

NORTH AFRICA.

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

NORTH AFRICA MISSION,

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

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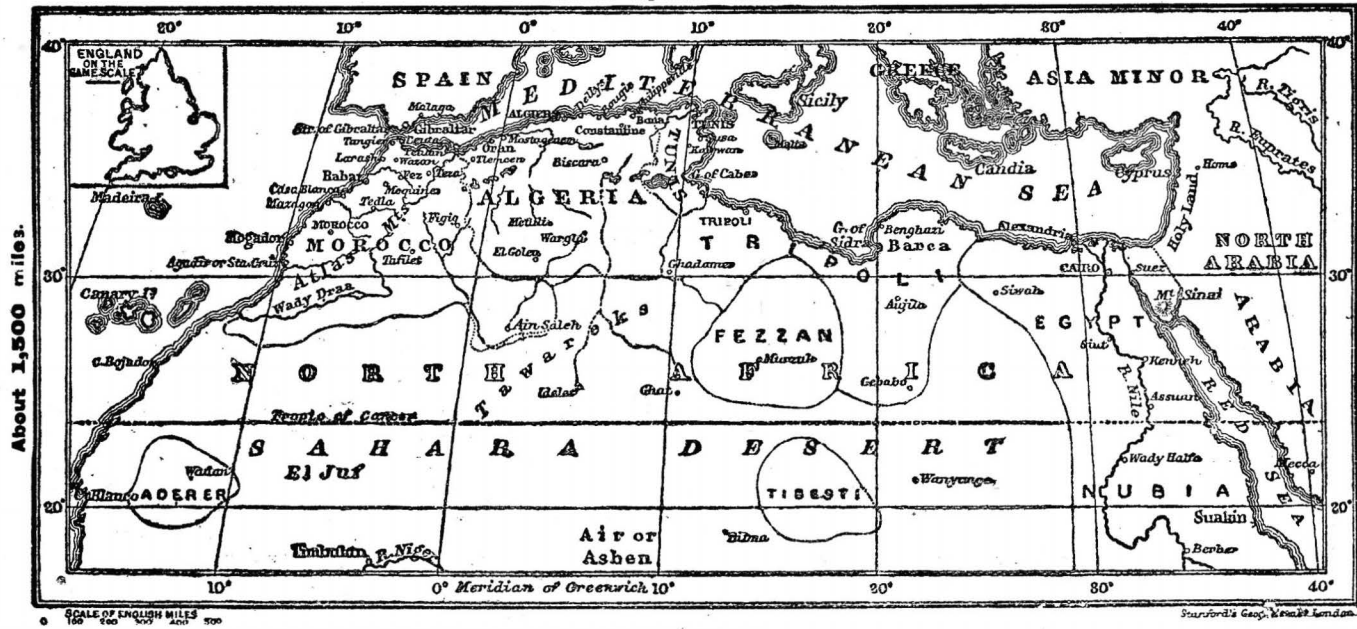
Contents.

	PAGE
A Week of Prayer	37
Notes and Comments	39
Historical Notes	39
Preaching Not Controversy	40
Gifts	41
Algeria—Mission Work amongst the Kabyles	41
Morocco—Some of our Moorish Patients	42
Mrs. Boulton (Tangier)	43
Our Sisters in Fez	44
Some Moorish Homes in Casablanca	44
Tunis—"She Did Not Know Him"	45
Poetry—The Glorious Coming	46
Our Field of Labour	46
Extracts from Workers' Letters	47
Description of Illustrations	48
For the Young	48
North Africa Map	ii
List of Donations... ..	iii
Location of Missionaries	iv

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About 3,600 miles across:



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 1,350,000, 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 have this year been sent. 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 1866; he has this year been married and joined by another brother and his wife.

NORTH AFRICA.



A KABYLE JEWELLER (*see p. 48*).

A Week of Prayer.

WE propose to devote the last week of our mission year to special confession, humiliation, praise, and prayer, and we invite all those who are interested in the evangelization of North Africa to join us in so doing. Our year ends with April; the week, therefore, will begin on Sunday, April 24th; and end on Saturday, the 30th.

In 1891 we gave the last day of April to prayer, and experienced much blessing in doing so. This year we feel our need of a similar but longer period.

We have much shortcoming and sin to confess to God. How feeble has been our love to Christ, and how often our service has been formal instead of hearty! How little we have entered into the deep compassions of our God over the poor Moslems, Romanists, Jews, and others among whom we have laboured! How the heart yearns over and longs for these guilty rebels, even though they spurn His offers of mercy, and seek to establish their own righteousness. To what a small extent have we mourned our carelessness and indifference, and that of many of the people of God as

to the Lord's glory and will! What personal and private failures we have to deplore! How little love we have shown to weak, and, it may be, rather unsatisfactory converts, when we ought to have cherished them as nurses, and watched for souls as those that must give an account. All these, and many other things, must lead us to humble ourselves before God.

Yet, though we are so failing and unfaithful, how graciously God has dealt with us, both individually and as a mission. During the year that is closing He has given us abundant cause for praise. The general health of the missionaries has been good, though there have been some cases of trying illness. The Lord has also inclined His servants to give financial help, so that, though some have had fellowship with Christ and His apostles in poverty and trial, yet the work has gone forward and the workers have been brought through thus far. We believe He will sustain to the end those who put their trust in HIM.

The Lord has raised up new friends in the place of those who have died or forgotten us, thus giving assurance that we do well to trust in the living God, rather than in the best of men. There has also been much to cheer as to the progress of the work. In most places there is a greater willingness on the part of the people to listen to the truth, and less prejudice manifested. When we compare the present feeling with what existed some years ago, we see a marked improvement, calling for much thankfulness to God.

We must praise God also that while some who have professed faith in Christ have gone back, there are others who still stand firm and are making some progress in the Christian life. New workers are also a cause for thanksgiving. What can be more valuable than the gift of a life to the Lord and His work? We must, however, be much in prayer also, for we are beset with needs, difficulties, and perplexities.

Our first great need is that we may increasingly learn to walk so as to please God. The Lord ever seems by His providence and Word to be reminding us that to *be* is the first thing and to do the second. He gives much attention to soul-culture, and if we would walk aright we must do the same. Let us make it the first business of life and the first petition in prayer that we may be conformed to the image of His Son.

Then we need to pray much for our fellow labourers, whether those in the foreign field or those at home who by their prayers, their bounty, or their counsel, are true yoke-fellows.

The few converts call for special supplications. How difficult their path is few can realize. The force of old habits of sin, the fear of persecution, the lack of native Christian fellowship, and many other things, make following Christ no easy matter, and the miracle that any stand at all, can only be accounted for by remembering the preserving grace of God exercised on their behalf.

The multitudes still in ignorance and sin claim our prayers. They are deluded by a false religion, and bound hand and foot by traditions and customs contrary to the truth. They have been brought up in the midst of an immoral social, religious, and political system from which they find it almost impossible to disentangle themselves; who but the risen and exalted Saviour can set them free? Let us beseech Him to do so. Missionaries are God's servants sent for this very purpose, but they feel that in themselves the task is too great for them, and so they are driven to their knees to implore the help of the Great Deliverer who has sent them forth.

Prayer seems ever to have been the great resource of God's people, or perhaps we should rather say the means by which they have obtained the resources which were theirs in God. Too often we give undue prominence to preaching compared with prayer. What has ever been the secret of great religious awakenings? At Pentecost it was prayer, at the Reformation it was prayer, with the Wesleys it was prayer, with Jonathan Edwards McCheyne and William Burns it was prayer. In the Revival of 1859 it was prayer. And so it is still, and shall be in the future. "Ask of me and I will give," Ps. ii. 8. "Ask and it shall be given you," Matt. vii. 7. However difficult our work may be, however formidable the opposition, however great the need of wisdom, courage, men and means, THERE ARE AMPLE RESOURCES IN GOD FOR ALL AND EVERY REQUIREMENT. If we enjoy them not it is because of some fault in us and not from any failure on the Lord's part. Let us with uprightness of heart, persist in our requests, believing in our Father's love and willingness as well as in His power to help. In His own way the Lord will answer prayer. The God of Elijah, the God of Elisha, the God of Daniel, the God of Peter, Paul, and John, the God of Augustine, Luther, Knox, Spurgeon, and Müller, is our God too. If our prayers are not answered as theirs have been, it is not because He has changed. He is as ready to answer us as them. They were men of like passions with ourselves,

compassed with infirmity, and prone to unbelief. If we have overlooked any of the conditions of blessing may God show us. In answer to individual and united faith and prayer, may we so prevail with God that North Africa shall be blessed as never before. Thus shall the world in these sceptical days, see what the God of Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Daniel, even our God, can do.

Notes and Comments.

