, the *only one* from Djemâa who is believed to be converted. He needs much tender patience, much Christ-like love, much wisdom in managing him. Those who control him need your prayers, as well as the lad; for he was born, brought

up in Djemâa, and there are heartaches over him. We wish some of you would definitely and regularly pray for him. Then little Jouhera. You who have had much to do with children know it is no easy task to bring up a child; it is more difficult with her, a Kabyle. She is a dear little girl. She has learnt her letters, and is being initiated into the mysteries of "pot-hooks and hangers." She is very intelligent; no hardship to teach. I wish you could see her as she sweeps out my room, stopping every now and then to "teach" me some unpronounceable Kabyle word, and rewarding my more successful attempts at imitation with her pretty "C'est bien dit!" I love children, but I think most people would be pleased with little Jouhera's winning, loving ways. Will all my readers who love the little ones pray that Jouhera may be won for Christ? The Sunday class for little boys seems hopeful; they are really well-behaved, and seem to enjoy the simple, bright teaching. But "boys are boys" all the world over, and these little lads are very like our own dear boys at home. The girls' class, too, is full of interest. These unloved girls are very dear to their teachers. Last time they met, one child, more miserable than her companions, repeated the story of the "Fall" as fluently as a child in one of our Sunday Schools would; while another girl seems really increasingly interested in the Gospel. We trust many of these children will become "lights" among their own people. The lads' evening classes begin soon, many have asked when they may come again.

Tunis.

AN ARAB WEDDING.

BY MISS B. GRISSSELL.

An Arab wedding is not a happy, bright ceremony like ours under a Christian roof. Oh no, on the contrary. When I had seen the whole of its ceremonies, lasting over seven days, a deep sigh welled up from my heart over the fate of my helpless Arab sisters, and a note of thankfulness to my God who had placed me in such a different position in a happy English home. Let me try somewhat to describe the preparation and its ceremony. I fear the dresses will quite defy my powers of description, as they need to be seen to be understood. The wedding was between the children of two wealthy families, which we had visited on both sides; and the bride, Kadija, who is the youngest daughter of her family, we had known about two years, and Miss Harding and Miss Johnson were considered really as friends.

PRELIMINARY PREPARATIONS.

L—D—, the bride's mother, said "Come and help us, and see everything just as you like." So we went up every day, and sewed, and talked, or worked the machine, or helped with cooking, just as we liked.

Some time previously the heads of the two families had formally met and arranged the contract—making their terms, arranging for the money to be paid by the bridegroom. How much the bridegroom was consulted in the matter I can't say, but there is no doubt that the bride was not asked for more than her consent, which was quite a formal matter, as she would not have dared to say no. When the time comes for the marriage, female guests begin to rally round the bride. They arrive at the house rather more than the week before the wedding, and eat, and sleep, and help in the work of

preparation most heartily. Those who would not be willing to help, I imagine, would not come early, as everybody in D—'s house helped in cleaning paint, putting up curtains, and the final preparation of the bride's things; and this must have been a considerable saving of expense. Poor D—, the mother, walked about, snuff-box in hand, directing everybody, answering innumerable questions, and finding all the necessaries.

THE BATH.

One of the great preparations as regards the bride was the bath. The father hired the bath-house for the night for his household and friends. About six o'clock, when it was quite dark, we went with the women closely veiled; the father and brother guarding them from one house to the other, though the distance was only a few steps. We found a large centre court roofed in, with a fountain in the middle, and a raised platform all round, spread with matting, on which the visitors dress, and sleep, and cool. There was a little room off it better provided, and here the bride and her immediate friends prepared themselves for the bath.

I should have explained earlier that the bride has always an especial servant, who comes for the week to do everything for her, and her word is law in directing the bride's preparations. She is called the Hanana, because she puts the henna on the hands and feet. She earns a good sum on these occasions, the guests all giving her presents, and she makes this her livelihood. Well, of course, she goes to the bath with the bride to wait on her there.

The bath consists of two or three dismal rooms heated with steam, and so hot that at first entrance it is hardly possible to breathe. It is only by remaining in it that one gets accustomed and can pass on to a hotter room. I must leave the bath undescribed, as not being an interesting subject.

KLEPTOMANIA.