MEETING FOR PRAYER.—We should be glad to welcome friends able to join us for united prayer any Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, at 21, Linton Road, Barking. Trains leave Fenchurch Street at 3.8 and 3.50 p.m. Tea is provided at the close of the meeting.

Many who are prevented from being with us might unite with us in prayer at their own homes, at the same hour. We should also be glad to know that the Lord's work in North Africa was remembered at Weekly Prayer Meetings.

Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

* * * *

DEPARTURES.—Mr. Jas. L. Lockhead and Miss Lockhead, of Kilmalcolm, sailed from Liverpool on Saturday, the 27th February, by the ss. *Polyphemus*, for Algiers. Also by the same vessel, Miss R. O. Hodges, who is returning to her station at Tlemcen.

Miss B. Roberts of Weston-super-Mare, and Miss M. Scott of London, formerly connected with the Home of Industry, left England on the evening of Thursday, March 10th, for Tunis, *via* Paris and Marseilles.

Miss M. Bonham and Miss M. Mellett, of Dublin, sailed for Morocco on Friday, the 18th inst., in the P. and O. Steamer *Sutlej*.

* * * *

SMALL-POX.—Letters from Tangier and Casablanca mention that a severe epidemic, small-pox, is just now very prevalent at most of the coast towns on the Atlantic, and numbers of children are dying daily. If our medical friends could help the Missionaries by gifts of vaccine, they would be grateful. Such should be sent direct to Dr. Terry, Tangier, Morocco; Dr. Grieve, Casablanca, Morocco; or Miss Banks, Tetuan, Morocco, *via* Tangier.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

MR. SUMMERS has received about £15 towards the £30 required for the purchase of a new tent, camp-furniture, and utensils for his itinerating work. He tenders his sincere thanks to the kind friends who have helped thus far.

He would also be glad of a small box of carpenter's tools, should any one have it laid on their heart to supply this want.

* * * *

WEEK OF PRAYER.—We would draw the attention of our readers to the fact that the last week of April has been set apart as a time for Special Prayer and Praise on behalf of the Mission. Full particulars are given in the leading article on page 37.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.—Subjoined is a list of engagements for the remainder of March and the beginning of April, at which one or more of the following members of the Mission will attend and give an account of the Lord's work, Mr. Edward H. Glenny (Hon. Secretary), General F. T. Haig, Mr. W. Summers, from Morocco, and Mr. M. H. Marshall, from Algeria.

Bible Christian Chapel, Waterloo Road, Sunday, March 27th, at 3.0.

The Hall, King George Street, Greenwich, Tuesday, March 29th, 7.30.

Presbyterian Church, Clapham (Rev. Dr. McEwan), Wednesday, March 30th, 7.30.

Presbyterian Church, Upper Norwood (Rev. Robert Taylor), Thursday, March 31st, 7.30.

Baptist Church, Highgate Road (Pastor, Jas. Stephens), Wednesday, April 6th, 7.30.

Baptist Church, Hendon (Pastor, G. D. Hooper), Wednesday, April 6th, 7.30.

We should be glad if our friends would make these evening meetings known, and arrange to be present at some of them.

Historical Notes.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN NORTH AFRICA.

(Continued from page 17.)

LANGUAGES.

MUCH has been written on the languages of North Africa, which it is not needful for us to repeat. Speaking generally, however, it may be said that the Egyptian, Berber, and Ethiopian languages belong to the same group, and the probability is that they originally formed one language. At the present day this *group* of languages extends from the Red Sea to the Canary Islands, and from the Mediterranean to the Niger.

The Phœnician colonists diffused their language over a wide area, but under the Romans Latin was introduced, and evidently took deeper root and reigned longer. There were Latin colonies and Latin churches, sermons were preached in that language, treatises written and histories composed, yet it passed away as completely as the Phœnician had done before it, except here and there some lingering relics, as among the Berbers of the Aures Mountains in the South of Algeria, where the villagers still use the Latin names of the days of the week, and some few Latin words suggesting what had formerly been.

Wherever the Berber language is spoken in remote districts as among the oases of the Sahara, it has remained comparatively pure, but where it has come in contact with races speaking the Arab or Negro languages, it has become corrupted; especially has this been the case with the former, which has exerted a powerful influence upon it.

NEW TESTAMENT DAYS.

Passing on to the days of Christ and the Apostles, North Africa comes before us again and again in connection with various events recorded in the Gospels and the Acts of the

Apostles. It is, perhaps, remarkable that the first mention of it should be on the day of the Crucifixion, when Simon, "a man of Cyrene," the father of Alexander and Rufus, coming out of the country was laid hold of by the Roman soldiers, and compelled to follow the Nazarene and to bear His cross—emblematical, shall we say, of how many of those same North Africans only a few years later "filled up that which was behind of the sufferings of Christ," by following the Master along the same path of suffering and death to the martyr's crown.

A few weeks afterwards and Peter and the rest of the Apostles, filled with the Holy Ghost, stand up in the streets of Jerusalem, and declare the great fact of the Resurrection; moreover that God had made that same Jesus whom they had crucified both Lord and Christ. Among the multitude there gathered were some who had made the journey from the shores of North Africa to be present at the Feast of Pentecost. Acts ii. 10, tells us that not only were there some from Egypt, but others from places more westward still, "in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene." Lybia was the common Greek name for the territory adjoining that formerly called Africa, and embraced a district nearly corresponding with the present boundary of Tripoli. It remained an independent kingdom until 74 B.C., when it became a Roman province. Cyrene was the chief of a group of five cities, and occupied a position on the sea coast, some distance to the east of the present site of Benghazi.

In Acts vi. 9 we find Stephen opposed by a numerous band of antagonists. Amongst them were Cyrenian Jews, who associated with their Alexandrian brethren, and others of "the synagogue of the Libertines" (liberated slaves), disputed with and bitterly opposed this first Christian martyr. Thus the Jews of Cyrene seem to have been among the first to receive the Gospel and the first to oppose it.

Again, in Acts xi. 19, 20, the men of Cyrene come before us. "Now they that were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen travelled as far as Phenice and Cyprus and Antioch preaching the word to none but unto the Jews only. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene." It is refreshing to find amongst these early converts, who were thus driven out from their homes by the tribulations of those days, natives of North Africa, showing their active interest in propagating the faith of Christ in the face of opposition and loss.

Once again the name of Cyrene comes before us in the opening verse of Acts xiii. "Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene." As the word niger signified "black," there is little doubt but that Simeon who is mentioned here was a man of colour, probably an Ethiopian, a native of the distant Soudan; and Lucius, a Cyrenean, holds here an honoured place as a teacher of the word in company with Barnabas and Paul.

There is little doubt but that North Africa first received the light of the Gospel through these Cyrenean Jews, whose zeal and energy in the cause of Christ is well known. The Gospel evidently came to them as to the Thessalonians "in power and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance," and having received the truth in the love of it, they were not long in handing it on to their neighbours in the adjoining provinces. The persecution that arose about Stephen, and which compelled the Christians to fly hither and thither, instead of stamping out the new faith, only served like a fierce gale to scatter the fire-brands in every direction, and thus not only did the south coast of Asia Minor become lit up with the light of the Gospel, but the dwellers in Egypt, Cyrene, and the northern coast of Africa likewise heard for the first time of

salvation by faith in Him who had been "despised and rejected of men."

A few years after, in A.D. 70 and 71, came the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and later still, in A.D. 135, the expulsion of all the Jews from Palestine by the Emperor Hadrian, and on both occasions, but more especially the latter, many thousands of these banished Israelites settled in the coast towns of North Africa, among whom were large numbers who had found in Christ "the end of the law for righteousness," and who became the founders of the first Christian Church in North Africa.

(To be continued.)

PREACHING NOT CONTROVERSY.

He taught them as one having AUTHORITY. Matt. vii. 29.

With AUTHORITY commandeth He the unclean spirits, and they obey Him. Mark i. 27.

Speak, exhort, and reprove with all AUTHORITY. Titus. ii. 15.

THE following passage occurs in one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, in the earliest days of his ministry at New Park Street Chapel:—

"I am often grieved when I read of our Missionaries holding disputes with the Brahmins, and it is sometimes said that the Missionary has beaten the Brahmin because he kept his temper, and so the Gospel had gained great increase by the dispute. I take it that the Gospel was lowered by the controversy. I think the Missionary should say, 'I am come to tell you something which the one God of heaven and earth hath said, and I tell you before I announce it, that if you believe it you shall be saved, and if not you shall be damned. I am come to tell you that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, became flesh to die for poor unworthy man, that through His mediation, and death, and suffering, the people of God might be delivered. Now, if you will listen to me you shall hear the word of God, if you do not I shake the dust off my feet against you and go somewhere else.' Look at the history of every imposture, it shows us that the claim of *authority* ensures a degree of progress. How did Mahommed come to have so strong a religion in his time? He was all alone, and he went into the market-place and said, 'I have received a revelation from heaven.' It was a lie, but he persuaded men to believe it. People looked at his face; they saw that he looked upon them earnestly as believing what he said, and some five or six of them joined him. Did he prove what he said? Not he. 'You must,' he said, 'believe what I say, or there is no Paradise for you.' There is a power in that kind of thing, and wherever he went his statement was believed, not on the ground of reasoning, but on his authority, which he declared to be from Allah; and in a century after he first proclaimed his imposture, ten thousand sabres had flashed from their sheaths and his word had been proclaimed through Africa, Turkey, Asia, and even Spain. The man claimed authority—he claimed divinity; therefore he had power.

Now, my brethren, we have power; we are God's servants, we preach God's truth; we are commissioned by the great Judge of heaven and earth Who has told us the truth, and what have we to do to dispute with worms of the dust? Why should we tremble and fear them? Let us stand out and say, 'We are the servants of the living God; we tell unto you what God has told us, and we warn you, if you reject our testimony, it shall be better for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you.' If the people cast that away we have done our work. We have nothing to do with making men believe; ours is to testify of Christ everywhere, to preach and to proclaim the Gospel to all men."

GIFTS.

IN our work and service as "the Lord's Secretaries" in the Home Department of this Mission, our hearts are greatly cheered from time to time by the kind words of sympathy which we receive, often accompanied by the loving gifts of His children. Sometimes the gift is from some wealthy steward, who acknowledging that he has "freely received," desires to "freely give" of his Lord's bounty. Sometimes the help comes from those who are comparatively poor in this world's goods, but "rich in faith," and knowing, as we do, that the acceptability of the offering in His sight is "according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not," we feel that however small the gift, if given for His sake, it is "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable well-pleasing unto the Lord."

We give three brief extracts from letters received. The first is from Ireland with the sum of £1 enclosed. This friend says "I seek constantly to help you by prayer, and trust the Mission may be sustained by the mighty power and grace of God, and be fruitful in the salvation of souls now in deep darkness and death. We who are trying to work for God in these favoured isles find the soil harder than it used to be, real conversions fewer, and in every way the work more trying. Oh, for times of refreshing and reviving."

"Helping by prayer" is a real help, for by prayer and faith has this work been sustained from its very commencement. We make no personal appeals for money, neither do we advertise, but "by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving make our requests known unto God." And there is a close connection between prayer and effort, for as a rule those who pray most earnestly are those who give most heartily (according to their means) to His work.

Another letter comes from one in humble life with the following words: "The enclosed two shillings is from a domestic servant, as a little help for those who are labouring in far off lands for the sake of Jesus, with earnest prayer that God may help, comfort, and strengthen them."

A third is also from a servant, who encloses four shillings and says, "I am thankful to be able once more to send a little towards the Lord's work in North Africa. Not having had regular means for many months, I have been only able to give my prayers."

"Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

Algeria.

MISSION WORK AMONGST THE KABYLES.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MISS SHELBOURNE.

A VISIT FROM AN AGED KABYLE.

SINCE the New Year we have had one or two interesting visitors. The grandmother of our lad, Si Cherif, came to spend a few days with his mother in Djemaa. Her name is Halima, and is, I suppose, about seventy years of age. She lives in a neighbouring village, Cheufa Mbaloul, three hours' walk from here. She had never seen a French house, nor furniture of any description, so she was invited one evening to come and see our house. When it was quite dark Si Cherif brought her here with his mother; they are obliged to wait till nightfall, as the better class women do not go out in daylight.

It is quite impossible to describe her surprise at all things. She first looked in the glass—poor old woman, the first time she

had ever done so; she turned round and said: "I am very ugly (she is not by any means, for she has a dear face, and such an earnest look in it). Then she sat on a chair—a thing quite unknown in a Kabyle house; I have seen them occasionally among the Arabs—out went her arms, and very gradually she let herself down on to a seat—she was afraid no doubt, either that the chair would break, or she would tumble off. Afterwards she went into all our rooms; the greatest attraction, I think, were the beds, the clothes were pulled down to see how they were made; putting her head on a pillow she said: "That is soft, it would not hurt my head." It was great fun to see Yeamina; she has often been to our house, so she was very anxious to show her mother how well she understood our things. It was surprising when we had tea, how Halima sat at the table, and drank her coffee as though she had been accustomed to it all her life.

THE MESSAGE OF LOVE.

Miss Smith and Miss Cox then spoke to her of Jesus, showing how sin had entered into the world, "The wages of sin is death," and how God, in His great love, has sent His Son, Jesus, to redeem us from its power, and in Him we have life eternal. They then sang some hymns; ah! could you have seen the amazement on her face when she heard the harmonium. She put up her hands, looked round the room, then into Miss Cox's face, who was playing, thinking it must be she—she could not possibly understand it was the instrument. When she touched the notes herself, she took her fingers off directly and said, "Oh! will it bite?"

Miss Cox then sang in Kabyle, "Just as I am, without one plea"; a few minutes before we had been laughing at her surprise, now we were almost moved to tears; if you could only have seen her face, and with what earnestness she listened—a sight one could scarcely forget. Never had I realized till then what it is to stand by the side of one who cannot possibly have many more years to live, who knows not God, and is without hope. Friends, if your hearts had never been deeply touched for these poor people, I know they would have been that night if you had only seen dear old Halima. How I wish I could picture it all to you fully, I fancy then some of you who are the Lord's children, and are living in your peaceful happy homes, would say, "Here am I, Lord, send me, that I may make known to these people the saving knowledge of Christ." Will you not even now offer to Him your spirit, soul, and body, and be willing to follow whithersoever He leads, yea, even if it be to the Foreign Mission Field. To return to Halima. She was visited two or three times before her return to her village; each time she listened most attentively. She had heard the Gospel once before when Miss Cox and Miss Smith went to Cheufa Mbaloul last spring. God grant His word may sink into her heart, and bring forth fruit. Pray for her.

OUR FRIENDS THE JEWELLERS.

Our next visitors were Hamou ou Amar and Mohand el Haoussin who come from the Beni Yenni tribe; where a great deal of native jewellery is made. These men were at the French Exhibition in England, and visited Miss Cox at her home. They arrived one Saturday afternoon, bringing gifts for us, silver brooches which Hamou had made, and frames made by Mohand, besides a very large basket of raisins; they had tea with us that evening. Sunday morning they returned with Ali Bel Kassim about 9 o'clock. After coffee and bread we had a service; they listened very attentively, a great deal may have been out of politeness, but I also think they were interested. The old man Hamou, directly Jesus Christ was mentioned, took his beads, and did not cease to count them till the service was over. We then had a meal of fowls and cous-cous. They left soon after that, taking with them presents

for their wives and children, sent by friends in England, such as head-handkerchiefs, art muslin, toys, and sweets.

We have had lovely weather this winter; some days the sun is so hot, often it is more like a summer day in England, and now the roses over the verandah are so pretty, being in full bloom. The fields are green with corn and beans; the country never looks bare here, as there is always something new springing up; it all reminds one "The Lord's mercies are new every morning."

SICKNESS AND POVERTY.

This bright weather brings a great deal of work; the number of sick people seem to increase week after week, as when fine so many come not only from Djemâa, but also from neighbouring villages. The days for giving medicine are Tuesdays and Fridays. People are outside at 7.30 a.m.; but they are not admitted till 8.30 a.m.; they have an idea that they must be waited on immediately; often during our meals they are knocking at the door, and calling out to be let in.

They are admitted by groups, and the Word of God is read and explained before medicine is given. Many come only to beg, they are so *very* poor; the clothes of some are simply a mass of rags, and others have but one garment, which is never washed. No words can picture the misery of these poor people, their wounds are dreadful, and many are blind. It is a sad sight; no heart could help being touched. If the men are too ill to work it simply means starvation for the family, there are no means by which the women or girls can earn money. I believe I am perfectly right in saying many families are living only on wild herbs, which they gather from the fields. We were lately visiting a house in which the husband had been ill for a long while; the wife came in with a basket of these herbs; there was not any other food in the house, and how great was her joy on receiving a little money to buy corn for cous-cous. We know this family quite well. One day this man, Mah'idin, came to the house, looking so ill; he was simply dying of cold and starvation. He rested before the fire all the morning, and had some food; and after some days he recovered somewhat.

HOW SHALL WE MEET THE DISTRESS.

Two other men, who are very ill, we have fed entirely lately; one of them certainly has had his life saved through it, by God's blessing. But how to meet the great need, which comes heavier day by day for poor and sick, we know not. Last week there were sixty people who came for medicine. If the hearts of these people are to be won for Christ their bodies must be reached as well. Is not this the way Jesus reached the multitudes in His earthly ministry?