I was soon satisfied with my investigations, and contented myself with the care of a wee baby and the clothes in the dressing-room. The clothes needed some care, as the visitors might not consider it a great sin, if opportunity arose, to possess themselves of each other's belongings, as the whole household, from cook to mistress, were enjoying the bath together. While I touch on this subject of stealing little things, so common among the Arabs, let me say they well appreciate the difference in us. Miss Harding and I were the constant receivers of all kinds of articles needing protection. Hide this franc for me, or this corkscrew, or my scissors, was the oft-repeated request.

All Arab brides must have black hair, consequently the morning of the bath Kadija's hair had been dyed coal black, and the next evening her fingers and palms of her hands and her feet were hennared for the first time. All her family and friends in the house are expected to witness this ceremony, and there is generally a tambourine and some singing going on at the time. The bride gets on her bed for the operation, as she cannot put her feet to the ground again till the henna is removed in the morning. The henna is a paste made of pounded henna leaves and water, and this is put on to the tips of the fingers with the greatest care and exactitude, and then the hand is tied up in a bag for the night. The next two nights the same thing is repeated, that the stain may not only be dark, but absolutely black. The stain is almost to the first joint of the finger and right across the palm.

Then comes the night of the wateja, when extra guests arrive, and the bride is dressed, and there is a handsome supper, and music, and dancing.

MOHAMMEDANS NOT ABSTAINERS.

Some Moslem Grandees came, a gentleman and his wife, and we were introduced to them. The best room was given up to them, and especial preparations made in their honour. We had a long talk with him, and were even able to explain to him something of the plan of salvation, he himself asking to hear of our religion. He said he had our book and had read it, but was quite satisfied with his own religion and prophet. Presently he asked us if we drank wine, and was exceedingly surprised to hear we did not, saying he heard all the English used wine. We explained to him why we did not. But he declared there could be no danger of it hurting us, and it never hurt him, so he always took it with his meals. We told him how surprised we were that he should, seeing it was forbidden by his prophet; and even his host spoke up, and said we were quite right, it was a sin to taste a drop. But all the same, the wine was not even kept to meal time, and before we left that evening some of the men were quite drunk. This will, I fear, dispel the pleasing illusion that many hold in England, that Mussulmen do not drink. We hear that many influential Moslems are addicted to excessive drinking.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSIONARY'S CRY IN NORTH AFRICA.

O SIDNA AISA! * let Thy name
Fall sweetly into Moorish ears,
Until the Moslem sing Thy fame
With rapture that's akin to tears.

O Sidna Aisa! King of Love!
Melt Moslem heart with Thy dear voice;
Tell them that like the saints above
They in Thy love may all rejoice.

O Sidna Aisa! not alone
For us who strive Thy truth to tell
Didst Thou for human guilt atone,
But for the Moslem soul as well.

O Sidna Aisa! tell them all
How Thou didst shed Thy precious blood,
That every sin and fault and fall
Might find its pardon in that flood.

Tell them there's room in God's great heart
For Moslem, Jew, for bond and free;
Tell them, oh! tell them who Thou art,
Thou brightness of the Deity.

Redeemer, Brother, Saviour, Friend,
For widow, slave, and orphan child,
To solace, comfort and defend,
However sinful and defiled.

We try to tell, but feel so weak,
That for Thine aid we fondly call;
O for a seraph's tongue to speak
Of Sidna Aisa! All in all—A. T. J.

OUTFIT AND PASSAGE FUND.

DURING the past month five candidates have been accepted for work in North Africa, viz., Miss Ada Watson, and Miss Van de Molen from Doric Lodge; Miss L. A. Lambert, of Norwood; Mr. James Smith, of Liverpool; and Miss Jessie Collins, of Sunderland.

To provide for the outfits and passages of the above, about £150 will be needed in addition to what is required for previously accepted workers.

* The Arabic name for Jesus Christ.

Description of Illustrations.

MR. SUMMERS IN NATIVE COSTUME.

MR. SUMMERS, during the five years he has been in Morocco, has travelled extensively in many parts of the empire, and has usually worn the native costume, finding it most useful as calling forth less observation, and thus enabling him to make his way more easily from place to place. Having a good command of the Arabic language, and some acquaintance with the Shillah, the language spoken by the Berber race in the south, he has frequently been taken for a native, until, from finding he spoke so much of Christ, and said nothing about Mohammed, their suspicions have been aroused.