I heard last week that there has been a week of self-denial at home, in order to promote funds for the additional 100 missionaries for the L.M.S. How glad our hearts would be to hear of some such thing for the poor and sick of Djemâa. Smallest donations would be a great help. We are entirely out of old rags and bandages; these could be sent by Parcel Post; all friends, perhaps, can help us with these. (Kindly write on the parcel "Les Chiffons.")

We are also daily asked for garments, called "thaquendourths"; if any would like to help in this way, will they kindly write to us for patterns; the garments are a very little trouble to make.

Miss E. Smith and I have commenced a working class for little girls—nine come; they are very good, and certainly learn quickly to work, but are in a great hurry to finish the garments, because they have been promised them when finished.

Djemâa n'Sahridj, near Mekla, Algeria.
Via Tizi Ouzou.

Morocco.

SOME OF OUR MOORISH PATIENTS.

By MR. J. J. EDWARDS.

Jan. 8th, 1892.—Since writing my last diary the work in the hospital has been going on steadily. There have been no definite cases of conversion to report; but I have singled out a few of the more prominent individuals who have lately left us, the histories of whom, during their stay with us, may prove interesting to the readers of NORTH AFRICA, and help to stir up greater sympathy on behalf of these long-neglected people.

A YOUNG INMATE.

The first is one, H. bin Si H. K., a lad from Old Tangier, away over on the other side of the bay. He was admitted as an in-patient some few weeks since and has only just left us. He was a bright-eyed, sunny-faced, little fellow, quick and intelligent, and no doubt under good training, capable of great things. There are many such as he round here, and our great desire is to get them under our influence and control permanently.

At present he is not able to read much, but he is able to learn Scripture texts by rote, and this he was ever ready to do when occasion and time would permit of it. At the services his attention was all that could be desired by the most rigid disciplinarian, and in the singing of the hymns his little face would brighten up with pleasure as he endeavoured to help us.

A MOUNTAINEER.

The second case is that of Fatima b. El A. She is from the wild mountains of Anjeraa. She came to us early in November last, and was discharged a week ago having been successfully treated. In physique, she is below the average of mountain women; and her cleanliness is anything but satisfactory. But there is that about her which marks her out strongly from her class. She was not indifferent and careless, as some are, but would do her best to understand all that was said to her. Many times she was seen to pray in the ward, and would speak to the others in terms of approbation about Sidna Aisa. Here is cause for praise. May the words which she has received take root in her heart and spring up in her life. If we believe in God then we must believe His Word, and that Word shall prosper. But the precious fruit will not come at once; there must be the preparation of the soil, then the sowing, then the quiet waiting for wind, rain, and sun to make the seed grow, and after that will come the harvest.

SOME OF OUR NEIGHBOURS.

Another interesting case is that of H. bin B. He is from a neighbouring village. He came to us with a gun shot wound in his left arm, and left us quite healed. We found him very ignorant, but with a natural shrewdness about him that one often meets with among illiterate folk; he listened to our straight talks with evident curiosity, and when anything struck him as being good, he was never backward in expressing his approbation.

And now we have R. bin H. ben K. Her home is at Ain Walia, two or three hours' journey from here on the Fez road. She is an ordinary type of mountain woman, dense mentally, and a blank spiritually, and yet we found a willingness to be taught. During the second week of her treatment she decidedly brightened up all round, and got quite anxious to hear the words of "The Book." This, we find often to be the case both with men and women. The warm, genial influences of kindly treatment, and the luxury of good food and cleanliness, tell wonderfully upon them, bringing out to full view the side

of the cursed Nazarene that they have never before been confronted with. You can imagine with what respect they are prepared to listen to the reading and explanation of the Word after their agreeable surprises.

These cases are but samples taken from among the many sick and needy souls daily under our care. Our readers will



STREET IN THE ARAB QUARTER OF ALGIERS (see p. 48).

catch a glimpse of the awful state of these poor people, and only a glimpse, for we cannot unfold here their tales of misery and sin.

In prayer and supplication we must importune the Almighty Father until He shall turn the light of His glorious countenance upon outcast Ishmael and Isaac's wandering children.

From Mrs. BOULTON (Tangier).

Jan. 19th.—Been busy among the patients. Among the women in-patients we have now a poor creature named Rakeeya. She is suffering from a diseased hip joint, and suffering and want had reduced her to little more than a skeleton when she first came to us. The doctor fears her case is hopeless, but the good food and medicine, and the daily dressing which her wound receives, have considerably ameliorated her condition, and her gratitude is very touching; indeed the expression of it is at times somewhat embarrassing, as when I give her her medicine she not unfrequently tries to pull my face down to the level of her bed in order to kiss me. She is too weak to get down stairs to the Arabic service, but she delights to listen to the story of Jesus and His love, and always begs to hear more about Sidna Aisa. She is a widow, and has no one to care for her at home, for her son is a selfish fellow, and will not support her, and even objects to his sister, Rakeeya's divorced daughter (a girl of about sixteen), staying with her mother, but threatens to beat her if she does not come home to cook for him; indeed on one occasion he came here, and finding his sister upstairs began to strike her, but was stopped by Ali our hospital servant.

THE MEDICAL MISSION.

21st.—I was thinking this morning, as I sat at the Hospital service, at which I had been playing the little organ, how interested friends at home would be could they just take a peep at us. Outside, all was cold and damp, for just now we are having very wet weather, and we do not get many out-patients, as the rivers are swollen with the rain, and the roads (so-called) almost impassable from the mud. Still, a few come, and they are always expected to attend the service before they see the doctor, with those of the in-patients who are well enough to come down stairs to the court. As I looked round on the group who were gathered to listen to the Word of God, some of whom were hearing it for the first time, what a motley assembly it seemed.

The first was a boy entered as an in-patient, who only came to us yesterday, was from Laraishe, and it appears that he knew Miss Caley and Miss Herdman, who were in Laraishe between three and four years ago, Miss Caley having doctored some friends of his, and this had given him confidence to come all the way to Tangier to see the English *tabeeb*. He has some dreadful sores on his legs, but seems a bright intelligent fellow. What a grand thing it would be if he should receive the Gospel while with us. Beside him sat Hamed our hospital servant boy. He was brought to us a few weeks backs by an old patient who was here in the summer and had his leg amputated. He came to pay us a friendly visit, and brought Hamed with him, asking the doctor to employ him, and, as a boy was needed, he was taken on. At first he seemed intensely stupid, and only replied by a grunt to anything said to him, but he is improving somewhat, and tries to do his best. He was listening with apparent interest as Mr. Edwards read and expounded from the Gospel, and we hope that what he hears from the Scripture twice every day may find an entrance, though he seems very dense.

On the front row sat two Riff boys, brothers, one of them ill with dropsy, and needing a long course of treatment, but though they have only been with us two days they want to go, and take a bottle of medicine with them, because a message from their mother has come asking them to return. We regret this less, because, being Riffs, they do not know much Arabic, and consequently are not so likely to understand the Gospel. Between these boys sat a man, black as jet. He is a slave, and belongs to a young Shereef who is here as a patient, and who is a very intelligent young fellow; he

can read well, but seems very unprincipled, though his appearance is in his favour, for his face is a pleasant one. The slave and his master seem to be on very friendly terms with each other, and when I go to give the Shereef his medicine (for he is allowed a tiny room apart from the other patients), I often find them playing together at a game resembling our draughts.

ARAB WIVES AND MOTHERS.

In the background, away from the meh, with their faces shrouded beneath their enveloping haiks, sat five women. Two of them were from the ward upstairs, and of these one is a young mother with her baby girl slung at her back, and quite hid from view beneath the folds of the haik (one wonders those babies are not smothered). The other three had come from a distant village to the market in Tangier, and yesterday afternoon appeared at the hospital door in a drenching torrent of rain. As they could not then be seen by the doctor, it being out of hours, they were asked to come in and shelter for the night, but this they declined to do, and tramped off again to the town, to re-appear this morning. They begged to see the doctor early as they had to get back again to their distant village home, and the dreadful state of the roads makes travelling such a slow process. I went in with them to see the doctor. One of them had a daughter at home ill with fever, and wanted medicine for her, and another for her husband and son, as well as for herself. They were all three most intelligent, for village women, and one of them seemed very clever. We hope she will return to us as an in-patient when the medicine she took away is finished, for it would be so nice to get her under our influence for a time.

These Moorish women interest me greatly. I was up in the women's ward yesterday morning, attending to my duties, and took with me a coloured picture representing Ananias and Sapphira, and told them the story of how they both died as a judgment from God for their sin of lying, and tried to impress upon them how hateful lying was in God's sight. They were quite willing to own it was wrong, but assured me *they* never told lies. Poor creatures! all who have anything to do with them know how untrue that is. We do indeed feel that any words of ours, apart from the power of the Holy Ghost, are powerless to make any impression on their sin-blinded minds, and yet we can but go on and tell them what God says in His Word about sin, and look to Him to send the truth home to their hearts and consciences.

OUR SISTERS IN FEZ.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MISS COPPING.

FEZ, MOROCCO, Jan., 1892.—It is with deep feelings of gratitude that I look back upon 1891. How good our God has been to us. How He has protected us from sickness and danger, and supplied our every need. And, moreover, we are still in possession of our fort. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness."

THE MEDICAL MISSION.

I have been looking at the case book. What a number of people have had the opportunity of steady Gospel teaching, week after week, during this past year. Numbers of New Testaments or Gospels have gone from this house to many a village or mountain home. The attendance of patients was as follows: November, men, 146; women and children, 308. December, men, 313; women and children, 475; or 1,242 in all.

God has not given to me power to work miracles, but He

does bless the work of our hands and the drugs used, as in the following case.

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

Amongst the women last month came a fine, strong, young woman, who was disappointed that I did not remember her. She said, "Do you not know me, *the woman with the opened mouth to praise God.*" Then she turned to the women around, and told them that for more than two years her mouth had been fast closed, and how much she had spent on *writings* (a few words from the Koran worn near a diseased part is supposed to work a cure); then she came to us, and our medicine, without pain and without money, cured her. The poor woman is now so different, for when she came to us she was weak and ill, suffering from locked-jaw. She had subsisted on sopped food, and being too poor to buy meat, she had taken little else than bread and green tea. Now she is strong, can eat solid food, and, as she says, *with her mouth opened to praise God.* It was pleasant to see her, for gratitude is not common here. This woman attended the Medical Mission every tenth day for some months, waiting an hour or two, as her turn might be. So she has often heard the Gospel. May she open her heart and accept Christ as her own Saviour, and then praise Him with her open mouth. I would say, with the Apostle Paul, "Pray for us that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE.

Jan. 11th.—A bright day, very cold, after several days' rain. Some mules came in from Tangier, and brought us the English drugs we were wanting.

We had between forty and sixty men in the house this morning. Not more than forty treated. We are not having so many countrymen now they fear to come to Fez. We are glad to see the fathers bringing their children. Two gentlemen bring little babies, and sit and wait their turn with beggars and dirty townsmen and boys. To-day two men brought their daughters, girls of nine and twelve years of age; of course their faces were covered until they came to the dispensary. After his daughter had been attended to, one of these fathers took her back to the waiting-room, as he had some business to do in the city. The waiting-room was full, as usual, of men and big boys, reading aloud from the large Arabic Bibles, or listening as Miss Herdman explained the portions read. When he had found her a seat he left her and said to our servant, "*See that no one steals my child.*" I do not think he would have trusted her in the house of a Moslem.

A wild-looking man came in with a fine boy four or five years old. The man said, "Oh, stranger, *take from him small-pox.*" He was of the Beni-Hassan tribe, and said that he had heard that I could take small-pox out at the arm, and he commanded me to do so at once. It was not easy to make this man understand vaccination. Nevertheless, I vaccinated the boy, and thus we are glad to gain the confidence of those belonging to these wild and powerful tribes.

SOME MOORISH HOMES IN CASABLANCA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MISS J. JAY.

I HAVE paid four visits to the house of the burnt slave. She perfectly recovered, and was then sold, as her mistress said she was disobedient. The last time I saw her she stole my Wordless Book. I hope she may remember the truths she heard when I was explaining it; to me it is a great loss, for it was a very large one, kindly sent me by some unknown friend, and most useful when speaking to the women.

ENQUIRERS.

The Jew continues to come frequently. On the 21st he was here all the morning reading in the Gospels; he takes great delight in God's Word, and also in the hymns. He only understands how to read and write Hebrew, so I repeat the lines of the hymns very slowly in Arabic, and he puts them into Hebrew and then writes them down. He continues constantly to ask for baptism, and wished to know the other day if he might not baptise himself, but I persuaded him to wait. Hamed has been twice to tea with us, but we feel very sad about him. Some friend has lent him a book, and since reading it he has quite changed—gone back in every way. The last time he came he said that I must know Mahomet was the last prophet, and that Jesus witnessed to him; that, of course, he believed in Jesus—he was not a Jew—but Mahomet came first. He would not read a chapter with me, as he usually does, making some excuse about not being able to see well. He is such a nervous man; it may be all fear, and someone may have been frightening him; he needs our very special prayers.

ENTERING A NEW HOUSE.

I was sent for early on the 1st to a new house; two grand Moors called for me. I went with them, rather wondering if their tale was true, but feeling God was with me. They took me to a large house, where were several ladies and children and some slaves. The patient was an elderly lady, very ill. They were polite but very distant, and the two men returned with me for medicine. The next morning they called again before we had finished breakfast, bringing good news—the lady was better. It was a "morning of happiness" to them all; would I come at once, so I went with them and had a kind reception. At this house I leave my shoes at the door, and sit on the couch, Moorish fashion, beside the patient. This morning she looked quite changed, and they overwhelmed me with thanks, but, alas, this was not all, for almost as soon as I arrived a grand repast was brought in—cous-cousoo, meat and vegetables, *very* rich. I had only just finished breakfast, but I felt I must eat it somehow, for it had been specially prepared for me, and I now understood why the men had been so eager for me to come at once. I ate with my fingers, of course, but fear I shall never equal their dexterity.

The meal being over, they began to ask me all sorts of questions. Answering these as quickly as I could, I told them I should like to tell them a little about our religion. This led the way to a long talk, chiefly with the lady's husband and son, the women listening. It is a queer, mysterious house, and I fancy much evil is going on in it, but I like my poor sick lady, she is so grateful. When I rose to go she filled my basket with almonds, nuts, and dates, and said: "My daughter, are you not afraid to come amongst us alone?" I told her I was not alone; that He who had sent me to her was always with me, and while I told her how He loved her too, her eyes filled with tears. I offered the husband a Gospel; he reads beautifully, but he would not accept it.

SUBSEQUENT VISITS.

I went again the next morning to see the new patient and had a trying time; there were several men there. One, who was dressed in a long orange-coloured garment, had so revolting a face I could not look at him. I saw they had been smoking kief. Several women were there; they were all laughing and very noisy, and unpleasant in their behaviour to one another. I was trying to find out how the patient was when one of the men said he would get me a glass of barley-water. I thanked him, but to my horror he handed me a glass of beer! I just got up and said, "You know I belong

to God; goodbye," and walked straight out. I know, if they had not been under the influence of kief, they could not have behaved in this way. I felt I must leave at once; it was the only reproof in my power to give.

The lady sent her slave the next day to beg my forgiveness for what occurred the day before; she says if I will only return I shall never see the men again. She seemed to think my farewell was final, and that I was too offended to call again. I went to see her this afternoon, and had a nice time; there was no one there except the old mother and the patient. I do not think her so well. She says her husband and sons, and their friends, are all bad; that they bring drink of all kinds into the house; it seems to make her very ashamed.

MY PRETTY FRIEND.

Spent the afternoon at my pretty lady's. I so enjoy going there; the children are such loving little darlings, and the lady herself quite a friend. I was busy while there making clothes for the doll, having come by special request for this purpose. The husband (who still continues to defer the talked-of marriage) remained all the time I was there, reading the Gospel of John, and asking questions. He seems interested, but the dreadful drink has hold of him, as of so many in this town.

Was sent for to-day to another sad case. The husband came and I went with him, such a long, long walk. I got a fall as I was going over some rough stones, and away flew my tracts and books in all directions; my hat rolled off into the mud, and the medicine, and indeed the whole contents of my basket, fell out; it took me some time to collect myself and my belongings. I found the patient in a hut, dreadfully ill—the last stage of consumption. They promised me a cow and a carpet if I would cure her. Six women and two men were in the hut. I held her poor wasted hand, and tried to tell her as simply as possible of that dear Saviour, of whom she had never before heard, and might, I felt, perhaps, never hear again, for I could never find the place alone, and it is doubtful if the husband will trouble to come so far again. I could not speak at last for tears, she so longs to live. Oh, that she might hear, receive, and *live* indeed; then it would matter but little how soon she left a world of death.

Tunis.

"SHE DID NOT KNOW HIM."

AM I RESPONSIBLE?

ONLY a woman! a poor worn-out, broken-hearted woman—old before her time—in the eyes of her Mohammed husband a slave, married to be the mother of his children, a part of his possessions, to be cast off at his pleasure, to be shut up from year's end to year's end with very little change to break the dull monotony of her life: only a household drudge! And yet, my English sisters, she was your sister; with the same powers, if only they had been exercised; with a heart just as capable of strong, warm affection. Poor Foona! it was *that* that killed her! for, in spite of the fact that she was married to a cold, selfish man, whom she had never seen till the day of her marriage, she loved her husband dearly: almost all her affection was spent on that one man; she watched him and waited on him like a slave, and when he took another wife her heart was almost broken. We knew her well, and each time that we went to see her she seemed weaker and sadder; at last they called in a doctor, but what could he do? There was only *one* Physician who could heal her, and with Him she would have nothing to do. We could not blame her—only pity her; she had been educated to think that Mohammed alone

could save her, and had grown strong in the belief that if she believed our words she would be lost eternally. We had come too late for her! Day after day, as she lay in pain and weakness, she muttered over and over again, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet!" her hope of salvation lying in the repetition of this formula. She died as she had lived, a Mohammedan, and our hearts were sad and heavy as we heard the death-cries, and listened to the sad, submissive words as the relatives said, "We must be patient—it is the will of God!"