Our brother is now in England, and those who take an interest in the Lord's work amongst the Moslem races of North Africa should not fail to hear his interesting statements.

GROUP OF PALMS.

ONE striking feature of the landscape in southern Morocco are the lofty date palms, which are found wherever there is a river or watercourse of any description, or even in the neighbourhood of wells. The group represented in our illustration is on the banks of the Tensift, a small river rising in the Atlas range about latitude 32° N. It flows in a westerly direction, passing near Morocco city, and falls into the Atlantic. This is the locality where Mr. Summers has lately been travelling. Some travellers are here enjoying their mid-day halt, while their mules and asses are tethered a short distance away.

EXTRACTS FROM WORKERS' LETTERS.

From MISS R. ENGALL (Mostaganem).

As a member of the Church meeting at Highgate, I have often heard from Missionaries we have had there the great need of these people, but I feel now how little really is known. One must see before one clearly understands. I thought I knew much, but I find I knew nothing. Many sights have made me shudder; for instance, dear Mrs. Liley took me one day to see part of an Arab wedding. The dancing and music was as heathenish as could ever be imagined. A girl was allowed to go on and on until she fell to the ground fainting, and only restored to commence again. What miserable lives these women live! If only English girls could see them, shut up month after month, year after year, unable to read or write! My heart aches for them; how I long to be able to speak to them.

How easily hundreds could come and settle here and work for the Master—members in the Churches who have money, and are simply doing nothing in England. What will rouse them? When will they see the great claim these sisters have upon them? I can testify, as others have before me, of the preciousness of the Lord Jesus; here, away from all earthly relations, He has revealed Himself in a special way. To Him be all the glory.

The weather of the last five weeks has far surpassed any we have had the whole summer in England—always a clear blue sky, no fogs here; however, rain is badly needed. The fever continues in many parts of the Arab quarter. It is distressing to see the great weakness of many a strong man, and the yellow faces of those who have been ill four and six months. I am so glad Mr. Liley has some medicine; he has been most successful in all cases he has helped, and still many more are coming. It does seem so clearly the Lord's way: "heal the body; preach the Gospel."

For the Young.

A CLASS IN A HOLLOW.

BY MISS A. E. WYATT.

THE village of Sidi Haloui is outside the town of Tlemçen, and right down at the bottom of a steep hill. It is supposed to take its name from a "Saint," who was a very great man a long time ago in the town of Seville, in Spain. He was afraid his public life would interfere with his piety, so gave up all his bright prospects, and came over to Algeria as a pedlar selling sweets. The word "Haloui" means sweet in Arabic, and this is how folks say the village and mosque got its name.

OUR PUPILS.

Last Friday, when we appeared running down the steep path to the village, a crowd of boys, looking very like choristers, with red caps, came yelling and skipping along to greet us, insisting on shaking our hands (after which each boy kisses his own hand which has touched ours), trying to get books, or work out of our baskets, and making special grabs at my blue spectacles. You must not think that this is because they are delighted at the chance of hearing the Gospel; their lives are very tame in that quiet little village, and our weekly visits are a great piece of excitement. Our pupils run on before us, and get settled into a semi-circle on the floor before we arrive. We envy the nimble little feet that fly down the dreadful, uneven, steep, slippery steps that lead to our hole, as though they were running on level ground. We descend very cautiously, for there's nothing to take hold of, the first and last steps needing especial courage.

THE CLASS.

On arriving, we find a rather dubious-looking bolster arrangement for us to sit on, and I can assure you we do not waste much time in beginning, for we are very glad to get back into daylight and God's beautiful air again. Miss Gill makes the boys repeat texts and verses of hymns, which they are getting to do fairly well now. The ones they know best are—Acts x. 43, Matt. v. 44, Ps. li. 7 and 10, Rev. xxi. 27, with Eph. iv. 25 joined on to it, and Jas. iv. 17. Then she reads them some simple Bible story, such as scenes from the life of our Lord, the history of Joseph, the creation of the world. They repeat the words after her in the same way as they do the verses of the Koran from their talebs, but the difficulty is to get them to answer questions; they still repeat what you say to them, and when you say, "No, tell me how many brothers Joseph had," they look surprised, and say a little louder than before, "No, tell me how many brothers Joseph had." You see, it is not easy to teach little Arab children, and if we were not working for a Master who gives success to His labourers, I think we should give it up.