But oh! can it be His will that hundreds of these poor Mohammedan lassies should thus die? broken-hearted—killed by the cruelty of their husbands; for this is not a solitary case, but a typical one.

Do you want to know the truth of this? There are countries, not a week's journey from our own land, where our sisters are treated like beasts rather than women—left without education, shut in, married one day, divorced the next; living loveless lives, without any present Saviour, only a dim, false hope in the future, but oh! so willing to learn and listen, if only they are reached in time.

Are you going to let another generation grow up and die like this? Are you quite content to leave your sisters in deadly danger, while you sit at home in comfort? Will you like to hear them say before Him that "no one cared for their souls," or will you do your utmost to send or *take* the Gospel to these poor Mohammedans, and to uphold those who are already there, that He may be satisfied, and you may hear His loving "Thank you!" not only then, but *now*? R. J.

THE GLORIOUS COMING.

"Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."—James v. 8.

O WEARY labourer in the field,
 Hope on and sing, nor heave a sigh;
 The happy day is drawing near,
 "The glorious coming draweth nigh!"
 Work on, and spread the precious news,
 Proclaim it wide, to low and high;
 Be swift the Master's call to heed,
 "The glorious coming draweth nigh!"
 Gird on thy armour for the strife,
 Go forth, and on thy God rely;
 Turn not, nor falter, but trust on,
 "The glorious coming draweth nigh!"
 Be strong, be true, go far and wide,
 Till all shall Jesus magnify;
 Be holy, spotless, like thy Lord,
 "The glorious coming draweth nigh!"
 Then hasten to the harvest fields,
 The days are passing swiftly by;
 The "little while" will soon be gone,
 "The glorious coming draweth nigh!"

M. P. S.

AS TO MEN.

WHERE can we get the missionaries to occupy the fields now white to the harvest? We find but one direction in Scripture concerning this question, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." The choice and commissioning of His evangelists the Lord has reserved entirely to Himself. Woe to the Church if she shall rashly undertake the enterprise of *manufacturing* missionaries, either by her sacerdotal or by her educational machinery.

A. J. GORDON, D.D.

Our Field of Labour.

A VISIT TO HAMOU AND MOHAND.

By MISS K. S. SMITH.

MANY of our friends will remember how we met the two Kabyles, Hamou ou Amar and Mohand el Haoussin at the French Exhibition at Kensington last summer, while we were spending a few months in England, and how we invited them to our houses and to the houses of our friends. Also, after our return here, how we had a visit from them, and a pressing invitation to go and see their families, which we promised to do. Accordingly, on the 31st March, we left Djemâa for Fort National on our way to the Beni Yenni. Having packed, up some provisions, and loaded the "chouaris," or flat baskets on the backs of the mule and donkey, we mounted the animals, and started about 10.30 a.m.

WE SET OUT.

We rode on for nearly two hours in our own tribe, the Beni Fraouçen, passing numerous villages; then we crossed a tributary of the river Sebaou by a small bridge, and were in the tribe of the Beni Tratin, which, as the map shows, surrounds Fort National. As we ascended the mountains to the Fort, the beauty of the scenery was lost in a fog, and the rest of our journey was literally made in a cloud. Arriving at the Fort about 4 p.m., we went to the "Hotel des Touristes," and taking a bedroom we prepared a meal, with the aid of our Wanzer lamp. Then, after a quiet time for reading and prayer, retired to rest, sleeping soundly after our day's ride. The following day we started early, in spite of fog and rain, for the Beni Yenni. How earnestly we strained our eyes to see a streak of sunshine or a glimpse of the mountains that lay all around us, but, for three-quarters of an hour, the rain continued, and we rode through the fog; then, to our joy, both disappeared.

AMID GRAND SCENERY.

How can I describe the beauty of the scenery? I would gladly leave the attempt and say, "Come out and see for yourselves!" On every side mountains and valleys, smiling in all the joy of springtime. How interminable these lovely mountains seem, folding, folding, folding in and out of each other, all clad with verdure; and away, right away in front of us, the long, grand range of the snow-covered Djura-Djura.

As we travelled south we neared the birth-places of the streams that flow into and form the Sebaou. Here they are lovely fern-fringed cascades rushing, tumbling down the almost perpendicular sides of the mountains, or noisy, brawling little torrents, foaming and hissing over every obstacle in their way. We rode on for nearly two hours, then descending abruptly, crossed the "Brikemmouch," one of these same busy little streams, which forms the boundary between the Beni Traten and the Beni Yenni. Once over the tiny bridge we ascended as abruptly as we had descended, and after another hour of exquisite scenery we came in view of the village to which we were bound.

AIT LARBAA.

Like most of the Kabyle villages it is perched on a height; at its foot is a Kabyle-French School, and close by a Roman Catholic establishment, inhabited by four Roman Catholic Brothers, also a building for teaching the Kabyles the blacksmith's art. The ascent to the village was very steep, and our animals had much difficulty in mounting. As we approached it, one thought occurred to us both, "How dirty it looks! How black the houses are! Can this be the village where our clean, well-dressed Kabyles came from?" Yes, it was "Ait Larbaa," and there was Hamou waiting to receive us in a "Thadjmâath" or Kabyle meeting-place. What nice

manners these Kabyles have; so dignified and courteous, so calm and self-possessed.

Hamou's kindly face broke into a smile of real pleasure as we came up, and after the usual salutations he conducted us to his house, or rather one of his houses, and what was our surprise to find ourselves in a small room, almost European in appearance, actually containing a table and two chairs; a handsome Arab mat partly covered the floor, and the whitewashed wall was decorated with Hamou's two handsome rifles from Paris. A shelf high up on the wall, and a strong reed suspended by cords for hanging garments, completed the furniture of the room.

HAMOU'S FAMILY.

After drinking the coffee which Hamou prepared for us, we asked to see his family, and were conducted across the open space in front of our room into an ordinary Kabyle house with its stable, its huge Kabyle jars for provisions, and the fire in a hole in the floor, over which, resting on three stones, was the great earthen vessel containing the steaming cous-cous. Round the fire were grouped the women.

We soon seated ourselves, Kabyle fashion, beside them, and it was not long before we were quite friendly. They were delighted that we could speak their language, and we soon knew all about their children, their parents, etc. Before long we had an opportunity of giving our Master's message; at first they seemed surprised, but with remarkable cunning speedily professed to believe the same as ourselves. What could we say? Our mouths seemed stopped. Hamou gravely remarked that everyone had his own religion. At this moment we were told that Mohand el Haoussin was waiting to see us; he seemed delighted to take us to his house, which lay across the village.

THE HOUSE OF MOHAND.

Several women, evidently dressed for our visit, came forward. "Which is your wife?" we asked Mohand. There she was, in Kabyle fashion, hiding away behind the others; a girl of about eighteen, with large dark eyes, and a pretty round face, looking more like a startled bird than anything else, but she held our hands affectionately, and seemed pleased to see us. Then we were taken into Mohand's workshop. On all sides were instruments for wood-carving; and many specimens of his work lay about. We seated ourselves on the mats and talked to the women, who were told peremptorily by Mohand to listen, and the first one who spoke would be sent out. They were silent enough while he remained, but as soon as ever the lord and master departed, their tongues were loosed, and they chattered away freely. After singing to them, and talking a little about Jesus, Mohand returned and ordered them all out, so that we might partake of the liberal meal of cous-cous, chicken, oil-cake, etc., that he brought us himself.

The meal finished we returned to Hamou's house, and then to see his workshop, for he is one of the most famous jewellers in the tribe of Beni Yenni, which is noted for its jewellery. We were much interested in seeing Hamou's brother, and other members of his family, seated on the ground engaged in the manufacture of delicate bracelets, etc.; old coins (silver) being smelted down for the purpose. Later on in the evening, after talking and singing with the women, the evening meal was brought to us in our own little house (*pro tem.*). We wish our friends could have seen Hamou waiting upon us so kindly and attentively, leaving his shoes at the threshold of the door each time he entered. Nothing could exceed his kindness, and we were regaled with the best of everything.

OUR SPECIAL ATTENDANT.

But now it was getting dusk, and Si Ali was shewn to his

place for the night, after which Hamou returned to make final arrangements for us. It would have seemed more natural if his wife had come, but Hamou had been to our country and knew our ways, and evidently thought no one could wait on us like himself; accordingly, with a seriousness which almost upset our gravity, he set about placing on the floor a quantity of white woollen garments; five were nicely arranged, then, to our amusement, the upper three were turned back. A pillow was made of all the calico garments of the family, and all was complete. Hamou surveyed his work with a satisfied look, and then handing us the key of our house, he wished us good-night, and departed.

We were just ready to lie down when a knock came at the door. "Amboua-oua?" (Who's there) we enquired. Some girlish voices replied that they wanted a lamp. Of course we knew it was only an excuse to come in, so we opened the door, and there were *three* to fetch a lamp. We laughingly enquired what they wanted. And what do you think? "We want to see your hair and your feet." Poor girls, brought up as they are, they only think of appearance; long hair and white feet being their delight. After this we were left quiet. J. slept soundly, but I lay awake, listening to the rain which was falling heavily, until about 4 a.m. A strange cry sounded in the distance, rising and falling, and ending in a dreary wail as it neared the house. What was it? Ah, yes, we remembered it must be a marabout calling the "faithful" to rise and pray.

The next morning our devoted Hamou brought us *café au lait*, and then we proposed returning to the Fort, but this was absolutely refused both by our host and his wife, who declared we must have *déjeûner* before leaving, or we should be hungry on the way.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

At last we had said good-bye to all our women friends, and started homeward, accompanied by Hamou and his little son, also by Mohand and Mohammed, Hamou's son-in-law, an intelligent, interesting young fellow, with whom we had a long talk about our religion. The fact that we worked for God because we were saved, and because we loved Him, and not in order to gain salvation, seemed quite a new idea to him. Our friends accompanied us as far as the "Brikemmouch," and then mounted high up into the woods to shoot partridges, or perhaps a stray boar.

Thus ended our visit. We came away rejoicing that our adopted people are capable of gratitude, pure, unsullied gratitude. As young Mohammed said, "We do anything for our friends, we cannot do too much for them; but as for our enemies, let them look to themselves." Ah! Mohammed, God grant that one day all your bright, strong energy may be spent for Him! You would make a splendid Christian. Heavenly Father, draw many souls to Thyself!

EXTRACTS FROM WORKERS' LETTERS.

From Miss ADA GILL (Algiers).

January 9th, 1892.—I have had an attack of influenza and was in bed from Christmas evening until the end of the next week. Just as I was getting well, the English servant Mrs. Lambert brought out with her this autumn, was taken with it, and while she was still in bed, two new Missionaries arrived, Miss Johnston and Miss Turner, so altogether it was rather a busy time.

Many people are still very ill, Mdme. Cuendet has had a second attack, and I have felt almost like having another myself.

The French meeting for Women and Girls on Sunday begins at 2.30, it is held in one of the halls of the McAll Mission. Last Sunday we had about 20 French and Spaniards, with two or three Jewesses. Mme. Borel had a Swiss lady with her, who is staying here for a time, so they spoke in turn.

In the afternoon I sometimes visit with Miss Trotter. Visiting here is much sadder than at Tlemcen, as far as outward things go; the town is so dirty, and the houses high and prison-like, with high-up windows barred in tiny squares; altogether it reminds one very vividly of the pirate days. The women look unhealthy, and as though they needed some fresh pure air. There are a great many Kabyle families here, and *their* houses are a great deal more forlorn looking.

From Miss LAMB DEN (*Tangier*).

We have had some interesting people in the Refuge lately; among them a black man from the Soudan, bright and intelligent, as these negroes always are. He had come a month's journey, and was engaged in sweeping the roads or working in the gardens. I asked him how much he was paid for his work, he replied very emphatically, "Nothing." I said, "You must get something or you could not buy that snuff. You need bread more than that." "Yes," he said, "bread is to strengthen my knees, but this is to open my eyes."

Another dark-skinned man, a Sous, has been here several nights, and takes a great interest in the singing. We taught them to repeat the hymn and they joined with us in singing it to the tune of "Take me as I am."

Description of Illustrations.

A KABYLE JEWELLER.

MISS K. SMITH sends us a sketch of one of her Kabyle friends whom she met in London in 1890, and which we have reproduced for the benefit of our readers. As they would doubtless like to know something of him we give on page 46 some extracts of a letter from Miss Smith, giving some interesting details of a visit paid to his village in the spring of 1891.

STREET IN THE ARAB QUARTER OF ALGIERS.

ALGIERS is divided into two distinct parts, viz., the modern French town, and the ancient city of the Deys. The former consists of regular handsome streets and squares, fine public buildings and modern hotels, and is well lighted with gas. The ancient part of the city, inhabited chiefly by Arabs and Jews, is the very opposite to the French town. The streets are exceedingly narrow, tortuous and irregular, often ending in a *cul de sac*, and are so steep as to be inaccessible for carriages. They are however cool and shady, owing to their extreme narrowness. The longest of them, the Rue de la Kasba, is ascended by 497 steps.

These streets are again joined by many alleys, just wide enough to pass through, and the whole labyrinth is terribly confusing to any stranger who endeavours to find his way through it.

The exterior of Arab houses is remarkably plain, everything like decoration being studiously avoided, the interior however is picturesque and elegant.

For the Young.

ONE—two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in Algeria. Under the trees of the garden sit a group of Arab girls. Having no

clocks in their own houses, some of them have been waiting more than an hour for the signal which now comes from the house to enter for Sunday School. They get up looking very relieved, and scamper with wonderful rapidity towards the door, each anxious to be the first to enter, and sit near the Teacher and the wonderful thing which makes the music. In a few minutes all are seated; not on chairs or forms, but on a mat, and cushions they themselves have made of print, stuffed with dry grass.

MY CLASS.

Let us look a moment at these little brown-skinned Arab girls.

There is Zena, who has a very busy tongue, equally ready to make mischief, or repeat a hymn, or text; and Sittee, whose great ambition is to have a chair to sit on like an English lady; Fatima, who has learned to sew very neatly; little Aicha and eight others, dressed in print garments that you might think looked almost like night-dresses without sleeves, and handkerchiefs twisted round their heads, covering hats in shape somewhat resembling a small "dunce cap."

"Oh," says Zena, "we were afraid of being too late to hear the music struck, and have been waiting so long; may we begin at once?"

So we begin by singing some words of praise to Jesus, with which all are somewhat familiar; not always in time and tune, but we trust as an effort of the lips with which God will be well pleased.

HOW WE TEACH.

Afterwards two verses of a new hymn are repeated again and again, Zena and Sittee not satisfied until they can say them without help.

Then all look at a large coloured Bible picture, and hear for the first time what happened to some lonely shepherds who were keeping watch over their flocks by night, in some fields near Bethlehem in Judæa, long, long ago.

Of the heavenly host who came before their wondering sight; of the sweet singing which charmed their ears; and above all of the gracious message brought by an angel, "The good tidings of great joy, for all people."

"We must try to learn the good message to take home, because it is for us as much as the shepherds, must we not, Fatima? What did the angel say? Do not be afraid?" "Because——" says Fatima. "Because what, Zena?" "I bring you good news of a great joy of——" "Was the good news only for the shepherds?" "No! for everyone," answer three or four voices. "Sittee, tell us now the good news." "Yes," Sittee replies, "I know; in the town of King David is born a Saviour, our Lord Jesus." After repeating the text several times most of the little girls seem to retain the words in their heads, and are eager for more music.

DEPARTURE.

With another hymn or two our afternoon class closes. "Good-bye until Thursday if God will," say the little Arab maidens as they pass out of the gate, and with a prayer for all, we watch their bare feet speeding swiftly away.

Dear young readers, no doubt you heard the good news long before these little Arab girls; has it found acceptance in you hearts? Has the Lord Jesus a big place there? If no think! the sweet message is again brought you to-day. You may *live* in some kind of happiness without a Saviour, but you cannot *die* happily without Him. If you would know the truly *great joy* of which the angels spoke, thank Jesus for coming to earth to pay your debt, and tell Him your wish to be His own lamb now, and always.

(MRS.) S. LILEY.