A REQUEST.

Now I am going to make a request: it is that you will pray for these poor little boys in this Arab village, and especially on Friday, the day of the class. We want some of them at least to grow up to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ instead of their own false prophet. But it is not an easy thing for a Mussulman to become a Christian, and unless they were strongly convinced in heart as well as head, they could never stand the persecution and contempt that would follow. We were very pleased to get your pennies; they paid for six weeks' rent. I think that was better than sending them into the big money-box at the sweet-shop. Sidi Haloui is a real grand sweet-store, and the money that goes in there is not lost.

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.

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

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1891.		General		1891.		General.		1891.		General.		1891.		General.	
Receipt.	£ s. d.	Receipt.	£ s. d.	Receipt.	£ s. d.	Receipt.	£ s. d.	Receipt.	£ s. d.	Receipt.	£ s. d.	Receipt.	£ s. d.	Receipt.	£ s. d.
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	£47 0 0	Carried forward	£105 11 1	Carried forward	£2 5 4 0	Carried forward	£296 11 5								

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GIFTS IN KIND: Dec. 5th (36), box of small medicine bottles; Dec. 12th (47), box containing under linen, coats, instruments, bottles, e.c.; Dec. 29th (50), parcel of eight small garments for Mr. Patrick's Spanish work; Dec. 31 (51), box of fancy articles from Young Women's Meeting.

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MOROCCO.	Date of Arrival.	MOROCCO.	Date of Arrival.	ALGERIA.	Date of Arrival.	REGENCY OF TUNIS.	Date of Arrival.
Tangier.		Fez.		Constantine.		Tunis.	
Dr. T. G. CHURCHER ..	Oct., 1885	Miss E. HERDMAN ..	Jan., 1885	Miss L. COLVILLE ..	Apr., 1886	Mr. G. B. MICHELL ..	June, 1887
MRS. CHURCHER, <i>nee</i>		Miss M. COPPING ..	June, 1887	Miss H. GRANGER ..	Oct., 1886	Mrs. MICHELL, <i>nee</i>	
ROBERTSON ..	Oct., 1889	Miss I. L. REED ..	May, 1888			HARRIS ..	Oct., 1888
Miss B. VINING ..	Apr., 1886	*Miss R. J. FLETCHER ..	May, 1890	Algiers.		Miss GRISSELL ..	Oct., 1888
Miss S. JENNINGS ..	Mar., 1887			Mr. W. G. POPE ..	Feb., 1891	Miss A. A. HARDING ..	"
Miss M. C. LAMBDEN ..	May, 1888	ALGERIA.		Mr. E. CUENDET ..	Sep., 1884	*Miss R. JOHNSON ..	Oct., 1889
Mr. J. J. EDWARDS ..	Oct., 1888	Tlemcen.		Mrs. CUENDET ..	" 1885	Miss A. M. CASE ..	" 1890
Mrs. H. BOULTON ..	Nov., 1888	*Mr. M. H. MARSHALL ..	June, 1887	Mrs. Lambert's Home.		Dr. C. S. LEACH ..	June, 1891
Dr. C. L. TERRY ..	Nov., 1890	*Mrs. MARSHALL ..	Mar., 1888	Miss M. YOUNG ..	Feb., 1891	Mrs. LEACH ..	" "
Mrs. TERRY ..	" "	*Miss R. HODGES ..	Feb., 1889	Miss K. JOHNSTON ..	Dec., 1891	DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.	
*Mr. W. SUMMERS ..	Apr., 1887	Miss A. GILL ..	Oct., 1889	Miss E. TURNER ..	" "	Tripoli.	
Miss K. ALDRIDGE ..	Dec., 1891	Miss A. E. WYATT ..	Feb., 1891	Kabyle Work.		Mr. H. G. HARDING ..	Feb., 1889
Spanish Work—		Miss L. GRAY ..	" "	Djemaa Sahridj.		Mr. W. H. VENABLES ..	Mar., 1891
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Dr. G. M. GRIEVE ..	Oct., 1890	Miss H. D. DAY ..	" "	* At present in England.			
Mrs. GRIEVE ..	" "						
Tetuan.							
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