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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1892.	No. of Receipt.	General.	1892.	No. of Receipt.	General.	1892.	No. of Receipt.	General.	1892.	No. of Receipt.	General.	1892.	No. of Receipt.	General.
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Feb. 1...	6107	1 0 0	Brought forward	55	11 6	Brought forward	154	9 2	Brought forward	252	8 11	Brought forward	331	12 9
1...	6108	0 4 7*	Feb. 6...	6136	1 0 0	Feb. 11...	6164	1 0 0	Feb. 18...	6191	0 10 0	Feb. 24...	6219	3 4 1
2...	6109	0 10 6	6...	6137	5 5 0	11...	6165	0 5 0	18...	6192	2 0 0	24...	6220	0 7 6
2...	6110	3 8 1	6...	6138	0 10 0	11...	6166	2 0 0	19...	6193	0 5 0	25...	6221	3 0 0
2...	6111	2 2 0	6...	6139	4 1 2	11...	6167	0 5 0*	19...	6194	0 5 0	25...	6222	1 0 0
2...	6112	0 2 6	6...	6140	1 0 0*	11...	6167	0 4 6	19...	6195	1 0 0	25...	6223	0 5 0
3...	6113	1 4 8	6...	6141	0 10 0	11...	6168	1 0 0	19...	6196	0 10 0	26...	6224	2 0 0
3...	6114	2 6 9	8...	6142	0 10 6	12...	6169	0 13 0	19...	6197	0 5 0	26...	6225	0 10 0
3...	6115	0 10 0	8...	6143	0 11 0	12...	6170	1 5 0	19...	6198	0 5 0	26...	6226	0 10 0
3...	6116	0 10 0	8...	6144	1 0 0	13...	6171	1 2 3	19...	6199	0 5 0	26...	6227	1 0 0
3...	6117	1 0 0	8...	6145	0 5 0	13...	6172	0 5 0	19...	6200	0 5 0	26...	6228	12 0 0
4...	6118	1 1 0	8...	6146	0 10 0	13...	6173	3 7 10	20...	6201	10 0 0	27...	6229	1 0 0
4...	6119	1 0 0	8...	6147	0 10 0	13...	6174	1 0 0	20...	6202	2 0 0	27...	6230	1 0 0
4...	6120	2 12 3	8...	6148	4 9 0	13...	6175	4 7 0	20...	6203	0 2 0	27...	6231	1 0 0
4...	6121	0 10 6	9...	6149	0 5 0	13...	6176	15 0 0	20...	6204	0 5 0	27...	6232	20 0 0*
4...	6122	0 3 6	9...	6150	1 1 0	15...	6177	20 0 0	22...	6205	3 0 0	27...	6232	30 0 0
5...	6123	1 0 0	9...	6151	3 15 0	15...	6178	5 0 0	22...	6206	10 0 0	27...	6233	1 0 0
5...	6124	0 10 0	9...	6152	0 5 0	15...	6179	1 10 6	22...	6207	20 18 5	27...	6234	0 10 0
5...	6125	0 10 0*	9...	6153	0 2 0	15...	6180	1 0 0	23...	6208	5 6 3	27...	6235	1 10 0
6...	6126	5 0 0	9...	6154	1 6 9	16...	6181	20 0 0	23...	6209	0 10 0	27...	6236	3 0 0
6...	6127	0 10 0	9...	6155	0 10 0	16...	6182	2 2 0	23...	6210	2 9 6	27...	6237	2 10 0
6...	6128	10 0 0	10...	6156	3 0 0	16...	6183	5 0 0*	23...	6211	0 9 3	29...	6237	2 12 4*
6...	6129	5 0 0	10...	6157	30 0 0	16...	6184	1 0 0	23...	6212	1 3 5	29...	6238	0 5 0
6...	6130	0 10 0	10...	6158	4 6 3	16...	6185	0 7 0	23...	6213	1 0 0	29...	6239	0 10 0
6...	6131	8 0 0	10...	6159	5 18 6	17...	6186	1 0 0	23...	6214	0 10 0	Total	£420	6 8
6...	6132	3 11 1	10...	6160	5 0 0	17...	6187	0 2 6	23...	6215	2 0 0*			
6...	6133	0 16 8	10...	6161	1 6 6	18...	6188	5 0 0	23...	6216	1 0 0			
6...	6134	0 6 0	10...	6162	2 0 0	18...	6189	2 3 2	24...	6217	10 0 0			
6...	6135	1 11 5	10...	6163	20 0 0	18...	6190	2 0 0	24...	6218	3 0 0			
Carried forward	£55	11 6	Carried forward	£154	9 2	Carried forward	£252	8 11	Carried forward	£331	12 9			

* Special Funds.

GIFTS IN KIND: Feb. 15th (55) parcel of garments, old linen, etc.; Feb. 18th (56) parcel of bandages, (57) quantity of clothing for Missionaries, bottles, etc.; Feb. 23rd (58) medicine bottles; Feb. 25th (59) parcel of garments; 26th (60) two parcels of empty bottles, garments, etc.

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Location of Missionaries.

MOROCCO.	Date of Arrival.	MOROCCO.	Date of Arrival.	ALGERIA.	Date of Arrival.	REGENCY OF TUNIS.	Date of Arrival.
Tangier.		Miss A. BOLTON .. Apr., 1889		Constantine.		Tunis.	
Dr. T. G. CHURCHER .. Oct., 1885		Miss A. G. HUBBARD .. Oct., 1891		Miss L. COLVILLE .. Apr., 1886		Mr. G. B. MICHELL .. June, 1887	
Mrs. CHURCHER, <i>nee</i> ROBERTSON .. Oct., 1889		Fez.		Miss H. GRANGER .. Oct., 1886		Mrs. MICHELL, <i>nee</i> HARRIS .. Oct., 1888	
Miss B. VNING .. Apr., 1886		Miss E. HERDMAN .. Jan., 1885		Algiers.		Miss GRISSELL .. Oct., 1888	
Miss S. JENNINGS .. Mar., 1887		Miss M. COPPING .. June, 1887		Mr. W. G. POPE .. Feb., 1891		Miss A. A. HARDING .. Oct., 1889	
Miss M. C. LAMBDEN .. May, 1888		Miss I. L. REED .. May, 1888		Mr. E. CUENDET .. Sep., 1884		*Miss R. JOHNSON .. Oct., 1889	
Mr. J. J. EDWARDS .. Oct., 1888		ALGERIA.		Mrs. CUENDET .. Mar., 1885		Miss A. M. CASE .. June, 1890	
Mrs. H. BOULTON .. Nov., 1888		Tlemcen.		Mr. J. L. LOCHHEAD .. Mar., 1892		Dr. C. S. LEACH .. June, 1891	
Dr. C. L. TERRY .. Nov., 1890		Mascara.		Mrs. Lambert's Home.		Mrs. LEACH .. Mar., 1892	
Mrs. TERRY .. Apr., 1887		Mr. M. H. MARSHALL .. June, 1887		Miss M. YOUNG .. Feb., 1891		Miss B. ROBERTS .. Mar., 1892	
*Mr. W. SUMMERS .. Apr., 1887		*Mrs. MARSHALL .. Mar., 1888		Miss K. JOHNSTON .. Dec., 1891		Miss M. SCOTT .. " " "	
*Mrs. W. SUMMERS, <i>nee</i> FLETCHER .. May, 1890		Miss R. HODGES .. Feb., 1889		Miss E. TURNER .. Mar., 1892		DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.	
Miss K. ALDRIDGE .. Dec., 1891		Miss A. GILL .. Oct., 1889		Miss L. K. LOCHHEAD .. Mar., 1892		Tripoli.	
Miss M. BONHAM .. Mar., 1892		Miss A. E. WYATT .. Feb., 1891		Miss M. BROWN .. " " "		Mr. H. G. HARDING .. Feb., 1889	
Miss M. MELLETT .. " " "		Miss L. GRAY .. " " "		Kabyle Work.		Mr. W. H. VENABLES .. Mar., 1891	
Spanish Work—		Mostaganem.		Djemaa Sahridj.		Mrs. VENABLES .. " " "	
Mr. N. H. PATRICK .. Jan., 1889		Mr. F. CHEESEMAN .. Jan., 1886		Miss J. COX .. May, 1887		NORTH ARABIA.	
Mrs. PATRICK .. Sep., 1889		Cherchel.		Miss K. SMITH .. Feb., 1891		Homs.	
Miss F. R. BROWN .. Oct., 1889		Miss L. READ .. Apr., 1886		Miss E. SMITH .. Feb., 1891		Mr. S. VAN TASSEL .. Nov., 1886	
Casablanca.		Miss H. D. DAY .. " " "		Miss E. E. SHELBORNE .. " " "		Mrs. VAN TASSEL .. Mar., 1891	
FLETCHER .. Nov., 1885		Akbou.		Damascus.		Damascus.	
Miss A. K. CHAPMAN .. Oct., 1889		Mr. A. S. LAMB .. Oct., 1883		Mr. J. W. HOGG .. Mar., 1891		Damascus.	
Dr. G. M. GRIEVE .. Oct., 1890		Mrs. LAMB .. " " "		Mrs. HOGG .. " " "		Damascus.	
Miss GRIEVE .. " " "		Tetuan.		* At present in England.			
Miss F. M. BANKS .. May, 1888		Mr. C. MENSINK .. Oct., 1888					
Mr. C. MENSINK .. Oct., 1888		Mrs. MENSINK, <i>nee</i> GILL .. May, 1890					
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